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1886.

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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCOXLIX.

JULY 1886.

Vol. CXL.

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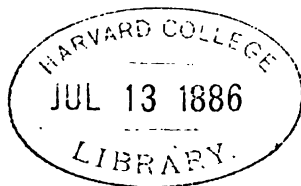
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCXLIX.

JULY 1886.

VOL. CXL.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER VII.

MONSIEUR GOUACHE'S studio was on the second floor. The narrow flight of steps ended abruptly against a green door, perforated by a slit for the insertion of letters, by a shabby green cord which, being pulled, rang a feeble bell, and adorned by a visiting card, whereon with many superfluous flourishes and ornaments of caligraphy was inscribed the name of the artist—ANASTASE GOUACHE.

The door being opened by a string, Donna Tullia and Del Ferice entered, and mounting half-a-dozen more steps, found themselves in the studio, a spacious room with a window high above the floor, half shaded by a curtain of grey cotton. In one corner an iron stove gave out loud crackling sounds, pleasant to hear on the cold winter's morning, and the flame shone red through chinks of the rusty door. A dark-green carpet in passably good condition covered the floor; three or four broad divans, spread with

oriental rugs, and two very much dilapidated carved chairs with leather seats constituted the furniture; the walls were hung with sketches of heads and figures; half-finished portraits stood upon two easels, and others were leaning together in a corner; a couple of small tables were covered with colour-tubes, brushes, and palette-knives; an atmosphere of paint, varnish, and cigarette-smoke pervaded the air; and, lastly, upon a high stool before one of the easels, his sleeves turned up to the elbow, and his feet tucked in upon the rail beneath him, sat Anastase Gouache himself.

He was a man of not more than seven-and-twenty years, with delicate pale features, and an abundance of glossy black hair. A small and very much pointed moustache shaded his upper lip, and the extremities thereof rose short and perpendicular from the corners of his well-shaped mouth. His eyes

were dark and singularly expressive, his forehead low and very broad; his hands were sufficiently nervous and well knit, but white as a woman's, and his fingers tapered delicately to the tips. He wore a brown velvet coat more or less daubed with paint, and his collar was low at the throat.

He sprang from his high stool as Donna Tullia and Del Ferice entered, and with his palette and mahl-stick in his hand, he made them a most ceremonious bow; whereat Donna Tullia laughed gaily.

"Well, Gouache," she said familiarly, "what have you been doing?"

Anastase motioned to her to come before his canvas and contemplate the portrait of herself upon which he was working. It was undeniably good—a striking figure in full-length, life-size, and breathing with Donna Tullia's vitality, if also with something of her coarseness.

"Ah, my friend," remarked Del Ferice, "you will never be successful until you take my advice."

"I think it is very like," said Donna Tullia, thoughtfully.

"You are too modest," answered Del Ferice. "There is the foundation of likeness, but it lacks yet the soul."

"Oh, but that will come," returned Madame Mayer. Then turning to the artist, she added in a more doubtful voice, "Perhaps, as Del Ferice says, you might give it a little more expression—what shall I say?—more poetry."

Anastase Gouache smiled a fine smile. He was a man of immense talent; since he had won the Prix de Rome he had made great progress, and was already half famous with that young celebrity which young men easily mistake for fame itself. A new comet visible only

through a good glass causes a deal of talk and speculation in the world; but unless it comes near enough to brush the earth with its tail, it is very soon forgotten. But Gouache seemed to understand this, and worked steadily on. When Madame Mayer expressed a wish for a little more poetry in her portrait, he smiled, well knowing that poetry was as far removed from her nature as dry champagne is different in quality from small beer.

"Yes," he said; "I know—I am only too conscious of that defect." As indeed he was—conscious of the defect of it in herself. But he had many reasons for not wishing to quarrel with Donna Tullia, and he swallowed his artistic convictions in a rash resolve to make her look like an inspired prophetess rather than displease her.

"If you will sit down, I will work upon the head," he said; and moved one of the old carved chairs into position for her, and adjusted the light, and began to work without any further words. Del Ferice installed himself upon a divan where he could see Donna Tullia and her portrait, and the sitting began. It might have continued for some time in a profound silence as far as the two men were concerned, but silence was not bearable for long to Donna Tullia.

"What were you and Sarracinesca talking about yesterday?" she asked suddenly, looking towards Del Ferice.

"Politics," he answered, and was silent.

"Well?" inquired Madame Mayer, rather anxiously.

"I am sure you know his views as well as I," returned Del Ferice, rather gloomily. "He is stupid and prejudiced."

"Really?" ejaculated Gouache, with innocent surprise. "A little

more towards me, Madame. Thank you—so." And he continued painting.

"You are absurd, Del Ferice!" exclaimed Donna Tullia, colouring a little. "You think every one prejudiced and stupid who does not agree with you."

"With me? With you, with us, you should say. Giovanni is a specimen of the furious Conservative, who hates change, and has a cold chill at the word 'republic.' Do you call that intelligent?"

"Giovanni is intelligent for all that," answered Madame Mayer. "I am not sure that he is not more intelligent than you—in some ways," she added, after allowing her rebuke to take effect.

Del Ferice smiled blandly. It was not his business to show that he was hurt.

"In one thing he is stupid compared with me," he replied. "He is very far from doing justice to your charms. It must be a singular lack of intelligence which prevents him from seeing that you are as beautiful as you are charming. Is it not so, Gouache?"

"Does any one deny it?" asked the Frenchman, with an air of devotion.

Madame Mayer blushed with annoyance; both because she coveted Giovanni's admiration more than that of other men, and knew that she had not won it, and because she hated to feel that Del Ferice was able to wound her so easily. To cover her annoyance she returned to the subject of politics.

"We talk a great deal of our convictions," she said; "but in the meanwhile we must acknowledge that we have accomplished nothing at all. What is the good of our meeting here two or three times a week, meeting in society, whispering together, corresponding in cipher, and doing all manner of things,

when everything goes on just the same as before?"

"Better give it up and join Don Giovanni and his party," returned Del Ferice, with a sneer. "He says if a change comes he will make the best of it. Of course, we could not do better."

"With us it is so easy," said Gouache, thoughtfully. "A handful of students, a few paving-stones, 'Vive la République!' and we have a tumult in no time."

That was not the kind of revolution in which Del Ferice proposed to have a hand. He meditated playing a very small part in some great movement; and when the fighting should be over, he meant to exaggerate the part he had played, and claim a substantial reward. For a good title and twenty thousand francs a-year he would have become as staunch for the temporal power as any canon of St Peter's. When he had begun talking of revolutions to Madame Mayer and to half-a-dozen hare-brained youths, of whom Gouache the painter was one, he had not really the slightest idea of accomplishing anything. He took advantage of the prevailing excitement in order to draw Donna Tullia into a closer confidence than he could otherwise have aspired to obtain. He wanted to marry her, and every new power he could obtain over her was a step towards his goal. Neither she nor her friends were of the stuff required for revolutionary work; but Del Ferice had hopes that, by means of the knot of malcontents he was gradually drawing together, he might ruin Giovanni Sarracinesca, and get the hand of Donna Tullia in marriage. He himself was indeed deeply implicated in the plots of the Italian party; but he was only employed as a spy, and in reality knew no more of the real

intentions of those he served than did Donna Tullia herself. But the position was sufficiently lucrative, so much so that he had been obliged to account for his accession of fortune by saying that an uncle of his had died and left him money.

"If you expected Don Giovanni to join a mob of students in tearing up paving-stones and screaming 'Vive la République!' I am not surprised that you are disappointed in your expectations," said Donna Tullia, rather scornfully.

"That is only Gouache's idea of a popular movement," answered Del Ferice.

"And yours," returned Anastase, lowering his mahl-stick and brushes, and turning sharply upon the Italian—"yours would be to begin by stabbing Cardinal Antonelli in the back."

"You mistake me, my friend," returned Del Ferice, blandly. "If you volunteered to perform that service to Italy, I would certainly not dissuade you. But I would certainly not offer you my assistance."

"Fie! How can you talk like that of murder!" exclaimed Donna Tullia. "Go on with your painting, Gouache, and do not be ridiculous."

"The question of tyrannicide is marvellously interesting," answered Anastase in a meditative tone, as he resumed his work, and glanced critically from Madame Mayer to his canvas and back again.

"It belongs to a class of actions at which Del Ferice rejoices, but in which he desires no part," said Donna Tullia.

"It seems to me wiser to contemplate accomplishing the good result without any unnecessary and treacherous bloodshed," answered Del Ferice, sententiously. Again Gouache smiled in his delicate satirical fashion, and glanced

at Madame Mayer, who burst into a laugh.

"Moral reflections never sound so especially and ridiculously moral as in your mouth, Ugo," she said.

"Why?" he asked, in an injured tone.

"I am sure I do not know. Of course, we all would like to see Victor Emmanuel in the Quirinal, and Rome the capital of a free Italy. Of course, we would all like to see it accomplished without murder or bloodshed; but somehow, when you put it into words, it sounds very absurd."

In her brutal fashion Madame Mayer had hit upon a great truth, and Del Ferice was very much annoyed. He knew himself to be a scoundrel; he knew Madame Mayer to be a woman of very commonplace intellect; he wondered why he was not able to deceive her more effectually. He was often able to direct her, he sometimes elicited from her some expression of admiration at his astuteness; but in spite of his best efforts, she saw through him and understood him better than he liked.

"I am sorry," he said, "that what is honourable should sound ridiculous when it comes from me. I like to think sometimes that you believe in me."

"Oh, I do," protested Donna Tullia, with a sudden change of manner. "I was only laughing. I think you are really in earnest. Only, you know, nowadays, it is not the fashion to utter moralities in a severe tone, with an air of conviction. A little dash of cynicism—you know, a sort of half sneer is so much more *chic*—it gives a much higher idea of the morality, because it conveys the impression that it is utterly beyond you. Ask Gouache——"

"By all means," said the artist, squeezing a little more red from a

tube upon his palette, "one should always sneer at what one cannot reach. The fox, you remember, called the grapes sour. He was probably right, for he is the most intelligent of animals."

"I would like to hear what Giovanni had to say about those grapes," remarked Donna Tullia.

"Oh, he sneered in the most fashionable way," answered Del Ferice. "He would have pleased you immensely. He said that he would be ruined by a change of government, and that he thought it his duty to fight against it. He talked a great deal about the level of the Tiber, and landed property, and the duties of gentlemen. And he ended by saying he would make the best of any change that happened to come about, like a thorough-going egotist, as he is!"

"I would like to hear what you think of Don Giovanni Sarracinesca," said Gouache; "and then I would like to hear what he thinks of you."

"I can tell you both," answered Del Ferice. "I think of him that he is a thorough aristocrat, full of prejudices and money, unwilling to sacrifice his convictions to his wealth or his wealth to his convictions, intelligent in regard to his own interests and blind to those of others, imbued with a thousand and one curious feudal notions, and overcome with a sense of his own importance."

"And what does he think of you?" asked Anastase, working busily.

"Oh, it is very simple," returned Del Ferice, with a laugh. "He thinks I am a great scoundrel."

"Really! How strange! I should not have said that."

"What? That Del Ferice is a scoundrel?" asked Donna Tullia, laughing.

"No; I should not have said it," repeated Anastase, thoughtfully. "I should say that our friend Del Ferice is a man of the most profound philanthropic convictions, nobly devoting his life to the pursuit of liberty, fraternity, and equality."

"Do you really think so?" asked Donna Tullia, with a half-comic glance at Ugo, who looked uncommonly grave.

"Madame," returned Gouache, "I never permit myself to think otherwise of any of my friends."

"Upon my word," remarked Del Ferice, "I am delighted at the compliment, my dear fellow; but I must infer that your judgment of your friends is singularly limited."

"Perhaps," answered Gouache. "But the number of my friends is not large, and I myself am very enthusiastic. I look forward to the day when 'liberty, equality, and fraternity' shall be inscribed in letters of flame, in the most expensive Bengal lights if you please, over the *porte cochère* of every palace in Rome, not to mention the churches. I look forward to that day, but I have not the slightest expectation of ever seeing it. Moreover, if it ever comes, I will pack up my palette and brushes and go somewhere else by the nearest route."

"Good heavens, Gouache!" exclaimed Donna Tullia; "how can you talk like that? It is really dreadfully irreverent to jest about our most sacred convictions, or to say that we desire to see those words written over the doors of our churches!"

"I am not jesting. I worship Victor Hugo. I love to dream of the universal republic—it has immense artistic attractions—the fierce yelling crowd, the savage faces, the red caps, the terrible *mænad* women urging the brawny

ruffians on to shed more blood, the lurid light of burning churches, the pale and trembling victims dragged beneath the poised knife,—ah, it is superb, it has stupendous artistic capabilities! But for myself—bah! I am a good Catholic—I wish nobody any harm, for life is very gay after all.”

At this remarkable exposition of Anastase Gouache's views in regard to the utility of revolutions, Del Ferice laughed loudly; but Anastase remained perfectly grave, for he was perfectly sincere. Del Ferice, to whom the daily whispered talk of revolution in Donna Tullia's circle was mere child's-play, was utterly indifferent, and suffered himself to be amused by the young artist's vagaries. But Donna Tullia, who longed to see herself the centre of a real plot, thought that she was being laughed at, and pouted her red lips and frowned her displeasure.

“I believe you have no convictions!” she said angrily. “While we are risking our lives and fortunes for the good cause, you sit here in your studio dreaming of barricades and guillotines, merely as subjects for pictures—you even acknowledge that in case we produce a revolution you would go away.”

“Not without finishing this portrait,” returned Anastase, quite unmoved. “It is an exceedingly good likeness; and in case you should ever disappear—you know people sometimes do in revolutions—or if by any unlucky accident your beautiful neck should chance beneath that guillotine you just mentioned,—why, then, this canvas would be the most delightful souvenir of many pleasant mornings, would it not?”

“You are incorrigible,” said Donna Tullia, with a slight laugh. “You cannot be serious for a moment.”

“It is very hard to paint you when your expression changes so often,” replied Anastase, calmly.

“I am not in a good humour for sitting to you this morning. I wish you would amuse me, Del Ferice. You generally can.”

“I thought politics amused you——”

“They interest me. But Gouache's ideas are detestable.”

“Will you not give us some of your own, Madame?” inquired the painter, stepping back from his canvas to get a better view of his work.

“Oh, mine are very simple,” answered Donna Tullia. “Victor Emmanuel, Garibaldi, and a free press.”

“A combination of monarchy, republicanism, and popular education—not very interesting,” remarked Gouache, still eyeing his picture.

“No; there would be nothing for you to paint, except portraits of the liberators——”

“There is a great deal of that done. I have seen them in every *café* in the north of Italy,” interrupted the artist. “I would like to paint Garibaldi. He has a fine head.”

“I will ask him to sit to you when he comes here.”

“When he comes I shall be here no longer,” answered Gouache. “They will whitewash the Corso, they will make a restaurant of the Colosseum, and they will hoist the Italian flag on the cross of St Peter's. Then I will go to Constantinople; there will still be some years before Turkey is modernised.”

“Artists are hopeless people,” said Del Ferice. “They are utterly illogical, and it is impossible to deal with them. If you like old cities, why do you not like old women? Why would you not

rather paint Donna Tullia's old countess than Donna Tullia herself?"

"That is precisely the opposite case," replied Anastase, quietly. "The works of man are never so beautiful as when they are falling to decay; the works of God are most beautiful when they are young. You might as well say that because wine improves with age, therefore horses do likewise. The faculty of comparison is lacking in your mind, my dear Del Ferice, as it is generally lacking in the minds of true patriots. Great reforms and great revolutions are generally brought about by people of fierce and desperate convictions, like yours, who go to extreme lengths, and never know when to stop. The quintessence of an artist's talent is precisely that faculty of comparison, that gift of knowing when the thing he is doing corresponds as nearly as he can make it with the thing he has imagined."

There was no tinge of sarcasm in Gouache's voice as he imputed to Del Ferice the savage enthusiasm of a revolutionist. But when Gouache, who was by no means calm by nature, said anything particularly gently, there was generally a sting in it, and Del Ferice reflected upon the mean traffic in stolen information by which he got his livelihood, and was ashamed. Somehow, too, Donna Tullia felt that the part she fancied herself playing was contemptible enough when compared with the hard work, the earnest purpose, and the remarkable talent of the young artist. But though she felt her inferiority, she would have died rather than own it, even to Del Ferice. She knew that for months she had talked with Del Ferice, with Valdarno, with Casalverde, even with the melancholy

and ironical Spicca, concerning conspiracies and deeds of darkness of all kinds, and she knew that she and they might go on talking for ever in the same strain without producing the smallest effect on events; but she never to the very end relinquished the illusion she cherished so dearly, that she was really and truly a conspirator, and that if any one of her light-headed acquaintance had betrayed the rest, they might all be ordered out of Rome in four-and-twenty hours, or might even disappear into that long range of dark buildings to the left of the colonnade of St Peter's, martyrs to the cause of their own self-importance and semi-theatrical vanity. There were many knots of such self-fancied conspirators in those days, whose wildest deed of daring was to whisper across a glass of champagne in a ball-room, or over a tumbler of Velletri wine in a Trasteveriare cellar, the magic and awe-inspiring words, "Viva Garibaldi! Viva Vittorio!" They accomplished nothing. The same men and women are now grumbling and regretting the flesh-pots of the old Government, or whispering in impotent discontent "Viva la Republica!" and they and their descendants will go on whispering something to each other to the end of time, while mightier heads than theirs are tearing down empires and building up irresistible coalitions, and drawing red pencil-marks through the geography of Europe.

The conspirators of those days accomplished nothing after Pius IX. returned from Gaeta; the only men who were of any use at all were those who, like Del Ferice, had sources of secret information, and basely sold their scraps of news. But even they were of small importance. The moment had not come,

and all the talking and whispering and tale-bearing in the world could not hasten events, or change their course. But Donna Tullia was puffed up with a sense of her importance, and Del Ferice managed to attract just as much attention to his harmless chatter about progress as would permit him undisturbed to carry on his lucrative traffic in secret information.

Donna Tullia, who was not in the least artistic, and who by no means appreciated the merits of the portrait Gouache was painting, was very far from comprehending his definition of artistic comparison; but Del Ferice understood it very well. Donna Tullia had much foreign blood in her veins, like most of her class; but Del Ferice's obscure descent was in all probability purely Italian, and he had inherited the common instinct in matters of art which is a part of the Italian birthright. He had recognised Gouache's wonderful talent, and had first brought Donna Tullia to his studio—a matter of little difficulty when she had learned that the young artist had already a reputation. It pleased her to fancy that by telling him to paint her portrait she might pose

as his patroness, and hereafter reap the reputation of having influenced his career. For fashion, and the desire to be the representative of fashion, led Donna Tullia hither and thither as a lapdog is led by a string; and there is nothing more in the fashion than to patronise a fashionable portrait-painter.

But after Anastase Gouache had thus delivered himself of his views upon Del Ferice and the faculty of artistic comparison, the conversation languished, and Donna Tullia grew restless. "She had sat enough," she said; and as her expression was not favourable to the portrait, Anastase did not contradict her, but presently suffered her to depart in peace with her devoted adorer at her heels. And when they were gone, Anastase lighted a cigarette, and took a piece of charcoal and sketched a caricature of Donna Tullia in a liberty cap, in a fine theatrical attitude, invoking the aid of Del Ferice, who appeared as the Angel of Death, with the guillotine in the background. And having put the finishing touches to this work of art, Anastase locked his studio and went to breakfast, humming an air from the "*Belle Hélène*."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Corona reached home she went to her own small boudoir, with the intention of remaining there for an hour if she could do so without being disturbed. There was a prospect of this; for on inquiry she ascertained that her husband was not yet dressed, and his dressing took a very long time. He had a cosmopolitan valet, who alone of living men understood the art of fitting the artificial and the natural Astrardente together. Corona believed this man to be an

accomplished scoundrel; but she never had any proof that he was anything worse than a very clever servant, thoroughly unscrupulous where his master's interests or his own were concerned. The old Duca believed in him sincerely and trusted him alone, feeling that since he could never be a hero in his valet's eyes, he might as well take advantage of that misfortune in order to gain a confidant.

Corona found three or four letters upon her table, and sat

down to read them, letting her fur mantle drop to the floor, and putting her small feet out towards the fire, for the pavement of the church had been cold.

She was destined to pass an eventful day, it seemed. One of the letters was from Giovanni Sarracinesca. It was the first time he had ever written to her, and she was greatly surprised on finding his name at the foot of the page. He wrote a strong clear handwriting, entirely without adornment of penmanship, close and regular and straight: there was an air of determination about it which was sympathetic, and a conciseness of expression which startled Corona, as though she had heard the man himself speaking to her.

"I write, dear Duchessa, because I covet your good opinion, and my motive is therefore before all things an interested one. I would not have you think that I had idly asked your advice about a thing so important to me as my marriage, in order to discard your counsel at the first opportunity. There was too much reason in the view you took of the matter to admit of my not giving your opinion all the weight I could, even if I had not already determined upon the very course you advised. Circumstances have occurred, however, which have almost induced me to change my mind. I have had an interview with my father, who has put the matter very plainly before me. I hardly know how to tell you this, but I feel that I owe it to you to explain myself, however much you may despise me for what I am going to say. It is very simple, nevertheless. My father has informed me that by my conduct I have caused my name to be coupled in the mouth of the gossips with that of a person very dear to me, but

whom I am unfortunately prevented from marrying. He has convinced me that I owe to this lady, who, I confess, takes no interest whatever in me, the only reparation possible to be made—that of taking a wife, and thus publicly demonstrating that there was never any truth in what has been said. As a marriage will probably be forced upon me some day, it is as well to let things take their course at once, in order that a step so disagreeable to myself may at least distantly profit one whom I love in removing me from the appearance of being a factor in her life. The gossip about me has never reached your ears, but if it should, you will be the better able to understand my position.

"Do not think, therefore, that if I do not follow your advice I am altogether inconsistent, or that I wantonly presumed to consult you without any intention of being guided by you. Forgive me also this letter, which I am impelled to write from somewhat mean motives of vanity, in the hope of not altogether forfeiting your opinion; and especially I beg you to believe that I am at all times the most obedient of your servants,

"GIOVANNI SARRACINESCA."

Of what use was it that she had that morning determined to forget Giovanni, since he had the power of thus bringing himself before her by means of a scrap of paper? Corona's hand closed upon the letter convulsively, and for a moment the room seemed to swim around her.

So there was some one whom he loved, some one for whose fair name he was willing to sacrifice himself even to the extent of marrying against his will. Some one, too, who not only did not love him, but took no interest whatever in

him. Those were his own words, and they must be true, for he never lied. That accounted for his accompanying Donna Tullia to the picnic. He was going to marry her after all. To save the woman he loved so hopelessly from the mere suspicion of being loved by him, he was going to tie himself for life to the first who would marry him. That would never prevent the gossips from saying that he loved this other woman as much as ever. It could do her no great harm, since she took no interest whatever in him. Who could she be, this cold creature, whom even Giovanni could not move to interest? It was absurd—the letter was absurd—the whole thing was absurd! None but a madman would think of pursuing such a course; and why should he think it necessary to confide his plans—his very foolish plans—to her, Corona d'Astrardente,—why? Ah, Giovanni, how different things might have been!

Corona rose angrily from her seat and leaned against the broad chimney-piece, and looked at the clock—it was nearly mid-day. He might marry whom he pleased, and be welcome—what was it to her? He might marry and sacrifice himself if he pleased—what was it to her?

She thought of her own life. She, too, had sacrificed herself; she, too, had tied herself for life to a man she despised in her heart, and she had done it for an object she had thought good. She looked steadily at the clock, for she would not give way, nor bend her head and cry bitter tears again; but the tears were in her eyes, nevertheless.

"Giovanni, you must not do it—you must not do it!" Her lips formed the words without speaking them, and repeated the thought

again and again. Her heart beat fast and her cheeks flushed darkly. She spread out the crumpled letter and read it once more. As she read, the most intense curiosity seized her to know who this woman might be whom Giovanni so loved; and with her curiosity there was a new feeling—an utterly hateful and hating passion—something so strong, that it suddenly dried her tears and sent the blood from her cheeks back to her heart. Her small white hand was clenched, and her eyes were on fire. Ah, if she could only find that woman he loved! if she could only see her dead—dead with Giovanni Sarracinesca there upon the floor before her! As she thought of it, she stamped her foot upon the thick carpet, and her face grew paler. She did not know what it was that she felt, but it completely overmastered her. Padre Filippo would be pleased, she thought, for she knew how in that moment she hated Giovanni Sarracinesca.

With a sudden impulse she again sat down and opened the letter next to her hand. It was a gossiping epistle from a friend in Paris, full of stories of the day, exclamations upon fashion and all kinds of emptiness; she was about to throw it down impatiently and take up the next when her eyes caught Giovanni's name.

"Of course it is not true that Sarracinesca is to marry Madame Mayer, . . ." were the words she read. But that was all. There chanced to have been just room for the sentence at the foot of the page, and by the time her friend had turned over the leaf, she had already forgotten what she had written, and was running on with a different idea. It seemed as though Corona were haunted by Giovanni at every turn; but she had not reached the end yet, for

one letter still remained. She tore open the envelope, and found that the contents consisted of a few lines penned in a small and irregular hand, without signature. There was an air of disguise about the whole, which was unpleasant; it was written upon a common sort of paper, and had come through the city post. It ran as follows:—

“The Duchessa d’Astrardente reminds us of the fable of the dog in the horse’s manger, for she can neither eat herself nor let others eat. She will not accept Don Giovanni Sarracinesca’s devotion, but she effectually prevents him from fulfilling his engagements to others.”

If Corona had been in her ordinary mood, she would very likely have laughed at the anonymous communication. She had formerly received more than one passionate declaration, not signed indeed, but accompanied always by some clue to the identity of the writer, and she had carelessly thrown them into the fire. But there was no such indication here whereby she might discover who it was who had undertaken to criticise her, to cast upon her so unjust an accusation. Moreover, she was very angry and altogether thrown out of her usually calm humour. Her first impulse was to go to her husband, and in the strength of her innocence to show him the letter. Then she laughed bitterly as she thought how the selfish old dandy would scoff at her sensitiveness, and how utterly incapable he would be of discovering the offender or of punishing the offence. Then again her face was grave, and she asked herself whether it was true that she was innocent; whether she were not really to be blamed, if perhaps she had really prevented Giovanni from marrying Donna Tullia.

But if that were true, she must herself be the woman he spoke of in his letter. Any other woman would have suspected as much. Corona went to the window, and for an instant there was a strange light of pleasure in her face. Then she grew very thoughtful, and her whole mood changed. She could not conceive it possible that Giovanni so loved her as to marry for her sake. Besides, no one could ever have breathed a word of him in connection with herself—until this abominable anonymous letter was written.

The thought that she might, after all, be the “person very dear to him,” the one who “took no interest whatever in him,” had nevertheless crossed her mind, and had given her for one moment a sense of wild and indescribable pleasure. Then she remembered what she had felt before; how angry, how utterly beside herself, she had been at the thought of another woman being loved by him, and she suddenly understood that she was jealous of her. The very thought revived in her the belief that it was not she herself who was thus influencing the life of Giovanni Sarracinesca, but another, and she sat silent and pale.

Of course it was another! What had she done, what word had she spoken, whereby the world might pretend to believe that she controlled this man’s actions? “Fulfilling his engagements,” the letter said, too. It must have been written by an ignorant person—by some one who had no idea of what was passing, and who wrote at random, hoping to touch a sensitive chord, to do some harm, to inflict some pain, in petty vengeance for a fancied slight. But in her heart, though she crushed down the instinct, she would have believed the anonymous jest well

founded, for the sake of believing, too, that Giovanni Sarracinesca was ready to lay his life at her feet—although in that belief she would have felt that she was doing a mortal sin.

She went back to her interview that morning with Padre Filippo, and thought over all she had said and all he had answered; how she had been willing to admit the possibility of Giovanni's love, and how sternly the confessor had ruled down the clause, and told there should never arise such a doubt in her mind; how she had scorned herself for being capable of seeking love where there was none, and how she had sworn that there should be no perhaps in the matter. It seemed very hard to do right, but she would try to see where the right lay. In the first place, she should burn the anonymous letter, and never condescend to think of it; and she should also burn Giovanni's, because it would be an injustice to him to keep it. She looked once more at the unsigned, ill-written page, and, with a little scornful laugh, threw it from where she sat into the fire with its envelope; then she took Giovanni's note, and would have done the same, but her hand trembled, and the crumpled bit of paper fell upon the hearth. She rose from her chair quickly, and took it up again, kneeling before the fire, like some beautiful dark priestess of old feeding the flames of a sacred altar. She smoothed the paper out once more, and once more read the even characters, and looked long at the signature, and back again to the writing.

"This lady, who, I confess, takes no interest whatever in me . . ."

"How could he say it!" she exclaimed aloud. "Oh, if I knew who she was!" With an impatient movement she thrust the

letter among the coals, and watched the fire curl it and burn it, from white to brown and from brown to black, till it was all gone. Then she rose to her feet and left the room.

Her husband certainly did not guess that the Duchessa d'Astrardente had spent so eventful a morning; and if any one had told him that his wife had been through a dozen stages of emotion, he would have laughed, and would have told his informant that Corona was not of the sort who experience violent passions. That evening they went to the opera together, and the old man was in an unusually cheerful humour. A new coat had just arrived from Paris, and the padding had attained a higher degree of scientific perfection than heretofore. Corona also looked more beautiful than even her husband ever remembered to have seen her; she wore a perfectly simple gown of black satin without the smallest relief of colour, and upon her neck the famous Astrardente necklace of pearls, three strings of even thickness, each jewel exquisitely white and just lighted in its shadow by a delicate pink tinge—such a necklace as an empress might have worn. In the raven masses of her hair there was not the least ornament, nor did any flower enhance the rich blackness of its silken coils. It would be impossible to imagine greater simplicity than Corona showed in her dress, but it would be hard to conceive of any woman who possessed by virtue of severe beauty a more indubitable right to dispense with ornament.

The theatre was crowded. There was a performance of "Norma," for which several celebrated artists had been engaged—an occurrence so rare in Rome, that the

theatre was absolutely full. The Astrardente box was upon the second tier, just where the amphitheatre began to curve. There was room in it for four or five persons to see the stage.

The Duchessa and her husband arrived in the middle of the first act, and remained alone until it was over. Corona was extremely fond of "Norma," and after she was seated never took her eyes from the stage. Astrardente, on the other hand, maintained his character as a man of no illusions, and swept the house with his small opera-glass. The instrument itself was like him, and would have been appropriate for a fine lady of the First Empire; it was of mother-of-pearl, made very small and light, the metal-work upon it heavily gilt and ornamented with turquoises. The old man glanced from time to time at the stage, and then again settled himself to the study of the audience, which interested him far more than the opera.

"Every human being you ever heard of is here," he remarked at the end of the first act. "Really, I should think you would find it worth while to look at your magnificent fellow-creatures, my dear."

Corona looked slowly round the house. She had excellent eyes, and never used a glass. She saw the same faces she had seen for five years, the same occasional flash of beauty, the same average number of overdressed women, the same paint, the same feathers, the same jewels. She saw opposite to her Madame Mayer, with the elderly countess whom she patronised for the sake of her deafness, and found convenient as a sort of flying *chaperon*. The countess could not hear much of the music, but she was fond of the world and liked to be seen, and she could

not hear at all what Del Ferice said in an undertone to Madame Mayer. Sufficient to her were the good things of the day; the rest was in no way her business. There was Valdarno in the club-box, with a knot of other men of his own stamp. There were the Rocca, mother and daughter and son—a boy of eighteen—and a couple of men in the back of the box. Everybody was there, as her husband had said; and as she dropped her glance toward the stalls, she was aware of Giovanni Sarracinesca's black eyes looking anxiously up to her. A faint smile crossed her serene face, and almost involuntarily she nodded to him and then looked away. Many men were watching her, and bowed as she glanced at them, and she bent her head to each; but there was no smile for any save Giovanni, and when she looked again to where he had been standing with his back to the stage, he was gone from his place.

"They are the same old things," said Astrardente, "but they are still very amusing. Madame Mayer always seems to get the wrong man into her box. She would give all those diamonds to have Giovanni Sarracinesca instead of that newsmonger fellow. If he comes here I will send him across."

"Perhaps she likes Del Ferice," suggested Corona.

"He is a good lapdog—a very good dog," answered her husband. "He cannot bite at all, and his bark is so soft that you would take it for the mewing of a kitten. He fetches and carries admirably."

"Those are good points, but not interesting ones. He is very tiresome with his eternal puns and insipid compliments, and his gossip."

"But he is so very harmless," answered Astrardente, with com-

passionate scorn. "He is incapable of doing an injury. Donna Tullia is wise in adopting him as her slave. She would not be so safe with Sarracinesca, for instance. If you feel the need of an admirer, my dear, take Del Ferice. I have no objection to him."

"Why should I need admirers?" asked Corona, quietly.

"I was merely jesting, my love. Is not your own husband the greatest of your admirers, and your devoted slave into the bargain?" Old Astrardente's face twisted itself into the semblance of a smile, as he leaned towards his young wife, lowering his cracked voice to a thin whisper. He was genuinely in love with her, and lost no opportunity of telling her so. She smiled a little wearily.

"You are very good to me," she said. She had often wondered how it was that this aged creature, who had never been faithful to any attachment in his life for five months, did really seem to love her just as he had done for five years. It was perhaps the greatest triumph she could have attained, though she never thought of it in that light; but though she could not respect her husband very much, she could not think unkindly of him—for, as she said, he was very good to her. She often reproached herself because he wearied her; she believed that she should have taken more pleasure in his admiration.

"I cannot help being good to you, my angel," he said. "How could I be otherwise? Do I not love you most passionately?"

"Indeed I think so," Corona answered. As she spoke there was a knock at the door. Her heart leaped wildly, and she turned a little pale.

"The devil seize these visitors!" muttered old Astrardente, annoyed

beyond measure at being interrupted when making love to his wife. "I suppose we must let them in?"

"I suppose so," assented the Duchessa, with forced calm. Her husband opened the door, and Giovanni Sarracinesca entered, hat in hand.

"Sit down," said Astrardente, rather harshly.

"I trust I am not disturbing you," replied Giovanni, still standing. He was somewhat surprised at the old man's inhospitable tone.

"Oh no; not in the least," said the latter, quickly regaining his composure. "Pray sit down; the act will begin in a moment."

Giovanni established himself upon the chair immediately behind the Duchessa. He had come to talk, and he anticipated that during the second act he would have an excellent opportunity.

"I hear you enjoyed yourselves yesterday," said Corona, turning her head so as to speak more easily.

"Indeed!" Giovanni answered, and a shade of annoyance crossed her face. "And who was your informant, Duchessa?"

"Donna Tullia. I met her this morning. She said you amused them all—kept them laughing the whole day."

"What an extraordinary statement!" exclaimed Giovanni. "It shows how one may unconsciously furnish matter for mirth. I do not recollect having talked much to any one. It was a noisy party enough, however."

"Perhaps Donna Tullia spoke ironically," suggested Corona. "Do you like 'Norma'?"

"Oh yes; one opera is as good as another. There goes the curtain."

The act began, and for some minutes no one in the box spoke.

Presently there was a burst of orchestral music. Giovanni leaned forward so that his face was close behind Corona. He could speak without being heard by Astrardente.

"Did you receive my letter?" he asked. Corona made an almost imperceptible inclination of her head, but did not speak.

"Do you understand my position?" he asked again. He could not see her face, and for some seconds she made no sign; at last she moved her head again, but this time to express a negative.

"It is simple enough, it seems to me," said Giovanni, bending his brows.

Corona found that by turning a little she could still look at the stage, and at the same time speak to the man behind her.

"How can I judge?" she said. "You have not told me all. Why do you ask me to judge whether you are right?"

"I could not do it if you thought me wrong," he answered shortly.

The Duchessa suddenly thought of that other woman for whom the man who asked her advice was willing to sacrifice his life.

"You attach an astonishing degree of importance to my opinion," she said very coldly, and turned her head from him.

"There is no one so well able to give an opinion," said Giovanni, insisting.

Corona was offended. She interpreted the speech to mean that since she had sacrificed her life to the old man on the opposite side of the box, she was able to judge whether Giovanni would do wisely in making a marriage of convenience, for the sake of an end which even to her mind seemed visionary. She turned quickly upon him, and there was an angry gleam in her eyes.

"Pray do not introduce the subject of my life," she said haughtily.

Giovanni was too much astonished to answer her at once. He had indeed not intended the least reference to her marriage.

"You have entirely misunderstood me," he said presently.

"Then you must express yourself more clearly," she replied. She would have felt very guilty to be thus talking to Giovanni, as she would not have talked before her husband, had she not felt that it was upon Giovanni's business, and that the matter discussed in no way concerned herself. As for Sarracinesca, he was in a dangerous position and was rapidly losing his self-control. He was too near to her, his heart was beating too fast, the blood was throbbing in his temples, and he was stung by being misunderstood.

"It is not possible for me to express myself more clearly," he answered. "I am suffering from having told you too little when I dare not tell you all. I make no reference to your marriage when I speak to you of my own. Forgive me; I will not refer to the matter again."

Corona felt again that strange thrill, half of pain, half of pleasure, and the lights of the theatre seemed moving before her uncertainly, as things look when one falls from a height. Almost unconsciously she spoke, hardly knowing that she turned her head, and that her dark eyes rested upon Giovanni's pale face.

"And yet there must be some reason why you tell me that little, and why you do not tell me more." When she had spoken, she would have given all the world to have taken back her words. It was too late. Giovanni answered in a low thick voice that seemed to choke

in his throat, his face grew white, and his teeth seemed almost to chatter as though he were cold, but his eyes shone like black stars in the shadow of the box.

"There is every reason. You are the woman I love."

Corona did not move for several seconds, as though not comprehending what he had said. Then she suddenly shivered, and her eyelids drooped as she leaned back in her chair. Her fingers relaxed their tight hold upon her fan, and the thing fell, rattling upon the floor of the box.

Old Astrardente, who had taken no notice of the pair, being annoyed at Giovanni's visit, and much interested in the proceedings of Madame Mayer in the box opposite, heard the noise, and stooped with considerable alacrity to pick up the fan which lay at his feet.

"You are not well, my love," he said quickly, as he observed his wife's unusual pallor.

"It is nothing; it will pass," she murmured with a terrible effort. Then, as though she had not said enough, she added, "There must be a draught here; I have a chill."

Giovanni had sat like a statue, utterly overcome by the sense of his own folly and rashness, as well as by the shock of having so miserably failed to keep the secret he dreaded to reveal. On hearing Corona's voice, he rose suddenly, as from a dream.

"Forgive me," he said hurriedly, "I have just remembered a most important engagement——"

"Do not mention it," said Astrardente, sourly. Giovanni bowed to the Duchessa and left the box.

She did not look at him as he went away.

"We had better go home, my angel," said the old man. "You have got a bad chill."

"Oh no, I would rather stay. It is nothing, and the best part of the opera is to come." Corona spoke quietly enough. Her strong nerves had already recovered from the shock she had experienced, and she could command her voice. She did not want to go home; on the contrary, the brilliant lights and the music served for a time to soothe her. If there had been a ball that night she would have gone to it; she would have done anything that would take her thoughts from herself. Her husband looked at her curiously. The suspicion crossed his mind that Don Giovanni had said something which had either frightened or offended her, but on second thoughts the theory seemed absurd. He regarded Sarracinesca as little more than a mere acquaintance of his wife's.

"As you please, my love," he answered, drawing his chair a little nearer to hers. "I am glad that fellow is gone. We can talk at our ease now."

"Yes; I am glad he is gone. We can talk now," repeated Corona, mechanically.

"I thought his excuse slightly conventional, to say the least of it," remarked Astrardente. "An important engagement!—just a little *banal*. However, any excuse was good enough which took him away."

"Did he say that?" asked Corona. "I did not hear. Of course any excuse would do, as you say."

CHAPTER IX.

Giovanni left the theatre at once, alone, and on foot. He was very much agitated. He had done suddenly and unawares the thing of all others he had determined never to do; his resolutions had been broken down and carried away as an ineffectual barrier is swept to the sea by the floods of spring. His heart had spoken in spite of him, and in speaking had silenced every prompting of reason. He blamed himself bitterly, as he strode out across the deserted bridge of St Angelo and into the broad gloom beyond, where the street widens from the fortress to the entrance of the three Borghi: he walked on and on, finding at every step fresh reason for self-reproach, trying to understand what he had done. He paused at the end of the open piazza and looked down towards the black rushing river which he could hear, but hardly see; he turned into the silent Borgo San Spirito, and passed along the endless wall of the great hospital up to the colonnades, and still wandering on, he came to the broad steps of St Peter's and sat down, alone in the darkness, at the foot of the stupendous pile.

He was perhaps not so much to blame as he was willing to allow in his just anger against himself. Corona had tempted him sorely in that last question she had put to him. She had not known, had not even faintly guessed what she was doing, for her own brain was intoxicated with a new and indescribable sensation which had left no room for reflection nor for weighing the force of words. But Giovanni, who had been willing to give up everything, even to his personal liberty, for the sake of

concealing his love, would not allow himself any extenuation. He had had but very few affairs of the heart in his life, and they had been for the most part very insignificant, and his experience was limited. Even now it never entered his mind to imagine that Corona would condone his offence; he felt sure that she was deeply wounded, and that his next meeting with her would be a terrible ordeal—so terrible, indeed, that he doubted whether he had the courage to meet her at all. His love was so great, and its object so sacred to him, that he dared not conceive of being loved in return; perhaps if he had been able to understand that Corona loved him he would have left Rome for ever, rather than trouble her peace by his presence.

It would have been absolutely different if he had been paying court to Donna Tullia, for instance. The feeling that he would be justified would have lent him courage, and the coldness in his own heart would have left his judgment free play. He could have watched her calmly and would have tried to take advantage of every mood in the prosecution of his suit. He was a very honourable man, but he did not consider marriages of propriety and convenience as being at all contrary to the ordinary standard of social honour, and would have thought himself justified in using every means of persuasion in order to win a woman whom upon mature reflection he had judged suitable to become his wife, even though he felt no real love for her. That is an idea inherent in most old countries, an idea for which Giovanni Sarracinesca was certainly in no way re-

sponsible, seeing that it had been instilled into him from his boyhood. Personally he would have preferred to live and die unmarried, rather than to take a wife as a matter of obligation towards his family; but seeing that he had never seriously loved any woman, he had acquired the habit of contemplating such a marriage as a probability, perhaps as an ultimate necessity, to be put off as long as possible, but to which he would at last yield with a good grace.

But the current of his life had been turned. He was certainly not a romantic character, not a man who desired to experience the external sensations to be obtained by voluntarily creating dramatic events. He loved action, and he had a taste for danger, but he had sought both in a legitimate way; he never sought to implicate himself in adventures where the feelings were concerned, and hitherto such experiences had not fallen in his path. As is usual with such men, when love came at last, he came in strength such as boys of twenty do not dream of. The mature man of thirty years, with his strong and dominant temper, his carelessness of danger, his high and untried ideals of what a true affection should be, resisting the first impressions of the master-passion with the indifference of one accustomed to believe that love could not come near his life, and was in general a thing to be avoided—a man, moreover, who by his individual gifts and by his brilliant position was able to command much that smaller men would not dream of aspiring to,—such a man, in short, as Giovanni Sarracinesca,—was not likely to experience love-sickness in a mild degree. Proud, despotic, and fiercely unyielding by his inheritance of temper, he was outwardly gentle and courteous

by acquired habit, a man of those whom women easily love and men very generally fear.

He did not realise his own nature, he did not suspect the extremes of feeling of which he was eminently capable. He had at first felt Corona's influence, and her face and voice seemed to awaken in him a memory, which was yet no real remembrance but an anticipation. It was as the faint perfume of the spring wafted up to a prisoner in some stern fortress, as the first gentle sweetness that rose from the enchanted lakes of the cisalpine country to the nostrils of the war-hardened Goths as they descended the last snow-slopes in their southern wandering—an anticipation that seemed already a memory, a looking forward to something that had been loved in a former state. Giovanni had laughed at himself for it at first, then he had dreaded its growing charm, and at the last he had fallen hopelessly under the spell, retaining only enough of his former self to make him determined that the harm which had come upon him should yet not come near this woman whom he so adored.

And behold, at the first provocation, the very first time that by a careless word she had fired his blood and set his brain throbbing, he had not only been unable to hide what he felt, but had spoken such words as he would not have believed he could speak—so bluntly, so roughly, that she had almost fainted before his very eyes.

She must have been very angry, he thought. Perhaps, too, she was frightened. It was so rude, so utterly contrary to all that was chivalrous to say thus at the first opportunity, "I love you"—just that, and nothing more. Giovanni had never thought much about it,

but he supposed that men in love, very seriously in love, must take a long time to express themselves, as is the manner in books; whereas he was horrified at his own bluntness in having blurted out rashly such words as could never be taken back, as could never even be explained now, he feared, because he had put himself beyond the pale of all explanation, perhaps beyond the reach of forgiveness.

Nobody ever yet explained away the distinct statement "I love you," upon any pretence of a mistake. Giovanni almost laughed at the idea, and yet he conceived that some kind of apology would be necessary, though he could not imagine how he was to frame one. He reflected that few women would consider a declaration, even as sudden as his had been, in the light of an insult; but he knew how little cause Corona had given him for speaking to her of love, and he judged from her manner that she had been either offended or frightened, or both, and that he was to blame for it. He was greatly disturbed, and the sweat stood in great drops upon his forehead as he sat there upon the steps of St Peter's in the cold night wind. He remained nearly an hour without changing his position, and then at last he rose and slowly retraced his steps, and went home by narrow streets, avoiding the theatre and the crowd of carriages that stood before it.

He had almost determined to go away for a time, and to let his absence speak for his contrition. But he had reckoned upon his former self, and he doubted now whether he had the strength to do it. The most that seemed possible would be to keep out of Corona's way for a few days, until she should have recovered from the shock of the scene in the theatre, and then

he would go to her and tell her quite simply that he was very sorry, but that he had been unable to control himself. It would soon be over. She would not refuse to speak to him, he argued, for fear of attracting the attention of the gossips and making an open scandal. She would perhaps tell him to avoid her when he could; her words would be few and haughty, but she would speak to him, nevertheless.

Giovanni went to bed. The next day he gave out that he had a touch of fever, and remained in his own apartments. His father, who was passionately attached to him, in spite of his rough temper and hasty speeches, came and spent most of the day with him, and in the intervals of his kindly talk, marched up and down the room, swearing that Giovanni was no more ill than he was himself, and that he had acquired his cursed habit of staying in bed upon his travels. As Giovanni had never before been known to spend twenty-four hours in bed for any reason whatsoever, the accusation was unjust; but he only smiled and pretended to argue the case for the sake of pleasing the old prince. He really felt exceedingly uncomfortable, and would have been glad to be left alone at any price; but there was nothing for it but to pretend to be ill in body, when he was really sick at heart, and he remained obstinately in bed the whole day. But upon the following morning he declared his intention of going out of town, and by an early train he left the city. No one saw Giovanni again until the evening of the Frangipani ball.

Meanwhile it would have surprised him greatly to know that Corona looked for him in vain wherever she went, and that, not seeing him, she grew silent and pale, and gave short answers to

the pleasant speeches men made her. Every one missed Giovanni. He wrote to Valdarno to say that he had been suddenly obliged to visit Sarracinesca in order to see to some details connected with the timber question; but everybody wondered why he should have taken himself away in the height of the season for so trivial a matter. He had last been seen in the Astrardente box at the opera, where he had only stayed a few minutes, as Del Ferice was able to testify, having sat immediately opposite in the box of Madame Mayer. Del Ferice swore secretly that he would find out what was the matter; and Donna Tullia abused Giovanni in unmeasured terms to a circle of intimate friends and admirers, because he had been engaged to dance with her at the Valdarno cotillon, and had not even sent word that he could not come—whereupon all the men present immediately offered themselves for the vacant dance, and Donna Tullia made them draw lots by tossing a copper *sou* in the corner of the ball-room. The man who won the toss recklessly threw over the partner he had already engaged, and almost had to fight a duel in consequence; all of which was intensely amusing to Donna Tullia. Nevertheless, in her heart, she was very angry at Giovanni's departure.

But Corona sought him everywhere, and at last heard that he had left town, two days after everybody else in Rome had known it. She would probably have been very much disturbed if she had actually met him within a day or two of that fatal evening, but the desire to see him was so great, that she entirely overlooked the consequences. For the time being, her whole life seemed to have under-

gone a revolution—she trembled at the echo of the words she had heard—she spent long hours in solitude, praying with all her strength that she might be forgiven for having heard him speak; but the moment she left her room, and went out into the world, the dominant desire was to see him. The secret longing of her soul was to hear him speak again as he had spoken once. She would have gone again to Padre Filippo and told him all; but when she was alone in the solitude of her passionate prayers and self-accusation, she felt that she must fight this fight alone, without help of any one; and when she was in the world, she lacked courage to put altogether from her what was so very sweet, and her eyes searched unceasingly for the dark face she loved. But the stirring strength of the mighty passion played upon her soul and body, as upon an instrument of strings, in spite of her; and sometimes the music was gentle and full of sweet harmony; but often there were crashes of discord, so that she trembled and felt her heart wrung as by torture; then she set her strong lips, and her white fingers wound themselves together, and she could have cried aloud, but that her pride forbade her.

The days came and went, but Giovanni did not return, and Corona's face grew every morning more pale and her eyes every night more wistful. Her husband did not understand, but he saw that something was the matter, as others saw it, and in his quick suspicious humour he connected the trouble in his wife's face with the absence of Giovanni and with the strange chill she had felt in the theatre. But Corona d'Astrardente was a very brave and strong woman, and what to her seemed like the agony

of death renewed each day, she yet so hid that those who knew her thought it was but a passing indisposition or annoyance, unusual with her, who was never ill nor troubled, but yet insignificant. She gave particular attention to the gown which her husband had desired she should wear at the great ball, and the need she felt for distracting her mind from its chief care made society necessary to her.

The evening of the Frangipani ball came, and all Rome was in a state of excitement and expectation. The great old family had been in mourning for years, owing to three successive deaths, and during all that time the ancient stronghold which was called their palace had been closed to the world. For some time, indeed, no one of the name had been in Rome — the prince and princess preferring to pass the time of mourning in the country and in travelling; while the eldest son, now just of age, was finishing his academic career at an English university. But this year the family had returned: there had been both dinners and receptions at the palace, and the ball, which was to be a sort of festival in honour of the coming of age of the heir, was expected as the principal event of the year. It was rumoured that there would be nearly thirty rooms opened besides the great hall, which was set aside for dancing, and that the arrangements for the cotillon and supper were on a magnificent scale worthy of a great festival in a household which had endured in its high position for upwards of a thousand years. It was understood that no distinction had been made, in issuing the invitations, between parties in politics or in society, and that there would be more people seen there than had been col-

lected under one roof for many years.

The Frangipani did things magnificently, and no one was disappointed. The gardens and courts of the palace were brilliantly illuminated; vast suites of apartments were thrown open, and lavishly decorated with rare flowers; the grand staircase was lined with footmen in the liveries of the house, standing motionless as the guests passed up; the supper-room was a banquet such as is read of in the chronicles of medieval splendour; the enormous conservatory in the distant south wing was softly lit by shaded candles concealed among the tropical plants; and the ceilings and walls of the great hall itself had been newly decorated by famous painters; while the polished wooden floor presented an innovation upon the old-fashioned canvas-covered brick pavement, not hitherto seen in any Roman palace. A thousand candles, disposed in every variety of chandelier and candelabra, shed a soft rich light from far above, and high in the gallery at one end an orchestra of Viennese musicians played unceasingly.

As generally happens at very large balls, the dancing began late, but numbers of persons had come early in order to survey the wonders of the palace at their leisure. Among those who arrived soon after ten o'clock was Giovanni Sarracinesca, who was greeted loudly by all who knew him. He looked pale and tired, if his iron strength could ever be said to seem weary; but he was in an unusually affable mood, and exchanged words with every one he met. Indeed he had been sad for so many days that he hardly understood why he felt gay, unless it was in the anticipation of once more seeing the woman he

loved. He wandered through the rooms carelessly enough, but he was in reality devoured by impatience, and his quick eyes sought in every direction for Corona's tall figure and regal head. But she was not yet there, and Giovanni at last came and took his station in one of the outer halls, waiting patiently for her arrival.

While he waited, leaning against one of the marble pillars of the door, the throng increased rapidly; but he hardly noticed the swelling crowd, until suddenly there was a lull in the unceasing talk, and the men and women parted to allow a cardinal to pass out from the inner rooms. With many gracious nods and winning looks the great man moved on, his keen eyes embracing every one and everything within the range of their vision, his courteous smile seeming intended for each separate individual, and yet overlooking none, nor resting long on any, his high brow serene and unbent, his flowing robes falling back from his courtly figure, as with his red hat in his hand he bowed his way through the bowing crowd. His departure, which was quickly followed by that of several other cardinals and prelates, was the signal that the dancing would soon begin; and when he had passed out, the throng of men and women pressed more quickly in through the door on their way to the ball-room.

But as the great cardinal's eye rested on Giovanni Sarracinesca, accompanied by that invariable smile that so many can remember well to this day, his delicate hand made a gesture as though beckoning to the young man to follow him. Giovanni obeyed the summons, and became for the moment the most notable man in the room. The two passed out together, and a moment later were standing

in the outer hall. Already the torch-bearers were standing without upon the grand staircase, and the lackeys were mustering in long files to salute the Prime Minister. Just then the master of the house, Frangipani himself, came running breathless from within. He had not seen that Cardinal Antonelli was taking his leave, and hastened to overtake him, lest any breach of etiquette on his part should attract the displeasure of the statesman.

"Your Eminence's pardon!" he exclaimed, hurriedly. "I had not seen that your Eminence was leaving us—so early too—the Princess feared——"

"Do not speak of it," answered the Cardinal, in suave tones. "I am not so strong as I used to be. We old fellows must to bed betimes, and leave you young ones to enjoy yourselves. No excuses—good-night—a beautiful ball—I congratulate you on the reopening of your house—good-night again. I will have a word with Giovanni here before I go down-stairs."

He extended his hand to Frangipani, who lifted it respectfully to his lips and withdrew, seeing that he was not wanted. He and many others speculated long upon the business which engaged his Eminence in close conversation with Giovanni Sarracinesca, keeping him for more than a quarter of an hour in the cold ante-chamber, where the night wind blew in unhindered from the vast staircase of the palace. As a matter of fact, Giovanni was as much surprised as any one.

"Where have you been, my friend?" inquired the Cardinal, when they were alone.

"To Sarracinesca, your Eminence."

"And what have you been doing in Sarracinesca at this time of

year? I hope you are attending to the woods there—you have not been cutting timber?"

"No one can be more anxious than I to see the woods grow thick upon my hills," replied Giovanni. "Your Eminence need have no fear."

"Not for your estates," said the great Cardinal, his small keen black eyes resting searchingly on Giovanni's face. "But I confess I have some fears for yourself."

"For me, Eminence?" repeated Giovanni, in some astonishment.

"For you. I have heard with considerable anxiety that there is a question of marrying you to Madame Mayer. Such a match would not meet with the Holy Father's approval, nor—if I may be permitted to mention my humble self in the same breath with our august sovereign—would it be wise in my own estimation."

"Permit me to remark to your Eminence," answered Giovanni, proudly, "that in my house we have never been in the habit of asking advice upon such subjects. Donna Tullia is a good Catholic. There can therefore be no valid objection to my asking her hand, if my father and I agree that it is best."

"You are terrible fellows, you Sarracinesca," returned the Cardinal, blandly. "I have read your family history with immense interest, and what you say is quite true. I cannot find an instance on record of your taking the advice of any one—certainly not of the Holy Church. It is with the utmost circumspection that I venture to approach the subject with you, and I am sure that you will believe me when I say that my words are not dictated by any officious or meddling spirit; I am addressing you by the direct

desire of the Holy Father himself."

A soft answer turneth away wrath, and if the all-powerful statesman's answer to Giovanni seemed more soft than might have been expected, it must be remembered that he was speaking to the heir of one of the most powerful houses in the Roman State, and that at a time when the personal friendship of such men as the Sarracinesca was of vastly greater importance than it is now. At that time some twenty noblemen owned a great part of the Pontifical States, and the influence they could exert upon their tenantry was very great, for the feudal system was not extinct, nor the feudal spirit. Moreover, though Cardinal Antonelli was far from popular with any party, Pius IX. was respected and beloved by a vast majority of the gentlemen as well as of the people. Giovanni's first impulse was to resist any interference whatsoever in his affairs; but on receiving the Cardinal's mild answer to his own somewhat arrogant assertion of independence, he bowed politely and professed himself willing to listen to reason.

"But," he said, "since his Holiness has mentioned the matter, I beg that your Eminence will inform him that, though the question of my marriage seems to be in everybody's mouth, it is as yet merely a project in which no active steps have been taken."

"I am glad of it, Giovanni," replied the Cardinal, familiarly taking his arm, and beginning to pace the hall; "I am glad of it. There are reasons why the match appears to be unworthy of you. If you will permit me, without any offence to Madame Mayer, I will tell you what those reasons are."

"I am at your service," said

Giovanni, gravely, "provided only there is no offence to Donna Tullia."

"None whatever. The reasons are purely political. Madame Mayer—or Donna Tullia, since you prefer to call her so—is the centre of a sort of club of so-called Liberals, of whom the most active and the most foolish member is a certain Ugo del Ferice, a fellow who calls himself a count, but whose grandfather was a coachman in the Vatican under Leo XII. He will get himself into trouble some day. He is always in attendance upon Donna Tullia, and probably led her into this band of foolish young people for objects of his own. It is a very silly society; I daresay you have heard some of their talk?"

"Very little," replied Giovanni; "I do not trouble myself about politics. I did not even know that there was such a club as your Eminence speaks of."

Cardinal Antonelliglanced sharply at his companion as he proceeded.

"They affect solidarity and secrecy, these young people," he said, with a sneer, "and their solidarity betrays their secrecy, because it is unfortunately true in our dear Rome that wherever two or three are gathered together they are engaged in some mischief. But they may gather in peace at the studio of Monsieur Gouache, or anywhere else they please, for all I care. Gouache is a clever fellow—he is to paint my portrait. Do you know him? But, to return to my sheep in wolves' clothing—my amusing little conspirators. They can do no harm, for they know not even what they say, and their words are not followed by any kind of action whatsoever. But the principle of the thing is bad, Giovanni. Your brave old ancestors used to

fight us Churchmen outright, and unless the Lord is especially merciful, their souls are in an evil case, for the devil knoweth his own, and is a particularly bad paymaster. But they fought outright, like gentlemen; whereas these people—*foderunt foveam ut caperent me*—they have digged a ditch, but they will certainly not catch me, nor any one else. Their *conciliabules* meet daily and talk great nonsense and do nothing; which does not prove their principles to be good, while it demonstrates their intellect to be contemptible. No offence to the Signor Conte del Ferice, but I think ignorance has marked his little party for its own, and inanity waits on all his councils. If they believe in half the absurdities they utter, why do they not pack up their goods and chattels and cross the frontier? If they meant anything, they would do something."

"Evidently," replied Giovanni, half amused at his Eminence's tirade.

"Evidently. Therefore they mean nothing. Therefore our good friend Donna Tullia is dabbling in the emptiness of political dilettanteism for the satisfaction of a hollow vanity; no offence to her—it is the manner of her kind."

Giovanni was silent.

"Believe me, prince," said the Cardinal, suddenly changing his tone and speaking very seriously, "there is something better for strong men like you and me to do, in these times, than to dabble in conspiracy and to toss off glasses of champagne to Italian unity and Victor Emmanuel. The condition of our lives is battle, and battle against terrible odds. Neither you nor I would be content to waste our strength in fighting shadows, in waging war on

petty troubles of our own raising, knowing all the while that the powers of evil are marshalled in a deadly array against the powers of good. *Sed non praevalent!*"

The Cardinal's thin face assumed a strange look of determination, and his delicate fingers grasped Giovanni's arm with a force that startled him.

"You speak bravely," answered the young man. "You are more sanguine than we men of the world. You believe that disaster impossible which to me seems growing daily more imminent."

Cardinal Antonelli turned his gleaming black eyes full on his companion.

"*O generatio incredula!* If you have not faith, you have not courage, and if you have not courage you will waste your life in the pursuit of emptiness! It is for men like you, for men of ancient race, of broad acres, of iron body and healthy mind, to put your hand to the good work and help us who have struggled for many years and whose strength is already failing. Every action of your life, every thought of your waking hours, should be for the good end, lest we all perish together and expiate our lukewarm indifference. *Timidi nunquam statuarunt trophæum*—if we would divide the spoil we must gird on the sword and use it boldly; we must not allow the possibility of failure; we must be vigilant; we must be united as one man. You tell me that you men of the world already regard a disaster as imminent—to expect defeat is nine-tenths of a defeat itself. Ah, if we could count upon such men as you to the very death, our case would be far from desperate."

"For the matter of that, your Eminence can count upon us well enough," replied Giovanni, quietly.

"Upon you, Giovanni—yes, for you are a brave gentleman. But upon your friends, even upon your class—no. Can I count upon the Valdarno, even? You know as well as I that they are in sympathy with the Liberals—that they have neither the courage to support us nor the audacity to renounce us; and, what is worse, they represent a large class, of whom, I regret to say, Donna Tullia Mayer is one of the most prominent members. With her wealth, her youth, her effervescent spirits, and her early widowhood, she leads men after her; they talk, they chatter, they set up an opinion and gloat over it, while they lack the spirit to support it. They are all alike—*non tantum ovum ovo simile*—one egg is not more like another than they are. *Non tali auxilio*—we want no such help. We ask for bread, not for stones; we want men, not empty-headed dandies. We have both at present; but if the Emperor fails us, we shall have too many dandies and too few men—too few men like you, Don Giovanni. Instead of armed battalions we shall have polite societies for mutual assurance against political risks,—instead of the support of the greatest military power in Europe, we shall have to rely on a parcel of young gentlemen whose opinions are guided by Donna Tullia Mayer."

Giovanni laughed and glanced at his Eminence, who chose to refer all the imminent disasters of the State to the lady whom he did not wish to see married to his companion.

"Is her influence really so great?" asked Sarracinesca, incredulously.

"She is agreeable, she is pretty, she is rich—her influence is a type of the whole influence which is abroad in Rome—a reflection of the life of Paris. There, at least,

the women play a real part—very often a great one: here, when they have got command of a drawing-room full of fops, they do not know where to lead them; they change their minds twenty times a-day; they have an access of religious enthusiasm in Advent, followed by an attack of Liberal fever in Carnival, and their season is brought to a fitting termination by the prostration which overtakes them in Lent. By that time all their principles are upset, and they go to Paris for the month of May—*pour se retremper dans les idées idéalistes*, as they express it. Do you think one could construct a party out of such elements, especially when you reflect that this mass of uncertainty is certain always to yield to the ultimate consideration of self-interest? Half of them keep an Italian flag with the Papal one, ready to thrust either out of their window as occasion may require. Good-night, Giovanni. I have talked enough, and all Rome will set upon you to find out what

secrets of State I have been confiding. You had better prepare an answer, for you can hardly inform Donna Tullia and her set that I have been calling them a parcel of—weak and ill-advised people. They might take offence—they might even call me by bad names,—fancy how very terribly that would afflict me! Good-night, Giovanni—my greetings to your father."

The Cardinal nodded, but did not offer his hand. He knew that Giovanni hated to kiss his ring, and he had too much tact to press the ceremonial etiquette upon any one whom he desired to influence. But he nodded graciously, and receiving his cloak from the gentleman who accompanied him and who had waited at a respectful distance, the statesman passed out of the great doorway, where the double line of torch-bearers stood ready to accompany him down the grand staircase to his carriage, in accordance with the custom of those days.

THE SECRET OF YARROW.

"WAS ever stream or valley so besung!" exclaimed Dr John Brown, when, coming down the southern slopes of Minchmuir, he beheld the famous Border river twinkling in the sun. Nor was the exclamation an unreasonable one, but rather just such a question as would naturally suggest itself to the ballad and Border-loving author of the 'Horæ Subsecivæ'; for if ever "the poet's consecration and the dream" shed its imperishable fascination on any particular locality, investing its landscape with that "light which never was on sea or land," surely Yarrow can claim pre-eminence in such a case. Not alone in modern times, but for centuries it has been a favourite shrine of the muses—a kind of Scottish Forest of Arden—where, on every hawthorn and every thistle, the poets, Orlando-like, have hung their odes and elegies.

When Lockhart claimed for Yarrow the title of the most romantic of Scottish rivers, he was possibly thinking less of its indebtedness to modern poetry than to the lustre and distinction it inherits from the exquisite ballads with which its name will always be associated. No doubt every river of the Scottish Border is more or less suffused with this inherited after-glow, gilding with its heavenly alchemy every stream and valley of that legend-haunted land; for even in a country which can boast the names of Scott and Burns, the historical and romantic ballad-poetry of the Border still keeps its place, and remains now, as ever, the supreme and unapproached characteristic of Scottish literature.

Although the Tweed and the

Teviot, the Ettrick and the Yarrow, the Liddel and the Esk, each and all can lay claim to the reflected glory of the ballad period, amongst these the Yarrow must always be credited with a unique claim of its own. Not only by the abundance, but by the distinctive quality of its poetical associations, Yarrow has more right to be regarded as the veritable Hippocrene of the Border Helicon, than any other stream in the district.

The pagan belief that every river and every fountain had its own presiding deity, may now, we suppose, be considered an exploded superstition, and yet underneath the classic myth, lay a certain significance which our *soi-disant* civilisation has not been able altogether to dispense with; for although we no longer offer our oblations to Naiad or Dryad, nor propitiate their favour as of old with offerings of milk and honey and oil, it is almost as common to apostrophise a favourite stream among our own poets, as it was in the days of Virgil. These fair humanities of old religion have borne fruit in the spirit if not in the body: the ritual has disappeared, but the homage remains. Many instances of this river fascination occur over the whole field of English poetry, from Spenser's "silver streaming Thames," to Wordsworth's Duddon Sonnets. Burns evidently regarded running water as one of the most powerful awakeners of the poetic faculty:—

"The Muse, nae poet ever fand her,
Till by himsel' he learnt to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander."

The peculiar power exercised by Yarrow on her votaries is very

significant. The result is not only the highest of its kind, but the whole product is permeated and characterised by a uniform local colour of pathetic passion which invests everything that has issued from that mint with a distinctive and unique individualism. Other influences seem to have been kept out on purpose. The historical ballad, with one exception, that of the "Outlaw Murray," finds no place in Yarrow. "The Dowie Dens," "The Lament of the Border Widow," "The Douglas Tragedy," "Willie Drowned in Yarrow," and many others, grow out of the social conditions and accidents of the times, and appeal to the ordinary emotions and instincts of humanity; and these have given the initial pathetic melancholy to everything that has followed. The more warlike heroes of the other valleys of the Border—the Johnnie Armstrongs, the Kinmont Willies, the Jamie Telfers, &c.—would be out of place in Yarrow, and would introduce a jarring note, inconsistent with its tender solemnity. These old pathetic singers have passed away and left no sign. They have crossed the river of death, and taken their secret with them. Unnamed and unknown as they are, they have, however, left behind them a magnetic witchery of vague and passionate regret that cannot be shaken off or separated from the scene of their inspiration. No man of average sensibility ever entered that valley alone without coming to some extent under the weird fascination and endemic glamour of the place. Under its mysterious influences poets have been made and moulded like clay out of a cast. Hamilton of Bangour's only genuine inspiration was derived from this source, and his poetic fame rests mainly on

the accident of his having come under the spell of the "dowie houms." The same may be said of Logan; for neither of these names would have found any abiding place in literature but for the "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bonnie bride," of the one, and "Thy braes are bonnie, Yarrow stream," of the other. These, it may be said, are, after all, only the masterpieces of minor poets; but it must not be forgotten that greater men than these, the masters themselves, have come under the same unaccountable and irresistible fascination.

To those who have made the life of Sir Walter Scott a loving study—and to some degree who has not?—it will be unnecessary to point out that ballad-poetry, and more especially the ballad-poetry of his beloved Border, was the nursery-ground of that wonderful genius. At the age of thirteen, on the day in which, in his aunt's house at Kelso, he stumbled upon a copy of Percy's 'Reliques,' the seed was sown that gave root and character and direction to all his poetical afterwork. While yet young in literature, it bore fruit in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border;' but it did not cease there. He was a ballad-hunter to the end: it was indeed the literary ruling passion of his life, and only ceased with life. His charming and skilful biographer tells us that in the year, destined to be his last, when he went to the Mediterranean to seek rest and restitution for a frame unhappily shattered beyond recovery, no sooner had he settled down in Naples than, ill as he was, he set about forming a collection of Neapolitan ballads and broadsides. In the distraction of foreign travel, however, and the classic associations of the Bay of Naples, he never forgot the poetry of the

country he had left behind. Lockhart relates that, when he visited the Lake of Avernus with his illustrious kinsman, while as cicerone he was expatiating on the beauty and classic richness of their surroundings, he overheard the old man eloquent, crooning to himself—

“Up the rocky mountains and down
the mossy glen,
We daurna gang a milkin’ for Charlie
and his men.”

In the passionate estimation with which Scott held the ballads of his native country, Yarrow and its romantic associations held by far the most conspicuous place. The first important poem he gave to the world, ‘The Lay of the Last Minstrel’—in the introduction to which he makes his first claim to be considered an original poet—was set in a frame of Yarrow. Leaving behind him the conventional methods of the eighteenth century, he appealed to the elder romanticism of the ballad period, and deliberately chose to recite his first inspiration under the tutelary Muse of the valley he used fondly to refer to as “the shrine of his ancestors”; and with what success he did so, it is unnecessary to say. Again, in ‘Marmion,’ his descriptions of St Mary’s Lake and the valley of the Yarrow, contain perhaps the most memorable and most imperishable verses he ever wrote. Consciously and unconsciously, Yarrow had stolen into the dream of his life in many ways. Later on, when he sat to Raeburn the second time for that beautiful family portrait still at Abbotsford, the background of the picture is his much-loved valley; and in the autumn of 1831—the year before his death—on revising the ‘Lay of the Last Minstrel’ for the last time, he must have felt the prophetic power of the words he had

written more than a quarter of a century before—

“By Yarrow’s stream still let me
stray,
Though none should guide my feeble
way.”

And that Yarrow, which had been the poet’s first love, had somehow unaccountably crept into his last prayer.

In the autumn of the same year, it will be remembered, the day before he left for that sojourn to the South in search of the health he was fated never to get, and from which he returned a dying man, Sir Walter accompanied the greatest of his contemporaries to Newark Castle, on the Yarrow: that sunny September day which gave occasion to Wordsworth’s “Yarrow Revisited,” as well as to one of the finest of his sonnets.

In Wordsworth’s case, it is curious to mark the influence of Yarrow on one who, along with the possession of other eminent faculties, was without doubt the subtlest exponent and interpreter of the moods of nature that ever put thought into verse. As a young man, he had represented himself in his “Yarrow Unvisited” as arguing with the companion of his Scottish tour, that it was quite unnecessary to waste a day on Yarrow, that there were a thousand rivers elsewhere equally worthy of their wonder, and that in the meantime they would take the boasted charms of Yarrow for granted. When the Queen of Elfland, riding down by the Eildon Tree to the music of another world, clad in the shimmer of her unearthly vesture, and still more unearthly beauty, accosted her mortal lover in the Woods of Huntlyburn, and dared him to take the consequences of saluting her as a lover should, True Thomas, with the

chivalrous Border spirit his fairy paramour had probably counted upon, gallantly protested—

“Betide me weal, betide me woe,
That weird shall never daunt me”—

although we all know that his temerity cost him seven years' penal servitude in the fairy Hades. No doubt Wordsworth thought himself as securely guarded against the fascination of Yarrow, as his elder brother-rhymer of Ercildoune thought he was against the “glamourie” of Elfland; but the self-confidence in both cases was equally misplaced and illusory. When Wordsworth put the matter to a personal test, no sooner had his feet entered the fairy ring of Yarrow than he succumbed to the unseen sorcery. He argued, he expostulated, but the pastoral melancholy would not be shaken off. He reasoned with himself, but he had counted without his host, for he had inhaled an atmosphere that, acting on sensibilities such as his, takes the reason prisoner. He protested he had never seen greener hills, or sunnier skies, or a more silvery stream, and that it was the very ground for happy lovers, but all to no purpose. Like Balaam, he could only give utterance to what an overruling power had put in his mouth, and the whole colour and keynote of “Yarrow Visited” is struck in the first stanza, in which the poet confesses his subjugation, and cries out, like Saul in his trouble, for some cunning harper to come—

“And chase the silence from the air
That fills his heart with sadness.”

Scott himself had long before felt, and in ‘Marmion’ had given poetical form to this almost oppressive silence of Yarrow—

“Your horse's foot-tread sounds too
rude,
So stilly is the solitude.”

And when he took his friend Southey across the hills from Ashiestiel to make the acquaintance of Yarrow, it is curious to note how that poet's mind also caught the same unvarying impression. That impression we find recorded in his journal for the day in these words: “A quiet and beautiful vale, a solitary and a sorrowful country.” But these impressions are only a continuation of the feeling which, centuries before, had been expressed in the old ballad. When King James and his five thousand followers came down upon the country of the Outlaw Murray, we are told, as they approached the valley,

“They found it *awesome* for to see.”

It has been frequently pointed out in history that both the political and religious predilections of men have been largely influenced by the accident of their physical environment, but that this general truth is capable of a local and particular application in its relation to poetry, is, in many cases, quite as certain, and in proof of it we may use the words of Wordsworth—

“Bear witness *rueful* Yarrow.”

Humboldt declares that “the poetical works of the Greeks, and the ruder songs of the primitive Northern races, owe much of their peculiar character to the forms of plants and animals, to the mountain-valleys in which their poets dwelt, and to the air which surrounded them.” And he adds: “This influence of the physical on the moral world—this mysterious reaction of the sensuous on the ideal—gives to the study of nature, when considered from a higher point of view, a peculiar charm which has not hitherto been sufficiently recognised.” But this

higher point of view, this effect of the seen world upon the unseen mind of man, is a subject full of difficulty. As long as one is dealing with the visible phenomena of nature there is much to say.

The geologist delights to point out the prehistoric action of frost or fire, the causes of the upheaval of this mountain-mass, or the depression of that fertile valley; the track and scar of the grinding glacier, or these green shelving terraces across the hillsides—nowhere more marked or more beautiful than in the valley of the Yarrow—that show, step by step, the tidal footprints of a gradually retreating and now long-forgotten sea. Records that speak to him in a language which cannot lie, and which existed before language was; the silent evidence of those everlasting hills that hold up their unchanging and eternal testimony in the eye of heaven, while the conflicting creeds of men, made for the hour, one after the other fall out of the world like cast-off raiment. When we come, however, to the landscape itself, whose harmonious lines, and colour, and proportion these forces have brought about, and attempt to analyse and interpret its effect on men's minds, we pass from the visible to the invisible world, where exact definition becomes impossible. The action of the sensuous world upon the ideal is borne in upon our conviction as a fact, but the *modus operandi* is a secret.

It may doubtless be said, with a certain show of reason, that the intrinsic beauty of the poetical associations of such a valley as Yarrow are quite enough to have bestowed a deathless charm on any locality, altogether independent of any extrinsic fascination the landscape might possess. Un-

questionably in the case of Wordsworth, or Scott, or Dr John Brown, Yarrow is more than a mere spectacle. It becomes a vision, and to them the very word is transfigured by a kind of nimbus, gathered from the glory of the past, invisible to the uninformed eye. In Yarrow, as in everywhere else—

“It is the Soul that sees; the outward
eyes
Present the object; but the Mind de-
scries.”

And yet this is but a general truth, applicable to every locality having a poetical or historical interest of any kind attached to it, and does not in the least explain why a particular place should produce a poetical result of a unique and distinctive character. In the beautiful tributary burns of Yarrow, you will find a certain coincidence and uniformity among the mosses and lichens that clothe their grey boulders with a green and yellow velvet; but the fact does not throw any light upon the elective affinity subsisting between the rock and the plant. We accept the circumstance of their co-existence, on the simple ground that the plant imperatively requires nourishment of a particular kind, and can only exist where it finds it. This law of interdependence between life and its environment is everywhere observable both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, even to a minute degree. The distinctive flavour of honey is altogether regulated by the flora of the bees' feeding-ground; and so much so, that what is a delicacy in Scotland cannot be eaten in some other countries without great danger. The honey of Brazil is only used as a medicine, while in some parts of the tropics it is actually poisonous. Xenophon, it

may be remembered, mentions in his 'Anabasis' that in the famous retreat of the Ten Thousand, many of the soldiers were so affected by eating honey, that they lay down as if to die. Other examples of this curious correspondence in nature suggest themselves in animal life. There are caterpillars which change colour with the lichens on which they feed, like the larva of the moth (*Noctua algæ*), which turns to grey or yellow, according to the colour of the lichen from whence it derives its nourishment. Finding, then, this unvarying law of adaptation in nature, may we not carry the principle from the world of sense, to the world of mind, and conclude that the poetical flora of the "Dowie Dens" has been produced under analogous conditions? Shakespeare teaches us that—

" Our poesy is as a gum which oozes
From whence 'tis nourished ; "

and certainly the honey does not more clearly possess the flavour of the heather, the lichen does not cling more closely to its native rock, than the solemn tender melancholy of Yarrow clings about the song of its native valley. It would be difficult to conceive poetry more thoroughly self-evolved than that of Yarrow. It is indebted to the outer world for almost nothing. The actor and the action commemorated, song and singer, subject and object, are alike indigenous. Everything produced there possesses the typical flavour of the soil. It was no doubt a clear recognition of this indigenous integrity of the poetical product of the district which induced Sir Walter Scott to frame his great Border poem in a Yarrow setting, not only selecting one of its old Border peels as the scene of its

recital, but putting the poem itself into the mouth of a native minstrel, who, to an intense love of country, brings a poet's appreciation of the chivalrous deeds of his heroic fellow-Borderers. As was to be expected from such a master, the whole scheme was in well-conceived conformity with the local traditions.

In computing the relative gains and losses of different stages of civilisation, it is difficult not to look with some sort of regret on the complete disappearance of the ancient Court official, revived in the fabled minstrel of Scott's 'Lay.' It would be impossible in our day to form any adequate idea of the effect of the impassioned recital of our old metrical romances and ballads, by a master of his art, on the courtly audiences he usually addressed, in an age when as yet he held an important and influential position, the companion, and sometimes the trusted ambassador of kings; before that sweeping Act—the 39th of Queen Elizabeth—had relegated his order to that limbo of sturdy rogues and vagabonds—a statute which Ritson used to quote with such wicked glee as a set-off against Bishop Percy's ideal *jongleur*. Long prior to the age of Elizabeth, however, the Bishop's ideal was a flesh-and-blood reality, and a very important personage. Centuries before

" The bigots of an iron time,
Had called his harmless art a crime, "

he held an office, the importance of which it would be difficult to form any proper estimate of, in our days of books and printed matter. In addition to his musical faculty, he was a kind of reference library, and the sole repository of the *belles lettres* of his time and country; and in his frequently double capacity

of poet and musician, as in Scott's poetical fiction, he must have exercised an influence, and represented an intellectual force, quite unparalleled in his otherwise barbarous age. Nor are we sure there is anything in our modern civilisation which exactly fills his place. The laureateship may be considered, in some respects, the historical continuation of the office of the Court minstrel, but between the holders of the post there is no longer any historical parallel. From Lord Tennyson back to Ben Jonson, the first to hold the office under royal letters patent, there has been no representative of such men as Taillefer, the *jongleur* of William the Conqueror, or Blondel, the minstrel of Richard Cœur de Lion, who, according to tradition, sang his royal master out of prison. Many of these were men of means and prowess—rich enough, like Raher, of the Court of Henry I., to endow a hospital; and brave enough to follow their king on a war expedition, like the minstrel of Edward I., who accompanied that monarch to Palestine, was quartered in the royal tent, and was instrumental in saving his master from assassination. The evolution of history, with the help of the printing-press, has thrown this antique type of artist out of the world; but it is surely to be regretted that his art is as completely lost as he himself is. In an age that has seen so many medieval restorations, it seems strange that it has never occurred to any enterprising *impresario* to rehabilitate the heroic Skald, the medieval *jongleur*, or, at all events, that less remote variety of him that proved so attractive to the Courts of our own early English and Scottish kings. Medieval revivals have certainly not been the least im-

portant factors in the education of the last half-century. Whether for good or evil, they have powerfully affected both our art and our religion. The Church is yet floundering in the trough of that great tractarian wave which carried so many rarely gifted minds from their moorings, and left too many of its victims tossing on the troubled waters, between the Scylla and Charybdis of atheism or the Vatican. The pre-Raphaelite movement in painting—another of its revivals—was hardly less striking in its effect on art; while more recently the same influence has left its distinctive mark on modern poetry, culminating in the works of the elder Rossetti and his school.

Scott, and through him the romanticism of Yarrow and the Border, had more to do with the earlier direction of the movement than is generally recognised; for what, indeed, was the revival of our ballad literature but a calling together of the dry bones of our own dark ages, and as the editors can attest, requiring sometimes considerable skill in fitting up, bone to its bone, before they could constitute an organic whole? Judging from these more or less successful revivals of the past, one might presage a favourable acceptance for the restoration of the art of the *jongleur*. The splendour of the Court of the Plantagenets, with its old-world costumes, would itself lend that spectacular charm which seems to be a necessary feature in all modern representations; while the impressive intonation of some of our best old ballads to a sweet and low *recitativo parlante* accompaniment, such as would admit of no interference with the clear enunciation of every syllable, would at all events offer a pleasing variety, if not a refreshing deliverance from

the trivial rubbish which in too many cases still does duty as the *libretti* of our operas, and which, happily for the audience, is usually smothered in an orchestral din, through which nothing short of the hammer of Thor could make itself heard.

But to return to the subject from which the minstrel has tempted us; the power of a district such as Yarrow to give a distinctive character to its intellectual outcome, difficult as it may be to explain, is capable of illustration from many quarters. Without going back with Humboldt to the Greek poets, or the primitive Northern races, the subject may be illustrated by examples lying nearer home, and as regards time, almost contemporaneous with the production of the earlier ballad-poetry of the Border. One of the most remarkable instances of a district dominating its poetical product, will be found in the case of that body of song which from time immemorial has been associated with the valley of the Vire in Normandy, and popularly known as the Vaux-de-Vire. The Vire, indeed, may be said to be the Yarrow of its distinctive poetry; for although the two valleys have many points of difference, they possess much in common. Their early singers in both cases are all but forgotten. Olivier Basselin, the traditionary poet of the Norman Bocage, is almost as mythical a character as Thomas of Ercildoune, or the equally mythical 'Minstrel Burne' of our Border ballads. An orchard and an old wooden erection on the banks of the river are still pointed out to the tourist as the dwelling-place of Basselin, the old poet-patriot of Vire, who is said to have fallen, in 1450, at the battle of Formigny.

Longfellow, with a poet's sympathy, enters into the whole feeling of the situation, in one of his happiest efforts, when he tells us—

" But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part;
Like the river swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire."

Basselin, however, is little better than a name as far as his productions are known; and it was not until nearly the end of the sixteenth century that the Vaux-de-Vire finally crystallised themselves in the songs of Maistre Jean de Houx, and with which Mr Muirhead's masterly translations have made us familiar. To what extent De Houx was indebted to his predecessors, whose praises he sings, it would be difficult to determine with accuracy; but that he was the inheritor and mouthpiece of the characteristic genius of the Vire, there can be no doubt.

The poetry of the Vire does not afford any less striking an instance of genius conditioned by its environment, although its poetical result, compared with Yarrow, is about as diverse in character as it is possible to conceive. The productions of both localities are always true to their type, although one produces nothing but what is suggestive of solitude and melancholy, while the other is an Arcadia of happy song and joyous *camaraderie*. The presiding deity of the Vire is, in fact, the god of pleasure; and Jean de Houx himself dedicates his poems to Bacchus, and naively apologises for any inequalities in his work, on the plea that the bad verses were produced by the bad wine, and the good ones by the better.

The poets of the Vire, though carefully discountenancing everything like habitual abuse, clearly belonged to that section of their brotherhood which Coleridge used to compare to musical glasses, because, "to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet."

The *genius loci* of Yarrow, on the other hand, is a sombre and solemnly draped figure—

"Sole sitting by the shores of old romance,"—

her dreamy eyes big with the memory of love and death, her only song the music of that "wan water" which has carried the blood of her Douglasses and Scotts down her narrow valley, out into the infinite ocean, just as the nameless charm of her tragic verse has been floated across dividing seas, far away into the hearts and homes of the great English-speaking race, in every continent and corner of the world, to mix and mingle with their speech as long as language lasts.

Although there may not be many instances where the poetry evolved from and associated with particular localities is more completely *sui generis* than in the valleys of the Yarrow and the Vire, many examples exhibiting the same features, more or less strongly marked, will readily suggest themselves to students of poetical literature. The circumstances, however, under which this unique correspondence between place and thought is produced, are fast disappearing. As the poet becomes more cosmopolitan, poetry as a consequence becomes less special and more general. Local influences gradually cease to exercise their old control, and the special charm they possessed passes

away with them. So much is this the case, that there are phases of poetical thought which have as completely passed out of a present world as the school of architecture which produced the Sphinx or the Pyramids. The poetry of the Border ballads, which Yarrow exhibits at its best, presents a case in point. These poems belong to an extinct species and an extinct era, and no amount of genius is able to reproduce anything resembling them. The very best modern attempts, however successful they may be regarded as poems, have one and all been only moderately successful as ballads. Scott's "Eve of St John," Leyden's "Lord Soulis," Hogg's "Witch of Fife," Wordsworth's attempt to modernise "Burd Helen," Lady Wardlaw's "Hardyknute," good as these are—and some of them are the best of their kind—all carry on their face the fatal finger-marks of the modern manipulator. You feel when you read these poems that they are clever, and their very cleverness ruins them. Comparing these productions with the most fragmentary of the original ballads, is like placing the finished and flawless work of Flaxman or Canova beside the broken but sublime torso of Milo's Venus. The serene grandeur, the unconscious and massive simplicity of the older work is not to be approached. Old and new, each after its kind, doubtless possess many points of merit, but they are not in the same category. Such failure, however, does not lie at the door of the poets who have made these attempts to reproduce the old ballad. It is not that the poetical genius is awanting, but that the essential condition, the physical and social environment in which alone these productions were possible, has

passed away for ever from the earth.

That these productions themselves have not passed away, we owe it to that reverend regard for the past, which happily is the invariable instinct of all true civilisation, and which never was more alive than at the present day, both at home and abroad. In America, the *magnum opus* of Professor Child¹ of Boston—by far the most exhaustive and important work of its kind ever attempted—proves what interest is being taken in the ballad literature of the mother country, and in which the poetry of the Scottish Border, with Yarrow for its central shrine, holds so conspicuous a place.

In a time when the incidence of inheritance, and the rights and duties of proprietorship in almost any kind of estate are being so closely questioned from the social-

istic stand-point, there may be some consolation in knowing that there is a kind of possession to which no one will dispute our title. The patrimony of our great writers is brought down to us from generation to generation, peacefully and steadily, and, to use a phrase of Emerson's, "as if God had brought it in His hand." Whatever modern politics has in store for us, it is so far satisfactory to think that our reversionary interest in this kind of estate is beyond cavil, and that no one will question our claim even to what may be called unearned increment on the inheritance left us in Yarrow and elsewhere by—

"The Poets who on earth have made
us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly
lays."

J. B. SELKIRK.

¹ The English and Scottish Popular Ballads. Edited by Francis James Child. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. London: Henry Stevens.

THE MEDITATIONS OF A PARISH PRIEST.

"Où donc l'originalité va-t-elle se nicher?" This perversion of Mirabeau's famous exclamation to the beggar who returned him the louis he had given him in mistake, is not unfrequently forced upon the thinking mind—in such unexpected nooks and corners will that rare quality take up its abode. The traveller who traverses the damp and dreary regions of the Bas Limousin—that inland district situated in the lower half of central France—would scarcely hope to find in the rustic *curé* a man of independent thought, a mind that thinks by itself and belongs to itself. To have this is to have a heavenly gift, but it is also to have a two-edged sword; it is to have a potency we would not be without, but whose possession, nevertheless, causes its owner to be marked as a being set apart from his fellows, one whose doom in life it is to walk alone in the cold upper regions of isolation. "It must be lonely on the heights," says that acute thinker Arthur Schopenhauer—and he is right; and such is the bond of solidarity that holds together the human race, that those to whom has been granted this power to see and apprehend beyond the heads of their fellow-mortals are rarely joyous under the boon. The Greeks well understood this when they created the fable of Cassandra. It is a burden too heavy for mankind to bear, this exclusion from the minor sympathies of life—minor, that is to say, in their nature and essence, but not in their consequence; for by their subtle sympathies are warmed the deepest springs of life—by their filaments, slender but

strong, man is held in contact with his brother men. The aim of every true high thinker, therefore, must be to carry his fellows along with him, so that, as his vision enlarges, theirs may widen too. But how if they will not or cannot listen? How if they will not or cannot comprehend? Ay! how indeed! Then there remains for us only infinite love or infinite bitterness, and blessed is he to whom it is given to follow the former path.

There comes to us just now a book from Paris bearing the trite title '*Pensées*,' and for author's name a signature wholly unknown—that of Joseph Roux. We approached the work with that distrustful indifference which a new name arouses; we laid it down, after even the first cursory perusal, convinced that in this rustic *curé* we had once more come across that *rara avis* of humanity, an individual soul. Who would have dreamed that the philosophical communings of a Catholic priest should, in these days of wide and enlightened thought, be able to arouse the faintest interest outside the narrow community of faithful souls for whose benefit we might suppose they had been penned? Yet, once again, the strange is the true. These '*Thoughts*,' not one of which the worthy priest's parishioners could either read or understand, have caused a perfect excitement of enthusiasm in France among thinkers the most various. M. Caro, the painter Puvis de Chavannes, Renan himself, nay, even the great priest-hater, Francisque Sarcey—all with one accord have done homage to the little book whose

richness of first-hand thoughts (*idées mères*, as the French call them in their happy idiom) have equally charmed and amazed them. They have not even hesitated to name their author in one breath with those great Frenchmen who have achieved immortality in that walk of literature which seems specially suited to the genius of the French. For is there another nation that can furnish such a catalogue of writers of *Pensées*—names that include those mighty ones of Pascal and La Bruyère, Chamfort and La Rochefoucauld, Vauvenargues and Joubert? The nature of the French mind, as well as the character of the language, lends itself to the composition of these condensed jewels of reflection—a form of writing which, to those who love it, is more thought-stimulating, more strengthening and suggestive, than pages of the long-breathed essay-writing in which, on the contrary, the English genius seems to give itself best vent.

The author of these '*Pensées*,' as we have said, is an unknown man, a parish priest, and is no longer young. He had just touched his fiftieth year when his work was put forth to the world—put forth almost against his will, certainly without his aid. But for an accident, the Abbé Roux might have been numbered among the "mute inglorious Miltons" of whom the world perchance owns more than it wots. An accident made famous the man who, but for this, would probably have gone down to his grave unhonoured and unknown.

Joseph Roux was born in 1834 at Tulle, the chief town of the modern department of Corrèze—a picturesque town situated in a deep valley at the confluence of the Corrèze and the Solane. It is a busy, industrial place, famed

above all for its factory of firearms, and supports a large population of workmen. The present Abbé's father was an artisan, and Joseph the last-born of a large family. From his babyhood he was destined for the priesthood—his parents, like so many French and Italians of the lower class, deeming it a high honour to have one scion of the family who should be learned, and member of a learned profession. The priesthood, for obvious reasons, opens out the easiest method to gratify this ambition. His childhood, therefore, knew little of its labouring surroundings; he only imbibed from these a love and knowledge of the native *patois*, and an extensive acquaintance with the native legends and sayings. As early as might be, he was placed in a seminary, and underwent that curious training of the incipient Catholic priest which turns them out a species of men apart, with minds rigidly fixed into a deep-set groove, with methods of regarding life that cling fast, and survive even if their owner has learnt in after-life wholly or partially to sever himself from their influence—which even sets its imprint upon their very physiognomy, so that a Catholic priest comes to have a face and expression that are entirely typical, and which can never be mistaken. Rome—that one-time mistress of the world, both in the material and the mental sense—has to this day not relaxed her empire over the thoughts and bodies of humanity, and never is this more impressed upon us than when we behold such a school of young seminarists. And who that has visited the Continent has not beheld them as they walk in double file solemnly and slowly in the gardens of the Luxembourg, or amid the ilexes of the Pincian,

all life, all boyishness crushed out for ever, the young face already outlined in sacerdotal fashion?

Joseph Roux was an apt and easy pupil, so far at least as learning went; but his superior, Monseigneur Bertaud, the celebrated theologian, the friend of Veuillot, thought he perceived in the lad certain marks of mental independence, which caused him, with the judgment and wisdom that usually distinguish the Catholic dignitary, to announce to the youth, when he was ready to leave the institution, that he might choose for himself which branch of the priestly profession he would desire to fill. Roux decided to be a teacher. But at the end of two years he was worn out by excess of zeal in the fulfilment of his duties; and his superior, who loved him, and watched him with interest, counselled him to take for a time a country living, where he could recruit his health and study at his leisure those classical authors beloved of the artisan's son to the exclusion in those days of the writers in his native tongue. He was made *curé* of Varetz, a village poetic by its river-site, its ruined castle, its remains of a Knight Templars' abode, as well as by its being the birthplace of Pierre d'Aubusson, Grand Master of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem, the same who in 1480 successfully defended the Isle of Rhodes against the Turks. While holding this post, Roux began to write both in verse and prose, and devoted careful study to the language of his province. At Varetz the young priest was fairly happy; it was only by degrees that the mental and moral solitude in which he found himself grew to be oppressive almost beyond bearing. These were the years of making, of storm and stress, when, occupied with

our own character, our own selves, we little need the outside world. In due course Varetz was exchanged for St Silvain, a humble little parish near to the chief town of the department; and here the Abbé Roux was destined to pass twelve years, long years, years that were gradually to grow sadder and sadder as his need to impart himself increased in the same ratio as his mind grew and strengthened—in the same ratio as his character became less and less of the kind that could be comprehended by the rude unlettered peasants among whom his lot was cast. He dwelt among them patiently, but not willingly, doing his duty nobly, conscientiously, earnestly, growing more sombre and more sad, until he was removed again to St Hilaire le Peyrou, a large Correzien borough yet more remote from all civilisation—a country desolation where he suffers in solitude to this hour.

To those makers of idyls, who are usually without exception dwellers in towns, Roux replies beforehand ere they can launch at him their unreal expressions of envy at his country abode. He is a country dweller by necessity, not by choice:—

"A sojourn in the country," he writes, "greatly pleases the town folk,—a brief and rare sojourn, that is to say, in the fine season, when all is verdure, flowers, fruits, songs of birds, chants of haymakers, reapers, and vine-gatherers; when the days are long, fair, and generous, the nights warm and serene, the paths scented; when life superabounds in and around us; when Nature receives like a hospitable queen. Then the citizens cry, 'Dear, dear! how delightful the country is! how I should like to live in the country! how fortunate you are to live in the country!' The country is delightful, that is certain; you would like to live in it, that is possible; but whether it is good to

live in it, that is a moot point. The country is not always flowery, nor melodious, nor gracious. After summer and autumn comes winter—that is to say, cold, withdrawal, silence, mourning. The trees are bald and scant; the holts depopulated, sombre, and sullen; the roads filled with vile mud; the meadows seared, the fields bare, the sky lugubrious, the air inclement and hard. The only refuge is the fireside, the hearth,—scintillant with life, gaiety, and flames in the towns; wretched, monotonous, inert, and cold in the country.”

As to the rain in the country, and its depressing, crushing effect upon the spirits, the Abbé has penned a passage which only too faithfully reflects the prostration it causes. He then goes on to speak of a description by Washington Irving he has once read, in which a traveller is detained in a country inn by a storm of rain—a storm so marvellously described that at last the *ennui* of the gentleman becomes the *ennui* also of his reader:—

“My *ennui* (in the rain) has neither recoil nor pleasure. I do not read of the *ennui* of another, I feel my own. It is less poetical. . . . There are those who go far afield to seek solitude and silence. I have found them, poor I, without so much trouble, and profounder, more enduring than I desired. I have not yet lived, I have not yet acted; the little I have been able to undertake has always exploded in my hand. Formerly, though unoccupied and against hope, I still hoped. . . . To-day, older by ten years, I hope no more. . . . No past, no future. A man is held on to society (as an unborn child to its mother) by the umbilical cord, by the stomach. Oh this stomach, that hinders me from departing for the land of my thoughts! I have always desired to live intellectually, ideally, divinely, and I have never done aught but languish and vegetate. The depths of the country, the depths of a province, the last of men in the last of lands! I do not wish, in speaking thus, to despise my dear Limousin, nor to despise myself, man, Christian, and

priest. But see—where am I? and what am I? A nothing in nothing. Many console me. Lamentable consolation! Thus we console and amuse a dying man in trying to persuade him of that which we do not believe ourselves.”

Why, it is natural to ask, does this gifted man seem destined by his superiors to fret away his life, to waste his talents in sterile rustication? Why has his Church, generally so quick and eager to recognise talent, condemned this, her not unworthy son, to exile and mental ostracism? Who shall penetrate the secret motives of that Church, as astute as she is motherly? Perchance she knew, by that sure instinct which never misleads, that here was a son who might easily grow refractory were he put into the centres of civilisation—were he brought into contact with the new ideas, the wider, larger, truer knowledge which our fortunate century has bestowed upon mankind. His superiors did not underrate the Abbé Roux. It is recorded at the Bishopric of Tulle that Monseigneur Bertaud, in one of the many familiar conversations he held with the young vicar of Varetz, once said to him: “Go, my son—I know you well; you are like all men of genius—you have great faults and great qualities.” Yet they condemned him to isolation.

From the time that Joseph Roux left the seminary of Brive in 1860 to this hour, only twice has the humble course of his priest's life been diversified—has he been permitted to get a glimpse of that large outside world whose nature he has apprehended so well by intuition and by the aid of literature. Once he held a tutorship lasting six months in a noble family of Normandy, where on his way he caught a peep of Paris; and the

second time was his visit to that city last year, to reap the first-fruits of the fame which has come to him so suddenly and unexpectedly. All the rest is solitude, solitude and almost silence, that bitterest, hardest solitude of all, which may find us alone in the midst of men,—a solitude worse, far worse, than real loneliness. As he himself has said:—

“Solitude vivifies; it is isolation that kills: for those who are called to bear it, live among men as one who speaks not their language and is not understood. Woe unto him that utters the language of the land of ideas in a country where that language is a dead letter! Though he seem to speak in the same tongue as those about him, yet he had better give expression to his thoughts in some strange jargon; he will not be less followed, more misapprehended. Woe yet more if he who should speak thus finds himself a priest, a teacher of men, who above all should enunciate language the clearest, the surest to penetrate to the ears of his fellows!”

This double task has been laid on the shoulders of the Abbé Roux; and earnestly and well, if not joyously, does he fulfil his obligations. The peasants, the pre-tenious, deeply ignorant *bourgeoisie*, that make up his parish-ioners, are never made to feel the deep abyss that yawns between them and the man who faithfully, in the best spirit of his creed, ministers to their moral wants, who is ready to obey every call of priestly duty. On the other hand, they know nought of the real man—the man who discloses himself when he puts off the priest, and shutting the door behind him and the world, enters his modest presbytery and lives among the books, the thoughts, the manuscripts, that for him make up the world. Small wonder, though, if this man be sad; small wonder if a

shadow of bitterness, almost of misanthropy, enfolds his mental sphere; small wonder if his proud, defiant philosophy reads like a continual cry of anguish, so that he has been nicknamed the Abbé Schopenhauer,—a nickname whose force he could not even comprehend when it was repeated to him, excusing himself naively for this ignorance with the remark, “Novelties penetrate so late into the Bas Limousin.” The comparison, like most of such analogies, is rather cheap than just; the difference between the two men, which it would lead us too far to analyse, is deep and fundamental. To indicate its nature, it is enough to point out that the one is a Catholic priest—true Catholic, true priest, for all his breadth of thought, his powers of large apprehension; and that the other is a free-thinker, a philosophical Buddhist, nurtured upon all the best thought of the East and West.

It was while at St Silvain that the Abbé Roux began to write for his own delectation and mental relief some of the ‘*Pensées*’ that are now before us, and also the first portion of his ‘*Chanson Limousine*,’ a suite of historic frescoes, a species of Limousin *Légende des Siècles*, which he indited in the language of Bertrand de Born and Bernard de Ventadour—the native idiom he will on no account suffer to be called a *patois*—the language in which he addresses his parish-ioners, in which he thinks and preaches.

It was the centenary of Petrarch, held in 1874, that first called Roux into notice—a festival celebrated in southern France by the *Félibres*, that society for the promotion and revival of Provençal poetry of which Mistral is the outcome, and to the present time the chief glory. M. Paul Marieton, himself a young *Félibre*, a poet in French and Pro-

vençal, made the acquaintance of the Abbé Roux; and struck with his work in dialect, sought to gain closer intimacy with the author. He unearthed him one day in his retired nest. "He appeared to me," says Marieton, "like one of the Limousin giants of his 'Geste de Charlemagne,' with his strong square frame, his deep bass voice. His visage, large and tender, sweet and yet rough-hewn, resembled that of those English lords of Henry VIII.'s time—Northern colossi painted by Holbein. With the gentleness of a child and a poet, he showed me the simplicity of his life, and I departed more moved than I can express." It was then that M. Marieton recognised that the priest's sadness was not pessimism, sprang from no intellectual malady—that, dejected though he himself may be, he is far from judging the world as evil *per se*. "Ah!" he cries, in one of his "Pensées," "if I could escape from the pneumatic machine that envelops me, how I would lift up my heart and my wings!" And as though to cut the ground from under the feet of future critics, he says, "No one more than myself loves what is good, beautiful, and true; no one more than myself desires to render or to know others happy." Indeed, how can he be a pessimist—he, the Christian and the priest, who must always see God behind all, not merely cruel, careless Nature? Again and again he says to himself, when he finds his thoughts might carry him too far, "Be silent, philosopher; have resignation, priest." It was during this visit from the ardent young Félibre that the Abbé Roux diffidently confided to him a large number of copy-books, written in a mighty firm hand—a hand that would delight graphologists—in which were put down the mile-

stones of thought, marking the way traversed by this lonely minister of God during his twenty-five years of isolated life. Delighted, M. Marieton at once proposed to publish a selection. At first the Abbé demurred. "You would publish my 'Pensées,'" he said. "Beware! I am not independent enough to seek calumny, for I am not an individual, but a legion; and the good Abbé Roux will bear the mountain of prejudice that weighs on the clergy of all times, and above all of this time. Prudence, my friend. You would have me think that I shall become a personage. I can scarcely hope it. I shall always be an immured. With a proud and timid character one never arrives at anything." But M. Marieton did not let himself be deterred, and to-day the world can decide whether he did well or not to drag forth this priest from his lonely obscurity.

In judging of the Abbé Roux's volume as a whole, it is needful ever to bear in mind that this is not an artificially made book of maxims, such as issue forth in too great numbers from the French press, where the writers put down concisely page by page the piquant observations they have made in the world or the good things they have heard in society. The Abbé Roux is no little La Rochefoucauld of the drawing-rooms. A very different inspiration is felt here; there breathes the air of a higher, truer origin. These pages may rather be regarded as the fragments of some great work never written owing to adverse circumstances, as the revenge of a repressed destiny or individuality. Each "Pensée" bears the impress of a personal emotion: in these thoughts of the Abbé Roux, that "I," so hateful according to Pascal, is almost always present. And nat-

urally so, for these Thoughts were penned for himself, not for the world.

"To put forth '*Pensées*,'" he writes, in a species of autobiographical introduction—"this is my consolation, my delight, my aim. I, too, can say to myself, though in a different sense, 'I think, hence I am.' . . . It is a difficult, delicate enterprise to write '*Pensées*.' What a careful spirit, what a fruitful imagination, what a just and profound perception of things, what a happy style it needs even to be mediocre! Why have I taken on my shoulders this burden? What necessity drove me to this task? Alas! the intelligence of man is a mystery, and, like the plants, each of us appropriates and assimilates naturally that which corresponds to what is within him from that which is without. 'It is a melancholy humour, produced by the sadness of solitude, which first put into my head the idea of meddling with writing. And after finding myself entirely emptied out and void of other matter, I presented myself to myself as an argument and a theme.' These reasons, given by Montaigne, are also mine, with the difference of his marvellous mind, his high position, his great knowledge, and his rare experience. This 'sadness of solitude,' which he knew only in one part of his life, has been my close companion since my youth."

Probably quite unconsciously, but with the sort of sly satire that peeps forth now and again in his writings, Roux foresees of what nature will be the judgments passed on his work. He writes: "By habit the critic of a poet inclines to praise; it is a matter of showing that he has taste: the critic of a moralist inclines to blame; it is a matter of showing that he has judgment."

Roux's book has been classified by its editor into ten sections: Literature and the Poets; Eloquence and Orators; History and Historians; Mind, Talent, and Character; Joy, Pain, and For-

tune; Time, Life, Death, and the Future; the Family, Childhood, and Old Age; the Country and the Peasants; Love, Friendship, and Friends; and God and Religion. Of these the first and third sections are the weakest, the eighth the most remarkable and original of all. That his literary judgments should be the feeblest, is due no doubt to Roux's sacerdotal and hence limited education, and the autodidactic nature of his later studies uncorrected by intercourse with educated persons; for by temperament he has an essentially literary mind, which his love for the Latin language alone would prove. "Oh the splendid language, how I love it! I learnt Latin at college with as much heart as though it had been the speech of my father and mother. I do not hold it in my memory, I have it in my entrails. I long thought in Latin in order to speak in French. My prose and my verse are full of Latinisms. Premeditated? No; come there by grace." In these words do we not read the confession of a true humanist, such as the sixteenth century might have called forth? It was through Latin that Roux imbibed his first ideas, was ushered into the intellectual life; and its impress is certainly found in his style—concise, compact, consolidated, and thickset—Latin in its primal origin, strewn though it is with Limousinisms. But if his literary judgments are at times paradoxical; if he is rather a moralist and a poet, a man of fine perceptions and ethical intuitions, than a cold analytical critic; if, like all untutored men, he does occasionally put forth the old as new; if he does now and again show want of discernment, or a clerical narrowness of comprehension,—he redeems it a few sentences ahead by a *naïveté*, a freshness of stand-

point, that recalls most favourably the fact that here we are in contact with an independent mind that has not suffered for good or evil from contact with man and criticism.

But let us allow the Abbé Roux to speak for himself. We will proceed to quote from the section we have pronounced the weakest—whence our readers may judge how good the strongest. We must add, in fairness to our author, that he naturally loses much in translation—all the more, that he chooses his words with great care, not only for their exact shade of meaning but for their euphony:—

“The real gives the exact; the ideal adds the true. The realist only produces things; the idealist invents beings.”

“I should define poetry as the exquisite expression of exquisite impressions.”

“The artist, body and soul, should beware of a mere ideal—that is to say, of a soul not joined to a body; and of a mere real—that is to say, of a body not joined to a soul.”

“Great souls are harmonious.”

Most excellent is the following; and it seems almost a miracle how one living away from the world of art could have so apprehended its momentary dangers, so truly formulated its perverse tendencies. It shows what strength lies in classicism duly understood.

“Ancient art clothed the human body with chastity and majesty; modern art unclothes even the nude. It is an unchaste, sometimes an impudent art. Athens poured a soul over the body, Paris spreads a body over the soul. The Greek statue blushed, the French statue calls forth blushes.”

“Every one will fix by instinct on the books which reply to the needs of his nature.”

That he should hate Voltaire is natural to a priest. “Since Voltaire’s time,” he writes, “we grin—we do not laugh.”

“Never had writers less sensibility, or spoke of it more, than those of the eighteenth century.”

“Literature was once an art, and finance a business; now the positions are reversed.”

“The punishment of licentious writers is that all the world cannot read them, nor avow that they have done so.”

That this parish priest conceived a great appreciation of the English authors, though he can only have read them in the inadequate French translations, the following extract will prove:—

“Shakespeare: greater than history, as great as poetry, he alone would suffice for the literature of a nation.

“Addison: Shakespeare is an ocean; Addison an aquarium.

“Milton: he sings ecstasy like Gabriel, hatred like Lucifer, love like Eve, and repentance like Adam.

“Goldsmith: his ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’ translated by Charles Nodier, attaches itself to the memory as with nails of gold.

“Walter Scott: history re-lives in his novels, so honest, so delicate, so true, whenever he can resist the temptation to blacken the monks.

“Thomas Moore: what a perfume of patriotism sweeps across him, light and fresh as a breeze!

“Byron: a proud, pure blood, bold and supple, impatient of restraint; an enemy of the spur, indocile to the lashes of the whip, whom men think vicious, and who is merely capricious.”

Even German writers have been perused. The following are the happiest among his judgments:—

“Goethe: a German loving-cup engraved at Corinth.

“Schiller: has put into drama history read in a dream.

“Klopstock: a pall covered with silver tears.

“Wieland: has composed epics that are but ballads.

“Bürger: has composed ballads that are epics.”

To French writers he is not

always so just, nor are his definitions so happy. We quote a few of the most successful:—

“Beaumarchais : a tranquil autumn day, when the fall of some dry leaf strikes here and there with a sinister sound.

“Voltaire : the mind of a courtier, and the heart of a courtesan.

“George Sand : like Circe, she changes all her lovers into beasts.”

It is natural that the theme of eloquence and orators should attract one whose profession obliges him to be a speaker. What manner of preacher he himself is does not appear ; but when in Paris last year, he confessed that his ambition would have been to see himself a monk—a Dominican, for example. “A religious corporation should have sustained my old carcass, then I should have been an orator.” And excusing himself for his assurance, and for the homely image he was about to apply, he added, “One learns to preach as dogs to bark.” The image is, after all, not so shocking. Has not Jean Paul said, “A theologian is like a dog who looks at the sky before he begins to bark”?

“The speaker is made, the orator is born.”

“Exact stenography harms a discourse as photography harms a face. In order that face and discourse should seem beautiful on canvas and parchment, they must be touched up.”

“Lengthiness of speech, languor of listening.”

“Judith before presenting herself to Holofernes put on her richest robes, her bracelets, her earrings, her necklets, her rings, her bands of purple, her golden pins. And besides all this, God clad her in splendour. Thus an orator adorns himself with sentiments, poetry, images ; all good things no doubt, but impotent without the Beautiful, that splendour of the True.”

From the section on History, it seems only worth while quoting one of those autobiographic sighs that we encounter in the most unexpected places in this volume:—

“The Emperor Augustus, placed at table between asthmatic Virgil and blear-eyed Horace, said, laughing, ‘I am between sighs and tears.’ Alas ! who is not seated between sighs and tears at the banquet of life ?”

In the next sections we gain many such autobiographic insights ; we also find the writer at his subtlest and strongest. As is natural to the priest, the moralist is ever present ; but, unlike the priest, he does not merely skim the surface—he is a philosopher who endeavours to get at the root of things. We select at haphazard an anthology of fine fancies from the next two sections, reserving to the last that where-on the Abbé Roux speaks *κατ' ἐξουσίαν* :—

“In the matter of praise we rather consult our appetite than our health.”

“However much sunshine there be in our intellect, there are always corners that remain in the shade.”

“What is experience? A poor little cabin constructed with the fragments of that palace of gold and marble called our illusions.”

“Buried alive ! What precautions are not taken against this peril ! But there are souls buried alive, hearts buried alive, intellects buried alive, and who is disquieted for them ?”

“Do not have your head in your heart, nor your heart in your head.”

“Happy he who mortifies that bitter pleasure of crying out at all that hurts or presses him. He will be at peace with others and himself.”

“Our experience is rather composed of lost illusions than of acquired wisdom.”

“Air good for the body to breathe does not extend very high, say the physicists. Respirable air for the soul here below abounds still less.”

“Who suffers most,—the capable

man who is kept down and should be on high, or the mediocrity who is on high and should be below?"

"Our sentiments, our thoughts, our words lose their rectitude in entering certain minds, as sticks become distorted when plunged into water."

"Very few men are capable of judging. 'Public opinion' is often nothing but the opinion of one accepted for all."

"Trees with tall crowns have less shade at their feet."

"Too many social and literary conventions hinder us from being *ourselves*, either as citizens or as writers."

"The folly we should have committed is that which we pardon the least readily in others."

"The man of talent, born poor, cannot take care of himself, not wait, not place himself when and where he would. Daily bread solicits him first, and binds him from the beginning. He can only live according to the spirit at odd moments in hiding or compromising himself. Having neither liberty, nor independence, nor facilities, nor consideration, he runs a sad risk that if at last he should arrive, he arrives damaged and aged."

"Like to those statues which it is needful to make larger than life in order that, seen from below or afar, they may seem of natural size, so certain truths need to be exaggerated in order that the public may gain a just idea of them."

"Press anything, and a sigh will come forth."

"To live, to over-live, to re-live, is the whole of man."

"To love is to select."

"Reason, habitual inspiration, secondary; inspiration, superior reason, intermittent."

"Friends are rare, for the same good reason that men are not common."

"What is love? two souls and one body. Friendship? two bodies and one soul."

"Not careless enough to have comrades, not credulous enough to have friends."

"Love is nearly everything in novels; it is nearly nothing in life."

We have said that the eighth section of this book is its strongest

point. It is this section that treats of the country and the peasants—themes the Abbé Roux has had opportunities only too ample of studying *au fond*. Sarcy, that acute French critic, having read this portion of the work, has recorded it as his opinion that never has the peasant been painted more profoundly, limned with strokes at once more energetic and sober. It is truly possible to name the writer the La Bruyère of the peasant. He has stigmatised them in their egotism, their narrow-heartedness, as with a red-hot iron; he has put plainly forward the error of their nature; he has shown their brute relationship with the soil. Contrary to the pictures painted by George Sand, he demonstrates the French peasant as the least romantic, the least ideal of men. These pages are pitiless in their unflinching veracity, which is almost summed up in the phrase, "I should love the peasant if he did not disgust me." A more remarkable physiology of the French hind has probably never been written. It must, however, not be applied too generally. The people of the Bas Limousin, among whom this priest is thrown, are a rude, coarse, heavy-natured population, with a vulgarity common to the peasants of the midland departments of France, but which is by no means the attribute of all the nation. For example, they cannot be compared with the mercurial, poetical Southerners, who are as gay as the sun above their heads. The Abbé's observations have been guided by the people among whom they were formulated. This is a guarantee of their truth, but, like most truths, it must be accepted relatively. There is no question but that the pastor of this people evinces a singular bitterness against them. We must, however, bear in mind that enforced companionship

with inferior souls has been the bane of his existence; and he therefore feels towards them that particular and peculiar bitterness we are all apt to evince towards the daily recurring trials of our life. The colours are laid on black and heavily, there is no denying; but who of us shall say they are not true? Surely the man who has studied these specimens of humanity many a long weary year, should know them best. It strikes us, perhaps, as more curious because these judgments proceed from a priest, a Christian—from a man who is monitor, spiritual director, and confessor to this folk. But when all is said—when we have read the chapter with due care—we shall find it is not entirely damning: there is a counterfoil of deep pity, of comprehending sympathy, which must be balanced against these hard *dicta*, if we would arrive at a just conclusion. “What is a peasant?” asks our Abbé; and he replies, “An unformed man.” “The peasant,” continues this implacable observer, “loves no one, and nothing, except to use it. If you do him good, he will not love you; if you do him harm, he will at least fear you—for how can one know of whom one may have need?” This is his whole preoccupation, his sole motor-power. He is the most sober of creatures at home, the least sober abroad. He deprives himself less to enjoy, than he enjoys depriving himself. As to paying, he does this as grudgingly as the soil he cultivates. He lies by nature and by caution; he ignores the art of telling his thoughts directly and clearly; the truth of any of his statements is not obtained from what he says, but from what his auditor must guess. As for poetry, as for all the romance that has been wrapped around him, from the days of Theocritus and

Virgil down to those of George Sand, in the opinion of the Abbé Roux,—an opinion probably very true,—all this is romance—romance, and nothing more. He defines the peasant as the least poetic of mortals:—

“Observe him,” he says, “on this fine summer’s evening, when all is joy and light and song, gaiety, prayer, and transport. Where is your man? He is down below sleeping heavily, unable to do aught else after the bad wine he has drunk. The romance-writers amuse themselves at our expense when they tell us that the peasant sings the beauties of nature, faithful love, spring, flowers, and fruits; he shouts forth oaths, he howls forth horrible tipsy songs, and that is the plain truth.”

“A peasant is only so far like a man as a block of marble is like a statue,” he says elsewhere; and again he compares them to little children, for, like them, they seek to put everything into their mouths. Without his beast of burden, however, the peasant is incomplete:—

“Take away his cow, his ox, his ass, and you despoil him. . . . Those who upbraid Pierre Dupont for his famous refrain—

“‘J’aime Jeanne ma femme; eh bien !
j’aimerais mieux
La voir mourir que voir mourir mes
bœufs’—

do not stop to consider that a wife costs nothing, and that oxen cost dear; that a peasant can live and work without a wife, but not without his oxen. Thus Napoleon the Great counted the loss of a horse as greater than that of a man.’

Besides his home, the peasant has a second, where he is no less at ease than in the first, and this is the market-place. There he ceases to be a man, a Christian. He becomes like a spider in the centre of his web. *À la guerre comme à la guerre.* At the fair as at the fair. The voice neither of blood nor of

friendship, nor of respect nor of honour, has weight with him; he is resolved to sell as dear and quickly as possible, to cheat even his neighbour, even his father and mother. "To have consideration (*ménager*)? For whom? For that honest man? But an honest man is inoffensive. For that wicked man? Oh yes; he might harm me." Thus reasons the peasant. Sell, no matter to whom, no matter what, no matter how: this is the sum-total of his diplomacy. He sells, he lends, he exchanges, he pays, but he never gives. A subtle trait of manners lies in the remark—"He gives his arm to his wife on the day of their marriage for the first and last time."

It is clearly evident from the Abbé Roux's descriptions, that notwithstanding all that has been said concerning the amelioration of the peasant's lot since the Revolution, matters have not mended much, at least not in certain districts, among which must be numbered the Basse Bretagne and the Bas Limousin. Our Abbé feels assured that if another La Bruyère, another Madame de Sévigné, could see all the squalor and misery witnessed by him, they would raise the same cry of horror and pity that was raised two centuries ago. In part this is the fault of the men themselves, but in part also of their circumstances; and who shall say where action and reaction begin and end? The following fancy dialogue given by the priest is instructive:—

The Hygienist. "Air as well as bread is the first necessity. Let us have air, have windows, my good man."

"Yes, sir."

The Tax-gatherer. "So many windows, so many taxes to pay."

"Yes, sir."

After which, boarding up three of his four windows, the peasant says with a sigh, "No more air for me, no

more light, no more health, no joy except outside under the great vault of the good God."

Surely here is one of the traits of sympathy that atone for many of the hard words launched by the priest. We will quote at random a few more of these axioms, which contain deep truths, even if at times their colouring is highly charged:—

"The people of Tulle call our peasants *peccata*. This nickname encloses an admirable definition. The peasant is truly sin, original sin, still persistent and visible in all its ugly *naïveté*, in all its naïve ugliness."

"Every peasant who learns to read and write renounces the country in his heart."

"A philosopher defined man as a religious animal. Why am I not a philosopher? I should define the peasant as a superstitious animal."

"'Scratch the Russian,' said Napoleon, 'and the Tartar reappears.' And you, men of obligatory education, polish, varnish the peasant as you will, the *peccata* will always survive; and it is well that it is so, since you need to eat bread."

"The peasant loves the town, and detests the citizen; the citizen loves the country, and detests the peasant."

"The peasant is less slow to fetch the veterinary surgeon for his animals than the doctor for himself. When the doctor is called, the invalid is indeed very bad. Fifteen francs for a visit, that in itself is an illness, and 'an illness upon an illness does not make wealth.'"

But even the Abbé Roux has to admit that there is a better side to this poor specimen of humanity. "If one searches well into the very depths of the peasant," he says, "one ends by finding a certain superior sense, which we can but explain with difficulty, but which it is just to note." And as a proof, he gives a touching little tale that shows the deep-down sense of unconscious poetry that resides in the countryman, that is indeed in

part an offspring of his superstitious nature, whence has arisen all the folk-lore, the songs of the soil, the naïve expressions our over-cultured age values so highly. This is the tale much shortened—a tale, no doubt, studied from the life. A young peasant has lost his adored wife, and fancies, by a sweet madness of love, that he recognises her among the lovely stars of the firmament:—

“This star, does it recognise in its turn?”

“Yes, without doubt. Else why this long gaze, so obstinately fixed on him, this profound, calm, pure look, tender at times? And he passes his nights in loving contemplation. One day I met him returning from his vineyard. Seeing me, he smiled; I see it still, that strange smile.

“Well?” I said, desiring to speak to him, but not knowing what to say. He also replied—

“Well?” Then, ‘I have seen her again. They say she is dead, that she is under the earth. Nonsense! She is above, she is alive. I have asked her to come down. She wishes it too. Can she? Poor thing! In truth, matters cannot go on like this; we must come together again, she to me or I to her, for ever.’”

Is not this tender poetry?

That there is no real divorce between the soul of this priest and his peasant flock is proved by a lovely passage, one of the most lovely in the book, which is quite a poem of reconciliation. It is put into form of strophe and anti-strophe:—

“O peasant, thou cultivatest the fields, thou fertilisest them and sowest them; thou makest the corn to sprout from the earth; by thee the arid is changed into wheat; thou nourishest man, who is flesh. Thou buriest a dead and cold seed, which anon revives, and flowers, and fructifies. . . . Glory to thee, peasant!”

“O priest, thou workest with souls; . . . thou nourishest man, who is

soul. . . . Thou buriest a body weary of life; but this body, returned to its soul, shall rise one day, and that day will be long, like to eternity. O priest, glory to thee!”

The peasant and the priest are thus approached in a work that has a common symbol, and the common brotherhood between them that seemed strained is re-established.

That in the section devoted to God and religion not only the minister of the Most High, but the Catholic priest, is prominent and dominant, will at once be assumed. Frequent ignorance, distortion of facts, and narrowness of knowledge meet us here; but even here we can cull some subtle thoughts, some fine expressions. We give a few samples:—

“In the presence of God we talk too much; we do not listen enough. Let the Master speak. It is but just; it will prove profitable. In very truth He knows whereof we have need, and we know not that which He knows.”

“Christian, philanthropist, humanitarian. . . . Humanitarian, philanthropist, Christian.”

“If the Son of Mary was but a great philosopher, how comes it, O free-thinkers, that you love His philosophy so little and practise it so ill?”

“A poplar-leaf can hide the sun from our sight; the slenderest terrestrial care hides God’s shining immensity.”

“God often calls on us, but generally we are not at home.”

Such are a few of the thoughts of this lonely man—lonely from circumstances, not from choice. It must indeed have needed great moral force to resist sinking under the dead-weight of soullessness with which he has been so many years surrounded, to keep his mind healthy and rightly balanced in such wretched physical and social incarceration. Be-

yond question the temptation towards discouragement must have been hard for the intellectual morality of this lonely thinker, and the study of a soul that meets us in these pages but enhances their fascination. We witness a great moral combat; we are also happily present at the victorious issue. Here is his own picture of his triumph. It seems his friends nicknamed him *Pervicax*—the obstinate. He introduces us to this *Pervicax*, who, since thirty years, studies, observes, writes for no purpose. Except two or three, who suspect his value and are silent, no one takes *Pervicax* seriously.

"'If he had merit,' they say, 'the masters would salute him before the face of all.' Suddenly a homage comes to *Pervicax* from afar and above; he is sought out amid his isolation. 'Really what a surprise! Well, the man has talent, let us admit it.' And from to-day to to-morrow *Pervicax* becomes a prophet—a prophet in his own country. He is surrounded, admired, commended; they praise a pamphlet which appeared some fifteen years ago in midst of universal indifference; they exhume some college thesis in which they protest his talent already showed itself; his last work is laid on the table well in sight, with the paper-knife between the leaves. . . . The time has gone by for shrugging of shoulders, for sneering looks, for pitying smiles; all has changed aspect, and with the stones that they used to throw at him they are now anxious to build up a pedestal for the statue that is being prepared."

This passage, for all its evident pleasure at receiving at last the recognition that is his due, shows also in its satire how truly the Abbé Roux gauges men and mankind.

The comparison between the thoughts of Roux and those of another solitary, who, it is true, never "arrived" until after his

death, is so likely to be made at the present moment when readers are occupied with Amiel's 'Journal Intime,' that a few words about the two men may not be out of place, the more that their work and life have already been confronted. There is this analogy between them, that both were led by loneliness to cultivate a perhaps excessive development of their inner life; both were inclined by isolation towards that intense self-analysis which is natural to lonely men of subjective nature. But here the analogy ends; for Amiel was a dreamer rather than a recluse: he lived near to society, and could have the world with him when he willed, as he often did. Roux is a solitary by necessity, not by choice. He is further isolated from his fellow-men by the site of his home, as well as isolated from his mental peers by his profession. Roux lives in an intellectual desert; in Geneva, Amiel could have his choice of friends. If both are sad, again there is a difference. Amiel might be called a *virtuoso* of melancholy. Not so Roux. He is too ingenuous; there is no design, no posing, no self-consciousness about this priest. His outpourings are genuinely penned for relief from the loneliness that, but for this safety-valve, would madden him or drag him down. They are neither brothers in misfortune nor brothers in soul. It is curious to understand why people so love to raise these analogies, to make these classifications. May no soul stand alone on its own merits or demerits!

Roux, middle-aged though he be, has, as he himself says and knows, not yet lived. Whether he may still develop, or whether a quarter of a century of loneliness has ossified his powers of adaptability, are points only the future

can solve. Nor is it sufficient that his innermost thoughts have been given to the world, that France now knows that it numbers a thinker the more. Unless his Church release him, unless she place him in some more genial and fruitful environment, the Abbé Roux remains where he is, tied by his stomach, as he drastically expresses it, held down by the necessity for bare food, that makes him dependent on his cloth. He has not abandoned all hope. "If the good God would grant to me some day to quit the country, then the country, seen across my memory, across my regrets perchance, will have charms for me, like those faces of relatives that were severe to us, and that seem so sweet to contemplate when they are no more." In this passage Roux makes his peace beforehand with the country for any hard things he may have said or felt. Will he be allowed to escape from the modest hamlet hidden among undulating lands of chestnut woods, from the bald square church with its blank walls, devoid of any architectural pretensions save its square half-detached belfry, that resembles almost an Italian campanile? Will the plain house, hidden in the quiet garden that invites to dreaming, will the rude balcony that runs along its upper frontage under the overhanging eaves, know no more the tall, massive frame of this priest? Who can say? As yet no word of promotion has been spoken. Listen how he consoles himself in a prose poem, which, as his editor remarks, Lamennais would not have disdained to own:—

"Obscure seed, remain under the earth. Wherefore burst forth and flower? Thou dreamest of sunlight, of breezes, of dew. Alas! the sun burns, the breeze torments, the dew

weighs and sullies. Trouble awaits thee in the daylight—trouble, not peace; and if some glory is promised thee, it will prove vain and brief. Remain under the earth, obscure seed."

"I will be a flower. I must be a flower. Trial for trial, it is better to suffer in the light than in the shade. For I suffer here. Nor do I find it true that isolation is happiness. Night surrounds me, the earth presses on me, the worm insults me. Above all, desire eats out my life. I must be a flower. I will be a flower."

But, over and above all, above literary and artistic instincts, above desires, wishes, and hopes, there moves, thinks, and feels the believer and the priest. We will end our essay with the last words of the volume, a species of abjuration, of pardon and prayer for sins of omission and commission, committed or omitted consciously and unconsciously:—

"I declare to retract every passage in this book which remotely or approximately is in contradiction with religion and morality. No thought is avowable unless it is Catholic. All that did not belong to the Roman Empire was called Barbarian; all that is not attached to the Roman Church has Error for its name. A philosopher, as ingenious as he may think himself, and as he may be said to be, propagates darkness not light, scandal not peace, if he do not teach like Peter, with Peter."

This passage, which ends thus abruptly and remains fragmentary, is not the least remarkable utterance in this remarkable psychological study of a man, a thinker, and a priest. M. Claretir has said that every *pensée* must be somewhat like lightning, rapid and luminous; and the more it has of this rapidity, the more, contrary to the lightning, it will endure. The world must decide whether the Abbé Roux's thoughts have this electric quality. They lie in print before them to-day.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

IX.—CRIMEAN AND CIRCASSIAN EXPERIENCES DURING THE
WAR, 1854-55.

IN the early part of the year 1854, I was startled one morning by the clattering of a mounted orderly, who reined up at the door of my modest lodging in Half-Moon Street, and impressed my worthy landlady with a notion of my importance which she had not hitherto entertained, by handing her a letter which required an immediate answer. I found it to contain a request from Lord Raglan's chief of the staff, that I should repair at once to the Horse Guards. The English army was on the point of embarking for the Crimea, and, as may be imagined, I lost no time in obeying the summons. I was ushered into a room containing a long table covered with maps, and round which were standing several officers of rank, among whom, the only two that I remember, were Lord de Ros and Sir John Burgoyne. The Commander-in-Chief himself was not present. The Crimea was at that time almost a *terra incognita* in England, and travellers who had ever been actually inside the forbidden precincts of Sebastopol itself were rare.

Now it so happened that about sixteen months before, I had travelled through Russia, and spent two or three hours within the walls of that celebrated fortress, and I was now summoned to tell the chiefs of the expedition all I knew about it. Sir John Burgoyne told me that he had just been examining a Pole, who had given him an account of the serious character of the fortifications on the land side which did not altogether tally with

other information he had received, and he begged me to give him the result of my observations. I assured him that if any such fortifications on the land side existed, they must have been erected since my visit. I had entered the town from Balaclava, and I must certainly have remembered passing through them. I was therefore prepared most positively to assert that, in October 1852, there was no more impediment to an army, which should effect a landing at Balaclava, from marching into Sebastopol, than there would be for an army to march into Brighton from the downs behind it; and I felt sure that my travelling companion, Mr Oswald Smith, would, if further evidence were required, confirm this statement. At the same time, I had, without any pretension to a knowledge of military tactics, amused myself, as soon as a hostile invasion of Russia was determined upon, in forming quite another plan of campaign, which consisted in a combined attack upon the Isthmus of Perekop, by way of the Gulf of Perekop on the west and the Sea of Azof on the east. The capture of the small fort there would have cut off the whole of the Crimea, to which very few troops had yet been transported. It would have been impossible for Russia to reinforce Sebastopol, either by sea or land, and the fall of that fortress, provided that the Allies could have maintained their position at Perekop, would simply have been a question of time. We should have stood upon the defensive against Russia at a position

of great natural strength, instead of on the offensive against her, at the point where, as it afterwards turned out, the genius of Todleben made her impregnable for a year. The capture of Kertch and Theodosia would have given us command of the resources of the Crimea; and the defeat of the garrison of Sebastopol, had it ventured out to attack us, would not only have sealed the fate of that fortress, but would have given us the whole Tauric peninsula, which we could have held as a permanent guarantee; and then, if Russia still refused to come to terms, we should, by leaving a sufficiently strong force to defend Perekop, have been free to transfer the scene of operations to the Caucasus and the provinces beyond it. I ventured, after giving Sir John Burgoyne all the information in my power as to the defences of Sebastopol, the apparent strength of its garrison, and so forth, to point to Perekop as a weak spot, but of course could only do this with the greatest diffidence. So far as I can remember, he listened without making any remark; at all events, I soon felt so much impressed with a sense of my own presumption in volunteering a plan of campaign, that I confined myself to a mere hint of it; but I have often wondered if the whole thing had to be done over again, whether it would be attempted in the same way as it was before.

I was extremely anxious to take a part in the campaign in some capacity or another, and should have accepted an offer of the late Mr Delane to go out as 'Times' correspondent, had not Lord Clarendon kindly held out hopes that he would send me out when an opportunity offered. It was while anxiously awaiting this that Lord Elgin proposed that I should accompany

him to Washington on special diplomatic service as secretary; and as the mission seemed likely to be of short duration, I gladly accepted the offer, in the hope that I might be back in time to find employment in the East before the war was ended. Nearly a year elapsed, however, before I was again in a position to remind Lord Clarendon of his promise; but Sebastopol was still holding out bravely, and the public were getting impatient at a siege so protracted and so barren of definite results. I was emboldened thereby to publish a pamphlet, in which I suggested the expediency of a campaign in the Caucasus, a part of the world to which it was difficult to attract attention, until the siege of Kars forced its strategic value upon public notice. Feeling strongly the importance of a diversion in this direction, and the use which might be made of the Circassians, who were in a chronic state of guerilla warfare with Russia, but with whom during the year that our own hostilities with that empire had lasted we had opened no relations, with the view of inviting their co-operation and alliance, I proposed to Lord Clarendon that I should undertake a mission to Schamyl, for the purpose, if possible, of concerting some scheme with that chieftain by which combined operations could be carried on, either with the Turkish contingent which was then just organised by General Vivian, or with the Turkish regular army. It had always seemed to me that to ignore the existence of a race of brave and warlike mountaineers, who were fanatic Moslems, fighting in the heart of Russia for their independence, and yet most easily accessible by sea, was wilfully to cast aside a most powerful weapon for attack which the fortune of

war had placed in our hands: we had only to land a strong Moslem force at Sujak Kaleh, on the Black Sea coast, whether of Beatson's Bashi-Bazouks, or Vivian's contingent, or Turkish regulars, provided they were Moslems, to have the whole male population of Circassia, every one a trained warrior, flock to our standard. Such a force would have the friendly mountains on its right flank to retreat to in case of necessity, the river Kuban to protect its left flank, and the rich plains which lie between the Kuban and the mountains to march across.

The objective points of such an expedition would have been the passes of Dariel and Derbend. These two mountain defiles closed by an allied army of Circassians and Turkish or irregular Moslem troops, all access into Transcaucasia would have been barred to Russia except by way of the Caspian Sea from Astrakhan—a most difficult and tedious operation, for in those days the steam-transport upon it was too limited for the conveyance of an army except in minute dribblets. The Russian army in the Caucasus, at that time under General Mouravieff, only amounted to 60,000 men. The Transcaucasian Provinces of Abkhasia, Mingrelia, Imeritia, Georgia, and Gouriel were all of them disaffected to Russia,—as I afterwards had an opportunity of knowing when I campaigned through them,—and being almost exclusively Christian, would have welcomed with delight a Christian army come to release them from the Muscovite yoke. This army would only have had to contend with that under Mouravieff, and would have operated in combination not only with the force on the Kuban, holding the northern passes, but with a Turkish

army advancing from the direction of Kars. Mouravieff and his force would thus have infallibly been caught in a trap, from which there was positively no escape. Not only would Kars never have fallen, but Russia would have lost all her Transcaucasian provinces to boot. At that time the allied armies, French, English, and Italian, round Sebastopol numbered 150,000 men; but even supposing none of these could be spared, Turkey could have furnished a force of 50,000 men under Omer Pasha, exclusive of the Kars troops, which, with 25,000 of Vivian's and Beatson's, would have sufficed for the operation.

These considerations I urged so strongly on Lord Clarendon, that he determined to send me to Constantinople with a letter to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, authorising him to send me to Daghestan, in the Eastern Caucasus, where Schamyl had his stronghold, for the purpose of making certain overtures to him, at his lordship's own discretion. Lord Stratford listened most sympathetically to my proposal; indeed he had been for months urging on the Government that a campaign should be undertaken without delay for the relief of Kars—and of the rival plans proposed, was by no means opposed to the operation being undertaken by way of the Caucasus, as a diversion to compel Mouravieff to raise the siege. He had also sent Mr Longworth to the coast of Circassia to communicate with the Naib, Schamyl's lieutenant in the Western Caucasus; but he declined to commit himself to sanctioning my proposed expedition to Schamyl, on account of the great personal risk which attached to such an enterprise. Of the Naib's own messengers, which he despatched from time to

time from the Western to the Eastern Caucasus, it was calculated that not more than one in three ever reached his destination; to do so, it was necessary to cross a district in Russian hands, called the Two Kabardas. The only way to do this was to ride all night, and lie concealed in some hiding-place all day; but, as I understood, neither woods nor caves abounded, and to play a game of hide-and-seek in an open country, with a scattered hostile population, and Cossack guerillas continually scouring it in every direction for the express purpose of intercepting such messengers, was one which experience had proved had more often than not cost those who had engaged in it their lives. Lord Stratford's hesitation, therefore, to despatch me at once, proceeded from motives for which I could not feel otherwise than grateful, though I was much disappointed at his objections, which I did my best to overcome. Finally he gave me a sort of qualified promise, and in the meantime proposed to me as a consolation that I should accompany him to the Crimea on the occasion of his proceeding to the seat of war to confer medals and decorations on the gallant officers who had so well earned them. Until the day appointed for our departure arrived, he was so kind as to extend the hospitality of the Embassy to me, and here I came in contact with probably a more brilliant group of men, so far as talent was concerned, than could be found in any diplomatic circle in Europe.

Lord Napier, then Secretary of Embassy; Odo Russell, afterwards Lord Amthill; Percy Smythe, afterwards Lord Strangford; Charles Alison, afterwards Minister in Persia,—were all men of quite re-

markable ability, and the last two of exceptional oriental attainments; while, if Lord Pevensey, Lionel Moore, and Brodie, the three juniors, never made a mark in the world, it was from no lack of capacity of a truly high order, which they each severally possessed. The days passed in such society are not to be forgotten; and I have never since been thrown with so many men where the stories were so racy, the repartee so quick, the flow of wit so constant, or the conversation generally so brilliant, as among those by whom Lord Stratford was surrounded at the time of the Crimean war. If anything could reconcile me to delay in the realisation of my projects, it was life on the lovely shores of the Bosphorus, under these conditions, with all the excitement attendant upon a residence at the Embassy, when any hour might bring stirring intelligence from the seat of war, and almost every day brought arrivals of officers fresh from it, with graphic details of personal adventure. The little quay at Therapia swarmed with uniforms, faded and war-worn, or spick and span, betraying the veteran or the new-comer, as the case might be; while a constant succession of transports and steam-vessels of all kinds, varied now and then by a man-of-war, and *caïques* darting to and fro, imparted an air of animation to a scene which is at all times one of the most beautiful in Europe, but which was then invested with a thrilling interest.

At last the day fixed for our departure arrived, and on the 24th August 1855 we embarked on H.M. despatch-vessel *Telegraph*,—the party consisting of the Ambassador, Lord Napier, General Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), Count Pisani—whose name must ever be identified with the British

Embassy at Constantinople, as one of the oldest and most trusted members—Messrs Alison, Moore, Brodie, and myself. Owing to a fog, it was dark the following evening before we approached our destination, and we only knew of our proximity to land by the distant flashes of the guns through the darkness, and the sullen reverberation which followed them. When day broke, I found that we were at anchor at the entrance to Kamiesch Bay, which was crowded with the British fleet. Weighing, we steamed slowly through them, amid the thunder of salutes, the manning of yards, and the strains of the National Anthem, to our anchorage; then followed the official visits, and long discussions on the affairs of the nations, between Lord Stratford and Admirals Lyons and Bruat, during which I watched the progress of the bombardment through a telescope, being able distinctly to see the shells from the Russian batteries exploding in the French trenches, and the scurry which followed each such event. We spent the whole day in Kamiesch Bay, dining at night at a banquet given to the Ambassador on board the Royal Albert, at which the two English and two French admirals were present, besides a great many distinguished officers. I could not but feel the contrast as we sat on deck and sipped our coffee after dinner, listening to the incessant roar of the cannonade, and watching shell after shell explode in the darkness—between our own condition of luxurious and festive enjoyment, and the agonies which hundreds of poor fellows were at that very moment enduring.

The next morning we rode up to camp, where I was so fortunate as to find my old friend Captain Valentine Baker, then of the 12th

Lancers (now Baker Pasha), in command of the headquarter escort, established in a capacious Indian hut, which he kindly invited me to share with him during my stay in the Crimea, and where, owing to its proximity to headquarters, I was in the best position to be informed as to the events which were transpiring. The Ambassador, less fortunate, as I considered, than I was, slept every night during his stay with the army on board the Telegraph, the labour of riding to camp and back each day adding not a little to the fatigue of the functions he was called upon to perform. First, there was a grand breakfast given in his honour by Sir James Simpson, who had succeeded Lord Raglan as Commander-in-Chief, the solemn dignity of which I was glad to escape, and take a more lively mid-day meal with Captain (now Admiral Sir Harry) Keppel, and some of the Naval Brigade. I had also many friends among the Engineers and Artillery, with one of whom I made an exciting expedition to the most advanced trench, which, as it was only a few weeks prior to the surrender of Sebastopol, had been pushed to an unpleasantly close proximity to the fortress, and the shelter of which, to my unprofessional mind and unaccustomed nerves, was meagre to a degree, and by no means dispensed with the constant exercise of watchfulness and agility, as the enemy's shells came lobbing into it, and exploding in all sorts of unexpected quarters. To go to the furthest extreme point, to pop one's head over the trench for a moment and take a hurried glance over the narrow space intervening between it and the nearest embrasures, to see them belch forth their smoke almost in one's face, to hear the ping of the rifle-bullets aimed at

too curious observers of this description, and suddenly to pop down again—was to achieve an experience which one felt it totally unnecessary to repeat, more especially as the main object of undergoing it at all seemed to be to be able afterwards to say you had done it. It was in the Engineers' camp that I first made the acquaintance of General Gordon—a fact which we had both forgotten, until, on comparing notes in Palestine in December 1883, only a month before he left London for Khartoum, we recalled the circumstances of our first meeting eight-and-twenty years before.

Scrambling about the camp before Sebastopol was attended with extreme difficulty for a visitor; the distances were so great, and the disposition of the army to a stranger seemed so complicated, that endless inquiries often landed you at last at a wrong destination. Then the walking was so detestable, that a horse, which had on each occasion to be borrowed, was an almost absolute necessity. I could scarcely recognise, as I wandered through the maze of tents and huts, that not two years before I had driven across the same country from Balaclava into Sebastopol, without, so far as I can recollect, meeting a soul; and that the frowning batteries which held at bay the English, French, Italian, and Turkish armies had all been erected since then. It was a strange coincidence that, on leaving Sebastopol on that occasion, the wheel of the waggon I was in should have given way,¹ and afforded me an opportunity of sketching the identical slopes of Inkermann, with the stream meandering at their

base, upon which, about eighteen months afterwards, the celebrated battle was destined to be fought.

Finding myself next to Sir John Burgoyne at dinner one night at headquarters, I reminded him of our meeting in London, and I asked him whether the information I had given him on that occasion, as to the defenceless condition of Sebastopol, was correct. He admitted that it was, and that after the battle of the Alma it would have been perfectly possible to have taken the town by assault; but he said it would have involved a great loss of men, as the fire from the houses in which the enemy were ensconced would have been very destructive, a loss which he calculated would be avoided by awaiting the arrival of the siege-train. He further had the frankness to admit, however, that he had not taken the genius of a Todleben into his calculations, and that they had been completely upset by the remarkable engineering skill, in the matter of earthworks, of that celebrated officer.

On the third day after our arrival in the Crimea, the grand function took place which had been the special object of Lord Stratford's visit to the seat of war. The weather was lovely. About 2000 men were formed into a square, which was decorated with numerous flags floating in the breeze. A sort of raised dais had been constructed for the Ambassador, who, seated upon it, invested Sir Edmund Lyons and Sir Colin Campbell with the insignia of G.C.B., and several other officers with the lower grades of the same order. It was a striking moment as the guns thundered forth a royal salute,

¹ See 'The Russian Shores of the Black Sea in the Autumn of 1852; with a Voyage down the Volga, and a Tour through the Country of the Don Cossacks.' By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1854.

to hear it broken in upon by the boom of the cannon sending forth their defiant response, and to see now and then a shell bursting in the air, to remind one that these gallant soldiers, like the knights of old, were being decorated upon the field of battle, and amid the din of actual warfare.

Meantime I was getting anxious about my own fate. The Ambassador had been so much occupied with receptions, entertainments, and grand functions—among them a great display which M. Soyer gave us of camp cookery—that I had shrunk from troubling him with my personal affairs, and yet the prospect of going back with him to Constantinople did not smile upon me. The Duke of Newcastle, who was then in the Crimea, having resigned his seat in the Cabinet, projected a trip to the Caucasus, and was kind enough to invite me to accompany him; but I clung rather to the idea of a special mission to Schamyl in Daghestan, the necessity for which, it seemed to me, was every day more pressing. It had become evident that Sebastopol could not hold out much longer; but there was no reason to suppose that we were going to be dragged into a peace by the French, by which the results of the war would be in a great measure sacrificed. On the contrary, it seemed likely that the scene of operations would be transferred to another quarter, and that the Government would at last open its eyes to the fact that the most vulnerable spot in the Russian empire was the Caucasian provinces. I did not then know, what I discovered afterwards, as may be proved by official documents, that it entered into the policy of our Allies to sacrifice our Eastern interests to their own immediate necessities, though, as it afterwards

turned out, at the period of my visit to the Crimea, General Pélissier was pursuing a course which could bear no other construction. At that very moment Lord Stratford was receiving from General Williams news of the straits to which the garrison of Kars was being rapidly reduced by the besieging army under General Mouravieff, and of the necessity of immediate relief being sent to prevent its capture; and was urging on the British Government the expediency of sending the Turkish army, then lying idle in the Crimea under Omer Pasha, to its relief. Six weeks before our visit, Omer Pasha had met the generals of the Allied armies in conference, had explained to them the useless inactivity to which he, with his whole army, was condemned, and had implored them to let him at once undertake an Asiatic campaign for the relief of Kars; but his arguments had failed to move them—General Pélissier being most emphatic in his objection to it, and General Simpson being a passive tool in the hands of his French colleague. Lord Stratford, however, took a very different view of the situation, and so strongly advocated the measure urged by Omer Pasha, that he had extracted the consent of the British Government to it, qualified, however, by the proviso, "that the Government of the Emperor will concur in it." The Emperor only concurred in it subject to the approval of General Pélissier, who flatly refused. It was at this juncture that we were in the Crimea,—the battle of the Tchernaya had been fought, the fall of Sebastopol had become a matter of days. There were 150,000 allied English, French, and Italian troops awaiting its surrender, and not exposed to the slightest danger; and yet, in General Pélissier's opin-

ion, the safety of these three European armies depended upon the presence by their side of 30,000 Turkish troops. Had this force been allowed to leave the Crimea while we were there, the event proved that they would have been in plenty of time to have saved Kars, which did not capitulate for three months after this. A month later, the Turkish army was still kicking its heels in front of Sebastopol, to the great discomfort of the other three armies, who had difficulty enough in finding camping-grounds and supplies. Sebastopol had fallen a fortnight before. General Pélissier had been deprived of his last excuse, and yet we read in a despatch from Colonel (now General) Sir Lintorn Simmons, the English commissioner with the Turkish army, dated the 21st September: "General Simpson has informed me that he sees no objection to their [the Turkish troops] departure. The only obstacle seems to be that the assent of General Pélissier and the French Government has not been given." At last, a week later, this consent was reluctantly extracted. And the record of the campaign of the Turkish army in the Caucasus, in which I took part, proved that it was given three weeks too late. Had the Turkish army been released even the day after Sebastopol fell, it would have been in Tiflis before Kars surrendered, and Mouravieff would have been compelled to raise the siege of that fortress. As it was, we had arrived at a point 130 miles from Tiflis, or ten days' easy marching, with nothing to oppose our advance but a Russian force scarce a third of our own number, which had already suffered one serious defeat at our hands, and was in full retreat before us, when the news reached us of General Williams's surrender.

It was a story which has since almost found its parallel in the failure of the expedition to relieve General Gordon at Khartoum; but the circumstances which attended the fatal delay were not so well known, for at that moment the *entente cordiale* with France was supposed to be a consideration of paramount importance in our policy, and it might have been seriously imperilled had the British public thoroughly understood at the time that the fall of Kars, which was being defended by British officers, was directly due to the refusal of the French Government to allow a force which was doing nothing in the Crimea, to proceed to its relief.

It was doubtless the increased prominence which the exposed territories of Russia on the eastern shores of the Black Sea were likely to assume so soon as Sebastopol fell, which induced Lord Stratford to send Mr Alison from the Crimea at this time on a special mission to Circassia, with instructions to confer with Mr Longworth in anticipation of future contingencies, the more especially as the conduct of the Turkish officials who had been placed in the forts captured by us from the Russians on the coast of Circassia, and their treatment of the natives, had not been such as to give unqualified satisfaction. In Mr Alison's instructions he was directed to confer with Mr Longworth in regard to my project of going as an emissary of the British Government to Daghestan, and I was informed that I was to accompany him.

It was therefore in high spirits that, on the evening of the last day of August, I embarked with Mr Alison on board H.M.S. *Highflyer*, Captain Moore, which was detached from the squadron in order to take us to Circassia. At Kertch I found

the 71st Highlanders, whom I had known well the previous year at Quebec, and after spending a pleasant day with them, went on to Anapa, the first or most northerly Circassian fort which we had taken from the Russians. Here we transferred ourselves to H.M.S. Cyclops, which had been placed at the disposal of Mr Longworth; and in that comfortable and roomy old tub—of a type now obsolete—had a most enjoyable cruise along the Circassian coast, landing repeatedly at the dismantled Russian forts occupied by Circassians, who received us everywhere most cordially, for they had formed a most exalted idea of British prowess when they found that the forts which had always resisted their efforts had either been abandoned or surrendered at once to the guns of the British fleet. I had earnestly wished to proceed on my mission to Daghestan from Anapa, which I thought the most eligible starting-point; but both Alison and Longworth were of opinion that it would be desirable first to communicate with the Naib, Schamyl's lieutenant in the Western Caucasus, and procure, if possible, an escort.

We hoped to find that chief within reaching distance from the coast; but in this we were disappointed, and it was deemed undesirable to incur the delay of trying to reach him in the mountains, as it was considered important that a conference should first be held with Omer Pasha, who had just arrived at Trebizond, to decide upon the best strategical measures to be taken for the relief of Kars. To my mind the enjoyment of a yachting cruise in a comfortable man-of-war, at the loveliest season of the year, along the most exquisite coast-scenery to be found anywhere, and in most agreeable

company, scarcely compensated for the uncertainty and delay which thus attended the realisation of my own project. Our party consisted of Messrs Alison and Longworth; Mr (now Sir Alfred) Sandison, the nephew and at that time the private secretary of the latter; Captain Ballard, who commanded the Cyclops; and myself. At Trebizond we found the Turkish Commander-in-Chief perfectly furious at the delay to which he had been subjected by the generals in the Crimea, unable to form any definite plan of campaign until he knew what the strength of his army was to be, and when it was to be at his disposal; a position of matters which was aggravated by the fact that while here we heard of the fall of Sebastopol, but received no intelligence that the Turkish army had left the Crimea in consequence.

The strategic question at issue was, whether it would be best to attempt the relief of Kars direct from Trebizond by way of Erzeroum—the objection to which plan was, that there was no harbour at Trebizond, and the disembarkation of troops might be attended with great danger, delay, and difficulty; or from Batoum, which possessed an excellent harbour, but the roads from which place, across the country to Kars, were almost impracticable for artillery; or whether it would not be best to land at Sukhum Kaleh, and march directly on Tiflis, thus threatening the whole of Russian Transcaucasia, and creating a diversion in favour of Kars by compelling Mouravieff to raise the siege of that fortress. On visiting Batoum, I was much struck with its great strategic value as a port—a value which the Russians recognise so fully, that they succeeded in acquiring it by the Treaty of Berlin, and are now

fortifying it in direct defiance of a clause in that treaty prohibiting them from doing so. The American code of commercial morality is, that it is perfectly legitimate to break a solemn contract if the advantages to be gained more than compensate for the damages which you will have to pay for so doing under a legal judgment. The modern code of international morality seems to be, that it is perfectly legitimate to break a treaty, if you can do so without incurring the risks of war; and it is in accordance with that code that the Russians are now acting in the matter of Batoum.

The delays consequent upon the departure of his army from the Crimea, finally decided Omer Pasha to undertake a campaign in the Transcaucasus, with Tiflis as an objective point. Meantime Mr Alison left us at Trebizond, to go back to Constantinople; and we returned in the Cyclops to Sukhum Kaleh, to start upon an expedition from that point into the interior, which had been decided upon, with the object of distributing proclamations, calling upon the inhabitants to rise and co-operate with their Mohammedan brethren, who were coming to free them from the Muscovite yoke. As, however, there were reasons why we could not start upon this mission until Omer Pasha arrived, and as the Commander-in-Chief lingered so long at Batoum that our patience was becoming exhausted, Mr Longworth sent me back to that place in the Cyclops to discover the cause of the delay. In answer to my urgent representations that we were anxious before the season for crossing the mountains closed, to start on our expedition, Omer Pasha insisted that there was no cause for hurry; that he intended to summon a great meeting of

Circassian chiefs at Sukhum Kaleh, and that he would then make arrangements for us all to start from Sujak Kaleh and go into the interior together, by way of the plains to the north of the range. I represented that we should thus be exposed to Russian attack; but he maintained that we could always retreat in case of necessity into the mountains on our right flank, and that he would arrange that the force should be large enough to resist any Cossack irregulars we were likely to meet. Meantime he desired me to return to Sukhum Kaleh and request Mr Longworth to come back to Batoum, and to stop on the way at a small place called Shefkatil, to meet there the Prince of Georgia's brother, and endeavour to make terms with him, which should induce the Prince to declare himself in favour of the Allies. On our way back we took provisions to the Turkish garrison at Redoute Kaleh, which, I verily believe, would have starved to death had it not been for our opportune arrival. Mr Longworth at once responded to Omer Pasha's appeal; but no Georgian prince was forthcoming at Shefkatil according to appointment, though an extremely picturesque emissary arrived at Batoum shortly after we got there, and had a long and secret conference with Omer Pasha. I suspect, however, that his master the Prince was not inclined to commit himself definitely to the desertion of the Russians; and as it afterwards turned out, it was fortunate for him that he contented himself with temporising. At last we succeeded in dragging Omer Pasha out of Batoum, and took him with us to Sukhum on board the Cyclops.

I had now performed the voyage

between Sukhum and Batoum six times, hammering away in a futile manner on the rim of the country I so ardently desired to penetrate, unable to get any positive decision arrived at in regard to my mission, which was all the more aggravating, as it was constantly being talked of as a thing which, sooner or later, under some circumstances or other, either in company with Mr Longworth or alone, or with a strong force or a small escort, or by the mountains or by the plains, was to come off; but as week after week passed, it seemed further from being accomplished than ever. At last, three days after our arrival at Sukhum Kaleh, Omer Pasha informed me that he wished to send me on a special mission from himself to the Naib. As, when its purport was explained to Mr Longworth, it received that gentleman's full concurrence, my spirits rose as they had never done before. I had made all my preparations, received my instructions, and on the morning of my start was only waiting the arrival of the Turkish officer who was to accompany me, when he appeared with the depressing intelligence that Omer Pasha had changed his mind, and had given up the idea of sending the proposed mission, as news had reached him that the Naib was on his way from the interior to pay his respects in person to the Turkish generalissimo. I thought the Fates were certainly against me, as I sadly ordered my horse back to the stable, and resigned myself to the chapter of accidents. Omer Pasha had not been misinformed. The Naib arrived a few days after, and at the same time the Highflyer appeared, having on board the Duke of Newcastle and Mr (now Lord) Calthorpe. Transports also came

pouring in from the Crimea, disgorging the army for which we had been so long waiting; and the picturesque harbour of Sukhum, with its fort and village—which had been abandoned by its Russian occupants when I first saw them, and was a spot of silent and deserted loveliness—was now a scene of life and bustle, and for those whose fate obliged them to live on shore of no little discomfort.

Omer Pasha received the Naib with every mark of respect and consideration. He was evidently a personage of great authority among the mountaineers, and was very proud of an expedition he had just made against the Russians in the province of Karachai, which he declared was a great success, but which some Karachai men, whom I afterwards saw, pronounced a failure. He was invested by the Commander-in-Chief with Turkish official rank as Governor of the Western Caucasus, and in that capacity could, I thought, have easily forwarded me in safety to Schamyl. Whether as a bigoted Moslem he had a prejudice against allowing me to penetrate where no foreigner had ever been before, or was jealous of any direct communication with Schamyl, between whom and the outside world he was at that time the sole intermediary, I know not; but he made objections to my proposed journey on the ground of the lateness of the season and the insecurity of the country, which neither Omer Pasha nor Mr Longworth used any arguments to overcome. Had they done so, I do not think he would have persisted in his opposition; indeed I have a strong suspicion that Omer Pasha looked upon the mission with disfavour, believing, as did Mr Longworth, that it would be rendered unneces-

sary by a successful advance on Tiflis, from which point Daghestan and its celebrated chieftain could be visited without difficulty by Mr Longworth himself, as well as by Turkish emissaries, none of whom were anxious to undertake the risks of a mission under present conditions. I was therefore finally compelled to reconcile myself to the disappointment, and gladly accepted an invitation from the Duke of Newcastle to accompany him on a short trip into the interior. Our party was a large one, and consisted of his Grace, Mr Calthorpe, Captain Moore, Mr Simpson (the well-known and popular artist of the 'Illustrated London News'), Mr Longworth, Mr Sandison, and myself. A small abandoned Russian post on the coast, called Vardan, was our starting-point, and the utterly unknown and unexplored Circassian province of Ubooch the scene of our wanderings. These lasted for a little more than a week, and led us high into the mountains, through the most romantic scenery, and among a people as new and interesting to us as we must have been to them. As, however, I published a record of our adventures and observations on that occasion in the pages of this Magazine, I will not allude to them further now. On our return to Sukhum Kaleh, we became the guests of Prince Michael of Abkhasia—of which province Sukhum is the capital—who organised a grand shooting-party at one of his country residences in honour of the Duke, who afterwards returned to England, whilst I, finding all chance of diplomatic work of the kind I ambitioned at an end, for the pre-

sent at all events, attached myself to the Turkish army, with which there were then five English officers, and especially to Colonel Ballard of the East India Company's Service, who commanded two battalions of Rifles, and was an officer of signal capacity and merit. Under him I did some amateur soldiering, and devoted myself to chronicling the events of the campaign in the columns of the 'Times,' afterwards republished,¹—a duty which seemed to me the more necessary, as there was no correspondent of any paper with the army throughout, and no public record would otherwise have existed of a military episode in the highest degree interesting at the time, and which, had it been successful, would have been pregnant with the most important political results. On my return to Constantinople I received a reprimand from Lord Stratford for having imposed this task upon myself while engaged in a *quasi* diplomatic capacity; but I represented that I considered this to have come to an end as soon as the diplomatic object which had brought me to Circassia had become unattainable, and that as I was receiving no pay at the time, my pen was at my own disposal: at the same time, I declined an offer which he kindly made me that I should remain at Constantinople as his private secretary.

The chief incidents of the campaign were the battle of the Ingour; the long and unaccountable delay at Sugdidi, the capital of Mingrelia, which followed it; and the disastrous retreat when the winter rains set in, and the news reached us of the fall of Kars. In

¹ The Transcaucasian Campaign of the Turkish Army under Omer Pasha: A Personal Narrative. By Laurence Oliphant. With Maps and Illustrations. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1856.

regard to the first, the ease with which we overcame the Russian army sent to oppose us, proved the facility with which we might have advanced on Tiflis, and rendered it all the more difficult to explain the delay of a fortnight which followed. Many years afterwards I met a priest of the Greek Church, who had been attached to the Russian army at the battle of the Ingour, and I asked him whether there was anything to have prevented our immediate advance on Tiflis after that action; he replied, with a significant smile—

“Physically nothing.”

Seeing that he had something more to say, I inquired to what cause he attributed our delay.

“To the fact,” he replied, “that our General—Mockransky—knowing that he had not men enough to stop you, used money.”

“What!” I exclaimed indignantly. “Do you mean to say that Omer Pasha was bribed?”

“Heavily,” he said. “It was no secret amongst us at the time.”

I give this story for what it is worth. It may be a gross libel; if it is not, it detracts seriously from the military capacity of the Commander-in-Chief, whose skill as a general was always, to my unprofessional mind, immensely overrated, and whose character for honesty in his adopted country never stood very high. I had many opportunities of seeing a good deal of Omer Pasha, who, I am bound to say, always treated me very kindly; but with every desire to do so, I could not for many reasons retain the favourable impression which my first interview with him produced upon me. The ostensible reason for our inaction after the battle of the Ingour, was the necessity which had arisen for changing our base from Sukhum to Redoute Kaleh for commissariat

and other transport. It was to this latter point that we ultimately retreated—not before the enemy, but the weather—losing a very large proportion of our force from fever and starvation, harassed night and day by Cossack irregulars, drenched to the skin by flooded rivers and unceasing torrents of rain, and compelled to endure privations which, in my own case, brought on an illness that I thought at one time would abruptly terminate my record of them. As it was, I was barely able, on the 22d of December—just four months after I had landed in the Crimea—to scramble on board a steamer bound for Trebizond; and about the same day, between our rear-guard and some Cossack skirmishers, the last shot of the war was fired.

I would say one word finally in regard to the peace which followed, and which, by its premature conclusion, prevented the scene of our late campaign again becoming the theatre of hostile operations—this time to be undertaken by an English army, supported by the Turkish contingent and Bashi-Bazouks which we had organised, and by a Turkish force of regulars co-operating with us on the Kuban. This plan was abruptly put an end to by a peace which practically did nothing towards checking Russia's Asiatic policy. But even then she would have been powerless to resist the insertion of a clause which would have changed the whole course of events in the East since that period, and this was simply the refusal on the part of England to consent to the reoccupation by Russia of the nine or ten forts which we had taken from her, and which had been dismantled on the Eastern or Circassian shore of the Black Sea.

When we consider that even when, by the Russian occupation

of the coast and the erection of these forts, the Caucasus had become a besieged mountain, its brave defenders, unable to obtain arms or ammunition from without except with the greatest difficulty, had successfully held Russia at bay for thirty years, it is evident that the final conquest of the country and its annexation to the empire would have been a work of enormously increased cost and labour—if, indeed, it could ever have been achieved—had the whole of its coast remained in the hands of the Circassians, and traffic with the outside world been thus unimpeded. With the Russians deprived of a Black Sea fleet, and their access to Circassia barred from the coast, which would thus have been open to all comers to supply the population with arms, volunteers, and material aid, the absorption of this wild and inaccessible mountain-range into the empire would have been a matter almost of impossibility; it would have remained a barrier permanently separating Russia from her Transcaucasian provinces, and have protected Turkey from that campaign in 1878 which resulted in the annexation of Kars and Batoum, and is about shortly to culminate in the acquisition of Armenia and the ultimate extension of the Russian frontier to the shores of the Mediterranean.

The neglect of this simple precaution has entailed consequences which have had a predominant influence on recent events in the East. The Russian Government, perceiving the narrow escape they had made from a termination of the war which would have checkmated their policy in Asiatic Turkey, took the most stringent measures, as soon as peace was concluded, to repair the weak spot in their armour of national defence

and aggression, by concentrating their whole energies upon the final subjugation of the Circassians. This, after some years of severe fighting, they succeeded in achieving; and the Moslem highlanders, refusing to part with an independence for which they had struggled so long and so bravely, emigrated *en masse* into the dominions of the Sultan.

The influx of about 200,000 destitute strangers, of all ages and both sexes, was a severe strain upon a crippled treasury; and large numbers were settled in colonies in Bulgaria and other parts of the empire, there to shift for themselves as best they could. Lawless by nature, cattle-lifters by training and instinct, brave and inured to wars, they found themselves planted in a fertile country, surrounded by a race in close affinity with the one they most detested, speaking almost the same language, and professing the same abhorred religion. The Bulgarian atrocities followed, as a matter of course. One might as well have transplanted a penniless clan of Highlanders in the middle of the last century into Kent, and expected them to live peaceably with their neighbours, as have colonised Circassians in the midst of Bulgarians and have expected fraternisation.

The philanthropic British public, who a few years previously had held meetings of sympathy and collected funds for the relief of the poor expelled Circassians, now demanded vengeance against Turkey for the atrocities committed by them upon the Bulgarians; and the Russian army crossed the Danube to execute it, while the British public calmly looked on, and saw every object, to attain which they had expended so much blood and treasure in the Crimea

twenty-four years before, ruthlessly sacrificed, and the treaty of 1856, which had resulted from it, torn up and scattered to the winds. We had already yielded the important clause prohibiting Russia from having a fleet on the Black Sea: we now, by the Treaty of Berlin, gave her back Bessarabia, permitted her to annex Kars, with the harbour of Batoum, and consented to the unlimited extension of her influence across the Danube. All this was due, in the first instance, to our having concluded the Crimean war without finishing the work to which we had set our hand, by means of a Transcaucasian campaign with a British army, with the Circassians as our allies; and in the second, to our having utterly ignored the strategical value and importance of the country they occupied, and to our having taken no steps at the conclusion of peace to secure its independence.

How little apprehended at the time were the circumstances connected with the fall of Kars,—which an ignorant public attributed chiefly to neglect on the part of Lord Stratford,—and the effect which our Circassian policy was destined to produce upon subsequent events in the East, may be gathered from the following letter from the Ambassador himself, dated 30th April 1856, to whom I had sent a copy of my narrative of the campaign in which I had just been engaged, and who was as much disappointed at the sudden and inept conclusion of the war, as was everybody else who had

the interest of their country at heart, and understood the position of affairs at the time.

“I am greatly obliged to you,” he writes, “for thinking of me in the distribution of your Circassian volume. I accept the copy you have kindly sent me as a valuable testimony of your regard. I have been assailed with so much reckless self-seeking malignity, that the discernment of any disinterested witness having a just hold on public confidence is doubly precious to me. Many a false notion respecting the fate of Kars and its neighbourhood remains still to be dispelled; but I rely with confidence on that sense of justice and love of truth which seldom fail our countrymen after allowing themselves the indulgence of a little temporary riot. We shall be delighted to see you again whenever you are tempted to explore these regions in a more complete manner. The restoration of peace gives so much uncertainty to our plans, that I can hardly venture to look forward beyond a month.—Yours very sincerely,
“STRATFORD DE R.”

To judge by the foreign policy of England during the last decade, whatever may be “the sense of justice and love of truth” of our countrymen, their ignorance of political conditions abroad, especially in the East, and of their effect upon British interests, remains unchanged.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP.

"WHY he doesn't come back, I don't know; and what has happened to him, I can't say," said Celestina, stopping her noisy spinning-wheel, and quickly seizing her knitting, which was stuck on the window-ledge within reach.

"Where was he coming from?" asked the priest, seating himself on the stone bench near the door, and gathering the skirts of his gown over his knee to save them from the dust.

"How can I say? Somewhere north, no doubt. This beastly Government has but one idea in its crazy head—to turn all things upside down. So the hot-blooded *Abruzzese* serve in Piemonte to cool down in the snow, and the frozen-hearted *Savoiardi* are posted here to learn how to simmer, and rejoice that these great forests, these plains, these rivers, these sunsets are theirs now, right through from France to the sea!"

"*Pazienza!*" said Don Angelo, in a comfortable voice, half amused at Celestina's volubility.

"*Pazienza!*" said she, again, with a sharp look of scorn in her bright black eyes, as she glanced from her needles to the priest's face, and then stepped back, so as conveniently to look at him from head to foot, as if he were a target and she wanted to shoot home. "Do you know what that blessed '*pazienza*' has done for Italy? It has furrowed the plains, the mountains, the by-ways with little mounds! It has sown a crop of living men! Do you know that?—and who's to say that my boy is not amongst them?"

"I thought you expected him home—that his time was up?"

"What of that? Expecting is

not having! Did Teresa get *her* boy when his time was up, and the bed shaken for him, and his shoes ready, and the very *polenta* made? Have you forgotten that, *padre mio*? Why, 'twas you yourself that came over this very hill to say, 'They have brought your boy.' Where? Home!—No; to the Campo Santo! You may see him—kiss him—and thank God that St Michael has crowned him with a laurel, and has a brave soldier in heaven; and for *you*, *pazienza!* and salt tears to flavour your *minestra*."

"But, my good Celestina——" began Don Angelo.

"No, no—don't! No '*pazienza*' for me," said Celestina, knitting fast, and shaking her head vigorously, as if not only to warn the gentleman not to try her too far, but also to shake back the ugly presentiment that distressed her.

"You might as wisely say 'no bread for me,' my friend," said the priest, undaunted; "for patience is the sustainer of the soul. Yes, it is the divine gift that supports life; but to my mind came the recollection of another of your neighbours, Marietta, who now is at St Savino. Night and day that woman wept. I almost dreaded looking down the church lest I should see that desolate woman kneeling by the altar of the *Addolorata*. Poor soul, how she suffered! But she had reason, for they were troublous times. Gaeta was closed, no one could leave, and her son, Avorio, was within the gates. The candles that woman burned, and the tears she shed!—till one day I came down from the altar-steps and said to her—

"'Weeping still!'

"'What reason have I for anything else?' said she.

"'What reason have you to pray, and burn candles, whilst you smother the sound of your own voice, and put out your flame by your unbelieving lamentations and despairing tears?'

"Then she looked up. 'But,' said she, 'have you not told us ever to pray, and burn lights while we pray, when a great grief assails us?'

"'Assuredly I have,' said I; 'and did I never tell you to expect some answer to your prayer? You pray as if you thought the heavenly Father were either deaf or unjust. You act as if you considered yourself more tender, and even more powerful, than the All-Wise!'

"'I?' said she, the tears drying on her cheek, so hot did the flame of self-accusation burn in her heart.

"'Yes,' said I; '*you!* Who holds the balance of life and death? Who metes out pain and ease? Who gives plenty, and permits want? How is it that amidst abundance the richest prince perchance has a tiny flaw in his throat or his tongue, and dies *starved*; whilst the poor starveling of a shepherd boy or a child, cast out on the highway, without a *centesimo* in his pocket, or an art to his hand, finds plenty in the leaves that grow wild, and the spring that sparkles down the mountain-side?'

"'It is the will of God!' said Marietta, in a whisper; but she bent her eyes on the ground.

"'It is the will of God; and you—you, a poor woman, whose love, even, is small enough to be absorbed by one boy; you, who are helpless and weak—you grieve because that boy is out of your sight, as if *your* hand could hold him to

life, if, whilst he even lay in your arms, it pleased God to whisper the message, "Come away!"'

"Then she saw that she was wrong, and was comforted; but it was a trying time for her; yet she prayed on, without tears. She trusted, and what happened? Why, one fine day, when the first oranges from Gaeta were being distributed, a voice behind her said—

"'E, *mamma mia!* and is there not one for me?'

"It was Avorio himself."

"I recollect," said Celestina; "for I was there too. I remember it all; and how they went away, and what grand votive candles they presented to the altar," added the woman, with a keen glance at the priest's undisturbed countenance, as he leaned on his umbrella, and looked away to the mountain, where the sun was sinking, and a gentle cloudy mist rising like a veil to hide the sharp peaks, and spread the golden light with uncertain wavering cadence from earth to heaven.

"Yes; she was very thankful," said Don Angelo, "and had reason to be; for the anxiety had been severe, and the suffering too. Italy is free now, from sea to sea; from sea to mountain man can pass in safety. And your Carmine will be here in a few days, to laugh at your gloomy thoughts."

"Pray God he may!" said Celestina, crossing herself, as if to register or set seal to her prayer. "But now I will tell you what is most in my mind. My Carmine was so strong, had such a chest, such a voice, such muscles, such straight limbs, that he was drafted at once to the sharpshooters (*bersaglieri*); and you know, Don Angelo," said Celestina, coming near the priest, and stopping her knitting, that she might impress her words upon

him—"you know it is the most wicked regiment of all that wicked king's army. 'Straight to death!' is the word they hold; and I tell you my boy may, after all, come home worn out, to die!"

"It is the smartest regiment," said the priest; "if they have hard work, they have also strength to do it. It is sad," he added, "how little you care for what we say, Sunday after Sunday. Think of the birds, of the flowers, and of the loving care that provides for all!"

"*Diamine!* what you say is right; and it is what I say too. It is not on the mountain, nor in the wilderness, that I fear evil; it is the hard work, and the men, I—"

"What, then, do you say of that foundling?" said Don Angelo, as a small boy came in sight, up the rough pathway, bending beneath a load of sticks which he had collected for firewood.

"He!" said Celestina, "what is there to say of him? He is under my care."

"I know that; but is he not to be pitied?"

"And why should he be?" said Celestina. "Does he not have his *minestra* with the rest, his corner to sleep in, and his clothes (*cenci*)?"

"And his mother to kiss him,—his brothers and sisters to share with him?—Eh?" said Don Angelo, a grave smile on his broad, good-humoured face. "He has never had a mother to think about him. You, as a stranger, have done your duty. God has so ordered the world, that there is a place in it for everything that has the gift of life; and whether it is in cities or on mountains, His angels are ever near to protect body and soul! You do not love that boy as you do your own——"

Ricciotto had come near by this time, and had heard the last few words that the priest had said. He was quite a small boy, about nine years old, slight, but tall of his age, with very fair hair, a tanned skin, dark eyes, and a mouth which trembled between laughing and despair. He had on a much-patched cotton shirt that had once been blue, and trousers that reached just a little below the knee, and were kept up by a piece of string. Even the string was in pieces, for he was far too poor to possess a cord long enough to reach across his shoulders without many joins; and he had but three buttons on his trousers—that on the waistband, another on one side in front, the third on the other side behind—so the string cut his body diagonally in two. He was not handsome, but he looked as if gentle blood ran in his veins; for the questioning look with which he went about seemed an involuntary comparison between his instincts and his experience—as though he were conscious of belonging to a better sphere in life, and yet could find no argument to justify his discontent with the only kind of existence that he had ever known.

"Well," said Don Angelo, as the boy came nearer and threw down the wood, and then leaned back against the wall of the cottage to rest, fanning himself with the broad, coarse, thin straw hat, which had fallen off his head as he threw down his burden—"one reason I came up here to-night was to ask you about Grazuccia; for it goes to my heart to hear the whining cry of her poor dog. Indeed I questioned myself whether I should give the poor beast an alms from the poor-box, so famished is she: yet there is no one near to feed it."

"Where, then, is Grazuccia?" said Celestina, quite eager to know, and soft in her manner from forgetting herself for the moment.

"Who knows?" said Don Angelo.

"I saw her a week ago," said Ricciotto.

"So did I," said the priest. "But the house has now been quite closed these five days. She must have meant to come back, you know, for they are fond of that poor beast: yet there she is shut up. Looking over the wall one can see her plate empty, her water gone, and, by this time, her patience almost gone too."

"Perhaps Grazuccia has had news of Ludovico?" said Celestina; "but then Ettore and Nina——?"

"Ettore is with the grandmother; Ninetta has gone with her mother. I went to see the poor old *nonna*, and she knows nothing about it. She could only lament over Ludovico's ways; and it is hard for her to have to suffer, when he might give her ease and comfort, and let her end her days in peace."

"His business has gone to ruin," said Celestina.

"For the time, yes," said the priest. "I said so to the Sindaco. I said, 'Leave him alone, and he will be safe enough;' but no." Don Angelo got up, and took his umbrella, preparing to start for his walk back to the city. "Diana frightens the boys," he said. "This morning Cesare and Tommasino both tried to get over the wall to her, but she wouldn't let them. So you know nothing of Grazuccia? Well, well, I am sorry. Good night!"

Celestina walked a few steps down the road to bid the priest "good night," and show her respect for him, and also ask him to

remember her boy and his perils when he was praying at the altar; and he bowed his assent gravely, with his mind far away, as if he were following the flight of a bird, not knowing exactly why it should be in so lonely a place. He was, in truth, thinking of Ricciotto; for the boy had something in his face that appealed to him for sympathy. Yet he accepted the charge to pray for Carmine, and would remember it surely; for was he not accustomed each day to offer prayers for his people—prayers of intentions—so strangely varied, that the compound of bitter and sweet, of which incense is made, was indeed a type of the petitions and thanksgiving he carried in his heart to God?

He had not got very far, when a turn in the pathway brought him to a small corner, where a low wall gave the boundary to a *podere*, and tempted people to stop and look down into the plain beyond. There were three trees there. Against the centre one a figure was leaning, staring up into the sky, and the last sunbeam sent a greeting to the wistful eyes, and a blessing to the weary brow.

Don Angelo did not see him till he was close upon him. Then he was startled.

"*Per Bacco!*" said he, leaping clean back into paganism in his surprise.

"Eh!" said the lad, slipping off the wall, and standing before him. It was Ricciotto.

"How did you get there? I thought I had left you at home!"

"No; I thought I would come and get Diana some water. I'm not afraid of dogs; dogs know me!"

"But Celestina—perhaps she will want you?"

"Celestina can scold Petruccio instead of me for ten minutes;

it will do as well, and he don't mind a bit," said Ricciotto.

"Well," said Don Angelo, "it is a work of true charity to feed that poor beast. Celestina herself has a kind heart; she will not mind, when she knows. But are you sure that you are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" said Ricciotto, with an emphasis that inferred he did not know the feeling of fear.

The way was rather steep. Don Angelo walked on in silence, minding his steps; for a great many loose stones were about, and were apt to roll from beneath the feet. The fire-flies began to show out brilliantly, and the glow-worms held their steady lamps to light the grass-covered homes of the fairies. The evening breeze at intervals brought the booming of the great bells of the cathedral in the city, miles away. Night was floating quickly to the mountains, making distance unseen, unfelt—heaven everywhere close—the dear stars shining just over the head of whoever looked lovingly up to greet them.

"And what were you thinking, my son?" said Don Angelo, when more level ground and a broader path made walking easier, and they got side by side.

"I don't know," said Ricciotto.

"I mean, when I came up, and you were looking at the mountains and the sky?"

"I——" Ricciotto flushed; but he did not like to tell a lie, so he said, "I was wondering whether you could tell me if the devil can see the angels on the mountain-tops?"

"Why on the mountain-tops more than in the city or the village?"

"Well," said Ricciotto, coming confidentially near the priest, as if sure he could not be angry with any one who was sheltering beneath

his shadow, and looking up into his face with great earnestness, "you said, to-night, that up the mountains men were safe; that God gave life to the stray folks when rich people lost it: and I was wondering whether it was seeing the angels on the mountain that made the devil say to *Nostro Signore* (as the Catechism has it), 'Cast thyself down, for the angels will hold thee up.' Were they good angels or bad angels round about him?"

Don Angelo looked down into the boy's face, and read the simplicity of his innocent soul. So, calmly ignoring all theological discussion, he said, gently—

"Around our blessed Lord none but good angels dared ever wait; and on the mountains, where men are heart-broken and desolate, or little children lost and tired, they are good angels, who wait and listen for their prayers, and whisper good, courageous thoughts to them."

"That is well," said Ricciotto, with a deep sigh. "I often think, in the evening, that the angels are out in great chariots and visit the mountains."

"Maybe," said Don Angelo. "We none of us know where the angels may not be. Of one thing you may rest assured—there is no place where a mortal man can go that an angel cannot come."

"Ah!" said Ricciotto, and he sighed again.

They then walked on till they came to the town, which began with a church and a few straggling cottages, and a bridge over a swift small river, and then a forge, a wheelwright's, a *caffè*, and a few shops. Then a house by itself, with a walled garden, made a forked division in the road. It was an important-looking shop, modern in design and arrangement:

porcelain pavement in front of the doorway; and over the great shutters (that were barred like a gate in front of the window), a board was elaborately painted, with the inscription *Ludovico Santini*. It was a library and printing-house, and a place of general resort. Large maps were in the window (you could see them between the bars), and prints of celebrated men—in one window was the king, in the other Garibaldi—and extracts from newspapers were gummed against the glass.

In these the sin and position of Santini stood declared. He belonged to the extreme party, and edited a paper to put forward his own views of what United Italy should be. In other words, he, in this dead-alive city amongst the hills, had become so dried up by the sameness of life, that a breath from the flying cloud of sighs for liberty had awakened him to flame. He was passionately affectionate, generous, and self-sacrificing, therefore sensitive to the cost of the reformation now supposed to be attained, keeping ever before him a remembrance of the men who had died to gain Italian liberty. So he watched with jealous eyes every action of the Government that seemed to infringe the pure ideal of freedom and justice, or enrich the army and Court favourites at the expense of the people and the Church.

"The King should be the father of his people—the Pope the real head of the Church!" he cried aloud. "Why, then, should the people be taxed—and taxed—till they dread labour, knowing that the more they earn the more will be forced from them? What for? To support justice? to help and protect the people?—No! to enable the Court to shine with greater lustre; to use their costly army in foreign

wars—wars entered on for greed, or show, or to drown the cries of suffering Italians at home! And why should the churches be robbed of beauty? the Church of the power of doing good? and the State (usurping universal power) light her candle at the holy altar! that candle made of wax extorted from all! our own sons called on to shoot us down if we would protect our own homes, or keep more than a crust for ourselves—and that crust only left that sufficient life may be maintained to enable us to grow grain to pay the king's taxes—the eternal, crushing, ever-growing taxes!"

The Sindaco and all the men in the town knew that what he said was true, and sighed silently at the unsatisfactory nature of the new order of things. "But," said they to each other, consolingly, "all change brings some injustice with it; in time, all will be right!" Nevertheless, they all felt the excessive taxes keenly, were grieved at having to enforce the hard laws that pressed on the wretched poor, and respected Ludovico's courage in making a protest against them; till he went a step too far, and countenanced an assault on the Government-guarded mill.

Then, for their own sakes, they looked grave, protested loudly against him, and ordered his arrest.

Every one liked him. Who could look into his honest bronzed face, and not admire, ay, love him? He had devotion in him, faithfulness, originality, impetuous anticipation of consequences, and courage to endure to death for the sake of a noble ideal. His eloquence came straight from his soul, without rousing in him the faintest consciousness of its own force and beauty; quickening the heart-throbs, raising men's thoughts and hopes to a higher ideal of life,

where each should work with care and thought for others, as well as for himself—not, as now, for himself alone. Where, in short, Love, Truth, and Justice should happily and triumphantly reign, in place of Selfishness, Falsehood, and Tyranny.

Hence, when he disappeared, a loss was felt by all—a void which no one even attempted to fill. The shutters were put up, the wife and children lived in the cottage in the garden, and no one asked where he was gone.

The Sindaco was too wise a man to spoil the peace of the community by interfering (if he could help it) with so valuable an ally as this Ludovico was in all schemes for the advancement of education and civilisation, and was thankful when he heard that he could not be found, and took care not to look for him.

As Don Angelo and Ricciotto passed slowly by the garden wall behind the shop, the dog whined. It was an attempt at a bark, but the poor creature was too thirsty to have much voice.

"Diana!" said Ricciotto, in his clear young voice—"Diana! dost thou hear us coming to give thee water?"

"She will not let thee get near her," said Donna Anna, from her window just opposite.

Ricciotto said no more, but clambered up the wall, his bare feet enabling him to cling to small projections of the roughly-hewn stone of which it was built. In another moment he was over. Diana left off whining and barking as he came near her, and offered to touch her head. Her poor tongue was too dry to allow her to lick his face or hands, though she admitted him to the mystic circle of friendship, and seemed to be questioning whether

it was her master or Ninetta who had sent her comfort in her need. She watched the unfastening of the chain which held the bucket over the well, and she listened with intelligent patience to the clanking and unrolling of the chain; only, when the splash of the water first bubbling into the pail was heard, she could no longer restrain herself, and whined a long whine, her head between her two outstretched paws, she herself standing at the utmost length of her chain, full of expectation, and hope and confidence too. Her cry was rather a protest as to what she had suffered than an appeal for present help, and Ricciotto was full of sympathy with her, and did not make her wait even to pour out the water, but held the round-bottomed, helmet-shaped vessel, that would not stand of itself on the ground, so low that the poor beast could put her whole nose into it, and even spill it over on her paws and chest in her eagerness to drink and delight in the cooling plenty.

Don Angelo and Donna Anna talked and watched, and decided that it was cruel to shut up the dog—cruel to chain her so close—cruel to leave her without water and food, and out in the sun, or where the sun could shine down so hotly on the kennel for so many hours each day. Then the good woman sent down some pieces for her, and called out warnings, and told how both men and boys had tried to come over to her, and had not ventured, because she barked so violently. It was ten minutes or more before all things were settled to Don Angelo's satisfaction, and he went off to his home, leaving Ricciotto to run across fields and climb walls, so as to get home quickly.

Before he got there, he met

Petruccio coming to look for him, and crying. He was of the true *contadino* type—rather a pretty boy of ten years, very dark and saucy-looking, and now angry with both his mother and Ricciotto.

Ricciotto said not a word in self-defence, nor of excuse. Celestina met him at the door with her baby in her arms, scolded him, and sent him to bed without his supper. It would have been against her conscience to strike a child of the Blessed Madonna, as foundlings are called; but hard words and deprivation of food (to a reasonable degree) were all right enough; and the boys once up in the loft to curl together, and sleep, she consoled herself for her anxiety about Carmine, and her worry at Ricciotto's absence, by telling her rosary over again, for the sake of her wandering soldier son.

Ricciotto soon slept, and also soon awoke; and he lay watching the stars till they faded, and the light till it grew high enough to embrace the tops of both the mountains, and sent a broad streak across the plain between the two; and all this time he was thinking of putting Don Angelo's words to a practical test, and wandering away from men, to the wild mountain-tops. No scolding nor unkindness would be within reach, though without a doubt God's angels would be waiting and watching.

In going to bed, undressing was scarcely known to him, and so getting up was without the embarrassment of washing or putting on clothes. When the moment arrived for Giuseppe (Celestina's husband) to rise and go to his mules and oxen, Ricciotto rose too, and following him, left the cottage, without so much as a question from any one as to what he was going to do.

He ran quickly down the mountain to the town, where, as yet, no soul was stirring; again climbed the wall of Ludovico's garden, where Diana watched, and, sniffing at him in a friendly way, allowed him to come to her. He unchained her, and called her to follow him.

"Come!" said he; but Diana stood her ground.

"Come!" said he again; "come with me!" Still the poor brute only licked his hands and wavered, not quite understanding. "Come!" said Ricciotto again, looking down into her brown eyes. "I am going to the mountains. Where is Ludovico?—and Ninetta?"

This was enough. The dog had the idea. Ricciotto had often brought fodder for the mule, and, being fond of dogs, was well known to her. She knew the sound of her master's name, up she jumped, got to the top of the wall as quickly as the boy did; then she looked to the right and left, saw no master, no Ninetta—stared into Ricciotto's face, and went back again. Faithfulness conquered.

Ricciotto called again. The dog wagged her tail and showed her tongue between her teeth, as if she would express an interrogation, and protest; but she did not move. Unchained he left her regretfully, and began his walk to the mountains on the opposite side of the plain to his home.

It was a set purpose that led him there. The mountains on which he lived had little or no mystery about them; it was on those facing him that he had seen the cloud-chariots careering in grand procession; golden pink sky behind, a shadowy indication of the golden-gated city from which the angels had come in their soft-flowing white robes.

The birds were beginning to wake, and there was a strange

noise in the air of the insects, as they began their short existence; and more mysterious still was a soft sound which seemed to come from the flowers, as if they were breakfasting on the sweet dew that filled their dainty cups, and whispered to each other and the wind their thankful content.

The shoeless feet passed on, crushing no pretty thing, and unhurt by any pointed hard one. Rough usage and simple training had given the gentle-hearted, sensitive-souled boy a useful, obedient body, requiring only the barest necessities in food and sleep to maintain it; and so little accustomed was it to be thought of, or in any way considered, that a great amount of fatigue and pain was endured by it patiently, without calling forth any sympathy from his higher consciousness. He had from the earliest been forced to give his whole attention to whatever duty he was told to do, and so had never had time to think of himself, either as to whether it pleased him, or as to how he was doing it. Unconsciously he obeyed the command, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" and want of human affection accounted for his never having thought of loving even himself, except instinctively.

Once on the road, the way seemed easy, and the fact that it was a mountain was not apparent. Orchards and fields were on either side of him; then tracts of dry ground and hard rock; then cottages, with gardens; and on again, olive-planted fields and vineyards. He had walked miles before what most people would call "day-break," and had found a long solitary path at the edge of a pine-covered slope, that seemed to promise a way to the uninhabited districts, before the sharp angular

rock overhead sent back a broken trembling echo of the bell that announced the second Mass. All the time his mind was occupied with alternate questions as to Celestina's scoldings, and his life with her, and what Don Angelo had said—"That the wild fruits and leaves, the field-salad and running stream, gave plenty to those who could get it with thankfulness. That no place was too solitary to be beyond the reach of God and of His angels."

A lark rose from the ground, and soared, singing. The boy watched it and smiled. In the stillness there was fresh life—trusting, strong. He went higher, the road getting steep and rough, till he came to a tract where rabbits and lizards rejoiced in the sunshine, and lay still or ran with swift delight from stone to corner, and back again to their secret homes. Ricciotto was rather tired now, and wondered where the path would lead. It seemed, in fact, to be almost lost; yet it could scarcely be lost, for, just in one of the loneliest stretches, where the near landscape was hard and cold-looking, being closed in by the second ridge of hills which lapped it close and changed the valley into an angular gully—just in this lonely and seemingly God-forsaken stretch, where scarcely a lizard or beetle or even worm could be found, a man lay fast asleep.

Ricciotto came near, and looked at him—and was immediately aware that a pair of keen eyes were fixed upon him; but they were the eyes of his dog.

The fellow himself was villanous enough in all appearance to be forsaken, not only by other men, but by himself; and seemed to have chosen this cold corner of creation by an instinctive acknowledgment that even this was too

good for him. Yet he was only a countryman on his way home, and tired, resting ; but his countenance, even in sleep, was repulsive. At his side was a stick with a sharp steel point, ready to kill a wolf if he met one, or a man if need be.

The dog growled. The man roused himself, and, scarcely awake, summoned the strongest feeling of his character into activity. He gave a lunge at his dog with his fist, and muttered a curse at him.

The dog moved forward, with steady eyes measuring Ricciotto, and weighing his intentions, then settled not to attack but simply to guard his sleeping owner. Ugly as the half-starved brute was, with its wolf-shaped head and long side teeth, there was something pathetic in its forbearance to both master and stranger.

Ricciotto stood a moment, looking at the man, then prudently passed on ; the dog settling down again to sleep at his master's feet, vigilant and patient as the stone dogs on the sepulchres of dead knights, awaiting the resurrection of the just. Poor brute ! he awaited an awakening of a very opposite character, and might well be thankful it was not an eternal doom.

As Ricciotto reached a corner, he heard a bell, not a great booming bell of a city church, but the tiny clamour of a treble-voiced bell, beating fast. Probably of some private chapel, or small church, built by the devoted exertion of some solitary priest for an outlying hamlet, just to keep the people in mind of the mystical spiritual presence of the Creator of all the material wonders around them ; or else a votive thank-offering—the feeble voice of a human heart, calling the very mountains to bear witness to the gratitude that some great mercy had called forth, and

had thus been demonstrated. Ricciotto looked round, and up and down, and still saw nothing, but walking on, found that about a mile of narrow rough pathway brought him to a point from which he could see that he had been walking by the walls of a great villa—more like a castle than a villa ; and looking into a piazza in a level corner of the mountain-side below, he could see a village, with a small church standing at the end, as if it would beseech that no evil thing might pass that way.

"Everywhere, the world !" thought Ricciotto.

He sat down, not only to rest, but also to think where that mountain-path could be which would lead him to the fair place he had imagined, away from scolding voices and hard words, and within reach of the chariots of angels.

While he sat on the broken bit of wall that protected the corner of the rock, looking down, he saw a small procession passing along—four little boys carrying a *bara*, in which he knew a dead child must be, for a priest was leading the way, with another small boy at his side carrying a small cross and lantern. Then he knew why the bell had rung so fast.

Ricciotto felt no regret, no grief, but a very decided repulsion. He got up and turned away.

It was not a village, where men lived and little children died, that he wanted. He wanted some wild place. He must have come the wrong way, for the pathway led down, down, to the plain ; and the mountains ranged themselves apart looking over the valley—looking over the whole world, it seemed—here and there holding up a great tree, as a giant might hold up a small child to peep over the heads of the crowd.

Far overhead he could see a speck, near the sun. It was no lark. So far off as that a lark would have been lost. It came lower, and swooped with long angular curves, ever nearing the mountain, and then rising again. Ricciotto was too much of a village boy to know much about it. He watched it with some curiosity. It was an eagle; but eagles seldom came near the inhabited hills, and he had never noticed one before. It was now attracted by some goats and kids, on the point that towered high, with a divided crag at the top, and a ravine in its side. Years ago this rock had been quarried and deserted, the quality of the stone not compensating for the immense labour of taking it to market.

It looked quite close, but it was not easy to get at, for the mountain-paths are difficult to thread—and, in fact, the hills themselves are not easy to count in regular sequence, the plain road often leading to the second before what had seemed the first could be reached. Ricciotto had made this mistake; he had walked many miles, and arrived at a hill farther from his home than that over which the eagle hovered in search of prey—only he should have approached it by a different road.

Now he must skirt the smaller lower hill, which bore the sentimental name of the Wounded Dove. In truth, it was not unlike a dove with its head thrown back to plume the wing that drooped at its side; and when the sun sank behind it, it stood out like a solemn heavenly grey dove, resting after its flight through the world to find a spot where it might brood in peace, and lament over the sadness that it met on every hand.

It was a good thing for the boy

that he had strayed, for he thus came across a fig-tree, and a man in it gathering figs.

"Where do you come from?" said he.

"Across there," said Ricciotto, pointing back, which satisfied the man, though it would have seemed vague to some.

"Who's your father?" said he.

"Have none," said Ricciotto.

"*Dei Innocenti*?" said the man.

Ricciotto nodded his head gravely.

"Eh!" said the man, stretching out a lot of figs to him. "Child of the Madonna!" said he, in a whisper to himself. Thus the appearance of that stray waif gave him an opportunity for the exercise of the three great virtues—faith, hope, and charity—and also of sending a prayer to heaven by a little outcast child; and Ricciotto had his courage revived.

It was a great walk on. Of course he had to go down the hill, through several *borghetti*, and pass on to the side of the Wounded Dove, and round the base to the long range of mountains that were united till near the top, where they were divided into cones, varying in height and verdure. He felt the freedom to be delightful, and sang a little at times; and being hailed as the Madonna's child was a new earnest of the possibility of his scheme—to live near heaven. As evening drew near, he began to wonder at his position, and feel that he must look out for a place to rest and sleep in. On the bare rock, exposed to wind and dew, it was scarcely prudent or inviting; but higher up he might find a place. The field-salad grew in plenty at his feet, there were many birds about, and a stream was running past through some low bushes.

He was sleepy, though he had already had a long sleep in the afternoon; and he determined to lie down in a sort of grotto, less flinty than the surrounding ground. He said his simple prayers, with as much devotion as a crusading knight might have said his, with sword before him for a cross,—though he had only his shadow for a cross, and that a faint one, which his weary eyes and simple heart never troubled to see or find out. Then he lay down and slept.

With the very first glimmer of morn he awoke—very cold and rather stiff, and so tired that he would have been glad of more rest; but this was foreign to his experience or idea of duty. To be awake was to be up and doing; he therefore roused himself, dressed, by putting on his hat, and looked about him. Then he found that he was not alone—a great black raven was perched on a piece of rock, looking at him attentively.

Ricciotto laughed, he was so pleased to see him. The raven came a step or two nearer, and looked up at him. He did not attempt to fly away, but showed himself to be, not only a bird of reflection, but of education, able to discern how very innocent this small child was, how free from unkind purposes.

He moved his head from side to side, and Ricciotto puzzled over him, and at last awoke the sleeping echoes of the mountain by a shrill cry, as he ran forward, holding out his arms to the bird, and saying—

“Cecco! Cecco! come, come! Are you not Cecco?”

The bird made a strange guttural noise, and fluttered to the ground, walking with short hops till he came near the child. Then, gravely producing small pebbles from his throat, let them drop

from his black beak, one after the other, in a run.

Then Ricciotto fairly cried with delight. He had found a friend! Why, Cecco was there! How he came there was, of course, unknown to him, but there he was—one of the most noted characters of St Antonio,—a bird known to every man, woman, or child in the place—to some by his spite, to others by his amusing qualities, to others by his weird affection.

Ricciotto was a favourite; it was only to great favourites he showed his accomplishments; and this trick with the pebbles was a sign of affection. Possibly the poor fellow was almost as lonely as the wandering child had been, and as glad to meet a friend. He came very near, and cawed gravely.

Ricciotto went down on one knee with outstretched arms; willingly would he have embraced him; but birds do not like being touched, and Cecco did not invite any familiarity of that kind.

He was looking gloriously black, so sleek and well ordered, not in the least as if the long journey had fatigued him, or disconcerted him. After permitting himself to be admired for a few moments, he opened his wings to assist himself up the rock down which he had come. His left wing had been clipped, so he could not easily fly, and his body was too heavy to enable him to pass up any height without his wings to bear him on.

At no moment had Ricciotto felt himself so lonely as this, when his friend the raven seemed determined to go away and leave him.

“Come, Cecco!” he said, winningly, imploringly—pulling a handful of grass to offer him, and feeling in his one pocket, in the forlorn hope that a crumb of bread *might* have been left in it—“come back, Cecco mio!—and——” Poor

lad! it was in vain he stopped to find a tempting bribe to offer his friend; but it brought before him as a fact how absolutely friendless he had made himself—how much poorer he was, in truth, than that bird, who, requiring less for its support than a child requires, had that little within its reach, without either toiling or spinning. But Cecco hopped on; and then Ricciotto thought that he, too, would climb the crag, and try and catch him. That would have been a wild feat of courage, for Cecco had a long sharp beak, and made those remember him who had once roused him into pecking them.

While Ricciotto turned to choose the place from which he should begin to climb, he lost sight of Cecco. He could hear him clucking with glee, but he was no longer to be seen. This roused Ricciotto's curiosity. Cecco often took journeys by himself; but now why had he taken this one? Was he disgusted at the closed shop, and had he come to remonstrate with his master, or was he seeking his master?

Ricciotto climbed well, and had got some thirty feet higher up the divided cone when he found that he had come upon a secret haunt not seen from below—the cone was partly hollow. Cecco had gone down into it, and was gravely watching the slumbers of his playmate and mistress, little Ninetta.

This was such a surprise, that for a few moments it stopped all sensation, and the little lad could only hold on to the edge of the rock, and look at the sleeping child below. But pain soon tells us when our bodies will no longer be neglected, and aching shoulders and arms warned Ricciotto that he must find standing-room somewhere, before he waited to think, or admire, or even rejoice.

With caution he raised himself by his arms, till he could make a step up the dark-blue, weather-beaten crag to a tiny landing, where some sort of stonecrop had made a home for itself. Once there, though there was only room for one small foot, the main difficulty was over. Being a mountain-bred boy, often used to drive goats up the hills, he was accustomed to emergencies, and well understood when to trust himself to drop a few feet, and when to slide, and how to balance himself, and leap. So, though the place would have been impossible to a city lad, or ordinarily clever gymnast, to Ricciotto it presented no unconquerable difficulties, and in a very short time he had followed Cecco, and found himself in Ludovico's den, at the top of the highest peak in all that range of mountains.

"*Madre di Dio!*" said a woman's voice. It was Grazuccia, awaking suddenly, full of fear.

"*Che Diavolo!*" said Ludovico, putting his hand instinctively on his revolver—not knowing whether he was betrayed.

"Oh," said Ricciotto, picking up his hat, which in fact had made more noise in coming down to earth than he himself had, "if I had but known, I would have brought Diana!"

"And why have you come?" said Ludovico; "for certainly you were not invited."

"I did not see you—I only saw Ninettina," said Ricciotto, "and Cecco."

"Ah, that Cecco! I shall kill that bird!" said Ludovico, angrily. "Who is with you? and where do you come from? and what made you come?"

"Don't kill Cecco," said Ricciotto. "I'll soon go back again."

"I wonder you did not break your neck, that I do!" said Gra-

zuccia ; who now was wide awake, and smoothing her glossy hair beneath a common yellow cotton handkerchief which she had tied over her head, and which made her look smaller and paler and older than she had ever seemed before to the boy. She was a neat little woman of thirty, never very handsome, but remarkably sympathetic in countenance, voice, and manner; a trustworthy friend, good housekeeper, and good nurse.

"Who is he?" said Ludovico. "I know him quite well. I know him, but can give him no name."

"It is the boy who brings in the hay for the mule, from Giuseppe Piattolini," said Grazuccia.

"So it is," said Ludovico, relieved.

Ricciotto looked into his face with wonder, and an involuntary feeling of sadness. It certainly was Don Ludovico, and yet it was not the very same man who, at the top of the serious, earnest business of life, had ever kept a smile playing about his mouth, and light words to suit all passers-by, foaming like the crest of a wave. Now he was languid and fever-stricken; the face, usually so splendidly bronzed by weather and health, was pale and yellow; and his eyes, sunk deep, glared from chalky-white surroundings, lacking lustre and intensity, though bright and dry from the fever that scorched within. He was so thin, too, and his active busy hands hung nervelessly at his side, and he sank back on his pillow as if thankful to rest—too weary to give attention, even to his surprise.

"You find him changed?" said Grazuccia, noticing the boy's face, and silent examination.

"Why is it?" said Ricciotto. "Is it the sun, and the dew, and the wind that has made him ill? Why does he not go home?"

"Why, indeed?" said Grazuccia—too prudent to talk of true reasons to such a child. "But what brought you up here?"

"I don't quite know," said Ricciotto. "I followed the pathway, till I saw Cecco; and then I followed Cecco, and Cecco came here——"

"You had better send that bird down home, when Giorgio goes back," said Ludovico to his wife, "or he will betray us to others. How did the boy come up here, to see him?"

Ricciotto came near Ludovico, who drew a rug closely round his shoulders, and shivered—though there was scarcely a breath of air, and that was not at all cold.

"I came," said Ricciotto, "because I don't want to live any more with men, till I, too, am a man; and I thought that no one lived up here but the goats, and kids, and birds, and eagles,—except"—here the boy lowered his voice to a whisper—"the angels of our Blessed Lady."

"*Dio santo!*" said Grazuccia; "don't speak thus. No, no; the angels are not here. No, no—not here at all." The little woman turned quite pale with superstitious fear for her husband, so entirely did she associate angels with dying. Then, being of an active, practical turn of mind, she fetched her oil-lamp, and got out some coffee, to prepare a simple breakfast for Ludovico.

She had arranged the queer home very conveniently, considering all things. A canvas had been spread out, and some matting also, to keep off the sun and night air in some measure; and beneath this rude awning a lot of *spoglie* (or leaves of the Indian corn) had been heaped up to make a bed, some sacking and blankets had been thrown over the leaves, and

some pillows, in beautifully white linen cases, were also provided for the sick man and sleeping child—though Grazuccia herself had only slept seated at his side, wrapped in a cloak, her head against the rock, on purpose to keep her so lightly asleep that any movement of his should awaken her.

She was very quiet and quick in her movements; ground her coffee (at which Ludovico groaned with protesting patience, his poor head was so racked with pain). Then she found water, and filled her bright little pot, and put it over the lamp to boil; but—then came a difficulty—cautiously she peeped in, to see if the oil was all right before wasting a match to kindle the flame, and she found that the lamp was nearly empty. Then she turned to her great wicker-cased flask of oil, and saw that it had been overturned, and that the precious oil had slowly trickled over a piece of rock into the grass and sand, away and away; the flask having so fallen that it was actually tipped up, and not a tablespoonful remained, even in the great bulging side.

"*Dio santo!*" said Grazuccia. "*Misericordia!*—*che disgrazia!*—what a terrible misfortune! Ah, you young dog, that is your doing! What omens of grief, of pain, and trouble have you brought! *Dio mio!* *Dio mio!* what shall I do?—what shall I do? eh, *Dio!* *che disgrazia!*"

♣ Ricciotto said not a word—he knew well what the loss this upset of oil was to Grazuccia, and he also knew of the import as an omen—that in all Italy the spilling of oil means misfortune, or sickness, or even death; and so is feared, almost prayed against, as if it were the evil itself, rather than a mere sign or prognostic of harm.

"*Diamine!*" said Ludovico, who was supposed to have some close relation with the power he so frequently invoked, he had so much opposition in his character—scolding often for trifles that others cared nothing for, and laughing at matters that had caused his wife real distress and anger. "Dost thou grudge thy floor a little polish, and thy flask a moment of repose?" he asked, with as much of a laugh as his wretched body would allow.

"Oh, Ludovico!" said Grazuccia, out of patience, "tell me one thing,—how shall I get thy coffee without heat? and how can thy poor head wait till I get more oil to fill the lamp? If I had only seen it roll over, I could have saved enough; but who could have expected to see that boy here? and how could I think of anything but surprise, when he tumbled over like a *stenterello*, as he was?"

"Let the flask 'repose in peace,'" said Ludovico. "I too will try to 'repose in peace,' if you will permit me to do so, and will keep an eye on our unbidden guest. I do not want coffee, my Grazuccia; if it is for me only that you fret, you may well cease to regret."

"But I do not want you to repose in peace as if you were dead,—I want you to have your coffee, and feel really better," said Grazuccia. "If you only would go home, where we can live like Christians, and have proper fires and proper food!"

Ludovico drew his cap lower upon his brow, and shrugged his shoulders beneath his blanket, as he settled himself in patient contempt for these useless lamentations—disdaining a reply.

"Perhaps the Pazzo has not gone back to town yet," said Grazuccia, a smile breaking over her anxious face. "Look here, you Ricciotto!

just get down there through that hole, and down the rough sort of steps, and feel along till you get to the bushes (and mind you don't break them), but get into the open and look about if you see the Pazzo."

"Cavaliere Giorgio?" said Ricciotto.

"Yes, yes! quick now, and tell him I want to speak a word with him!"

So Ricciotto, up in this forsaken corner of the world, found himself again at work at his old business of running errands. He did not wait or hesitate, but scrambled through a small opening that had been made in the side of the quarry, and only partly filled in; a few minutes, and he was in the air again, and seemed to be looking over the back of the Wounded Dove on to the dome of the cathedral, only it seemed so small and distant. He was still looking to see where he was, when some one spoke.

"Are you taking the air to get an appetite for breakfast, my fine young man?"

"I was looking for you," said Ricciotto, turning quickly round, and meeting the sharp eyes of the young man known familiarly as "the Pazzo," or madman.

"And did you expect to see me on a rainbow, or a sunbeam, or hanging in mid-air?"

"No," said Ricciotto; "Grazuccia told me you were close here. But I was looking to see where this place is, and to see the sun, too."

"And now you have seen all, where are you going?"

"I don't know," said Ricciotto.

"You had better come along with me," said the Pazzo; and he got up, and put his hand roughly, but not unkindly, on the boy's shoulder.

Ricciotto looked up at him.

Though his clothes were much torn, he was a good-looking man, weather-beaten, and burnt deep brown and red; his features were regular, and his throat and chest as brown as his face and hands. He had brilliant eyes, that gave sudden, quick glances, and yet could fix on an object with great force and pertinacity, making those feel uncomfortable who happened to be under his gaze. His hair curled in ringlets over his forehead and round his head; and his beard, which was cleft in two on the chin, had the points emphasised by the addition of the long ends of the moustache, which, turning back so as to show the well-formed mouth and white teeth, fell over in long curves at the ends, such as one sees in old paintings of St John when he was young.

Ricciotto felt some confidence with him, and told him of the misfortune with the oil, and also how it was that he had upset it.

"*Per Bacco!* but you are an unlucky young rascal!" said the Pazzo, at length; then he turned, and with great care pushed aside the scanty bushes that grew near the small passage up which they had to go to reach Grazuccia.

When they got in, they found that Ninetta was awake. Her mother had dressed her, and smoothed her long hair, drawing it tight, away from her face, in a long plait behind. Her father lay watching her, with a yearning tenderness in his face that gave more anxiety to those who saw it than any other signs of his illness, evident as they were. Others concerned his body, and were caused by the exposure and deprivation he had endured; but this told of his heart-sickness, and the combined longing for rest and questioning with his soul whether it was quite right to wish to forsake so

sweet and helpless a thing, together with the pain that came upon him at the mere idea of parting from her, the brightest hope of his personal life.

Grazuccia had done wisely in bringing her there, for it was almost the only antidote that remained to quiet his passionate regret. The smarting and aching with which he was forced to acknowledge that the selfishness of ordinary men made the sacrifices of patriots of no avail,—the disappointment in finding that, for his own part, his courageous adherence to ideas for the elevation of the masses, for the protection of the timid, and the attainment of mental and moral liberty, were lost to those who ought to have benefited by them, and he himself a fugitive to avoid being a prisoner in defence of his unselfish aspirations.

"Let it be!" said Grazuccia, not understanding any of the questions that fired him, but feeling keenly the discomforts his restless plans and secret meetings caused in the home.

"Let it be!" he answered, ironically, to her. "Yes; let the spark be that is setting your roof on fire. Lie still—till, waking, you find yourself face to face with heaven!"

Now that he was ill she spared him these remonstrances; only in her prayers reminding the good Father of All that she *had* remonstrated, and it was no fault of hers that her husband belonged to the New Italy party, and so offended his fellow-countrymen.

Grazuccia looked round as the Pazzo and Ricciotto came near, and then she rushed at once into the account of the spilling of the oil.

"It must have been the very devil himself that was in that

bird, and sent *him*" (pointing to Ricciotto), said Grazuccia; and as she generally was a pious soul, and careful with her words, it proved to both the Pazzo and Ludovico how much she had been disturbed.

"Nay," said Ludovico, with an effort at the lightness of his old healthy self. "It was la Ninetta's good angel, who took the moment when she was sleeping, to fetch her a playfellow!"

"A fine playfellow indeed!" said Grazuccia, who had her pride, and was careful with whom her dainty little maiden spoke or played. "I wish he could go back where he came from, if he could only forget that he has been here!"

"Ah me! ah me!" groaned Ludovico, with the weary fretfulness of exhaustion.

This roused Giorgio, the Pazzo, who came near him, and fanned him with his hat. "He wants his coffee," he whispered low to Grazuccia.

"And he can't have it," groaned the poor little woman, her affectionate anxiety turning her into a sort of wild cat. "I could *kill* that boy," she said fiercely, under her breath.

"I'll get you some hot water," said the Pazzo, with sudden determination. "There, give me the coffee-pot. I and the youngster will manage it somehow. Poor little chap! Come on, *diavoletto* with the cherubic countenance!"

Ludovico was really too ill to bear the worry of any talking or altercation; and, with closed eyes, permitted Grazuccia to fan him, bathe his forehead with vinegar, and whisper prayers for him, not giving a sign whether he heard or felt, except by the miserable self-abandoned groans. Ninetta, meanwhile, watched her mother and father, and was thankful to Cecco

for his amiable attentions in hopping about her, and inviting her to be amused, and occupy herself with him.

"It is a risk"—said the Pazzo, when he and Ricciotto again got clear of the den, and were out on the mountain-side. "All these weeks no one has seen a thing or guessed where my castle is to be found; and to light a fire is to attract notice. Never mind, never mind! What does it matter? Who cares?"

"Who is to see?" asked Ricciotto.

"Whoever is not wanted to," said the Pazzo.

"Who will that be?" asked Ricciotto.

"Those we do not wish to find us," said the Pazzo.

"Celestina could not see from her home," said Ricciotto. "Do you think she could?"

"I don't know where she lives. There, there—that is enough for the present. No one in the city could see the flame from here—a spark like this, too!" There were not many pieces of dry stick to be found about, so the Pazzo had to cut a few branches, which, being green, were difficult to kindle. It was a work of time to get up a fire; but they did it at last, and a long streak of smoke, black as ink, rose from behind an angle of the rock, straight up to the sky.

"There!" said the Pazzo, as the water boiled, and he poured it into the coffee-biggin triumphantly. "Unless it's the day for a fatigue march, I doubt if any one will be the wiser;" but as soon as he had placed his little coffee-pot in safety, he pulled the fire to pieces (astonishing the beetles and lizards, who were already peeping out to see the sunrise), by throwing hot glowing

branches and twigs out upon the rocks, to die out in sparks, or smoulder away, sending their faint odour up to the clouds, which seemed lingering to receive it, just over their heads.

Ludovico was thankful, and revived a little when he had drunk his coffee, and seen Grazuccia and the little Ninetta at their simple breakfast by his side.

They offered some coffee, little as there was, to the Pazzo, but he refused steadfastly. Then Grazuccia gave him the key of her house, and many directions as to what he was to bring. "And how I shall do till night, without oil to light the lamp and warm his broth, I don't know," she said at last. "Come as soon as you can, but run no risk for him."

"Well understood," said the Pazzo.

Then he started, and found Ricciotto waiting a few yards down, not quite knowing what to do; and also feeling hungry. The young man looked into a long old basket, which he carried on his back when he went down into the town, and finding a piece of coarse bread, cut it in two, and gave half to Ricciotto.

"If you see Diana," said Ricciotto, "mind you give her some water!" and then he told the Pazzo all that had happened, and how Diana could not be persuaded to leave the house.

"*Per Bacco!*" said the Pazzo, and he laughed and rubbed his hands, and, for the first time, chuckled so fiercely that Ricciotto was afraid of him.

"And where are you starting for, eh?" he said at last, having settled some question in his own mind to his satisfaction. "I don't quite want to say 'good-bye,' he

added, looking down at the little lad.

"That's very good of you," said Ricciotto; "but I came up here to be away from men, till I, too, am grown up. I saw some goats and kids on a hill over there yesterday, and I thought I would try and find them, if they belong to nobody."

"No; I don't suppose they belong to any one. That's all right," he said, and he nodded his head and slung his basket over his shoulder, and took up a great stick, and was just going off, when the child stopped him again.

"I say," said Ricciotto, timidly giving him a slight hesitation, "people *do* sometimes live without houses or—or—bread, don't they?"

"Why, yes," said the Pazzo; "if they don't want what they can't get. I myself have lived

without home, money, or friends; and you see, here I am, what there is of me! a bit ragged, that's all."

"That is well," said Ricciotto, thoughtfully; and he stood quite still, watching the young man down two angles of the mountain-path, and wondering at him.

"I wonder why he said he has no friends, when he does so much for Grazuccia? Perhaps she pays him, though. I wonder whether paying a person keeps him from being a friend?" thought Ricciotto. "I wish he would come back again!"

Then, remembering that Grazuccia had been angry with him, he started for the next ridge of hills, wishing to get away before she remembered him, and also hoping there to make friends of some wild goats.

Poor little lad!

(To be concluded in August.)

ELIZABETH FRY.

A LAUGHING, dancing, flaxen-haired girl, fond of every sort of amusement, fond of admiration, and—tell it not in Gath—of girlish coquetry; pleased to be finely dressed and sent to the opera, to see the “Prince,” and be seen by him; pleased to exhibit her pretty figure in a becoming scarlet riding-habit, and be looked at with obvious homage by the young officers quartered hard by, as she rode along the Norfolk lanes; “dissipated” by simply hearing their band play in the square; made giddy, in short, by the veriest trifle that set agog her exuberant youthful blood,—can this be the picture in the eye of any one now living, who hears the name, honoured and revered to all time, almost sacred in its traditions, almost divine in its associations—a talisman against forms unutterable of cruelty, wrong, and crime—the name of Elizabeth Fry?

Yet there is not a line of Elizabeth's own quaintly serious and most truthfully rendered Journal, differing as it does completely from the usual stilted diary of the period (and though more formal and sober towards the end, yet *genuine* throughout),—there is not a page which does not bear out the fact that the Elizabeth Gurney of sixteen or thereabouts was a gay, glad, heedless creature, “mightily” addicted to frolic and fun, and absolutely unrestrained by any authority. Of motherly counsels, indeed, she had still earlier been bereft, since Mrs Gurney had died when her “dove-like Betsy” was only twelve; and after that we find that the seven lovely daughters, who “sat all in a row at the Friends' Meeting-house at Norwich” (what a sight they

must have been!), were left entirely unprotected and uncounselled, to pursue such paths as they chose, and follow their own sweet wills in everything.

That they did not run wild altogether, and come to endless grief, moreover, among the lax habits of thought which prevailed at that period, and with which it would appear they were all more or less fascinated, must be attributed mainly to the early principles instilled by their excellent parent while yet alive—for Mr Gurney's occupations, both public and private, took up so much of his time and attention, that they, joined to his naturally simple and trustful character, prevented his seeing the dangers to which they were exposed. Such, at least, is the face put upon it by his respectful granddaughters, when obliged to admit that neither advice nor restraint was to be looked for from him at a time when it was most deeply needed. For our part, we incline to consider that the good man must have been as blind as good men not infrequently are, who regard their pretty daughters as so many fair young cherubs, incapable of thinking a wrong thought. Doubtless, say they, the boys need looking after; but the girls who stay at home, sheltered from temptation, guarded in by domesticity and respectability—the daughters who brighten the whole home life, and sweeten every passing hour, and never need hear or know of the world's wicked ways,—how can they be harmed by being simply let alone? What secret desires and perplexities can disturb their innocent hearts? Nay, if the truth were out, the feeling really is, they

have not the "go" in them to do wrong.

Whether or not this was the secret conviction of honest John Gurney, the pleasant, sociable, courteous Quaker, he certainly acted as though it were; and whatever training, religious or otherwise, he bestowed on Joseph John, and the other less notable youths of his family, he let his girls find their own way in and out of the many tortuous paths which opened to them on every side; and the marvel, as we said above, is, that some of the number scrambled out at all.

Elizabeth was in her teens just when the French Revolution, with the crowd of lax and licentious writers which clustered round it, had filled the air of France with their noxious fumes of infidelity and lawlessness. All that had hitherto been held in reverence was now turned to ridicule; to cling to forms of any kind was considered bigotry; and even England was so far infected that, in Elizabeth's own words, "to dare to doubt was synonymous with courage." Norwich had not escaped the general contagion. In the early days of their married life the Gurneys had lived in the town itself, occupying "a large, roomy, quadrangular house;" and even after their removal to Earlham Hall, which took place after the birth of nine children (probably even the roomy house could not conveniently contain more, and there were three more yet to come)—even after they had migrated to the country house, they remained within two miles of their old quarters, and consequently within easy reach of former friends and connections, and could take part in all that went on among them as freely as before.

Earlham had not been long their

home ere it was darkened by the loss of the inestimable mother—a loss in some ways, as we have seen, peculiarly great; but nevertheless there must have been compensations. The mode of life at the old-fashioned country seat must certainly have undergone a considerable change consequent on the loss of its head: we say advisedly "head"—since no one who reads Mrs Gurney's own account of her days passed in superintendence, directions, instructions, and what not, can doubt who was the "master" at Earlham; and certainly only to read of the days passed between nursery and school-room, of the times "apportioned to recreation" (dreadful thought! can any one, we wonder, recreate in a time "apportioned" to it?)—only to contemplate the indefatigable lady in her endless rounds of instructing and supervising, makes one's conscience ache with a sense of inferiority and awe. They must have missed her, and missed her sorely, when she died; but could her reign have been the least shade in the world oppressive? Is it heresy to suggest that all this methodical and unceasing ardour must have left such very small room for chance sprouts to strike out in their own line, so few opportunities for mischief, that originality and invention, thus defrauded for a time, took ample revenge when their day came, and that the inquiries and inclinations which would have been suppressed *instantly* by the energetic Mrs Gurney, started to view on every side with augmented pertinacity once the pressure was withdrawn?

Speaking dispassionately, we should say the string snapped with a vengeance.

We cannot for a moment imagine the singing, the dancing, the

merry-making which was usual afterwards "in the large open hall" among the young folks, under her rule. We cannot suppose her having part and lot in the parties formed for the opera, or even for the oratorio, on which Elizabeth had so set her heart—not, she owns, more on account of the music, than of its being "quite a grand sight, and the Prince¹ being there"—that she can only hope to be able to give it up without a murmur, provided her father does not wish her to go. Her father, we may conjecture, might very likely not have wished it, seeing the state the girl was in, and her most un-Quaker-like excitement and *furore* about the matter, had his good dame been at his elbow (that is to say, if under those circumstances he had been consulted at all); but as it was, he laid no such dire embargo, from which we infer that he too had relaxed considerably from the rigidity of earlier days. Certain it is that the whole household had a lighter time of it, and equally certain that, noble men and women as they grew up afterwards, some of the young people, and among them Elizabeth, were in danger of abusing their freedom. She had in childhood, we read, a something not unlike cunning, which afterwards ripened into the most uncommon penetration, long-sightedness, and skill in influencing the minds of those about her.

There is no doubt that she had also something else—the art of pleasing, attracting, bewitching; not that she was perhaps so "glowing and handsome" as some of her sisters,—for the Miss Gurneys were the belles of the neighbourhood,—but that her features were lit up by a sprightliness and vivacity

surpassing that of any, while her soft flaxen hair shrouded a brow thoughtful and pensive. The contrast must have been delightful, especially as at that time, rightly and naturally, archness and gaiety had it over sober thought. In ready wit and jest, in smart rejoinder or sparkling repartee, we can well believe that none would outshine the Elizabeth who, in after-years, was never at a loss for the appropriate word to speak, whether at Court or camp, before the great lawyers of England, or beside the woman doomed to the morrow's scaffold.

Her faculty for grasping the strong points of a situation must have been remarkable, her imagination keen and vivid, and her quickness of apprehension unusual; and while these were in a crude state, we cannot but fancy she was herself by them misled, so that the "intense delight" she takes in one thing, her "frantic desire" to go to another, and the immoderate zest with which she enters into pleasure as long as pleasure has its hold on her affections, are not to be condemned without allowance being made for them, and understanding of them. Undoubtedly gaiety was undesirable for one of Elizabeth's temperament; but of what value and of what service was that temperament to prove eventually! Once escaped from the evils it might have led her into, how amazing must it have been to the calm, serene, holy-minded woman, invincible to the flatteries of courtiers, the friendships of kings and emperors, the tears of empresses, the shouts and blessings of excited crowds—unmoved save to deepest humility by all the homage, the adulation, the

¹ H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester, nephew of George III., then quartered at Norwich.

almost adoration she met with when her name was ringing throughout Europe—how must she have marvelled to recall that in her butterfly youth the fripperies of a ball-room could have been “too much” for her, and singing at a village concert “a snare”!

The time drew on when a change of scene was to begin. The “idle, flirting, worldly girl,” which Elizabeth Gurney calls herself, was growing worse and worse as regarded outward forms of religion, so much so as to evoke a remonstrance from a worthy uncle staying in the house. She considers that “although innocent of any great faults, trifles occupy me far too much, dress in particular;” that she speaks “sadly at random;” and that “music has so great an effect on me, that it makes me at times almost beside myself,”—altogether a wayward, fantastic, fly-away creature, not to be held in check by anybody, and evidently a pet, if somewhat a naughty pet, among the others. It is not probable that any one guessed how even then there were moments of secret dissatisfaction and self-disapproval; and accordingly, it must have been a strange day for them all when, in the first flush of her youth and beauty, and on the very threshold of the world, which would have given her so eager a reception, she turned aside from all to stand upon a higher level. Her sister Richenda’s account of the beginning of this new life is deeply interesting. “On that day,” she says, “we seven sisters sat as usual in a row under the gallery at Meeting. I sat by Betsy. William Savery, from America, was there. We liked having Yearly Meeting Friends come to preach; it was a little change. Betsy was generally rather restless at Meeting; and on this day, I remember, her very

smart boots were a great amusement to me. They were purple, laced with scarlet”—an odd thing to read of at a Quakers’ meeting certainly; but we must remember that none of Mr Gurney’s family were “plain Friends,” and that both the purple boots and the scarlet riding-habit in which Elizabeth indulged—scarlet being no doubt a great set-off to her feathery flaxen hair—were quite permissible among them. The “gay Quakers,” as they sat all in a row facing Mr Savery, would doubtless be as tastefully attired as any he had left behind him, Quakers or not, in his native land; and in all probability he would be impressed by the galaxy of sisters, as most people were. Little did he imagine the high destiny in store for one; although we must, in justice to his penetration, own that, after some conversation with Elizabeth, and some insight into the depths of that marvellous mind, he “prophesied of the high and important calling she would be led into.”

Mr Savery, then, was “moved by the spirit” to address the meeting; and so powerful and penetrating was his exhortation, that one of his hearers, Elizabeth Gurney, “wept most of the way home in the carriage,” and afterwards, making her way to her father, entreated his permission to dine at her uncle’s, where Mr Savery was staying. “In the afternoon of the same day,” relates Richenda, “Betsy asked to go again to Meeting; and for a wonder,” adds the writer, naively, “we all wished to go again also.” Further on she narrates: “What Betsy went through in her own mind I cannot tell; but the results were most powerful and most evident: from that day her love of pleasure and of the world seemed gone.”

That this was saying rather

much, Elizabeth's own confessions testify; but if not "gone," they had beyond doubt received their death-blow; and even a gay visit to the metropolis, designed especially to enable her to judge of its pastimes and attractions, had only the effect of strengthening her resolution. Even intercourse, amusing and delightful, with the all-fascinating Amelia Opie, then in her heyday—with the queen of the stage, Mrs Siddons—with Mrs Inchbald and Mrs Twiss (who gave her paint for the opera, on the occasion when she had her first sight of the Prince of Wales, whom she "did nothing but admire the whole evening"); even all the fine company in which she perpetually found herself (and "I own I do love grand company," she allows with native honesty); even although "interested and amused from morning till night," and doubtless made much of into the bargain,—all the charming experience, with its compound of ingredients, could not shake her growing conviction that she had best become a "plain Friend," and conform, in habits, dress, and speech, to their principles.

We must confess we are surprised at this. We should have thought that with an understanding so gifted as that of Elizabeth Fry, once that understanding were enlisted on the side of Christianity, the heart also being touched, there would not have been felt any need of being fenced in, as it were, with "thees" and "thous," a drab gown, and a beaver hat.¹

We must, however, remember the times Elizabeth lived in; and in doing so, we shall probably wonder, not at her occasional narrow-mindedness and one-sidedness,

but at the outbreaks from these with which she, even in earliest years, indulged her affectionate heart. Thus, a lady she falls in with is the "most interesting creature" she ever met, and "quite after" her "own heart"; but she is not a Friend, far less a plain Friend. And "she is good without it," concludes her young acquaintance; "and I have little doubt I shall gain from her."

Afterwards, when, with mind matured and sympathies enlarged and extended, Mrs Fry cultivated intercourse with all sorts and conditions of men and women, of all nations and creeds, she must have looked back with a somewhat curious eye on this as on other girlish traits; but if it ever struck her, as we cannot but fancy it may have done, as strange that the question of "plainness" should have at one time assumed such vast importance in her eyes, at all events she never owned as much.

Mr Gurney, on the return of the party from London, set off with his seven daughters—not one was left behind, nor went elsewhere—on an easy driving tour through Wales; and as they mixed freely with all they came across, his daughter, who at this critical period of her life was full of the one idea, should she turn "plain Quaker" or not, found herself, now stopping with connections where all present were "plain," and again at another house whose inmates, equally dear, were "gay." One morning she records having enjoyed much the company of two "plain Friends" who came to dinner, and the same afternoon calling on a certain Lady M——, where evidently there was a change of scene; for she says, "I felt very

¹ The becoming poke-bonnet, that delicious frame to a pretty face, had not yet been invented.

uncomfortable, one minute saying 'thee,' the next 'you': it appeared hypocritical."

Common-sense then came in. "How could it be of such importance? How could there be any difference in Christian virtue in saying 'you' or 'thee'? . . . Is it not better to be remarkable for excellence of conduct than for any such little peculiarity?"

The argument, however, was not altogether logical, as we can perceive, and the result was that the young reasoner came to the conclusion that in an imperfect world even imperfect instruments might be handy on occasion.

The next entry in the Journal is delightful: "A gentleman dined with us, to whom I did not pay much attention till I discovered he was Lord —. Oh, pride! how it does creep on me!" (Imagine the amazement of lord-loving Pepys over this little piece of honesty, with its tinge of self-reproach! "But why should she have paid him attention, till she knew it was worth her while?" we can imagine that man of Courts exclaiming.) Next, Elizabeth Gurney takes in good part a hint that her manners "have too much of the courtier in them," and indeed subjoins this of herself: "I do but sometimes just keep to the truth with people, from a natural yielding to them in such things as please them." This made the resolution of displeasing those she loved best in the matter of turning "plain Quaker" especially hard. "How shall I say 'thee' to H—— at Norwich?" she cries, despairingly. Yet almost immediately after adds, "How easy it has been made to me!"—the kind and tender consideration of the most united family circle in the world having doubtless contributed towards making it so.

To one and another Betsy was continually being indebted for opportune relief in her new difficulties, and that when their convictions were quite at variance with her own. Thus, when there was a dance: "I had danced four dances," she writes, "and was trying to pluck up courage to tell Rachel I wished to give it up, when it seemed as if she had looked into my mind, for she came up to me at that minute, and in the most tender manner begged me to leave off, saying she would contrive without me." And it is no wonder to find that such a spirit in the one sister awakens a response in the breast of the other, for she goes on—"I am not half kind enough to Rachel; I often make sharp remarks on her," &c. She then proceeds: "If I could make a rule never to give way to vanity, excitement, or flirting, I do not think I should object to dancing; but it always leads me into one of these faults—indeed I never remember dancing without feeling one, if not a little of all three, and sometimes a great deal." Accordingly, after a very little more debating—for she considered that, as her giving up the amusement "would hurt many, it should be one of the things parted with most carefully"—the right and wise conclusion was arrived at: her head could not stand it; her lively volatile spirits got the better of her when animated by the too delightful exercise; and even her brother John, who came up to ask her "in such a kind way," had to be refused. How sweet is the little word which follows that record! "Remember this," murmurs the young Quakeress to herself—and we can almost hear a gentle sigh in the words—"remember that as I have this night refused to dance with my dearest brother,

I must, out of kindness to him, never be tempted by any one else ;” and perhaps that refusal saved her many another doubt and trouble in the matter, while it is evident that no sore feeling ever resulted from it, and that those who could and those who could not join in the diversion innocently, mutually respected each other’s feeling, and preserved the family harmony unruffled throughout.

That music and dancing were not the only snares to the impetuous Elizabeth, she was soon to discover. Her mind “got wrapped up” in the coming election at Norwich, to an extent which made her feel it would be well to take herself out of the way for the time, either to London Yearly Meeting, or to some other such safe and sober resort. Then this was reconsidered ; for why, she argues, not try “to command the mind at home” ? Why, indeed ? But for such a hot-blooded young person it was not so easy as appears. “Even such a poor body as I can get many votes,” she alleges, and finally stops to get them. The whole Earlham party were intensely interested ; they went into the town on the polling day and “took part in its tumults” ; and Betsy, who no doubt had been in the heart of it all, was thoroughly ashamed of herself afterwards, and was convinced that the less public matters were entered into by her the better. The loss of the election perhaps had its share in this last resolution.

Still we get glimpses of the Elizabeth yet to come : “I believe I feel much for my fellow-creatures—though I think I mostly see into the minds of those I associate with, and satirise their weaknesses : yet I do not remember ever being any time with any one who was not

extremely disgusting, but I felt a sort of love for them ; and I do hope I would sacrifice my life for the good of mankind.”

At this time, she goes on to say, her mind craved “peace and quiet.” The bustle at Earlham, the continual comings and goings of a large household, where the guest-chambers were seldom empty, and the family members themselves were back and forward perpetually, made the house often a scene of commotion, from which she would make her escape to wander alone along the peaceful glades and beside the river—a favourite resort. The grounds must have been singularly beautiful : “The river Wenham, a clear winding stream, flowed through them, and its banks were overhung by an avenue of ancient timber-trees. There, on summer evenings, the young people often met to read, walk, or sketch. On the south front of the house, which was large, old, and irregular, there extended a noble lawn, flanked by groves of trees growing from a carpet of wild flowers, moss, and long grass.” And beyond these, again, came meadow upon meadow, where we can fancy Elizabeth wandering hither and thither, hearkening to the cooing of the wood-pigeons and the croaking of the rooks, but blissfully free from any fears of further intrusion on her solitude.

She was not, however, long to enjoy the delights of Earlham.

In her twentieth year (people were surely older of their age then than they are nowadays, and we can hardly fancy the rapidly sobering and maturing Elizabeth Gurney was only nineteen when she began her married life),—in her twentieth year, however, the fact remains that she engaged herself, and within a few months wedded ; but we will give her own words in

a letter written to her kind relation and counsellor, Joseph Gurney Bevan. "Some time ago," she says, "Joseph Fry, youngest son of William Storrs Fry of London, paid us a visit at Earlham, and made me an offer of marriage. He has since renewed his addresses. I have had many doubts, many risings and fallings, about the affair,"—with more of the sort, concluding with—"I do not think I could have refused him without proper authority at this time." We could wish to have had a little more information and a little further insight into what the writer really felt at this particular moment; but the details are very meagre.

"There was a strong individual preference," says her biographer (we wonder, by the way, if that is the usual Friends' term for being in love, or whether they of the "plain" sort decline to recognise any such mundane feeling); "the suitability of the connection was apparent, Elizabeth's habits and education having rendered affluence almost essential to her comfort,"—by which we conjecture that the youngest son of William Storrs Fry of London was better endowed than youngest sons even of rich fathers usually are. Whether it were from the feeling above suggested, or because there really was a prosaic and speedily concluded courtship, certainly we hear no more about it; and as the marriage proved a happy one, we can only conclude that Elizabeth's warm heart was more deeply engaged than she herself knew; that she liked the man—and the more she saw of him, the better she liked him. "My feelings towards Joseph," she does just mention, "are so calm and pleasant, and I can look forward with so much cheerfulness to a connection with

him"—which is all very well; but then by this time there was the high cap and discarded turban, and with the disappearance of the latter would seem also to have vanished much of the briskness, the curtness, and hot-headed impetuosity of earlier avowals—at least, if the old blood still ran warm in the veins, it was, on principle apparently, permitted to cool before it was allowed to reach the tongue or the pen. She is more and more the Quakeress, and less and less the volatile maid in her teens, from the day she puts on her new head-gear and says "thee" without once lapsing into "you."

The wedding of Joseph Fry and Elizabeth Gurney took place on the 19th of August 1800, at the Friends' Meeting-house at Norwich, and the bride's brief description of the day is: "I awoke in a sort of terror at the prospect, but soon gained quietness and something of cheerfulness. After dressing we set off for Meeting; I was altogether comfortable. The Meeting was crowded. I felt serious, and looking in measure to the only sure place for support. I felt every word, and in my manner of speaking expressed how I felt. Joseph also spoke well,"—with a little more of the same, concluding with—"The day passed off well, and I think I was very comfortably supported under it, although cold hands and a beating heart were often my lot."

Leaving Norwich, "the very stones of the street seemed dear" to her, and perchance still dearer in the retrospect than at the moment, as the stones of another city, namely, London itself, were to be before the eyes of the country-bred girl from morning till night; and she was, at any rate for some years, "in city pent."

St Mildred's Court, whatever it

be now, was in those days a good enough place even for a wealthy merchant to bring his bride to live in; and the Frys' house—which has since been pulled down—was not only airy and commodious, but, for a wonder, quiet. Still it was London, and it was the "city" part of London; and any one who knows what that means, will be able to fancy that there must now and then have been a sigh for the woody dales and streams at Earham. The change from country to town life was not, moreover, confined to outward scenery. The family into which the young wife had been admitted were "plain and consistent Friends," altogether unlike her own easy-going folks; and as the Frys were, so were all the relations, connections, and acquaintances who gathered round them. Elizabeth thus found herself all at once looked upon in the light of "the gay, instead of the plain and scrupulous one of the family,"—rather an odd sensation, doubtless; and we cannot help glancing to see if there are any traces of a little natural chagrin or pique, a little feeling of "I have had to suffer for differing from those nearest and dearest to me, who considered me *over* particular, and now I have again to bear the brunt of going against the tide because I am not particular *enough*." But we are glad to discover that there is not a shadow of any such to be seen; and the only mention made of her perceiving the incongruity of the parties assembled at her house is, that "she feared for herself, lest in her desire to please all she should in any degree swerve from the line of conduct she believed right for herself." No airs of superior sanctity on the one hand, no falling back on her own kindred for support on the other—nothing but

a most touching timidity, the self-distrust of a nature truly noble.

A curious spectacle, and one provocative of mirth, if not of derision, to the outer world, must often have been exhibited by the comers and goers at the Frys' house in the old Court, especially during the continuance of the Quakers' Yearly Meeting, when, from every part of the country, Friends were being well and handsomely entertained, and when hospitality on a lavish scale, such as befitted wealthy folks, was the order of the day. Flitting in and out might be seen old Quaker ladies in their close-fitting white caps, surmounted by black hoods or the low-crowned broad beaver hats, and with the long drab camel skirts hanging in straight folds, the bodices cut to a long peak, and either a long straight cloak, or nothing, over all. This costume, says our informant, "must have contrasted far more strangely with the light and classic draperies then in vogue, than they would have done with the modern-antique fashions now prevailing"—a remark which, made in 1848, holds good in 1886!

No less curious is it in another way that a fashion prevalent—nay, almost universal—among people professing religion at the present day, should have offered a difficulty to our young couple at the outset of their married life. They could not bring themselves to have family prayers. True, the custom was by no means general; but still we can hardly imagine the pious Frys, so rigid in their views and principles, being unable to form what seems to us so simple a habit. It was not for some years, we read, that the household was regularly assembled for the purpose, except on Sunday evenings.

Everything appears to have been

excellent of its kind in the *ménage* of the young housekeepers, and we can almost see Elizabeth going from shop to shop, with her own peculiar zest for the undertaking, "ordering plate," &c., &c. "My inclination," she avows, "is to have everything very handsome" (a not unusual one); "but," adds Mrs Fry, recollecting she is now a "plain Quaker," "I do not think it right to have things merely for ornament, unless there is some use attached to them,"—it apparently not having occurred to her that things can hardly be "very handsome" without being in some degree indebted to ornament for which there is no use. The house, however, would hardly suffer from the lack of knick-knacks, which too often encumber, and, we may add, defile London dwellings. Everything would be bright and clean, and polished to perfection, we may be sure, in that well-ordered mansion; and even when children began to come thick and fast, and little Quaker babies filled the cradle one after another (have they any particular fashion of long robes, we wonder? and would Elizabeth allow their cradles to be handsome, though unornamented?), it is impossible to conceive disorder or discomfort connected with it. Much time and thought were given to domestic life at this period. "My time," writes the young mother and mistress, "appears to be spent to little more purpose than eating, drinking, sleeping, and clothing myself." Then she has "every room in the house full, and the toothache;" and again, "a large dinner-party, and fagged with toothache, and the numbers;" and is clearly not very strong in health, and overdone with the strain of constant hospitality, and the conscientious endeavour to do her part by all.

She has one of her children inoculated, and it does well; but apparently none of the rest are operated upon, so perhaps Mr Fry interfered. She gave somewhat lavishly to beggars, but on visiting some at their own house, found on one occasion they were "lodged and dressed almost like gentlefolks, and needed £30 only to clear them of debt. It is difficult to serve people who ask so large an amount," she observes, naively. On another occasion, following home a woman with a baby, she found a whole brood of hapless infants, whom the inhuman creature "farmed," killing them off as it suited her, by exposure or neglect.

Such scenes and such experiences (there are many of the same) were working their own work in the heart of Elizabeth Fry, soon to bear abundant fruit, though there were still a few more years to be spent in privacy and comparative repose. These were also passed in a renewal of her beloved country life. On the death of his father, Mr Fry took his family to live at Plashet House, an Essex residence, luxurious and beautiful, and to which Elizabeth became speedily and devotedly attached. While there, several tedious illnesses had to be gone through, leaving her often weak and ailing for months afterwards; but her active spirit, uncurbed by such checks, was at work again directly she recovered, and accordingly we now begin to find her visiting schools, taking part in school examinations and the like; more important still, she felt it laid upon her, in the quaint phraseology of the Friends, to preach openly at their assemblies, and was thenceforth known among them as a "minister."

And now at last we come to

Elizabeth Fry's ever-memorable first visit to Newgate prison.

It is casually noted in the following brief extract: "Yesterday we were some hours in Newgate, with the poor female felons, ministering to their necessities. Before we left, dear Anna Buxton uttered a few words in supplication, and, very unexpectedly to myself, I did also. I heard weeping, and thought they appeared much tendered."

This is all or nearly all the record; but we learn from other sources that the previous January four Friends had visited some condemned persons in Newgate, and that it was through their representations that the two ladies went.

"At that time, as is now well known, the prison was in a frightful state: all the females were confined in that part now known as the untried side; the larger portion of the quadrangle was then used as a State prison, and the partition-wall was not high enough to prevent the State prisoners from overlooking the yard, and the windows of the wards and cells of the women. These four rooms comprised about 190 superficial yards, into which at this time 300 women, with their numerous children, were crowded—tried and untried, misdemeanants and felons, without classification, without employment, and with no other superintendence than that given by a man and his son, who had charge of them by night and day. In the same room, in rags and dirt, destitute of sufficient clothing (for which there was no provision), they lived, cooked, and washed. With the proceeds of their clamorous begging from strangers, the prisoners purchased liquors from a regular tap in the prison; spirits were openly drunk, and the ear was assailed by the most terrible language. Although military sentinels were posted on the leads, such was the lawlessness prevailing, that Mr Newman, the governor, entered this portion of the prison with reluctance, and advised the ladies to lay aside their watches, lest

they should be snatched from their sides."

The sorrowful condition of these depraved and miserable creatures sank deeply into Elizabeth Fry's heart, although nothing more was done at the moment than to supply the most destitute with clothes. But this was soon accomplished, and yet she could not forget the scene. Four more years passed, during which two other children were born to her, and then began her life-work in earnest.

Her second visit to the loathsome prison took place in the midst of the hard winter of 1816, and on that occasion she was, by her own desire, left alone with the women. With womanly tact, after a short reading and prayer, she took the direct road to a mother's heart, if such a thing existed in the breasts of those unmotherly creatures; she spoke to them of their children, those poor little half-naked and half-starved skeletons around her. Could a parent, she argued, not have some feeling, some remorse, nay, some hope, still lingering with regard to her own offspring? And she was right; she had touched the right chord. With tears of joy, her proposal to open a school for the children was hearkened to. She would not undertake it, Mrs Fry candidly told them, without their steady co-operation, and they must themselves choose a fitting superintendent from among their own numbers. This was agreed to with the utmost alacrity. And though it might not exactly suit our ideas to select for such a post a young woman committed for stealing a watch, yet we must recollect that necessity has no law, and that probably none among the candidates had been convicted of a lighter offence. Mary Connor, at all events, proved a success, was assiduous in her duties, never in-

fringed a rule, and had a free pardon granted her fifteen months afterwards.

Not content with granting leave for their little ones to attend, the poor mothers pressed to be admitted themselves, doubtless thankful for any variety; and a friend of Mrs Fry's thus writes on the subject to Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton:—

"The railing was crowded with half-naked women, struggling together for the front situations with the most boisterous violence, and begging with the utmost vociferation. I felt as if I were going into a den of wild beasts, and shuddered when the door closed upon me and I was locked in with such a herd of novel and desperate companions. . . . Squalid in attire, and ferocious in appearance, some were seated about the yard. From a door on one side issued one yelling like an infuriate beast, and she rushed round the area with one arm extended, tearing everything of the nature of a cap from the heads of the other women. . . . The begging, the swearing, the gaming, fighting, dancing, dressing up in men's clothes, together with scenes too bad to be described, was such that we did not think it suitable to admit young persons with us."

The ladies thought that some of these evils might be remedied by proper regulation; but in the commencement of the undertaking, the reformation of such abandoned characters, sunk in depravity as they were, was scarcely thought of.

"By degrees, however," writes Mrs Fry's biographer, "the heroic little band became convinced that good might be effected even among these, for intercourse with the prisoners inspired them with confidence. The poor creatures were themselves in earnest, and in that was their great hope; for, on the other hand, discouragements were rife. The officers of the prison, as well as private friends, looked on the attempt as visionary. Even some, most interested, apprehended failure, from the character of

the women, from the unfavourable locality, and from the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient number of coadjutors for so vast a work. It was also urged that, even if employment could be procured, the materials for it would probably be stolen."

All such fears were with astonishing speed set at rest; and although Elizabeth felt herself to be "embarked in a storm and a whirlwind," she never for a moment looked back, nor regretted the plunge taken.

"My mind," she says, "is tossed with its variety of interests and duties—husband, children, household, accounts, meetings, the church, near relations, friends, and Newgate. . . . I have found in my late attention to Newgate a peace and prosperity in the undertaking I seldom if ever remember to have done before. Those who are in power are now willing to help us, and the poor prisoners themselves have become quite harmless and kind."

This was written after the school had been open and the visiting regular for some months.

Then came a further and still more awful experience—often, alas! to be repeated:—

"Just returned from a most melancholy visit to Newgate, to see by her own request Elizabeth Fricker, previous to her execution to-morrow at eight o'clock. I found her much hurried, distressed, and tormented in mind; her hands cold, and covered with something like the perspiration preceding death, and in an universal tremor. They said she had been outrageous before our going, and they thought they must have sent for a man to manage her. However, after a serious time with her, her troubled soul became calmed."

And again:—

"Besides this poor young woman there are also six men to be hanged, one of whom, since the report came down, has become quite mad from horror of mind. A strait-waistcoat could not keep him within bounds; he had just bitten the turnkey, and I

saw the man come out with his hand bleeding as I passed the cell."

A gentleman well known to Mrs Fry, who was desirous of seeing and judging for himself of the work now begun, wrote, just one fortnight after the adoption of the new rules:—

"I was conducted by a turnkey to the entrance of the women's wards. On my approach no loud nor angry sounds indicated that I was about to enter a place which I had been credibly assured had long had for one of its titles 'Hell above ground.' The courtyard, instead of being peopled with beings scarcely human, blaspheming, fighting, tearing each other's hair, or gaming with filthy cards for the very clothes they wore (and this had been the description previously given me), presented a scene where stillness and propriety reigned. I was conducted by a decently dressed person, the newly appointed yards-woman, to a ward where sat at the head of a long table a Quaker lady. She was reading aloud to about sixteen prisoners who were sewing round it. Each wore a clean blue apron and bib, with a ticket of her number hanging by a red tape from her neck. They all rose at my entrance, curtsied respectfully, and then at a signal resumed their seats and employments. Instead of a scowl, or leer, or ill-suppressed laugh, they had an air of gravity and self-respect, a sort of consciousness of their improved characters and the altered position in which they were placed. I afterwards visited other wards, and found them the counterparts of the first."

Greatly encouraged, the ladies now introduced a matron into Newgate, who was paid by the Corporation, and received £20 yearly from the Ladies' Association in addition. The latter also furnished her rooms, and she was their servant. Previously some of these excellent coadjutors of Elizabeth had sometimes spent whole days in the prison, taking a little provision for themselves in a bas-

ket; and for long years afterwards, one or two of them never failed to spend some hours daily in Newgate.

We must not linger over the most deeply interesting details of the crusade in this its infancy. Although warmly supported and co-operated with, Elizabeth Fry was its head and front, its centre and moving spirit. All looked to her, all received from her directions, suggestions, and counsel. The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Aldermen appointed a day to meet her in the prison, and were so much struck by what they saw, that they "immediately adopted the whole plan" she laid before them "as a part of the prison discipline," and empowered Mrs Fry and her associates to punish the refractory.

Six months after this she received a petition from the "untried side," that the same might be done for them, with promises of obedience to rules. It was done, but not with equal success, as the prospect of speedy release naturally indisposed for settled work; and Mrs Fry's firm conviction was, that where no work was done, the same moral advantage was not received. Terrible were the stories of crime now poured into her ears; but so filled was her soul with love and pity for the poor criminals, that almost more terrible still seemed to her the punishments to which those crimes subjected them. Men and women were not only hung for forgery, for stealing, for conniving at stealing, and the like, but not infrequently did they suffer the extreme penalty of the law when it was doubtful whether or not they were guilty; and how barbarous in our ears sounds the following! "I found poor Woodman confined to-day in the common ward, herself and her little girl both doing

well. She was awaiting her execution at the end of the month. So unnatural is her situation, that one can hardly tell how or in what manner to meet her case."

Again and again occurs the same or a similar experience. The poor ignorant wretches under sentence—and in nearly every case the sentence was carried out—were visited, instructed, prayed with, and wept with, by the still young and tenderly nurtured Elizabeth, herself a fragile, sensitive woman. No wonder that here and there throughout her record we get glimpses of the secret agonies which these visits cost her. Think of having this said to you by a poor woman whose scaffold was at the moment being erected: "I feel life so strong within me, that I cannot believe that by this time to-morrow I shall be dead!" Think of endeavouring in vain to get a pardon for another, whose only crime was passing false notes—not knowing what they were—at the bidding of the man she loved! In the latter case it was confidently expected that Mrs Fry's intercession, and the influence she set at work, would be successful. But no: Harriet Skelton was ordered for execution. The law took its course, and she was hanged. It is interesting to hear that one of those through whom Mrs Fry made application, was her old friend the Duke of Gloucester, and that this was the renewal of their acquaintance, and the beginning of a real friendship, both with him and his Duchess, a daughter of George III., which continued to the end of his life. He now went to Newgate, and was led by Elizabeth through its gloomy mazes. He made a noble effort to save the unhappy woman on whose behalf he had chiefly come, but, as we have said, without suc-

cess. This case led to an unfortunate misunderstanding between Mrs Fry and Lord Sidmouth, and she was anxious for a personal interview with him, in order, as she believed, to set matters right; but it did not do so. Wounded and grieved, we hear, she was just quitting the Home Office, when the aged Queen Charlotte, who had gone down to the Mansion House, sent for her there; and the reception she met with, both from the good Queen herself and from the crowds assembled, who hailed her "by a simultaneous shout," must have gone far to soothe her ruffled spirit. Inside the Egyptian Hall there was, says our authority,

"A subject for Hayter,—the diminutive stature of the Queen, covered with diamonds, and her countenance lighted up with the kindest benevolence; Mrs Fry, her simple Quaker's dress adding to the height of her figure—though a little flushed, preserving her wonted calmness of look and manner; several of the bishops standing near; the platform crowded with waving feathers, jewels, and orders; the hall lined with spectators, gaily and nobly clad; and the centre filled with hundreds of children, brought there from their different schools to be examined. A murmur of applause ran through the assemblage as the Queen took Mrs Fry by the hand; the murmur was followed by a clap and a shout, which was taken up by the multitudes without, till it died away in the distance."

This was Elizabeth Fry's first interview with the excellent Queen Charlotte, and unhappily also her last, as on that very day the Queen took a chill, and this, combined with over-fatigue, led to an illness which terminated fatally.

It was now the rage all over London to visit Newgate and see what went on there. Many from motives of real philanthropy, still more from curiosity, and the love of the idle for novelty and sensa-

tion, besought Mrs Fry to take them; and fearful of being a bar to any good that might come of the interest excited, she acceded as much as possible to their requests; and we read that "if a list of the names of the visitors could be published, it would prove how strong was the sympathy felt, among the nobly born and richly endowed with intellectual as well as worldly wealth."

Elizabeth was indeed the theme of conversation in all circles, and of course all kinds of exaggerated and almost ridiculous reports mixed themselves with what was true and striking. Her time, writes her biographer, was occupied to an extent which none who did not live with her can conceive,—as letters of inquiry concerning her system in Newgate, &c., &c., reached her, not only from magistrates and officials all over England, Scotland, and Wales, but she began to have correspondence on the subject from those in authority at Berlin, at St Petersburg—in short, from most of the capitals in Europe. The Princess Sophie Metschersky and other ladies banded themselves together in Russia; and the Empress-Dowager, herself an ardent philanthropist, exclaimed repeatedly, "How much I should like to see that excellent woman, Madam Fry, in Russia!" But as this could not be, the noble Czarina opened a correspondence; and as we have said, the result was a Ladies' Committee, formed on Elizabeth Fry's model.

As the work grew more established and regular at Newgate, and as it could be left, Elizabeth undertook from time to time journeys of benevolence, primarily throughout her native land, and eventually throughout the Continent: always, however, as became a thorough "Friend," laying "her concern"

to do so before Meeting, and receiving permission and authority for the expedition before setting off.

The Scottish prisons were, perhaps, quite as bad as any she met with elsewhere. They were absolute "plague-spots," and the particulars which were published by Joseph John, who accompanied her—himself a true missionary in the cause—are, we hear, "too detestable to be read." Again and again the prisons were visited, inspected, and committees formed and plans adopted for their regeneration.

Ill health occasionally interfered with Mrs Fry's own personal labour; but she had the satisfaction of knowing that, ill or well, she had set rolling a stone which never stopped, and that every day saw new recruits for the good cause. Everywhere inquiry had been set afoot and interest excited, and in no single instance was the subject dropped without some result.

A new field for reformation now opened before Elizabeth in the convict-ships bound for New South Wales. We need not—indeed we cannot—enter closely into this, or any part of her vast labour of love. Following the long and gloomy procession whenever a convict-ship with females on board was to sail, was Elizabeth Fry's carriage; and during the time which elapsed before the ship weighed anchor, the indefatigable Quakeress would be reading and praying, and distributing work of all kinds to be done on the voyage—with considerate foresight making it such as would find a ready sale on the landing of the vessel, so that not only might some definite object give an interest to it, but that the poor creatures might not, as they had hitherto done, find themselves utterly with-

out money on disembarking in a strange land.

She was never satisfied, never willing to rest on her oars, always on the watch for new forms of injustice or negligence to be repaired. At one time libraries for our own lonely coastguard stations occupied her, and much was done in that way, not only by herself, but by others who now looked for her lead in these matters; but although turning to right and to left in pursuit of the object of her life, prisons remained Elizabeth's first love.

She visited on one occasion the woman's prison at St Lazare; and the very jailers and turnkeys who entered the room where she read and commented, "were so affected that the tears ran down their cheeks." A Roman Catholic lady, we are told, read from the Roman Catholic Prayer-book the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and the same lady translated for Mrs Fry—who does not appear to have been much of a linguist—as she preached and prayed.

"This reading," says her biographer, "produced quite a sensation in Paris; for it had been said that the wonderful effect of Mrs Fry's readings in Newgate was due to her peculiar voice and manner, her skill in arresting the attention of her auditors, and her power to touch their hearts. She and others asserted that the same result would be found whatever national differences might exist, and by whomsoever the inspired Word might be presented. The result on this occasion was decisive."

All who were on the side of religion or morality were Elizabeth Fry's "good friends." Thus at one time we find her readily co-operating with some Jewish ladies at Pyrmont, holding a meeting with them, and afterwards taking them to her own room, and pray-

ing with and for them till all present wept aloud. Again, she visits a nunnery, and has a long and fascinating conversation with the "lovely abbess," in the course of which that lady's "talents were abundantly displayed." The *supérieure* of a penitentiary at Paris is so penetrated with a sense of Elizabeth's sanctity, that she can do nothing but exclaim with clasped hands, "Ah, comme elle est bonne!"

She is sent for by Lord Wellesley, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and his views correspond exactly with hers on the subject of capital punishments. She visits the Kings and Queens of Prussia and of Denmark, and has interviews with ambassadors and foreign delegates of all descriptions. The outcome is always the same—all who wished to do good, and to follow after that which was good, were welcomed, and turned not infrequently into personal friends.

On many of her most arduous crusades, Mrs Fry was accompanied, greatly to her benefit, by her philanthropic brother, who preached and exhorted, and gave money and time to the work, as willingly as she did herself.

N.B.—What Mr Fry was about all this time, history sayeth not. With the exception of his wife's letters to him, in which the "dearest husband" is nearly always bracketed with the "dearest children"—with this exception, we can scarcely find mention of him throughout the whole ponderous memoirs until we come to one of her severe illnesses, near the close of his partner's life, when he is incidentally alluded to as "sitting over the fire." The inference is, that he was a worthy gentleman, but that whomever Elizabeth Fry had married would in all likelihood have been overshadowed by her.

Even the gifted Joseph John Gurney would undoubtedly have been more heard of but for every eye being fixed upon his greater sister.

To visit her the great ones of the earth found their way to the little cottage in Upton Lane (by no means so little as she makes it out, by the way), a charming nook, where the Frys found a retreat when the failure of some other large mercantile houses in a measure brought down their own. At first this *come-down*, and the close of all the happy life at lovely Plashet, must have been hard to bear; and the private trials which one after another fell to Elizabeth's lot as time went on, were no doubt a severe if wholesome balance to her great outward prosperity. Plashet had been a particularly pleasant haven of refuge to her in her busiest, fullest, and most occupied years. If we except a correspondence carried in on breakfast-trays, and which often—we may say usually—comprised letters requiring long and carefully considered answers, there would be a sense of peaceful rest always hanging over the old-fashioned Essex hall. Its gardens and walks had been laid out by herself; she had planned summer-houses and opened vistas; she had loved to see her friends and children assembled in numbers on her velvet lawn; the place was endeared by association as well as possession, and to leave it, and to part with her poorer as well as her richer neighbours, was evidently very bitter.

Other griefs, moreover, and unexpected ones, were her portion. One after another of her children elected to marry out of the Quaker persuasion, and, in consequence, themselves underwent what amounted to excommunication. Mrs Fry did not approve of this—would not have approved of it

in any case; and as it affected those whom she loved, naturally the injustice of the verdict touched her more closely than if she had not been personally concerned. Added to this, she was herself looked coldly upon by some for permitting what were considered, to say the least of them, unsatisfactory alliances. It helped her to bear this, that she was in her own mind fully persuaded of being in the right.

"My children," she allows one day in a mournful mood, "are one after another leaving a Society and principles that I love, value, and try to build up. I desire to be very faithful, but deep humiliation is my portion, in its appearing that, though I preach to others, I cannot manage my own."

But again, in a more cheerful strain, she sums up her convictions on the marriage question:—

"In bringing up our children, it is my solid judgment that a real attachment is not a thing to be lightly esteemed; and when young persons of a sober mind are come to years of discretion, it requires very great care how any undue restraint is laid upon them in these most important matrimonial engagements. We are all so short-sighted about them, that the parties themselves should, after all, be principally their own judges in it. Therefore, unless I see insurmountable objections, I believe duty dictates leaving our children much at liberty in these matters."

Apparently the other good Friends thought otherwise; and perhaps—for Friends are human—were not sorry to find a little hole to pick at in their distinguished member. It is very evident, at all events, that there were some who were not content to mind their own business in the matter, but insisted on minding Elizabeth's also, and that she had a struggle between her own good

sense and good feeling, and their remonstrances. The question was started as soon as it could well be: at as early an age, or earlier, than she had herself left the parent roof, her own eldest daughter married; and as her eldest grandchild and her own youngest child were born on one and the same day, it would not appear that she had much cessation from family cares. These also pressed, as mothers can understand, more heavily in the more circumscribed grounds and smaller rooms of the Upton Cottage than at Plashet. This was especially felt upon Sundays.

"Not having space as we had at Plashet," she says, "in which my boys can recreate in the way I consider advisable, during part of this day I have anxiously to watch where they go, and what they are about, so that I am not often favoured to feel it a day of rest; yet through all these things, and my too anxious nature, I find the spring within that helps, keeps, revives, sustains, and heals."

Again a season of domestic afflictions, and these of a kind to be acutely felt, has to be passed through. Brothers and sisters, brothers-in-law and sisters-in-law, are taken away; and to every deathbed, it would seem, Elizabeth is summoned—the consoler, the strengthener, the "minister" at those supreme moments. "Sorrow upon sorrow," she mournfully enters in her record at this time, as the loss of near and dear ones by death supervenes on the loss—nothing in comparison—by wedlock, and on the break-up in her own life.

So much, indeed, did she feel the latter, with its attendant misconceptions and misconstructions, that when obliged through diminished means to curtail her charities and cut off many of her subscrip-

tions, she proposes with touching sorrowfulness to give up also her own personal superintendence of prison-work. It is needless to say how such an offer was met. The warmest responses and the most cordial sympathy were returned from every quarter; and, cheered and encouraged, with renewed spirit she by degrees rose above private griefs and distress, and gave herself afresh to labours for the good of mankind.

New journeys were undertaken and new inquiries set afoot. A daughter or niece now usually accompanied her, and there were not wanting volunteers of both sexes who were proud to bear part of the burden of correspondence and arrangements. She now visited the prisons of Holland, and had a most spirited and fruitful correspondence with the Minister of the Interior, Count Schimmelpenninck, on the subject; and a tour in Russia (from which she received most encouraging reports from the Countess Reden) was projected, but never came off. She had to hasten home for a banquet at which she was to meet Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and the other Ministers, and at which she had

"Important conversation on a female prison being built, with the Secretary of State, Sir James Graham; on the Continental prisons, with the Foreign Secretary, Lord Aberdeen; and on the state of the penal colonies, with the Colonial Secretary, Lord Stanley,—nearly the whole dinner being occupied in deeply interesting conversation with Prince Albert and Sir Robert Peel on prisons, their state in our own country, punishments, separate confinement, &c.—expressing my fears that the jailers had too much power, pressing the need of mercy, and begging them to see the New Prison, and have the dark cells a little altered."

Verily, a dinner worth returning home to!

In former years Mrs Fry had repeatedly been sent for by the Duchess of Kent to visit the young Princess Victoria, whom she describes as "a sweet, lovely, and hopeful child," and to whom she spoke earnestly, reminding her of King Josiah, who began to reign at eight years old, and how well and worthily he reigned all his life. But after the accession of the Sovereign, we do not think they often met, one cause or another interfering, although both the Queen and Prince Albert entertained the warmest regard at all times for the gifted philanthropist. She had, however, as we have said, other royal visitors in abundance at Upton Lane; and her account of one in particular is so fresh, bright, and natural, that we must give it in her own words. After an account of a visitation in Newgate with the King of Prussia, during which she read, preached, and prayed in the midst of "a most curious, interesting, and mixed company," she proceeds:—

"There were difficulties raised about his going to lunch at Upton, but he chose to persevere. I went first with the Lady Mayoress and the Sheriffs, the King next with his own people. I had to hasten to take off my cloak, and then went down to meet him at his carriage-door, with my husband, and seven of our sons, and sons-in-law. I then walked with him into the drawing-room, where all was in beautiful order—neat, and adorned with flowers. I presented to the King our eight daughters and daughters-in-law (Rachel only away), our seven sons and eldest grandson, my brother and sister Buxton, Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, and my sister Elizabeth Fry—my brother and sister Gurney he had known before—and afterwards presented twenty-five of our grandchildren. We had a solemn

silence before our meal, which was handsome and fit for a king, yet not extravagant, everything most complete and nice. I sat by the King, who appeared to enjoy his dinner, perfectly at his ease, and very happy with us. We went back to the drawing-room after another short silence and a few words I uttered in prayer for the King and Queen. We found a deputation of Friends, with an address to read to him. We then had to part—the King expressing his desire that blessings might continue to rest on our house."

On the Sunday she was invited to meet his Majesty at luncheon at the Mansion House, and thus notes the prospect:—

"I rather felt its being the Sabbath, but as all is to be conducted in a quiet, suitable, and most orderly manner, consistent with the day, I am quite easy to go. . . . [Then looking back upon the scene,] I entreated the Lord Mayor to have no toasts, to which he acceded, and the King approved; but it was no light or easy matter. I told the King my objection to anything of the kind on that day; indeed I expressed my disapprobation of them altogether. We then spoke (as usual) on prisons, and on the royal christening, for which the King had come over. I dwelt on its pomp as undesirable, on the Sabbath, and other points of mutual interest."

Can any one give a better report of a Sabbath-day conversation, whether spent in the company of kings or elsewhere?

It is this single-hearted aim which strikes us most throughout Elizabeth Fry's life,—the aim to turn every opportunity, every chance advantage, every breath of royal or public favour, to a noble purpose—reform of evil, promotion of good. In a short paper like this, it is absolutely impossible to give any adequate idea of the extent of her influence and her sway over others. Her life stands nearly

alone in the boundless and almost unchecked success which attended every effort. Her end was gradual and peaceful, the naturally fragile tenement worn out by ceaseless exertions, at the age of sixty-five; and she breathed her last surrounded by children and grandchildren, and loving faithful servants, on the 13th of October 1845. Her remains were brought from Ramsgate—where she had happened to be staying for sea air—and now rest within the Friends' Burying-Ground at Barking, in Essex.

The key to her whole character may, we think, be fittingly found in these words, written by her own pen:—

"My dear Rachel, I can say one thing,—since my heart was touched at seventeen years old, I believe I have never awakened from sleep, in sickness or in health, by night or day, without my first thought being, how best I may serve my Maker."

Postscript.—Since the above was written, an interesting and affect-

ing ceremony took place within a few miles of the writer's home. The foundation-stone of a church to the memory of Elizabeth Fry was laid by her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, at Upton Park, Essex, on the 7th of June last; while addresses on the occasion were delivered by the bishop of the diocese, and other dignitaries of the Church of England. "It was felt," said they, "that that Church in her national character might fittingly commemorate one of the greatest female servants of England; one who was the first to lead the way in the noble work of woman, which was so effectual in rescuing the outcast, and in seeking the lost."

Many of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Mrs Fry were amongst those gathered together on the occasion; and it is interesting to read in the 'Times' report of the proceedings, that the spot which has been selected for the site of this memorial church "is a part of the old garden of that distinguished woman."

A SKETCH FROM MESSINA.

It is well worth while going to Messina, were it only for the scenery and the sardines. The one and the other are to be found elsewhere; but at Messina both are of almost incomparable excellence. Perhaps the noblest sea-view in Europe is that from the old Greek or Roman amphitheatre of Taormina, where there is now a station on the railway running from Messina to Catania. It is only rivalled, though certainly not surpassed, by the prospects over the Bosphorus from the Jews' Cemetery on the grassy heights behind Constantinople. From the amphitheatre over the broad blue sweep of the Straits, you embrace the semicircular panorama of the rugged Calabrian hills; the slopes on either shore are studded with white-walled towns and yellow villages gleaming in the sunshine; while to the landward, on the left, is the towering mass of the "Mongibello," which casts its mighty shadow half over Sicily. In the foreground at Taormina, in the background, and all about, is the strangest jumble of fertility and sterility, of prosperity, desolation, and picturesque decay. There are smiling hamlets and snug farm-buildings; there are flat-roofed cottages half concealed in the clustering almonds, orange and olive trees; there are terraced gardens descending to the sea, strewn thickly with the fallen bloom from the showers of pink and purple blossoms; here and there the lower heights are crowned by convents with their cloistered arcades, turned to secular uses as villas or palaces; while through the black-green thickets

behind the spiked hedges of the Indian fig, you catch glimpses of the vivid hues of the moss-grown remains of Roman, Saracenic, or Norman masonry. Etna, with its magnificent shapes and its ever-menacing subterraneous forces, must always be the most imposing feature in the landscape. Other volcanoes, like Vesuvius or Stromboli, break periodically into destructive activity from the familiar crater at the summit. The relentless streams of lava from Vesuvius may be destructive to property, but nowadays there is always time for human beings to escape. But Etna is always breaking out in fresh places, and preparing deadly surprises. Any one of the villages scattered over its slopes may be hoisted some fine morning on the swell of a new crater. And when the giant turns upon his side, and shakes himself in fretful impatience, a single heave of his mighty shoulder may swamp even the flourishing Catania in a sea of molten fire, as he has done on more than one occasion before now.

The present outbreak seems to be on a stupendous scale, though as yet it has done comparatively trifling damage. We hear of a flood of lava, two or three miles in breadth, moving downwards with accelerated rapidity as it rolls over steeper gradients. As it comes from the crater on the summit, it has hitherto chiefly overflowed the desolate wastes of lava, ashes, and scorix which have been accumulating from time immemorial as conflagration followed conflagration. But with its fiery breath it has been licking up the gardens and vineyards that girdle

Nicolosi to the westward, and the inhabitants of the village have been busy saving their property like so many startled ants, uncertain from day to day as to the reach of the ruin that is overtaking them. And Nicolosi is but one of some seventy villages all built on the flanks of the mountain, and more or less in continual peril. It may be asked why the people, after so many warnings and calamities, persist in living on the thin crust flooring the fields over those subterraneous furnaces. The fact is, that the friable soil formed by the decomposed lava is of marvellous fertility where there are the means of irrigation, and it is very easily wrought—as in the forest-region we come upon magnificent groves of the oak, the ilex, and the chestnut, the pine, the beech, and the lime. So that the villagers run the risk of being occasionally ruined or swallowed up, in consideration of the comfort they enjoy between times; and putting their trust in the guardianship of the Virgin and the saints, congratulate themselves on being much better off than their neighbours.

Yet when you see Etna in the glow of a Sicilian sunset, fancy can scarcely associate the mountain with menaces of death and devastation. Not even in the transparent air of the Libyan desert, flickering over the burning sands behind the huge pyramids of Ghizeh, are the splendours of the dying sunset more glorious. The hidden furnaces would seem mysteriously to add an intensity of sympathetic reflection to those celestial fires of orange and crimson, till the flashing lights, fading down into vivid purples, make the barren lava-beds and the broken

precipices blaze in what may be prosaically described as great breadths of purple pickled cabbage. No artist has ever caught those tints, which are simply unseizable by pen or brush.

The magnificence of Etna has the attraction of the fabulous loadstone mountain, which must be an excuse for our wandering round that way *en route* to Messina. For from Messina the Mongibello is invisible, which is no doubt a pity, from the picturesque point of view. But to use mercantile language, Messina being a mercantile city *par excellence*, when we strike the balance of beauties, surely sufficient is left after the grandeur of the burning mountain has been subtracted. There are the same views across the bright-blue belt of the Straits, which still boil, even in calm, in swift and ever-changing currents between the castle-rock of Scylla and the mythical whirlpool of Charybdis. There is the flourishing city of Reggio, full in front, though more imposing from a distance than on closer inspection. There are the Calabrian Apennines towering tier over tier, before sinking seaward in a series of break-neck cliffs at the toe of the Italian boot; while close behind, the Sicilian seaport is girdled by its own Sicilian hills, which are only to be surmounted by sharp, stiff zigzags, or through the deep gorges or water-gutters, which try the legs as well as the lungs. Messina has an unrivalled situation as a sea-mart, as the ancients who enriched it discovered long ago. But on the land side it has been so absolutely isolated by nature, that till the other day it had but a single communication with the interior, in the shape of a respect-

able highway. That had been matter of comparative indifference, since Messina made its money as a place of call for half the carrying trade of the Mediterranean. It had its share of the export of the island produce; but it was the concern of the farmers and the peasants to deliver their merchandise as best they could. They came into the town with their heavily laden *bât* mules and their creaking wooden-wheeled carts, dating probably from the days of Dionysius of Syracuse. Now the railways, with great improvements in the roads, have given an immense impulse to the internal traffic. As for the foreign trade, it is brisker than ever; and Messina, for some generations, has never been more prosperous. I say "for some generations," because she has had so many misfortunes in her time, that nothing but her superb situation could have saved her. She has been repeatedly besieged, and once bombarded; she has been sacked and burned; while suffering always from the chronic calamity of earthquakes, which have shaken her venerable churches to their foundations, and brought her palaces about the ears of their noble inmates. To this day the shattered range of buildings on her magnificent semicircular Marina has never been rebuilt in their upper storeys; and Murray, in his excellent Handbook, gives practical directions to tourists as to how they are to "dodge" an earthquake should it chance to surprise them in their night-quarters.

Setting the scenery aside, the special attraction of Messina is the constant bustle and turmoil of boisterous life going on beneath the stranger's windows. Which-ever of the hotels it may please

him to patronise, he can have windows looking out upon the *quais* and the harbour. If he be wise, he had better choose his rooms in an upper storey, for the sounds from the street are deafening and ear-piercing, as the scents are neither balmy nor salubrious. Those excitable Southerners always shriek, and they keep their voices, for ordinary intercourse, pitched on the shrillest falsetto. The most friendly chat between a couple of neighbours, sounds like a furious quarrel, and might be heard a long mile away, if there chanced to be silence. The children playing cheerily before their doors, screech like so many small souls in torment. But silence there never is, save from sundown to early dawn. The busy street-vendors are up and about before the birds that answer to our larks have broken into song in the gardens. The vendors of garden-produce come first on the scene, with the cheap vegetables that chance to be in season; and the market-gardens in that genial climate seem to bear promiscuously all the year round. There are green peas and asparagus at Christmas-tide, with Alpine strawberries long before Easter; and the common people, like the Neapolitan consumers of the *cocomero*, are fanatical fruit-eaters and inveterate vegetarians. Only see one of the day-labourers or dock-hands sitting down to breakfast beside a basket of prickly pears, swallowing rather faster than the merchant can open. So the costermonger of Messina, when he commences his morning rounds, is welcomed far and wide along the streets and lanes by the opening of doors and throwing open of windows; though indeed, in the sultry heats of the summer, it is likely that neither windows nor doors have been closed.

We have heard of the miller of the story who only woke up when his mill-wheel stopped; but the Seven Sleepers themselves could scarcely have snored on through the screeches that rouse the morning echoes in Messina. Vegetables and the salted fish are necessities of life; but the seller of sweet stuff makes his appearance almost simultaneously. The children who have tumbled up, ready-dressed as they tumbled in, swarm round his unwholesome wares like so many clustering bluebottles. His yells resound like music in their ears. Trundling his wheelbarrow along, he carries a small table under his ragged arm; he sets it up with the scales and weights at intervals in some side alley or spacious doorway, exchanging small packets of his sticky poison for the shabbiest and most debased of small copper coins. For the Messinese must be the most indulgent of injudicious parents; and the children, even when the cholera was casting its shadows before, seemed seldom in the poorest quarters to plead for coppers in vain.

In the market-place, half covered in, which is immediately beneath the windows of the Hotel Vittoria, the stationary retail trade, with its noise, is concentrated. There are the butchers, the bakers, and the fishmongers behind their stalls; there you may see a variety of quaint specimens of the queerest fishes and of strangely eccentric growths of the semi-tropical vegetation. There are booths flaunting with their bright-coloured calicoes and gaudy silk handkerchiefs, which are to be shaped into bodices and petticoats for village belles, or to be knotted round the necks of artisans and sun-burnt peasants; while in striking contrast, in the way of colouring, are the piles of dull-red

pottery of substantial texture and primitive shapes, that may possibly have originated with Carthaginians or Phœnicians. Strong as the pottery seems, the consumption must be something enormous; and it is only to be supposed that the excitable Southern temperament seeks relief, from time to time, in promiscuous breakage. But, strange to say, the schoolmaster is abroad in the precincts of the markets; nor are literature and the *belles lettres* by any means neglected. Half a stone's-throw aside from the clamour of the stall-keepers and housewives, there is a display of cheap books and cheaper engravings along the sea-wall of the Palazzo di Città, as on the *quais* near the Pont Neuf at Paris. There are treatises on controversial divinity with the biographies of eminent brigands; there are novels in English and German as well as in French, possibly for the benefit of the cosmopolitan seamen in the harbour; while the Virgin and St Rosalie amicably rub shoulders, in their gilded frames, with the Queen of Italy and the stars of the theatre or circus.

Beyond the market, for a long mile along the broad wharves, the scene is nearly as bustling and scarcely less boisterous. A score or more of black-hulled steamers, of various burthen and hailing from many countries—although mostly English—are lying moored end-on to the *quais*. It is probably in the vested interests of the boatmen that none of the southern Italian ports have arranged landing-places where the passengers can walk comfortably ashore. One vessel is coaling, or stowing away bags of charcoal, brought down from the forests on the slopes of the hills; another is disembarking the foreign imports

which are to be distributed over the island; while others are laying in their cargoes of oil and wine and grain, stowing away boxes of oranges and lemons, runlets of lemon-juice, raw skins and dressed leather. The wharves have been encumbered with great piles of barrels, which are rapidly disappearing into the holds. While all around are the rows of rude ox-carts that have been delivering the goods, each span of oxen simply hitched up in rope-traces secured to the yoke that is knotted across their horns—most of the teams being cast loose for the time, and leisurely making a meal off an armful of green food. That they should munch so stolidly speaks volumes for their proverbial sluggishness; for the great majority of the poor beasts are in miserable condition, and they are kept perpetually working up to the collar, under the goad, upon short commons. In normal circumstances, the Sicilian carter is by no means brutal. You will see him petting his beasts on the *quai*, scratching their ears affectionately, and rubbing down their smoking flanks with a straw wisp. But he loses temper on the smallest provocation, and when his cart comes to grief in the bottomless sand-ruts, he vents his passionate spite in a storm of oaths and blows. And the long, low vehicles, with their solid wheels of wood, must be heart-breaking to drag under the best of circumstances. The light cart—I cannot say, the spring-cart—of the well-to-do farmer, is a different and more coquettish affair altogether,—although coquettish is scarcely the word, for its decorations are austere and æsthetically religious. The rustic artist has emblazoned the front and the side panels with

thrilling scenes from the lives of the Virgin, or some favourite local saint. Assuredly he has not spared the colours; he has copied closely from the altar-pieces of the village church; and if the art lay itself open to cultured criticism, it is nevertheless nearly up to the mark of some of the illustrious predecessors of Leonardo da Vinci.

When you have seen enough of the *quais*, and are become somewhat reconciled to their clamour, nothing can be more lively than the view over the harbour. I have spoken already of the land-scenery of the opposite Calabrian coast, with the brown hills falling back, range above range, in a sterile solitude that suggests the Atlas rather than the Apennines. It is a sterility that cultivation will never subdue, touching the confines of the full flood-tide of cosmopolitan money-making. Those hills are inhabited by a semi-savage race, hand in glove till the other day with the brigands who were tracked by the *gendarmes* and soldiers, and speaking a *patois* almost unintelligible to the Italians themselves. They were as superstitious as they are savage, which is saying a great deal,—carried crosses and images with their carbines and knives, and vowed candles to the Madonna for profitable homicides. Yet, as we are looking out from our hotel windows, they are looking down from their heights on a scene as suggestive of indefatigable money-seeking as Lothbury or Lombard Street at high noon. There is a continual coming and going of screw-steamers, laden down to the load-line, carrying their cargoes to and from the East, the Black Sea, and the Bosphorus. Packets of the P. and O., the Messageries Maritimes, and the Florio-Rubantino lines,

are perpetually passing, crowded with passengers. The horizon far as it is visible, to north and south, is streaked with the faint smoke-clouds from the chimneys of invisible steam-vessels. Nor could any view have been more tantalising to the brigands in the days when brigandage was a popular institution; and it was impossible then not to feel a certain sympathy with these hard-living but industrious men. They were like so many bull-dogs on short chains, and shorter commons, tied up just beyond reach of tempting platters of food. They were reduced to infesting wild mountain-roads, from which the wealthier travellers had been scared away, and had to content themselves with occasionally putting some neighbour to ransom or torture, whose means were notoriously limited. No wonder they frequently lost patience and temper, and were guilty of what an uncongenial public called atrocities. While the pillaging of the poorest of those passing steamers would have put the band in clover for a twelvemonth; and what pickings they would have found in a batch of sallow Anglo-Indian passengers—whose wealth was significantly indicated by their heavy gold watches—and who should have been good collectively, could negotiations have been satisfactorily carried through, for any number of millions of *lire*!

But if the more imaginative of the members of the gangs ever indulged in such golden dreams, they knew well that the dreams were hopelessly impracticable of realisation. In the times when the triremes of Greeks and Romans and Carthaginians hugged the coasts, the shores used to be strewn with wrecks, thanks to the currents and Charybdis. Now, the

Straits are lighted like one of the great London railway stations, and neither in dark night nor the day-time do the well-found argosies come to grief. Steam and machinery, with the matter-of-fact engineers and stokers from Liverpool or Marseilles, have been fatal to illegitimate enterprise. And if a steamer were to be stranded by any chance, the troops and the local coast-guardsmen would draw a cordon round the scene of the accident. Consequently men who might have been brigands in happier times, have been betaking themselves to the humbler occupations of boatmen and wharf-porters. The callings are scarcely so lucrative—at least there are no prizes in the lottery; but they have still the attraction of a lawless pursuit which lays strangers under contribution. The arrival of a passenger-steamer in Messina harbour is a lively and exciting sight. The steamer is attached, stem-on, to the *quais*, so that the throwing out of a gangway from the bows would establish comfortable communication. But the traditional interests of the port must be considered, and one yard of water cuts communications as effectively as a surf breaking wildly on a shelving beach. A flotilla of boats from the *quais* comes crowding and crashing under the counter. There are the passengers for Messina to be disembarked with the baggage, and there are all the others who mean to have a run through the town while the ship is leisurely laying in cargo. There is a fixed tariff of a franc, no doubt, but nine-tenths of the strangers know nothing of it—or in any case they talk no Italian. So each victim, when he has once cast off from the ship, is at the mercy of the rough-tongued Charon, who bullies him while

sculling calmly across the port towards the distant Custom-house.

But those bullying boatmen and the vexatious inquisitions of the venal Jacks-in-office of the Italian Custom-houses are not altogether without compensations. You may have been provoked into the use of unfamiliarly strong language by the rascal who lies upon his oars, swearing at large, till you have compromised with his exorbitant terms. You may have been outraged by your portmanteaus being opened in the open air, while brushes and boots and books have been turned out for the entertainment of a circle of curious loungers. When once those most irritating ordeals have been passed, you feel all the more inclined to find a haven of rest in your hotel. Moreover, as you have come into port early in the morning, and have only broken your fast with a cup of black coffee, you will certainly land with a ravenous appetite. A friendly commissionaire, voluble in the commonplaces of colloquial travelling English, takes you in charge, heading a small procession of porters with your portmanteaus and lighter packages to the hotel you have decided to patronise. That will probably be the Vittoria, which is the biggest and the most popular, though it is said that the *cuisine* of the Trinacria is more *recherché*. It is a relief to exchange the glare and heat of the morning sun for the cool broad staircases of highly polished stone, leading up from wide landing to landing, each landing-place looking down into the sombre courtyard over massive balustrades of masonry. If you are wise, as I said, you choose your bedroom near the roof, removed as far as possible from the sounds of the *quais*, and swept by the breezes whistling down the

funnel of the Straits, whenever winds are astir on the surface of the Mediterranean. The varied charms of that marine panorama are inexhaustible, with the picturesque *speronares* and felucca-rigged fishing-craft disporting themselves among the red-chimneyed steamers, like so many dragon-flies skimming a duck-pond, with water of amethyst under skies of azure. Even after nightfall the illumination of earth and skies has all the effects of a brilliant nocturnal *fête*. Long after all the inhabitants should have gone to bed, the lights are to be seen sparkling like clusters of fire-flies over the towns and villages that gem the shores; the lighthouses, from the point of the Faro southwards, cast broader and more fiery gleams across the sea; while town lamps and lighthouse reflectors are alike half eclipsed by the glitter of the stars from the canopy overhead.

But romance has run away with us, putting forward the clock, and for the moment we had almost forgotten the cravings of nature. Hunger reasserts its claims, and we hurry down to the *salle-à-manger*, having ordered a *déjeuner* on our way up-stairs. There is one advantage in lying back for a meal, that it gives the middle-aged *gourmand* a rare opportunity. A healthy hunger, with novelties in the way of dishes, are a rare conjunction of happy circumstances. I am far from giving unstinted praise to the Sicilian *cuisine*, though it is by no means to be despised. Solid joints, for the most part, leave much to desire; the mutton has no fragrance from the thyme on the hills which gave its exquisite bouquet to the honey of Hybla, and being seldom or never hung in that sultry climate, it is generally tougher than the terribly lean beef. But then, in

the glowing sunshine of Sicilian skies, a man is inclined to turn ichthyophagist and vegetarian, for the cosmopolitan finds it a golden rule to consult the thermometer in the arrangement of his *menu*. I said it was worth while steaming to Messina for the sake of the sardines; and so it is. It is true that sardines are to be eaten pretty nearly in perfection all along the Mediterranean, but those of Messina strike one as supreme. There is a good deal of fashion in the conventional reputation of fishes: a fresh-caught sole of Boulogne can hold its own any day with the best of Torbay; the had-docks of the Moray Firth match those from the Bay of Dublin; nor has Loch Fyne any monopoly of delicately flavoured herrings among the sea-lochs between the Clyde and the Pentland.

But it is safe to say that those sardines of Messina are not to be surpassed, though they may possibly be equalled. Like Greenwich whitebait, they are rather a *spécialité* of the place. The waiter breathes a shrill whisper through the speaking-tube which communicates from the ground-floor to the kitchen. A satisfactory response comes very promptly in the shape of a faint sound of frizzling. As the whitebait are merely immersed for some seconds in a wire-work cage in boiling oil, so the sardines are sent up with startling celerity, considering the Italian habit of procrastination. The tiny fish, delicately browned, are served on a soft bed of frizzled parsley. By way of condiment, there are simply a couple of sliced lemons; and the result is so tempting, so fragrantly appetising, that you scarcely take time to disengage the fish from the bones. Should you have followed up the sardines by

the veal-cutlet the waiter will surely have recommended, or by what he is pleased to call a *filet*, you will have cause to repent it: though the man is not to be blamed for suggesting them, as both dishes are popular with the ordinary patrons. If you are wise, you will have ordered green peas or asparagus, which seem to flourish in the Sicilian gardens all the year round. After these, you can hardly do better than call for macaroni *à la crème* or with tomato-sauce, having taken the precaution of warning the cook to boil the macaroni sufficiently. Should the quails chance to be in, they are sure to be plump and delicate; the chickens, which may be fried in sweet-oil, are generally good and fat, though scarcely equal to the capons of Bresse; and for dessert, or indeed with the *bourgeois* soups, the grated Parmesan cheese is always delicious; while you may crown your repast in the early spring with a profusion of magnificent mountain-strawberries.

If a man cannot live well on such fare in a warm temperature, he is to be pitied, though I am bound to say the bread is abominable. Nor in the way of drinks is there much to complain of: you can always fall back on the Neapolitan *Lacrimæ Christi* and Capris, and the white Capri goes especially well with sardines and macaroni. The native wines, which often bear sulphureous, infernal, or volcanic names, strike one as being curious rather than seductive. Faro, which sells at a franc the bottle, and is grown on or near the long spit of sand which nearly shuts in the Straits to the northward, is the favourite tap of the commercial travellers, who are the chief customers of the hotel. These energetic travellers, who swarm

into the house at *table d'hôte* hours, and who go rushing up and down the town like Satan all the rest of the day, are the visible and gratifying signs of the great commercial prosperity of the place. They work hard for their wages, and spend them freely. They form an agreeable society of their own; they eat like charity schoolboys at a school-feast; they drink like fishes—though, to do them justice, they dilute their wines; they smoke like very dragons of the pit, parched by poking and stoking the fires of Etna; and as they feed daily à *discretion* at so much a meal, so they talk cottons and oils and small-wares to indiscretion. Their omnivorous habits have demoralised the waiters, whose sympathies are really with Southern temperance, and who would otherwise make intelligent suggestions as to light and nourishing repasts. Eight-tenths of these pushing travellers are Germans, the remaining twenty per cent being either French or Italian. As for Englishmen, they are conspicuous by their absence. And although the bagmen may doubtless be good fellows in the main, as they are certainly good-humoured and indefatigable in their calling; their manners—not to put too fine a point on it—are so disgusting, that it is well to avoid going into details. The amount of solid food they can stow away is astounding: the macaroni, salads, and vegetables are shovelled away by the bushel in the interstices of tough masses of meat; and if they are hard bargains to the host who entertains them by contract, it says much for their constitution that they bid defiance to dyspepsia, coming gallantly to time day after day. That practical monopoly of trade by the stalwart agents of German houses

is another proof of the steady pushing of German commercial enterprise all over the world. German merchants are running us hard in our own Eastern possessions; they are founding flourishing firms in our colonies from the Straits eastward to the South Sea Islands; they are ousting us from the markets of Mexico and the South American Republics; and now, although in a smaller way of trade, they are surely annexing Southern Italy. It is said the German houses mean to start a line of coasting steamers, fitted up as floating sample-rooms; and doubtless the scheme has been well considered, for they have been feeling their way carefully with their habitual caution.

Should circumstances detain the traveller in Messina for any time, he is inclined to envy the commercial men the ceaseless round of occupations which keeps them bright and busy and in high condition. We miss the great picture-galleries and the treasures of art, which are inexhaustible in their interest in so many of the Italian cities; while earthquake-shocks, heavy siege-artillery, and one sea bombardment, as I said, have wrought sad devastation among the churches and convents. Messina being greatly given over to trade, though lively in that sense, is dull in most others. Yet, to say nothing of charming excursions in the neighbourhood, with the pleasures of boating about the Straits for those who enjoy that, two or three days may be very agreeably spent there. The situation is strangely romantic: the architecture and the plan of the town have adapted themselves to the eccentricities of the ground and the seasons; while the people, picturesque in their habits and

dress, live literally in public, and keep few family secrets from inquisitive strangers. The city is surrounded by isolated rocky heights, commanding gorges or winding passes leading downwards from the hills behind; and each height has been crowned by a strong castle or fort, built for the most part by the kings of Spain or their viceroy. Cœur de Lion, by the by, raised the tower of Matagriffone to curb the city, with which he had quarrelled, according to his custom, when on his way to the Crusades; but Matagriffone was brought bodily to the ground by the earthquake of 1783. Those gorges or *fumare*, through which the hill-country drains down to the sea, are the standing curses of the city. Climb any one of them in spring or summer, and all is dry and dusty. The glowing sun is reflected from half-naked rocks, scantily clothed in the clefts and hollows by *chevaux de frise* of the prickly pear, though here and there, in some secluded side-valley, is a smiling oasis of vines and fruit-trees. You labour through light sand or slip upon polished slabs of rock; and should a gust sweep down from the heights above, you are blinded and choked in a whirling sand-storm. From the mule-track which has been ground out of the steep, you generally look down on a rocky bottom, where a tiny rill may be trickling along through a chaos of boulders that block the bed. Pumped back into a little tank here and there, fluid enough is stored up to supply the few cottages, and to water the little troops of goats and sheep. When the rains come down in a deluge in the wet season, these rills are swelled into raging torrents, rolling the boulders along like so many pebbles, and bring-

ing down others in occasional avalanches from the landslips above. These sudden floods do little harm in the hill valleys, for the inhabitants have raised their paths and their dwellings above the reach of mischief. But five of these *fumare*, which at first follow as many of the suburban roads, finally form five of the thoroughfares through Messina. The suburban roads are filled with the flood which surges between strong garden-walls on either side: now and then, one of the walls is sapped and succumbs; but otherwise, no great mischief is done even there. But when the rising torrent tears down into the town, matters become more serious. It is true that square stone channels sunk deep below the level of the pavements have been prepared, but it is a question whether even these may not overflow; and moreover, there are places where the torrent is merely confined by the basement-storeys of earthquake-shaken houses. Communications are kept open by narrow, high-arched, iron foot-bridges, secured to massive rings by ponderous chains. But it is a strange sight to see trees, and not unfrequently the carcasses of cattle, whirling along what is ordinarily a dusty thoroughfare; and considering that children swarm at all times on the pavements, and that their mothers never pay the slightest attention to them, it is a marvel that accidents to the innocents are not very much more common.

Elsewhere in the city, between the hills and the wharves, there is a strange blending of magnificence and squalor. No town could be more easily drained, and in few towns is the drainage more deplorable. Traversed in its extreme length, from north to south, by three broad parallel thorough-

fares, including the line of *quais*, between these are networks of sunless alleys, where all the refuse is habitually shot out of doors, and where consequently the smells in the heat are appalling. No wonder the natives dread the cholera, and clamour for quarantine when there are any cases in the Mediterranean ports; although a quarantine cuts the sinews of their trade, and sends wages down to zero. They ought to be fever-proof, like Mr Chollop of Eden celebrity, for the women sit peacefully spinning all day, each by her own odoriferous dung-heap; while the children are rolling amicably with mangy dogs and starving kittens in the gutters that meander before the doors. Then there are lanes that climb the almost perpendicular hills, by flights of filthy steps that are more like ladders than staircases, to land you at last among the sea-breezes on some grassy eminence commanding the most glorious sea-views. So below, in the darkest and dingiest quarters, you stumble out upon a piazza blazing in the light, with one of those magnificent fountains in variegated marbles which have always been the pride of Messina la Nobile—where the classical and fantastical are inextricably mixed up, and where mythology seems to have run mad in a menagerie of amphibious monsters.

The study of Sicilian life in the slums is not only disagreeable, but difficult and unsatisfactory; for the dens in which the populace kennel are so dark that there is no investigating their internal arrangements. That, however, is of the less consequence, that many of the hard-working folk have their homes in the main streets, where the sunshine floods the rooms, lighting up

each nook and corner. Sauntering slowly past the open doors, you see everything between the beaten clay-floor and the white-washed roof. There is the big family bed, and the small brick cooking-range with the charcoal brasier; there are the kettle and the copper saucepan—the emblazoned cupboard or chest containing the family finery—the rickety table in the middle of the room, where the women work in wet weather—and the cheap coloured prints on the walls, which gratify their simple tastes. In fine weather, where there is any shade, as a matter of course the household bivouacs outside upon the pavement. The men can generally earn good wages, and the women are industrious; so that on a Sunday or a saint's-day they can afford to go out a-pleasuring; and there is a great consumption of fruits and fishes and cheap wines, at the frequent wine-shops in the dusty suburbs. Then the matrons and maids, indulging their coquetry, come forth in the contents of the cupboards and chests, though their dresses are rather remarkable for colours than for cut. There is little of what one would call national costume: the women are far from being good-looking, and regularity of feature is altogether the exception. Yet there is a certain piquancy in the brilliant colours of the bodices and the quaintly knotted head-gear and neckerchiefs, which, with the silver chains and the gilded brooches, set off the swarthy sun-burnt or olive complexions and the sparkle of the bright black eyes. The complexions fade soon, as the features grow haggard; but the black eyes continue to burn like carbon under the blow-pipe, in contrast with

the prematurely cadaverous face. Really the most striking and harmonious of the costumes are the everyday wear of the brick-burners and the fishermen, who dress in tight-fitting suits, like the devils in "*Der Freischütz*," which seem charred to the same mahogany tints as the dusky skins of the wearers. There is nothing very special about the beggars, who have been cast promiscuously on the streets in the Sicilian towns, since the charitable convents closed their doors. But the coast-guardsmen, with their serviceable uniform and arms, are not only picturesque but highly suggestive. You see them turning out of their barracks towards evening to mount guard along the beach through the night. Their numbers show that smuggling would be freely practised by the lawless population on either side of the Straits, were not efficient precautionary measures taken. Indeed, the temptations to smuggling

are very great, and the creeks along the coasts are accessible in all weathers. But the guards are marched out by companies and told off in pairs. Each yard of beach is perpetually being patrolled by stalwart young fellows, strong in their *esprit de corps*, and equipped with breech-loading carbines and cutlasses. In fact, although there was an attack by brigands at Bronte the other day—and the affair, by the way, was absurdly exaggerated—the island, both on the seaboard and in the interior, is being steadily civilised and tranquillised, and all the robber-romance of Sicily and the Calabrian highlands is likely soon to be ancient history. Where the German bagman is abroad with his tin cases of samples, we may be sure that the tourist may travel in safety, without fear of being laid under contribution except by the classes who consider him legitimate prey.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

THE DEBATE AND THE ELECTIONS.

By the time this article is in the hands of our readers, the country will be in the throes of a political contest of no ordinary magnitude. The issues involved affect, not the prospects of a party but the existence of an empire. This, to us, is clear enough; but it is because there will be many attempts to prove the contrary, and to obscure those vital issues by clouds of rhetorical artifice, that we desire to make the matter equally clear to all those who are able to bring to its consideration an impartial mind. As the expression of such a desire may give rise in certain quarters to a cynical doubt whether we are ourselves impartial in approaching the subject, we proceed at once to declare that, in the advice which we venture to give the electorate at the present moment, we subordinate every party and political feeling to the one great question of the day. Are the England, Scotland, and Ireland of the future to form one united whole, or to exist as disunited though possibly federated atoms? So strongly do we feel upon the matter, that we not only cast aside and postpone all those political differences which in ordinary times guide us in our support of this or that leader or party, but fairly declare that, if there should exist such a being as a Separatist Tory, against such a candidate a Unionist Liberal, whether of the Hartingtonian or the Chamberlain school, should have our cordial support. In our humble judgment, the general election should be considered as one of an entirely exceptional character. "Union" or "Separation"?—

that is the test question which alone should be demanded of every candidate; and by his answer let each man stand or fall. Of course we are well aware of the reply which is already in the mouths of the Gladstonian candidates. "We are for union as well as you. Our policy is one of generous concession to Ireland, and we believe that the 'message of love' contained in Mr Gladstone's Home Rule Bill would have had a direct tendency to unite and not to separate the nations." This we believe to be a fair statement of the text upon which thousands of Gladstonian sermons will be preached during the next few weeks. They will be varied, indeed, by the usual misstatements without which Gladstonian policy cannot clothe itself in a decent garb to meet the public eye. We shall be told that "the only alternative policy is coercion;" that "the Tories" love coercion; that those who have urged the claims of Ulster to consideration, and the right of Ulster to refuse to be placed under the control of a Parnellite Parliament, are firebrands and inciters of sedition; and that all which Mr Gladstone has thought, said, and done for many years past, has not only been wise, far-seeing, and benevolent, but so eminently consistent, that those who venture to call this in question must indeed be lost to every sense of truth and justice. This, and much more, will be loudly and boldly said, and the contradiction can best be given by means of a calm and candid review of facts which are beyond the reach of doubt.

During the six months just con-

cluded, we have been engaged in a conflict unprecedented in the annals of the British Parliament or in the history of our country. The sum and substance of that conflict may be stated in a single sentence. It has been a struggle between personal influence and independent convictions: between individual ascendancy and freedom of political action. Nor has anything ever occurred to the inhabitants of this island, short of actual revolution, which has so thoroughly tested and strained the constitutional machinery under which we are governed. Writing in March last, before Mr Gladstone's Irish schemes had been made public, we pointed out that when this should be the case, it would be found that the Minister must have deceived either his new Parnellite allies or the loyal section of the Liberal party. The truth of our prediction has been fully proved by the event. During the whole of the recent discussions upon the Home Rule Bill, Mr Gladstone and his satellites have been vainly endeavouring to demonstrate at the same time two contradictory propositions. They have striven to prove to the Irish Nationalists that this measure offered them real and substantial control over "their own affairs," and to the loyal section of the Liberal party that the proposed statutory Parliament in Dublin would have no such control, but would be "entirely subordinate" to the Imperial Parliament. Moreover, the rock upon which we foretold that the Prime Minister would run his ship has been precisely that which has wrecked his scheme. We stated that if an Irish Parliament was to be created in place of the present system of Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament, the unity

of the three countries would no longer exist; whereas, if there was to be a double Irish representation—at Westminster and at Dublin—each Irish member would have greater legislative power than his English and Scotch colleagues,—a position in which the latter could hardly be expected to concur. The suggestion that Irish representatives should occasionally appear in the Imperial Parliament, either by invitation or by right, when certain specified subjects should be under discussion, always appeared to us both impracticable and absurd, as altering the character of Parliament, and creating an incongruous difference of position between members of the same assembly. That any such suggestion should have fallen from the author of the bill, only shows the dire necessity to which he has been driven in the vain attempt to reconcile things which in their very nature are irreconcilable, and to press into his service arguments, ideas, and projects to which logic, common-sense, and experience are equally opposed. No sooner were Mr Gladstone's plans fairly before the public, than the conflict to which we have referred was commenced from one end of the country to the other. Lord Hartington had refused to take office in the new Government. Mr Chamberlain and Mr Trevelyan, who had done so in the belief that a full discussion would take place in the Cabinet upon the question of Home Rule, and an examination into the method and extent of its application to Ireland, refused to remain when they found that no such examination and discussion were intended, but that everything was to bow before the "*sic volo, sic jubeo*" of the Prime Minister. Much abuse has been showered upon these two

gentlemen for the course which they have taken; and Mr Chamberlain especially has been made the mark for all the scurrility of that portion of the press which habitually proves its attachment to "Liberal" principles by maligning and calumniating any one who presumes to interpret those principles after the old-fashioned manner of independent thought and action in political affairs. "Liberal" principles, forsooth, are held by these wretched scribblers to mean simple and unreasoning obedience to the party organisation which calls itself "Liberal," being in its general action as "illiberal" as can well be conceived. But to those who take a larger, more just and more generous view, the wonder will surely appear to be, not that Mr Chamberlain and Mr Trevelyan have refused, but that so many other gentlemen have consented, to follow Mr Gladstone in his extraordinary and erratic course. It may indeed be true that, as has been alleged by the defenders of the Prime Minister's consistency, a careful study of his speeches in past years may fail to discover any specific declaration that he considered the principle of Home Rule to be inapplicable to Ireland. We may even go further still, and admit that those were not without foresight who, in 1880-81, declared that the new principles of legislation which Mr Gladstone then introduced, led directly to the adoption of those extreme "Home Rule" views upon which alone could such legislation be justified. But our judgment upon such a point as that which is now under discussion, cannot be made to rest either upon the prophecies of opponents or the interpretation to be affixed to any particular speech or speeches during a certain

number of years. The real question appears to us to be, the undoubted effect produced upon the public mind by the speeches and action of the great party leader to whom we refer, and the public belief with regard to his wishes, opinions, and intentions. From this point of view, it is impossible to deny that Mr Gladstone (whether intentionally or not, each man may determine for himself) led the public to believe last autumn that there was no difference between the Conservative party and his own followers in their steadfast resolution to refuse the Home Rule demands of Mr Parnell. What else was the meaning of those repeated allusions to the Tory-Parnellite alliance, save to show that it was to himself and his friends, rather than to Lord Salisbury and his Government, that the country must look for determined resistance to Home Rule?

Indeed, the majority of thirty against the second reading of the "Separation Bill," was partly due to the fact that, in fancied obedience to the teaching of Mr Gladstone, many Liberal candidates for constituencies in Great Britain denounced Mr Parnell and all his works, and spoke with abhorrence of the supposed alliance between those wicked Tories and the Irish leader. It was difficult, indeed, for such men to hail with rapture the alliance which their own chief actually formed with the same person, as soon as the results of the general election had shown that, without such alliance, he would be unable to command a majority in the House of Commons. The difficulty was small, it is true, in the case of such men as Sir William Harcourt, the very Dugald Dalgetty of politics, who, having

denounced Mr Parnell's policy as "a policy of separation," and an alliance with Mr Parnell as something disgraceful, has proved the admirable strength of his political digestion by swallowing the alliance and all that appertained unto it without a wry face, and contradicting his own recent speeches and opinions after a fashion seldom if ever equalled in the British House of Commons. Fortunately, however, for the credit of British politicians, there are but few Sir William Harcourts among them; and whilst we leave him, to use his own expression, "stewing in his own Parnellite juice," we hail with satisfaction the contrast which is afforded by the conduct of other and more consistent men. The names of Lord Hartington, Sir Henry James, and Mr Goschen, will always be held in reverence among their countrymen; nor is it to be supposed that they have severed themselves from their old leader and former associates without deep and sincere regret. The ties of party are strong, and political friendships are hard to sever. Those who have done this are ever reviled by the lower and baser sort of political partisans, and by that unscrupulous portion of the press which is accustomed to further party objects by the imputation of the most unworthy motives to those who venture to oppose them. But in the present instance, even the vilest of party scribblers have found it difficult to attack the motives of the three gentlemen to whom we have referred, and have for the most part poured forth the vials of their wrath upon the devoted head of Mr Chamberlain. Yet what has Mr Chamberlain done! So far as we know, he has broken no pledge, and abandoned no item of his Radical creed. He

has, however, offended the Caucus and its slaves in three distinct ways. First, having made certain professions with regard to the unity of the empire, upon public platforms, he has refused to withdraw or deny those professions at the bidding of Mr Gladstone. Secondly, having joined the Cabinet upon the understanding that the principle of Home Rule should be discussed, he left it when he discovered that there was to be no such discussion, but that the principle and its application were to be settled by the Prime Minister alone. Thirdly, he has been guilty of the horrible impiety of endeavouring (though of course unsuccessfully) to make Mr Gladstone declare his intentions in plain and intelligible language. These are doubtless heavy offences, and such as cannot be forgiven by the Gladstonian and Separatist party. They may be regarded, however, with leniency by moderate men of all parties, without any compromise of principle, or any abatement of opposition to Mr Chamberlain's views upon other subjects which are not at this moment before the country. Indeed it must be clearly understood, that in giving an open and loyal support to Mr Chamberlain and other "Unionist Liberals," we withdraw no point of our opposition to those gentlemen upon questions which will undoubtedly hereafter come up for solution. But we regard the present crisis as one which has to be dealt with as something the interest of which towers far above every other political or social project at the moment. We cannot discuss matters concerning the internal regulation and general policy of the empire, until we have finally settled the foundations upon which the empire itself is to rest for the

future. All these things will be discussed in good time, but we must first secure and safeguard the empire against the attacks of overt enemies and the insidious undermining of pretended friends. This, however, can only be done by carefully placing before the eyes of our fellow-countrymen the real issues which are involved in the coming contest, and sweeping away the cloud of misrepresentation with which those issues have been and will be surrounded. The atmosphere can hardly be said to have been fully cleared by the debate which took place upon the second reading. One thing, indeed, was made abundantly manifest by the undue prolongation of that debate by the Government party. It was proved that the new laws of procedure cannot safely be left in such a state as to permit either political party by a bare majority to terminate or refuse to terminate a debate. In the present case it was a matter of common notoriety that the question of the second reading might have been settled several nights before the division actually took place, but for the necessity to the Ministerial party that the Caucus should have time to put the pressure of its iron hand upon timorous and doubtful members, and that all the arts of the Government whips, and the temptations of Government dispensers of good things, should be exhausted, before the decision should be arrived at which would entail such momentous consequences. But, as regards the subject which was under debate, the minds of men were left at the end in much the same state of confusion and bewilderment as at the beginning. Had Mr Gladstone promised to reconstruct the bill by the pro-

mised autumn session, or not? Were the Irish members to be retained at Westminster in some sort of fantastic manner, or to be banished altogether? And, above all, to what would or would not a vote for the second reading in June pledge the voter when October should arrive? These and other questions of a similar character presented themselves to those Liberals who were not prepared to "open their mouths and shut their eyes, and see what Gladstone would give them;" and they were questions to which no certain answer could be gathered from the debate. It is from a calm retrospect of the discussion, a careful comparison of the arguments used on one side and on the other, and a reference to past utterances of the principal speakers, that we can alone hope to obtain some reasonable view of the actual position at which the question has now arrived.

There are then, apparently, three distinct parties before the country. First, those who would give to Ireland Home Rule in the sense of Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell—who may fairly be called the Separatist party, inasmuch as the practical if not the immediate result of the proposals upon which they are at present agreed, is neither more nor less than the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Secondly, the party which would give to Ireland Home Rule according to the ideas of Mr Chamberlain—namely, as much self-government as is consistent with the complete supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, and no more. Thirdly, the party which, whilst ready to listen to any reasonable demands from Ireland for an extension of local government, refuses Home Rule as incompatible

with the unity of that empire of which Ireland has hitherto been a component and integral part, and to sever her from which would, in their opinion, be to lower her position and inflict upon her a grievous wrong. We write advisedly when we term this division of parties into three as only "apparent," for a very little consideration will serve to show that there is but little real and substantial difference between the second and the third party. Neither of these desires or would consent to "Home Rule" in the sense in which the Separatist party is prepared to apply it to Ireland. Both hold the unity of the empire and the complete supremacy of the Imperial Parliament as essential points of their political creed. The difference between the two is really more in sound than in substance, and if the words "Home Rule" were out of the way, would be hardly perceptible when we come to consider what each party really intends.

There is hardly a responsible statesman who would refuse to Ireland such a measure of local self-government as she might reasonably desire. But the statutory Parliament proposed by Mr Gladstone was something far beyond local self-government—something which could hardly have existed three months without clashing with the Imperial Parliament, and which would infallibly have been followed by agitation for a change in the conditions of its existence, and by demands all the more vehement and exacting on account of the manner in which the previous demands of the "Nationalist" party had been received and entertained by the timorous and short-sighted politicians of the Gladstone school. Such a Parlia-

ment can never be granted to Ireland, and will never be granted to or demanded by England or Scotland for themselves. But in order to enjoy a full amount of local self-government, not only is no such Parliament necessary, but the existence of such a Parliament would materially prejudice that principle of self-government, the extension of which Ireland has so clear a right to demand. A representative body, established in each of the four provinces of Ireland, so constituted as to give adequate representation to the different interests of each, would indeed be a development of the principle in question. Power might even be given to such bodies to confer and combine under certain strictly defined conditions and within certain limits, with respect to local measures in which more than one of them might be interested. But, above and apart from any such provincial bodies, the Imperial Parliament must continue to exist, its representative character unimpaired, its supremacy unquestioned and complete. Under such a development of local government, every real grievance of Ireland or of Irishmen could and would be speedily brought to light, whilst every alleged grievance would readily be investigated by those most competent to understand and appreciate it. There would be no clashing with the Imperial Parliament, such as would occur in the case of a statutory Parliament in Dublin, because there would be no possible conflict of jurisdiction, and no interference with the due representation of Ireland at Westminster. But, duly constituted and properly regulated, such provincial bodies might be trusted to overlook and control many of those local affairs which are now forced to be brought

before Parliamentary Committees, at much expense and trouble to those concerned. Upon this subject it is well to call attention to the fact that the Tory party have never been unfavourable to such an extension of local government; and that Lord Salisbury has reminded us, in his recent speech at Leeds, that it was "no new opinion" of his that in this respect "not only Ireland, but Scotland and the more distant parts of England have a most substantial grievance," and that "twenty-five years ago in the House of Commons" he "made many efforts to get a more reasonable system adopted." It is not, however, our present concern to point out the legitimate remedies for Irish complaints, or to do more than indicate the direction in which these remedies might possibly be applied. We desire merely to show that, on the part of the Constitutional party, there is no desire whatever to turn a deaf ear to Irish demands, so long as those demands are consistent with the maintenance of the unity and integrity of the empire. Indeed it would hardly have been necessary to say as much, were it not for the systematic misrepresentation of our views which is practised by our opponents. No more flagrant instance of this can be cited than the manner in which a recent speech of Lord Salisbury has been wrested from its real meaning, and perverted from the evident intention of the speaker. Mr Gladstone himself, forgetting as usual the practice of a high-minded statesman in the arts of an "old parliamentary hand," alluded to this speech only to misrepresent it, and has, as we shall presently see, repeated his misrepresentations in his election address and his elec-

tion speeches, in a manner wholly unwarrantable in the face of Lord Salisbury's explanations. We must, without further delay, call attention to this and certain other productions which have enlightened the political world since the day of the historical division by which the debate was ended.

Indeed the addresses which have been published by the leaders of the various sections of the Liberal party afford matter for deep and careful study on the part of the electoral body. As well from its portentous length as from its priority of date, that of Mr Chamberlain demands our first consideration. Apart from the length to which we have referred, there is little objection which can be taken to this document by any unprejudiced person. It deals very fully and fairly with the issues which are to be tried by the country. Mr Chamberlain gives an historical review of the circumstances attending the general election of 1885, of the questions which were then prominently placed before the electorate by Mr Gladstone and others, and of the precise position then occupied by the Irish question. He forcibly points out that "the election was fought and won on the programme formulated by Mr Gladstone, and on collateral issues of purely domestic interest." No one has a better right to say this than Mr Chamberlain. He had himself propounded doctrines of a more "advanced" character than those endorsed by Mr Gladstone, and had been accused by Conservative opponents of being the author of an "unauthorised programme" which showed the real and ultimate intentions of the Radical section of the "Liberal" party. Several of these "intentions"—

to wit, the Disestablishment of the Church, the "doctrine of ransom," and others—Mr Chamberlain had to postpone and keep in the background, in order to enable Mr Gladstone to secure that "unity of the Liberal party" which was essential to success at the polls, but which involved the temporary abandonment, at least, of sundry favourite projects of destruction. Mr Chamberlain, therefore, had every reason to closely scan the modified programme to which his acquiescence and support, and that of his Radical friends, had to be given; and he is an equally trustworthy witness both with regard to the questions which formed part of that programme, and to the practical inclusion therein of a decided and unquestionable repudiation of "the demands of Mr Parnell for a separate Irish Parliament," and a refusal "to purchase the Irish vote by tampering with the unity of the three kingdoms." He proceeds to state, rather after the fashion of a historian than a political critic, the subsequent practical abandonment of the celebrated "manifesto" to the electors of Mid-Lothian, and the new and extraordinary action of its author. The alliance with the Parnellites—so lately described by Mr Gladstone as "marching through rapine to the disintegration and dismemberment of the empire"—and its acceptance by the section of that Liberal party which, *per fas et nefas*, adheres to the Prime Minister, is truly described by Mr Chamberlain as a "startling transformation." The probability of such an alliance was never placed before Liberal candidates or their constituencies, and it was violently repudiated by anticipation in the attacks upon those political opponents who were supposed to be inclined to such a

course. Mr Chamberlain proceeds to discuss in detail the proposals of the Government Bills. He shows very clearly the objections which he, in common with nine-tenths of the intelligence of the country, entertains to these proposals; forcibly argues that they lead directly to separation, and contain no final settlement of the questions between England and Ireland; and points out that it is utterly untrue to say that there is no alternative policy between these bills and coercion. We are not concerned at present to discuss the "alternative policy" which Mr Chamberlain indicates in his address. It is sufficient for us to feel and to say that the bills of Mr Gladstone could not have been read a second time without virtually pledging every man who supported the second reading to a great deal more than either Mr Chamberlain, or any one who desires to maintain the unity of the three kingdoms, could possibly concede. Moreover, it is beyond doubt that any measure in the direction of an extension to Ireland of the principle of local self-government requires the most careful consideration; whereas, by Mr Gladstone's own showing, his Home Rule Bill was of a nature so crude and ill-considered, that, at his meeting at the Foreign Office, he was ready to concede such an amendment of its details as would have sensibly altered its character. In the concluding paragraphs of his address Mr Chamberlain alludes in touching words to the schism by which the "Liberal" party has been divided by the strange action of its leader. He says, truly enough, that his own views upon this question of Home Rule were shared by many, probably by the majority of Liberals, before the last election. "It is now sought,"

he adds, "in some quarters to excommunicate all who are unable to repudiate in a few months the opinions and convictions of a lifetime." Against such a sentence he appeals to his fellow-Liberals, from whom he asks "a full, impartial, and independent consideration of the new issues for the first time placed before them;" and he awaits with respect the verdict of his constituents upon his conduct.

We can hardly doubt what that verdict will be, should any Gladstonian Radical be found bold enough to oppose Mr Chamberlain's re-election. We have on more than one occasion been compelled to a hostile criticism of the Birmingham leader, and a condemnation of schemes which he has propounded as the champion of a political school whose teaching we believe to be opposed to the best interests of our country. But in the present instance it is neither that school nor its teaching which is in question, but a policy in honest condemnation of which it is possible for patriotic men of all schools and all parties to unite. We cannot, therefore, desire that any Conservatives in his constituency should seek to avenge their differences with him upon other public questions by allowing or assisting the Gladstonian Radicals to successfully dispute his re-election. As we have already said, our votes during the present campaign should be given with regard to one question alone — Separation, or the Integrity of the Empire? Upon this question Mr Chamberlain declares himself to be heartily with us, and there will be plenty of time to discuss our quarrels upon other subjects when we have by joint and loyal action defeated the common enemy. Mr Chamberlain has

fairly put before the country the present position of the Irish question, from the point of view of an independent Radical; and we commend his address to the careful study of those who, not being strong partisans of this or that political party, wish to discover for themselves what are the real and practical issues before them.

We confess that we turn with regret to the address of the Prime Minister to the electors of Midlothian. In this remarkable document we are glad to recognise two merits which have not been usually conspicuous in publications from the same quarter. First, the length of the "manifesto" favourably compares with former papers of the same nature, and, for the matter of that, with the similar production of Mr Chamberlain at the present crisis. Secondly, Mr Gladstone does not introduce a number of multifarious topics, and strive to turn the minds of men from the all-absorbing question of the hour, but directs his readers to that subject which is in reality the single one upon which the verdict of the country is challenged by the dissolution of Parliament. But having cheerfully accorded this tribute of praise to the Prime Minister's manifesto, it is impossible to speak in terms too strongly condemnatory of the matter and manner of the same. The subject is presented in a wholly distorted and confusing form. It is not too much to say that a more misleading, disingenuous, and inaccurate document has not been penned by a British statesman in this generation. From first to last it misrepresents facts, perverts the statements and misstates the opinions of others, and evades without encountering the arguments which

have been urged against the Government proposals. In dealing with such an address, it is difficult to do more than expose the worst of the many blots by which it is disfigured, and which are so patent that we trust there are but few who will fail to perceive them.

Mr Gladstone begins by reminding his constituents that at the last election he had endeavoured to impress upon them "that a great crisis had arrived in the affairs of Ireland." It is perfectly true that in his address issued to the electors of Mid-Lothian in September last, Mr Gladstone alluded to Ireland in the eighteenth out of the twenty paragraphs into which that address was divided, and that he declared, alluding to the large extension of the electoral franchise which Ireland, in common with England and Scotland, had received, that we had arrived at "an important epoch of her history." "An important epoch" and "a great crisis," however, are two different things; and after stating that "the poison of religious-ascendancy had been expelled from Ireland," Mr Gladstone immediately went on to define the meaning with which he had used the expression, by pointing out that she was "greatly in arrear of England and of Scotland in respect to those powers of local self-government which associate the people in act and feeling with the law." Other vague and verbose sentences followed, such as generally appear in the manifestoes of this eminent statesman; but so clearly did these paragraphs seem to point to a simple extension of local government, and so little was an immediate dealing with Irish questions indicated at all, that we find the 'Times' of the day following, after discussing the "voluminous address" in relation to the

many subjects of which it treated, concluding with the remark that "on the important subject of the relations of Ireland to the empire, Mr Gladstone takes the only view that is possible for a statesman. He is willing and anxious to do all that justice may demand, and to give the widest possible extension to local self-government," but is "determined to maintain intact the supremacy of the Crown, the unity of the empire, and the authority necessary to enable Parliament to uphold both. It will be seen that on all the more pressing questions of the day Mr Gladstone takes the moderate Liberal view." It is therefore worse than absurd to say that Mr Gladstone gave the smallest indication in September 1885 of the lines upon which he has proposed to legislate in 1886. But this is not the worst part of the case. The Prime Minister deliberately states that Lord Salisbury's Government "had great advantages for dealing with this crisis. A comprehensive measure proceeding from them would have received warm and extensive support from within the Liberal party," and "would probably have closed the Irish controversy within the present session." And immediately upon this remarkable statement Mr Gladstone puts forth the astounding assertion, "*My earnest hope was to support the late Cabinet in such a course of policy.*" We ask ourselves, and we ask every unprejudiced person who may read these remarks, whether it is possible for any individual endowed with ordinary intelligence to believe the above assertion for one single moment. How could "the late Government" have introduced "a comprehensive measure" which would have satisfied Ireland and "closed the Irish

controversy," without some understanding with the leader of the Nationalist party in Ireland, who, as a matter of notoriety, was certain to be returned to the new Parliament with at least eighty followers? But it was *against* such an understanding, and in utter and abhorrent condemnation of the pretended alliance of Lord Salisbury with Mr Parnell, that Mr Gladstone and his lieutenants were screeching themselves hoarse during the elections.

How can it be true that Mr Gladstone had an "earnest hope to support the late Cabinet" in "a comprehensive measure," when he was (untruly indeed, but none the less vehemently) accusing them of an alliance which, had it really existed, could have existed only upon the basis of the introduction of some such measure as that which the Prime Minister now tells us he "earnestly hoped to support"? It is a matter of history that Mr Gladstone earnestly, nay, frantically appealed to the electorate to give him a majority in order that he might be able to resist Mr Parnell and the Tories combined. If they had been combined—which they were not—it could only have been for the purpose of passing a "comprehensive measure." If Mr Gladstone wished, nay, "earnestly hoped" for such a measure, why plead so piteously for a majority against the men who would in this case have introduced it? And what was the interpretation to be placed upon the words of that pattern of political consistency and public virtue, Sir William Harcourt, when, speaking at Blandford in September, he told the people of Dorsetshire that "if the English Parliament is not to become a helpless tool in the hands of the Parnellite party, why, then, you

must give an *overwhelming majority to the only party which has the courage and the honesty to face them*"? "Courage and honesty" indeed! If the statements in the address now under discussion are a proof that its author possesses the first, they go far to deprive him of any claim to the possession of the second. For how does Mr Gladstone continue? He declares that "on the 26th of last January, the opposite policy of coercion was declared to have been the choice of the Government, Lord Carnarvon alone refusing to share it. The Irish question was thus placed in the foreground," &c.

Let us consider for a moment the fairness or unfairness of Mr Gladstone's method of dealing with these historical matters.

The Salisbury Government gave notice on the 26th January of "a Bill for suppressing the National League and other dangerous associations, for the prevention of intimidation, and for the protection of life, property, and public order in Ireland."

For anything that Mr Gladstone could tell, this bill might have been rendered necessary by an overwhelming mass of evidence in the possession of the Government, which they would have produced if afforded the opportunity of introducing their bills. But there is something more. In his address to his constituents, after vacating his seat last February on assuming his present office, Mr Gladstone made use of these words: "It will be among the very first duties of the new Government to use its official opportunities for forming SUCH AN ESTIMATE AS ONLY A MINISTRY CAN FORM of the social state of Ireland, especially with regard to crime, to the fulfilment of contracts, to the pressure of low

prices upon agriculture, and to personal liberty of action." If it be true that "only a Ministry can form a due estimate" upon these matters, it appears to an ordinary mind that it was the imperative duty of an honest and patriotic statesman, who chanced to be in opposition at such a critical moment, to afford to the Ministry an opportunity of stating the grounds upon which they had formed their estimate, of developing their policy, and producing the evidence upon which they based their demand for legislation. Again, if, in Mr Gladstone's opinion, "the Irish question was thus placed in the foreground," he had an obvious duty to perform in the event of his believing himself at liberty to dispute "an estimate" he had not heard, and oppose a policy before it had been expounded by its proposers. He might have moved an amendment to the paragraph in the address which referred to Ireland, opened up the whole question in a fair and straightforward manner, and taken the opinion of the House of Commons as to whether or not Lord Salisbury's Government should be allowed to produce and explain their proposed measures. Mr Gladstone did no such thing. He seized upon the opportunity of a catch-vote amendment, moved by Mr Jesse Collings—one precisely of that character which he had himself very recently condemned in the most emphatic language—and by giving his support to this side issue (of which he could easily have procured the withdrawal had he been actuated by the spirit of justice and fair-play), drove the Conservative Government from office, and doubtless "viewed without regret the fall" of a Cabinet which his own action and barefaced alliance with the Parnellite members

had brought about in a manner little creditable to those concerned.

But the evidence against the existence of this "earnest hope" of Mr Gladstone's does not rest here. No bill, and therefore no bill which could be called by the cant name "Coercion," had been announced by Lord Salisbury's Government before the 26th January; and Mr Gladstone would have the country believe that up to that date he was cherishing his "earnest hope," and was prepared to support a "comprehensive measure" if introduced by his opponents. Does Mr Gladstone take his fellow-countrymen for fools, or suppose them to be without memory upon these matters? Every one now knows that long before the 26th January—that is, *as soon as it had become evident that with a combined force of Liberals and Parnellites he could command a majority* which would be wanting without such combination—Mr Gladstone had sought the alliance which up to that time he had so bitterly condemned, and had committed himself to a scheme of Home Rule by which he hoped to secure and cement it. Everybody knows that the destruction of the Conservative Government was planned and settled by the eager office-seekers on the front Opposition bench, before the announcement of that Government's intention to introduce a bill for the better security of the lives and properties of her Majesty's subjects in Ireland. If "the Irish question" was placed in the foreground, why did Mr Gladstone connive at a side issue being raised, and take that course which was dictated by the crafty strategy of "an old parliamentary hand," instead of that which alone was consistent with the character and dignity of a British statesman? It was Mr Gladstone himself who,

having used Mr Jesse Collings and the labourers' allotment question as a popular "side issue" by which to defeat his opponents, left the labourers and Mr Collings in the lurch (since they could serve him no more at the moment), and put the Irish question "in the foreground," so as to purchase for himself the support of Mr Parnell and his 86 Nationalists.

Having denied to Lord Salisbury's Government the opportunity of declaring and explaining their policy, Mr Gladstone nevertheless declares that they were "wrong in their manner of treating the question," and claims for the ineasure or rather measures which his own Government have proposed, that they present to the constituencies "this great and simple issue: Will you govern Ireland by coercion, or will you let her manage her own affairs?" No one knows better than Mr Gladstone that this is *not* the "great and simple issue" before the country, and that the question which he asks is one which confuses and obscures the true issue, and is therefore unfair and misleading to the last degree. No one, as we have already pointed out, desires coercion for Ireland in the sense in which the word is used to express the enactment of harsh and repressive laws. On the other hand, every humane and honest man desires coercion for Ireland, and for any other part of her Majesty's dominions, if by coercion is signified the enforcement of the ordinary laws which bind society together and permit it to exist, by repressing those acts of outrage which are neither more nor less than the warfare of barbarism against that existence. The matter can hardly be more forcibly stated than in Lord Salisbury's masterly speech at Leeds. The Conservative Government

"have recommended no political coercion" of the kind which Mr Gladstone has himself recommended and exercised to a greater extent than any previous Minister. Mr Gladstone has (as the Fenian manifesto just issued to the electorate takes care to inform us) imprisoned without trial at least 1000 Irishmen, and earned for himself the appellation of "the jailer of many of Ireland's truest sons." This was "political coercion"—justified, it may be, by the circumstances of the case, but a course of action which makes it ludicrous in its author to raise against others the cuckoo cry of "coercion." Lord Salisbury tells us truly that "the only kind of coercion which the Conservatives have recommended is coercion against the criminal classes, against murders, against robberies, against mutilation of beasts, against a terrorism and system of organised intimidation which made life bitter to thousands of innocent people."

Let us put it plainly. If Mr Gladstone wishes for the repression of these crimes, then he is as much in favour of "coercion" as Lord Salisbury and nine-tenths of the population of Great Britain. If Mr Gladstone wishes crimes of this nature to be perpetrated with impunity, then let him boldly take his stand upon that doctrine, and submit it to the approval of the loyal and orderly citizens from whom he expects support. But to pretend that there is any party or any statesman in this country who prefers "coercion" to "conciliation," or who desires the former in any sense save that of enforcing laws absolutely necessary for the safety of the community, is to practise a deception upon the electorate, and to libel political opponents after an unworthy fash-

ion. It is a truly Gladstonian feat to attempt to pose at one and the same time in two different characters; and thus the Prime Minister endeavours to appear to the law-abiding people of Great Britain as only an opponent of "new repressive laws," whilst to the Nationalists of Ireland he figures as the enemy of all "coercion" which would enforce obedience to the ordinary law, and the upholder of that far more real and terrible "coercion" which their League and its janissaries practise upon the unhappy population over whom they rule with such relentless despotism. Fortunately the education of the British people has so far advanced, that the miserable sophistry of Mr Gladstone will probably fail to deceive them upon this point, nor will they accept without qualification the latter part of his delusive and misleading question.

Once for all let it be understood that there is no party in Great Britain, worthy of mention, which desires to say "no" to any request from Ireland that she should "manage her own affairs." Every one desires that she should do so, upon the same footing and in the same manner as England, Scotland, and Wales; and in the coming development of local self-government there is no fear but that her claims will receive the fullest consideration, and her wishes the best attention of Parliament. The real question is, whether Ireland is to "manage her own affairs" in a sense entirely different from that in which any such desire is entertained by England, Scotland, or Wales, and in a manner only too likely to lead to her separation from Great Britain? To this question we do not doubt that the constituencies would return a prompt and decided negative. Nor is this the only question

which is involved; for a further one arises, and is inseparably bound up with the first—namely, whether Mr Gladstone's scheme for enabling Ireland "to manage her own affairs" is one which carries with it the limited or the wider application of the words? In short, is Mr Gladstone's bill one which only develops the principle of local self-government, or one which leads directly to separation, or, at all events, carries us so far on the road as to render much more probable that separation which we all condemn?

Viewed from this stand-point, it will at once be seen that it is impossible to put fairly such a question as that which Mr Gladstone has put, and that in fact it is not the question at all. The constituencies must read together Mr Gladstone's and Mr Chamberlain's addresses, and they will then appreciate better the real position of affairs. Mr Chamberlain possibly enters somewhat too much into details. On the other hand, Mr Gladstone, by loftily affecting to sweep away as details points which in reality constitute the real essence of his scheme, endeavours to evade the real objections to that scheme, and to blind our eyes with a cloud of dust, so as to prevent our discovery of the fact that in those very details lie the pith and essence of his plan, and that this is not a matter which can be decided by the vague assertion of general principles, but must be encountered and grappled with down to the minutest point of controversy, before we are in a position to judge of its probable effect upon the unity of the three kingdoms and the integrity of the empire. The attempt of Mr Gladstone to fasten upon Lord Salisbury what he calls the only other "clear, positive, and intelligible plan" besides his own,

is unworthy of himself, as it is unjust to the leader of the Conservative party. It assumes (that which few will admit) that Mr Gladstone's own plan, changed and shifted from time to time since it first saw the light, and even now obscured with doubt and shrouded with mystery, is a plan "clear, positive, and intelligible;" and it seeks to wrest certain words of Lord Salisbury into the formal announcement of a plan which Lord Salisbury never announced, and this interpretation of which he has more than once explicitly denied. Nor is Mr Gladstone more fair or more fortunate in his attack upon the party of independence for their assumption of the name of Unionists. It is a name to which, *pace* Mr Gladstone, they have an undoubted right, inasmuch as they make the maintenance of the union between the three kingdoms the fundamental part of their creed, and, indeed, the cornerstone of their existence as a party opposed to separation. It is all very well for Mr Gladstone to say that he and his followers are "Unionists" also. We cannot forget that his present allies are those of whom his own Chancellor of the Exchequer declared, at the late elections, that their policy was "a policy of separation"; his own son (the pilot-fish, stormy-petrel, or by whatever name we may choose to describe the insignificant creature which heralds the coming of something more important) recently declared at Rochester that "the English Liberals [*i.e.*, Gladstonian Liberals] would fight this question side by side and shoulder to shoulder with the Irish Nationalists;" and the people of Great Britain, and the Loyalists of Ireland, who know what the "Irish Nationalists" are, their professions in the past and their desires

for the future, will not allow Mr Gladstone to call himself and his friends by the name of "Unionists," whilst their efforts are directed to the practical repeal of the Union, and their whole policy tends to the separation of Ireland from Great Britain. Not content with his sneer at the defenders of the Union as "paper Unionists," Mr Gladstone has the audacity to declare that "enfranchised Ireland asks through her lawful representatives for a revival of her domestic legislature,"—ignoring the fact that, save in parts of Ulster, Ireland is not "enfranchised," but "enslaved" by the National League, which usurps the authority of the Queen's Government, and by sure methods drives the "enfranchised" voters to the poll in favour of its nominees. It is a miserable farce to term the election of Mr Parnell's janissaries the voice of "enfranchised Ireland," and Mr Gladstone insults the intelligence of his countrymen when he makes the assertion. Whilst he casually alludes to the readiness of Ireland to accept "stipulations for the protection of the minority," Mr Gladstone only refers to Ulster in order to entreat that "Scotland will condemn the attempts, so singularly made, to import into this controversy the venomous element of religious bigotry," and hopes we shall all "take warning from the deplorable riots at Belfast, and some other places in the north." In this hope we cordially concur; but has Mr Gladstone considered what is the real nature of "the warning"? Do not these riots, indubitably caused by the introduction of his own Home Rule Bill, to which the Protestant population of Ulster is so bitterly opposed, point clearly to two things? First, that the "voice of Ireland" is by no means a unani-

mous voice in favour of the Prime Minister's proposals. Secondly, that there exist elements of strife in Ireland which may easily be kindled into civil war if the hand of England is to be withdrawn. Within the last three years—before the introduction of any such bills was contemplated, or indeed believed possible—we have seen large meetings of Loyalists and Nationalists held in the north of Ireland, in opposition to each other, which, in the judgment of the then Viceroy, Lord Spencer, placed the peace of the country in such jeopardy that more than once he caused preparations to be made on a large scale, and a force of military and constabulary to be at hand in sufficient numbers to prevent the two parties from coming into collision. Nay, more; he subsequently exercised his powers to forbid the assembling of counter-meetings in response and opposition to others which had been held. This interference was protested against by Loyalists who had wished to meet for the purpose of advocating loyal doctrines; but the Viceroy's proclamation was always obeyed, and no serious breaches of the peace occurred. But how would this be if we had a Nationalist Parliament sitting in Dublin, with the full control of the Executive committed to its care? Would the proclamations of such an authority be obeyed with equal readiness? The impartial and overruling power of England was able to prevent disturbances. How would it be when that power had been withdrawn, and the Executive had been left under the control of men whose sympathies were entirely with one of the contending parties, and who considered the other as their natural enemies? If the riots at Belfast have been deplorable now, when

the military and constabulary, under British control, have been present and have interfered to stay the disturbance, what would have been the case if there had been a Nationalist Parliament sitting in Dublin? Can any man doubt that the "venomous element of religious bigotry" would have run riot? Can any man refuse to own that, in withdrawing the British control from the Irish Executive, Mr Gladstone (if he should unhappily succeed in his attempt) will render certain the increase of that "venomous element," and will do a cruel wrong to the Ministry? Lastly, can any one deny that the coercion against which Mr Gladstone declaims so loudly would follow his "conciliatory policy" in an aggravated form, only that it would be directed against the Loyalists of Ireland instead of against criminal law-breakers?

The conclusion of this address is not the least remarkable part of the production. After enumerating various benefits which he expects from the acceptance by the country of his policy—not one of which benefits can be shown to be likely to follow from his bill—Mr Gladstone concludes with a paragraph which, if it means anything, means a bribe to the electors to accept his views in order to get rid of the Irish members from the House of Commons, so that the affairs of England and Scotland may be no longer "impeded," and our Imperial Parliament "discredited and disabled." "All this happened," says the Prime Minister, "while Nationalists were but a small minority of Irish members." Now they approach ninety, so we must look out for squalls.

It is very evident from the above that Mr Gladstone believes, and probably with some reason, that the absence of the Irish members

from the House of Commons would facilitate the transaction of public business, and would not be unpopular with the electors of England and Scotland. But then, what has become of the concession to Mr Chamberlain and Co., whose votes, it was hoped, would have been secured for the second reading by the promise that these Irish members should at least occasionally reappear on the Imperial scene? We own that the paragraph is ambiguous; had it not been so, we should have suspected the authorship. As it appears to us, however, it casts to the winds this promise to Mr Chamberlain, expressed or understood, of the partial retention at Westminster of the Irish members, and points to the total banishment from the Imperial Parliament of those who would otherwise, hints the Prime Minister, be so very disagreeable in the way of obstruction. So closes this marvellous address, in which, let it be noted, no word of explanation or apology for Mr Gladstone's sudden and unexpected change of position is offered—no single effort is made to meet the objections which have been so forcibly urged against the most important parts of the Home Rule Bill—whilst the Bill “for buying out the Irish landlords” is as completely ignored as if it had never been introduced. From the perusal of such a production it is refreshing to turn to the manly and straightforward address with which Lord Hartington has appealed to the electors of the Rosendale Division of Lancashire. Here, at least, we find no equivocation, no perversion of facts, no misrepresentation of opponents, but a simple and truthful statement such as the public has a right to expect from an honest politician. Lord Hartington criti-

cises the past and present action of Mr Gladstone in terms which are the more telling and severe because they are gentle and polite almost to a fault: “If it is the deliberate opinion of Mr Gladstone that the difficulties of the Government of Ireland can only be solved by a fundamental alteration in the relations of the two countries, *it is to be regretted that this opinion was not formed and distinctly placed before the constituencies* in such a manner as would have admitted of a full and complete discussion before a step was taken, some of the consequences of which must be irrevocable.” So says Lord Hartington; and in these words he places Mr Gladstone in a dilemma from which all the subtlety of the “old parliamentary hand” will hardly suffice to set him free. Either Mr Gladstone's zeal for Home Rule is new-born, excited by the appearance of the eighty-six Parnellites in the House of Commons, and in a great measure introduced for the sake of obtaining their support; or it is the result of opinions long held, and the consistent outcome of his previous speeches and legislation. If the former, it is discreditable to the last degree as a political manœuvre unworthy of a British statesman; and its result is a crude ill-considered measure, which the House of Commons did well to reject, and which those of the Liberal party who opposed it cannot be blamed for refusing to endorse. If the latter, what excuse can Mr Gladstone offer for having concealed his views and intentions from the constituencies during the November elections? Either he is guilty of an unworthy change of front in order to conciliate “Nationalist” support, or, by a totally inexcusable reticence, he has prevented the electorate from pro-

nouncing an opinion in 1885 which would have saved the country from the turmoil, trouble, and interruption of business which he has now compelled us to encounter for the second time within six months. In few but emphatic words Lord Hartington exposes the untruth of Mr Gladstone's assertion that the question is one between "coercion and conciliation;" pointing out that, whilst an extension of the powers of local government may, "within certain limits," be conceded, the Government plan "*surrenders powers which the Imperial Government and the Imperial Parliament must retain if the first duties of Government are to be discharged.*" This is the species of "conciliation" to which "Unionists," whether Liberal or Conservative, strongly and earnestly object, and which is nothing more than a base surrender of a citadel by those who are bound to defend it. Lord Hartington forcibly alludes to the proposal of "a measure for the purpose of protecting the interests of the landlords," calling attention to the fact that, although Mr Gladstone has declared it to be "an inseparable part of his policy," his address is now "silent on this portion of the plan." He might have added that the Prime Minister has, since his "inseparable" declaration, spoken ominous words as to "the running out of the sands" in respect of this Bill; and that one of his "whips" (Mr Marjoribanks) has boldly declared that it would "never reappear."

Therefore, at the moment we write, the electors of Great Britain are wholly uninformed whether aid to the landlords (to desert whom Lord Spencer protested would be "mean and treacherous") is to be given in any new scheme which Mr Gladstone has in his mind, or whether this "inseparable" part

of his policy has been abandoned. The specious allusion of Mr Gladstone to "religious bigotry" is contemptuously exposed by Lord Hartington in the quiet but telling remark, that to recognise the fact that "the Irish people are widely divided by race and religion is not to import into the controversy the elements of religious bigotry;" but "to ignore this fact is to trifle with the question, and is *an attempt to escape by specious phrases from the realities of the position.*" Without prematurely committing himself to details, Lord Hartington disputes the cool assumption of the Prime Minister that, save what he is pleased to call "coercion," there is no alternative policy to his own. He points out the direction in which such a policy might be framed, but at the same time he boldly declares that there must be limits to concession; that, if the people of the United Kingdom will "distinctly and firmly declare" that they "can give no assent to measures which will loosen the bonds of union between the two countries," whilst they are ready to give to Ireland as large a measure of self-government as is consistent with the union, "it remains to be proved whether the Irish people will be persuaded to maintain a hopeless and unnecessary contest." In the words, "No one has advocated coercion as a policy," Lord Hartington crushes under foot the mendacious statement that such a policy has been advocated by Lord Salisbury; whilst he shows, at the same time, that as the measure of the Government would mean "coercion" against the Protestants of Ulster, it cannot be called an "alternative policy" to "coercion." Boldly avowing his readiness to deal firmly with any such obstruction to the work of governing the country as is not obscurely threatened by

Mr Gladstone on the part of nearly ninety Irish members and their Gladstonian allies, Lord Hartington points out that "a manifest determination to destroy and cripple our institutions would be as clearly rebellion against our constitution as open resistance to the Crown;" and in advocating resistance to such a determination, he closes his address with a denial that he has seceded from the principles and traditions of the Liberal party. In this denial the voice and the heart of his countrymen will be with Lord Hartington, and the insolent application of the term "seceding Liberals" to those who have maintained the principles which they professed last autumn, will recoil upon its author as the real truth of the matter becomes better and better understood. We venture to think that no one will rise from the perusal of this address without the feeling that it is one well worthy of the writer, and a proof that the good old spirit of English statesmanship has not yet wholly died out from amongst us.

If we were inclined to make merry over the difficulties and disasters of political opponents, we should be able to indulge ourselves to the full in contemplating the present position of the "Liberal party." The crisis, however, is so grave, and the issues at stake so momentous, that every patriotic mind should endeavour to rise superior to personal or party feeling. The real truth is, that the party which calls itself "Liberal" has undergone a marvellous transformation of late years, and includes within it men whose differences have long been in reality irreconcilable upon questions of the greatest importance. The consequence has been that, from time to time, as the bonds of party discipline have been strained too tight, men

of independent thought and action have started aside and preferred the odium which they have incurred by leaving their party to the abandonment of principles which that party had ceased to advocate. The Liberal party, by the conduct of its recognised leader, has been placed during the last six months in the most extraordinary position. With ineffable self-complacency, Mr Gladstone speaks of those who have refused to support his Home Rule Bill as "seceding Liberals." No impartial mind, however, can refuse to admit that, as a matter of fact, it is Mr Gladstone himself who has seceded from the recognised principles of the Liberal party up to and at the general election of 1885. In his first speech at Edinburgh in November last, there is to be found a remarkable passage upon the subject of Party which it will be well to recall to the minds of thoughtful Liberals at the present moment. "I am labouring," said Mr Gladstone, "for the unity of the Liberal party, but I am labouring for it because I believe it will be an honourable unity, founded upon common convictions as to the importance of the work to be done. Far be it from me to say that the unity of any party is an object to be preferred to everything; but the point at which our convictions should part, if the questions at issue are of vital importance, is a difficult one. I go on now urging unity to the best of my ability, but *I hope the Liberal party will sever and split sooner than sacrifice conscience and principle. These are matters which do not admit of any compromise.* . . . Higher than party motives are conscientious convictions; and when those come, then is the time to give them effect—then is the time to quarrel among ourselves." These

are wise and weighty words, by whomsoever spoken and to whatsoever party addressed. But surely the conduct of Mr Gladstone and his friends is hardly consistent with the advice here given. If there has been any secession from Liberal principles, it is undoubtedly on the part of the Prime Minister and his followers, and not on the part of those who have steadily adhered to their hustings professions of last year.

If Mr Gladstone's address is one which may be termed extraordinary, his speeches since its publication can hardly be described by any more appropriate appellation. It will be sufficient to refer to the first which he delivered, after his arrival in Scotland, on 18th of June, in the Music Hall at Edinburgh. Great, indeed, is the contrast between this speech and the orations which we can all recall as having been delivered in his previous "Mid-Lothian campaigns." However much we may have differed from the sentiments expressed in these former speeches, we have always admitted the power with which they grappled with the political questions of the day, and the skill with which they defended the policy of the orator. But concerning the remarkable speech of June 18th we can make no such admission. It is the speech not of a statesman, or even of a man, but rather that of a querulous and angry woman. One half of it consists in quibbles, which were an insult to the intelligence of his hearers; the other, of unworthy insinuations against opponents. This great Minister, forsooth, who so lately laboured to prove that his Bill contained the only "clear, positive, and intelligible plan," now informs us, in the first place, that this Bill "is dead," and emphatically

protests that, whilst it lived, he had "stated most positively that there was *no part of it which Parliament would not be perfectly free to change.*" What! change important and vital parts of the only "clear, positive, and intelligible plan" in existence? But the truth is that this little inconsistency is overlooked by the speaker in his one great desire to show that, although "the *Bill* is dead, the *principle* survives," and that no Ministerial candidate need be—one is asked by the Government to be—pledged to the Bill. What miserable sophistry! If the Bill and the principle are not the same things in this instance—that is, if candidates can assert the principle without virtually expressing approval of the Bill—what excuse had Mr Gladstone for not having withdrawn the Bill as confessedly faulty, and proposed to affirm the principle by way of resolution? Of course there is an objection to "abstract resolutions," but then Mr Gladstone proposed to make the second reading of the Bill practically an "abstract resolution," by promising its subsequent immediate withdrawal; and it is as clear as daylight that the real difference between the two alternative courses was that a vote for the second reading would have pledged the man who so voted to the *manner of carrying out the principle* which was pointed out by, and embodied in, the Bill, and would have rendered it next to impossible for the same man to have refused his vote to the second reading of a similar bill in the autumn session. All that Mr Gladstone's verbose explanation amounts to is this: that he does not desire Ministerial candidates to be hampered by the existence of this wretched Bill; that whether they were in Parliament

and voted for the second reading, or are new aspirants for parliamentary honours, the vaguest possible profession of principle will suffice, the real question being not one of principle at all, but of unlimited confidence in Mr Gladstone himself. That which he says in effect is this: "Do what you please—profess what you please—abuse the dead Bill as much as you like,—but *keep me in office and give me a carte blanche to settle this Irish question.* True, I failed to satisfy Ireland when I disestablished the Protestant Church—when I brought in the Land Bill of 1870, which was to 'close and seal up the subject for ever'—and when I introduced my second Land Bill in 1881, which broke the compact of 1870. True, I have failed so far with *this* Bill, but, try me once again and I shall succeed." After this piteous appeal, Mr Gladstone attacks Lord Hartington's consistency, Mr Chamberlain's sagacity, and Lord Salisbury's veracity, forgetting that of neither virtue can he himself be accepted as a competent judge. It would be really absurd to discuss "consistency" with the most inconsistent statesman in Europe; sagacity with the Minister who, having vainly tried to bribe the electorate in 1874 with the promise of the repeal of the Income-tax, fancies he can now bewilder and delude them by transparently fallacious platitudes; or veracity with the man who in this very speech, whilst he knows that Ulster and nine-tenths of the intelligence of Ireland are bitterly opposed to his plan, declares that "it is accepted by Ireland by the mouths of her *representatives through the length and breadth of the land.*" Conspicuous, however, among his misstatements are two beyond all others, to which we feel

bound to call special attention. Mr Gladstone has the unparalleled effrontery (for no milder term can be employed) to say of Lord Salisbury that "his modes of language have tended not to elevate but to lower the standard of parliamentary manners." Here, indeed, we have the Gracchi *de seditione querentes*. What is Lord Salisbury's offence? In answer to a correspondent, who had called attention to a speech of Mr Gladstone's as containing "one of the most deliberate misstatements on record," Lord Salisbury had observed that he thought it would be allowed "that is hardly an exaggeration." We need not remind our readers that Mr Gladstone's misstatement was that "Lord Salisbury's plan was to *ask for new repressive laws, and to enforce those laws for twenty years;*"—a misstatement which has been again and again denied by Lord Salisbury, and which in this article we have shown to be unfounded and untrue. Does Mr Gladstone really claim the right of putting his own interpretation upon another man's speech after that interpretation has been emphatically denied and abundantly proved to be incorrect? If he advances no such claim, let him withdraw the misstatement as an honest man would do. If he insists upon his right, he must endure to be told that his misstatement is deliberate, and that he is deceiving the electorate by an untruth. Lord Salisbury could hardly have done otherwise than confirm the words of his correspondent, and Mr Gladstone's retort is somewhat absurd to those who have watched the proceedings of Parliament for some years past. The irritable petulance of the Prime Minister, his interruptions of speakers who presumed to differ

from him, his impatience of opposition, and his fierce attacks upon those who have failed to see the identity of Gladstonism with Liberalism, have indeed done almost as much to lower the standard of parliamentary manners as his inconsistency, versatility, and sacrifice of principle to party objects have lowered the tone of parliamentary morality. Assuredly this attack upon Lord Salisbury will recoil upon himself, and men will begin to ask the right by which the Prime Minister sets up as a teacher of those good manners which he and his followers have so habitually set at defiance.

The other inaccuracy to which we must allude is the continued attempt to establish, in spite of repeated and most solemn denial, that there was an understanding between Mr Parnell and the late Conservative Government with regard to Home Rule, after the straightforward and convincing explanations made by Lord Carnarvon, and the speeches of Lord Salisbury and other members of the late Government. Mr Gladstone's persistent insinuations upon this point are positively indecent, and entirely unworthy of his position and character. The truth would seem to be that, his Irish policy having entirely broken down and become discredited, Mr Gladstone is at his wits' end to prevent the electorate from coming to the conclusion that his Government had better follow their Bill, and is therefore driven to the expedient of decrying and defaming his opponents, and confusing the issues which have really to be decided at the coming election.

Mr Gladstone's second speech at Edinburgh was neither in tone nor matter an improvement upon the first. No small part of it was occupied in the denouncement of

Mr Goschen, as, two days later, he took the trouble to make an unnecessary speech during the stopping of his train at Carlisle, apparently for no other reason than to denounce, in terms neither consistent with good manners nor good taste, the Liberal member for that town (Mr Ferguson), who had committed the unpardonable offence of voting against Home Rule, in accordance with his hustings professions. Mr Goschen's conclusive reply will be read with satisfaction and approval. Apart from the usual historical inaccuracies and somewhat ludicrous statistics with respect to the majority and minority in the late parliamentary division, the rest of this second speech of Mr Gladstone is mainly a repetition of the wicked attempt to set class against class in the coming election, by allusions to the "very many of the wealthier men of the party" who had refused to follow him, and endeavouring to draw a line between "the nation" and "the great ones of the nation,"—which is neither more nor less than an appeal to the worst passions of democracy, founded, indeed, upon an assumption of the ignorance of the people and their inability to detect his sophistry, in which we hope and believe Mr Gladstone will be entirely disappointed. The absence of any broad line of demarcation between class and class has hitherto been one of the greatest sources of strength to the British constitution; and the good sense of our fellow-countrymen will not allow them to be deceived by the mischievous attempt to establish a different theory, and thereupon to build up a new and disastrous policy.

Mr Bright has emphatically pronounced his opinion, that if the recently rejected Home Rule Bill

had been introduced by any other person than Mr Gladstone, not twenty members of the House of Commons would have supported it by their votes. From first to last, the real question before the Liberal party has in effect been one between the opinions of their leader and the conscientious convictions of the rank and file. Mr Gladstone's authority with his party is enormous, but in the House of Commons a number, not far short of one-third, of his followers, has actually voted against him; and this number would undoubtedly have been largely increased, but for the promise of the immediate withdrawal of the Bill after the second reading. It remains to be seen whether the party outside the walls of Parliament is divided in approximately similar proportions. This the polls alone can disclose. Never did a greater and graver responsibility rest upon the electors of the United Kingdom. Difficult as it is for Conservatives to bring themselves to vote for Liberal, and Liberal for Conservative candidates, these party names must be temporarily forgotten, and the one great point of union steadily kept in view, if that victory is to be achieved which is essential for the best interests of the country. On the part of candidates, and especially of Conservative candidates, self-denial must

be practised, so that, even at the cost of personal mortification, the cause of the country may triumph. This will doubtless be hard in some cases. Local feeling, moreover, cannot be always controlled, and here and there exceptional circumstances may excuse exceptional action. But, as a general rule, the course of patriotic electors is clearly defined.

If Ireland is to remain an integral part of the United Kingdom—if the supremacy of the Imperial Parliament is to be maintained—if the loyal minority in Ireland is not to be left to the tender mercies of their mortal enemies—if, in a word, the authority of the Queen is to be upheld, public confidence restored, and good government re-established in Ireland,—these objects can only be achieved by the return of such a Unionist Parliament as shall once and for ever overcome and scatter the party of Separation. Such a result will be obtained if loyal men work unitedly, unselfishly, and bravely together. Let every man exert himself as if the issue of the combat depended upon his own exertions; and in spite of caucus and cajolery, Truth and Loyalty will be victorious, and the old flag still wave over the three kingdoms, united under the supremacy of one Parliament and one Sovereign.

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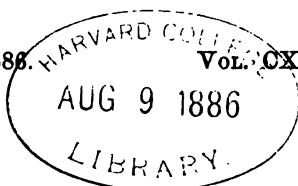
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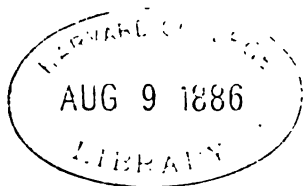
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCL.

AUGUST 1886.

Vol. CXL.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER X.

WHEN he was alone, Giovanni retraced his steps, and again took up his position near the entrance to the reception-rooms. He had matter for reflection in the interview which had just ended; and, having nothing better to do while he waited for Corona, he set himself to reflect. He was not altogether pleased at the interest his marriage excited in high quarters; he hated interference, and he regarded Cardinal Antonelli's advice in such a matter as an interference of the most unwarrantable kind. Neither he himself nor his father were men who sought counsel from without, for independence in action was with them a family tradition, as independence of thought was in their race a hereditary quality. To think that if he, Giovanni Sarra- cinesca, chose to marry any woman whatsoever, any one, no matter how exalted in station, should dare to express approval or disapproval, was a shock to every inborn and

cultivated prejudice in his nature. He had nearly quarrelled with his own father for seeking to influence his matrimonial projects; it did not seem likely that he would suffer Cardinal Antonelli to interfere with them. If Giovanni had really made up his mind—had firmly determined to ask the hand of Donna Tullia—it is more than probable that the statesman's advice would not only have failed signally in preventing the match, but by the very opposition it would have aroused in Giovanni's heart it would have had the effect of throwing him into the arms of a party which already desired his adhesion, and which, under his guidance, might have become as formidable as it was previously insignificant. But the great Cardinal was probably well informed, and his words had not fallen upon a barren soil. Giovanni had vacillated sadly in trying to come to a decision. His first Quixotic im-

pulse to marry Madame Mayer, in order to show the world that he cared nothing for Corona d'Astrardente, had proved itself absurd, even to his impetuous intelligence. The growing antipathy he felt for Donna Tullia had made his marriage with her appear in the light of a disagreeable duty, and his rashness in confessing his love for Corona had so disturbed his previous conceptions that marriage no longer seemed a duty at all. What had been but a few days before almost a fixed resolution, had dwindled till it seemed an impracticable and even a useless scheme. When he had arrived at the Palazzo Frangipani that evening, he had very nearly forgotten Donna Tullia, and had quite determined that whatever his father might say he would not give the promised answer before Easter. By the time the Cardinal had left him, he had decided that no power on earth could induce him to marry Madame Mayer. He did not take the trouble of saying to himself that he would marry no one else.

The Cardinal's words had struck deep, in a deep nature. Giovanni had given Del Ferice a very fair exposition of the views he believed himself to hold, on the day when they had walked together after Donna Tullia's picnic. He believed himself a practical man, loyal to the temporal power by principle rather than by any sort of enthusiastic devotion; not desirous of any great change, because any change that might reasonably be expected would be bad for his own vested interests; not prejudiced for any policy save that of peace—preferring, indeed, with Cicero, the most unjust peace to the most just war; tenacious of old customs, and not particularly inquisitive concerning ideas of progress,—on the whole, Giovanni

thought himself what his father had been in his youth, and more or less what he hoped his sons, if he ever had any, would be after him.

But there was more in him than all this, and at the first distant sound of battle he felt the spirit stir within him, for his real nature was brave and loyal, unselfish and devoted, instinctively sympathising with the weak and hating the lukewarm. He had told Del Ferice that he believed he would fight as a matter of principle: as he leaned against the marble pillar of the door in the Palazzo Frangipani, he wished the fight had already begun.

Waiting there, and staring into the moving crowd, he was aware of a young man with pale and delicate features and black hair, who stood quietly by his side, and seemed like himself an idle though not uninterested spectator of the scene. Giovanni glanced once at the young fellow, and thought he recognised him, and glancing again, he met his earnest look, and saw that it was Anastase Gouache, the painter. Giovanni knew him slightly, for Gouache was regarded as a rising celebrity, and, thanks to Donna Tullia, was invited to most of the great receptions and balls of that season, though he was not yet anywhere on a footing of intimacy. Gouache was proud, and would perhaps have stood aloof altogether rather than be treated as one of the herd who are asked "with everybody," as the phrase goes; but he was of an observing turn of mind, and it amused him immensely to stand unnoticed, following the movements of society's planets, comets, and satellites, and studying the many types of the cosmopolitan Roman world.

"Good evening, Monsieur Gouache," said Giovanni.

"Good evening, prince," replied the artist, with a somewhat formal bow—after which both men relapsed into silence, and continued to watch the crowd.

"And what do you think of our Roman world?" asked Giovanni, presently.

"I cannot compare it to any other world," answered Gouache, simply. "I never went into society till I came to Rome. I think it is at once brilliant and sedate—it has a magnificent air of historical antiquity, and it is a little paradoxical."

"Where is the paradox?" inquired Giovanni.

"*Es-tu libre? Les lois sont-elles respectées?*

Crains-tu de voir ton champ pillé par le voisin?

Le maître a-t-il son toit, et l'ouvrier son pain?'"

A smile flickered over the young artist's face as he quoted Musset's lines in answer to Giovanni's question. Giovanni himself laughed, and looked at Anastase with somewhat increased interest.

"Do you mean that we are revelling under the sword of Damocles—dancing on the eve of our execution?"

"Not precisely. A delicate flavour of uncertainty about to-morrow gives zest to the appetite of to-day. It is impossible that such a large society should be wholly unconscious of its own imminent danger—and yet these men and women go about to-night as if they were Romans of old, rulers of the world, only less sure of themselves than of the stability of the empire."

"Why not?" asked Giovanni, glancing curiously at the pale young man beside him. "In answer to your quotation, I can say that I am as free as I care to be;

that the laws are sufficiently respected; that no one has hitherto thought it worth while to plunder my acres; that I have a modest roof of my own; and that, as far as I am aware, there are no workmen starving in the streets at present. You are answered, it seems to me, Monsieur Gouache."

"Is that really your belief?" asked the artist, quietly.

"Yes. As for my freedom, I am as free as air; no one thinks of hindering my movements. As for the laws, they are made for good citizens, and good citizens will respect them; if bad citizens do not, that is their loss. My acres are safe, possibly because they are not worth taking, though they yield me a modest competence sufficient for my needs and for the needs of those who cultivate them for me."

"And yet there is a great deal of talk in Rome about misery and injustice and oppression——"

"There will be a great deal more talk about those evils, with much better cause, if people who think like you succeed in bringing about a revolution, Monsieur Gouache," answered Giovanni, coldly.

"If many people think like you, prince, a revolution is not to be thought of. As for me, I am a foreigner, and I see what I can, and listen to what I hear."

"A revolution is not to be thought of. It was tried here and failed. If we are overcome by a great power from without, we shall have no choice but to yield, if any of us survive—for we would fight. But we have nothing to fear from within."

"Perhaps not," returned Gouache, thoughtfully. "I hear such opposite opinions that I hardly know what to think."

"I hear that you are to paint Cardinal Antonelli's portrait," said

Giovanni. "Perhaps his Eminence will help you to decide."

"Yes; they say he is the cleverest man in Europe."

"In that they—whoever they may be—are mistaken," replied Giovanni. "But he is a man of immense intellect, nevertheless."

"I am not sure whether I will paint his portrait after all," said Gouache.

"You do not wish to be persuaded?"

"No. My own ideas please me very well for the present. I would not exchange them for those of any one else."

"May I ask what those ideas are?" inquired Giovanni, with a show of interest.

"I am a republican," answered Gouache, quietly. "I am also a good Catholic."

"Then you are yourself much more paradoxical than the whole of our Roman society put together," answered Giovanni, with a dry laugh.

"Perhaps. There comes the most beautiful woman in the world."

It was nearly twelve o'clock when Corona arrived, old Astrardente sauntering jauntily by her side, his face arranged with more than usual care, and his glossy wig curled cunningly to represent nature. He was said to possess a number of wigs of different lengths, which he wore in rotation, thus sustaining the impression that his hair was cut from time to time. In his eye a single eyeglass was adjusted, and as he walked he swung his hat delicately in his tightly gloved fingers. He wore the plainest of collars and the simplest of gold studs; no chain dangled showily from his waistcoat-pocket, and his small feet were encased in little patent-leather shoes. But for his painted face, he might

have passed for the very incarnation of fashionable simplicity. But his face betrayed him.

As for Corona, she was dazzlingly beautiful. Not that any colour or material she wore could greatly enhance her beauty, for all who saw her on that memorable night remembered the wonderful light in her face, and the strange look in her splendid eyes; but the thick soft fall of the white velvet made as it were a pedestal for her loveliness, and the Astrardente jewels that clasped her waist and throat and crowned her raven hair, collected the radiance of the many candles, and made the light cling to her and follow her as she walked. Giovanni saw her enter, and his whole adoration came upon him as a madness upon a sick man in a fever, so that he would have sprung forward to meet her, and fallen at her feet and worshipped her, had he not suddenly felt that he was watched by more than one of the many who paused to see her go by. He moved from his place and stood near the door where she would have to pass, and for a moment his heart stood still.

He hardly knew how it was. He found himself speaking to her. He asked her for a dance, he asked boldly for the cotillon—he never knew how he had dared; she assented, let her eyes rest upon him for one moment with an indescribable expression, then grew very calm and cold, and passed on.

It was all over in an instant. Giovanni moved back to his place as she went by, and stood still like a man stunned. It was well that there were yet nearly two hours before the preliminary dancing would be over; he needed some time to collect himself. The air seemed full of strange voices, and he watched the moving faces as in a dream, unable to concentrate

his attention upon anything he saw.

"He looks as though he had a stroke of paralysis," said a woman's voice near him. It did not strike him, in his strange bewilderment, that it was Donna Tullia who had spoken, still less that she was speaking of him, almost to him.

"Something very like it, I should say," answered Del Ferice's oily voice. "He has probably been ill since you saw him. Sarracinesca is an unhealthy place."

Giovanni turned sharply round.

"Yes; we were speaking of you, Don Giovanni," said Donna Tullia, with some scorn. "Does it strike you that you were exceedingly rude in not letting me know that you were going out of town when you had promised to dance with me at the Valdarno ball?" She curled her small lip and showed her sharp white teeth. Giovanni was a man of the world, however, and was equal to the occasion.

"I apologise most humbly," he said. "It was indeed very rude; but in the urgency of the case, I forgot all other engagements. I really beg your pardon. Will you honour me with a dance this evening?"

"I have every dance engaged," answered Madame Mayer, coldly staring at him.

"I am very sorry," said Giovanni, inwardly thanking heaven for his good fortune, and wishing she would go away.

"Wait a moment," said Donna Tullia, judging that she had produced the desired effect upon him. "Let me look. I believe I have one waltz left. Let me see. Yes, the one before the last—you can have it if you like."

"Thank you," murmured Giovanni, greatly annoyed. "I will remember."

Madame Mayer laid her hand upon Del Ferice's arm, and moved away. She was a vain woman, and being in love with Sarracinesca after her own fashion, could not understand that he should be wholly indifferent to her. She thought that in telling him she had no dances she had given him a little wholesome punishment, and that in giving one after all she had conferred a favour upon him. She also believed that she annoyed Del Ferice, which always amused her. But Del Ferice was more than a match for her, with his quiet ways and smooth tongue.

They went into the ball-room together and danced a few minutes. When the music ceased, Ugo excused himself on the plea that he was engaged for the quadrille that followed. He at once set out in search of the Duchessa d'Astrardente, and did not lose sight of her again. She did not dance before the cotillon, she said; and she sat down in a high chair in the picture-gallery, while three or four men, among whom was Valdarno, sat and stood near her, doing their best to amuse her. Others came, and some went away, but Corona did not move, and sat amongst her little court, glad to have the time pass in any way until the cotillon. When Del Ferice had ascertained her position, he went about his business, which was manifold—dancing frequently, and making a point of speaking to every one in the room. At the end of an hour, he joined the group of men around the Duchessa and took part in the conversation.

It was an easy matter to make the talk turn upon Giovanni Sarracinesca. Every one was more or less curious about the journey he had made, and especially about the cause of his absence. Each of the men had something to say,

and each, knowing the popular report that Giovanni was in love with Corona, said his say with as much wit as he could command. Corona herself was interested, for she alone understood his sudden absence, and was anxious to hear the common opinion concerning it.

The theories advanced were various. Some said he had been quarrelling with the local authorities of *Sarracinesca*, who interfered with his developments and improvements upon the estate, and they gave laughable portraits of the village sages with whom he had been engaged. Others said he had only stopped there a day, and had been in Naples. One said he had been boar-hunting; another, that the *Sarracinesca* woods had been infested by a band of robbers, who were terrorising the country.

"And what do you say, *Del Ferice*?" asked Corona, seeing a cunning smile upon the man's pale fat face.

"It is very simple," said Ugo; "it is a very simple matter indeed. If the *Duchessa* will permit me, I will call him, and we will ask him directly what he has been doing. There he stands with old *Cantalorgano* at the other end of the room. Public curiosity demands to be satisfied. May I call him, *Duchessa*?"

"By no means," said Corona, quickly. But before she had spoken, *Valdarno*, who was always sanguine and impulsive, had rapidly crossed the gallery and was already speaking to Giovanni. The latter bowed his head as though obeying an order, and came quietly back with the young man who had called him. The crowd of men parted before him as he advanced to the *Duchessa's* chair, and stood waiting in some surprise.

"What are your commands,

Duchessa?" he asked, in somewhat formal tones.

"*Valdarno* is too quick," answered Corona, who was greatly annoyed. "Some one suggested calling you to settle a dispute, and he went before I could stop him. I fear it is very impertinent of us."

"I am entirely at your service," said Giovanni, who was delighted at having been called, and had found time to recover from his first excitement on seeing her. "What is the question?"

"We were all talking about you," said *Valdarno*.

"We were wondering where you had been," said another.

"They said you had gone boar-hunting."

"Or to Naples."

"Or even to Paris." Three or four spoke in one breath.

"I am exceedingly flattered at the interest you all show in me," said Giovanni, quietly. "There is very little to tell. I have been in *Sarracinesca* upon a matter of business, spending my days in the woods with my steward, and my nights in keeping away the cold and the ghosts. I would have invited you all to join the festivity, had I known how much you were interested. The beef up there is monstrosly tough, and the rats are abominably noisy, but the mountain air is said to be very healthy."

Most of the men present felt that they had not only behaved foolishly, but had spoiled the little circle around the *Duchessa* by introducing a man who had the power to interest her where they could only afford amusement. *Valdarno* was still standing, and his chair beside Corona was vacant. Giovanni calmly installed himself upon it, and began to talk as though nothing had happened.

"You are not dancing, *Duch-*

essa," he remarked. "I suppose you have been in the ball-room?"

"Yes—and I am rather tired this evening. I will wait."

"You were here at the last great ball, before the old prince died, were you not?" asked Giovanni, remembering that occasion as the first where he had seen her.

"Yes," she answered; "and I remember that we danced together; and the accident to the window, and the story of the ghost."

So they fell into conversation, and though one or two of the men ventured an ineffectual remark, the little circle dropped away, and Giovanni was left alone by the side of the Duchess. The distant opening strains of a waltz came floating down the gallery, but neither of the two heard, nor cared.

"It is strange," Giovanni said. "They say it has always happened, since the memory of man. No one has ever seen anything, but whenever there is a great ball, there is a crash of broken glass some time in the course of the evening. Nobody could ever explain why that window fell in, five years ago—five years ago this month,—this very day, I believe," he continued suddenly, in the act of recollection. "Yes—the nineteenth of January, I remember very well—it was my mother's birthday."

"It is not so extraordinary," said Corona, "for it chances to be the name-day of the present prince. That was probably the reason why it was chosen this year." She spoke a little nervously, as though still ill at ease.

"But it is very strange," said Giovanni, in a low voice. "It is strange that we should have met here the first time, and that we should not have met here since, until—to-day."

He looked towards her as he

spoke, and their eyes met and lingered in each other's gaze. Suddenly the blood mounted to Corona's cheeks, her eyelids drooped, she leaned back in her seat and was silent.

Far off, at the entrance to the ball-room, Del Ferice found Donna Tullia alone. She was very angry. The dance for which she was engaged to Giovanni Sarracinesca had begun, and was already half over, and still he did not come. Her pink face was unusually flushed, and there was a disagreeable look in her blue eyes.

"Ah!—I see Don Giovanni has again forgotten his engagement," said Ugo, in smooth tones. He well knew that he himself had brought about the omission, but none could have guessed it from his manner. "May I have the honour of a turn before your cavalier arrives?" he asked.

"No," said Donna Tullia, angrily. "Give me your arm. We will go and find him." She almost hissed the words through her closed teeth.

She hardly knew that Del Ferice was leading her as they moved towards the picture-gallery, passing through the crowded rooms that lay between. She never spoke; but her movement was impetuous, and she resented being delayed by the hosts of men and women who filled the way. As they entered the long apartment, where the portraits of the Frangipani lined the walls from end to end, Del Ferice uttered a well-feigned exclamation.

"Oh, there he is!" he cried. "Do you see him?—his back is turned—he is alone with Astradente."

"Come," said Donna Tullia, shortly. Del Ferice would have preferred to have let her go alone, and to have witnessed from a dis-

tance the scene he had brought about. But he could not refuse to accompany Madame Mayer.

Neither Corona, who was facing the pair, but was talking with Giovanni, nor Giovanni himself, who was turned away from them, noticed their approach until they came and stood still beside them. Sarracinesca looked up and started. The Duchessa d'Astrardente raised her black eyebrows in surprise.

"Our dance!" exclaimed Giovanni, in considerable agitation. "It is the one after this——"

"On the contrary," said Donna Tullia, in tones trembling with rage, "it is already over. It is the most unparalleled insolence!"

Giovanni was profoundly disgusted at himself and Donna Tullia. He cared not so much for the humiliation itself, which was bad enough, as for the annoyance the scene caused Corona, who looked from one to the other in angry astonishment, but of course could have nothing to say.

"I can only assure you that I thought——"

"Silence, Prince!" cried Donna Tullia, losing all self-control.

"There is no excuse, nor pardon—it is the second time. Do not insult me further, by inventing untruths for your apology."

"Nevertheless——" began Giovanni, who was sincerely sorry for his great rudeness, and would gladly have attempted to explain his conduct, seeing that Donna Tullia was so justly angry.

"There is no nevertheless!" she interrupted. "You may stay where you are," she added, with a scornful glance at the Duchessa d'Astrardente. Then she laid her hand upon Del Ferice's arm, and swept angrily past, so that the train of her red silk gown brushed sharply against Corona's soft white velvet.

Giovanni remained standing a moment, with a puzzled expression upon his face.

"How could you do anything so rude?" asked Corona, very gravely. "She will never forgive you, and she will be quite right."

"I do not know how I forgot," he answered, seating himself again. "It is dreadful—unpardonable—but perhaps the consequences will be good."

CHAPTER XI.

Corona was ill at ease. In the first few moments of being alone with Giovanni the pleasure she felt outweighed all other thoughts. But as the minutes lengthened to a quarter of an hour, then half an hour, she grew nervous, and her answers came more and more shortly. She said to herself that she should never have given him the cotillon, and she wondered how the remainder of the time would pass. The realisation of what had occurred came upon her, and the hot blood rose to her face and ebbed away again, and rose once

more. Yet she could not speak out what her pride prompted her to say, because she pitied Giovanni a little, and was willing to think for a moment that it was only compassion she felt, lest she should feel that she must send him away.

But Giovanni sat beside her, and knew that the spell was working upon him, and that there was no salvation. He had taken her unawares, though he hardly knew it, when she first entered, and he asked her suddenly for a dance. He had wondered vaguely why she had so freely consented; but, in the wild

delight of being by her side, he lost completely all hold upon himself, and yielded to the exquisite charm of her presence, as a man who has struggled for a moment against a powerful opiate sinks under its influence, and involuntarily acknowledges his weakness. Strong as he was, his strength was all gone, and he knew not where he should find it.

"You will have to make her some further apology," said Corona, as Madame Mayer's red train disappeared through the doorway at the other end of the room.

"Of course—I must do something about it," said Giovanni, absently. "After all, I do not wonder—it is amazing that I should have recognised her at all. I should forget anything to-night, except that I am to dance with you."

The Duchessa looked away, and fanned herself slowly; but she sighed quickly, and checked the deep-drawn breath as by a great effort. The waltz was over, and the dancers streamed through the intervening rooms towards the gallery in quest of a fresher air and freer space. Two and two they came, quickly following each other and passing on, some filling the high seats along the walls, others hastening towards the supper-rooms beyond. A few minutes earlier Sarracinesca and Corona had been almost alone in the great apartment; now they were surrounded on all sides by a chattering crowd of men and women, with flushed faces or unnaturally pale, according as the effort of dancing affected each, and the indistinguishable din of hundreds of voices so filled the air that Giovanni and the Duchessa could hardly hear each other speak.

"This is intolerable," said Giovanni, suddenly. "You are not

engaged for the last quadrille? Shall we not go away until the cotillon begins?"

Corona hesitated a moment, and was silent. She glanced once at Giovanni, and again surveyed the moving crowd.

"Yes," she said at last; "let us go away."

"You are very good," answered Giovanni in a low voice, as he offered her his arm. She looked at him inquiringly, and her face grew grave, as they slowly made their way out of the room.

At last they came to the conservatory, and went in among the great plants and the soft lights. There was no one there; and they slowly paced the broad walk that was left clear all round the glass-covered chamber, and up and down the middle. The plants were disposed so thickly as to form almost impenetrable walls of green on either side; and at one end there was an open space where a little marble fountain played, around which were disposed seats of carved wood. But Giovanni and Corona continued to walk slowly along the tiled path.

"Why did you say I was good just now?" asked Corona at last. Her voice sounded cold.

"I should not have said it, perhaps," answered Giovanni. "I say many things which I cannot help saying. I am very sorry."

"I am very sorry too," answered the Duchessa, quietly.

"Ah! if you knew, you would forgive me. If you could guess half the truth, you would forgive me."

"I would rather not guess it."

"Of course; but you have already—you know it all. Have I not told you?" Giovanni spoke in despairing tones. He was utterly weak and spellbound; he could hardly find any words at all.

"Don Giovanni," said Corona, speaking very proudly and calmly, but not unkindly, "I have known you so long, I believe you to be so honourable a man, that I am willing to suppose that you said—what you said—in a moment of madness."

"Madness! It was madness; but it is more sweet to remember than all the other doings of my life," said Sarracinesca, his tongue unloosed at last. "If it is madness to love you, I am mad past all cure. There is no healing for me now; I shall never find my senses again, for they are lost in you, and lost for ever. Drive me away, crush me, trample on me if you will; you cannot kill me nor kill my madness, for I live in you and for you, and I cannot die. That is all. I am not eloquent as other men are, to use smooth words and twist phrases. I love you——"

"You have said too much already—too much, far too much," murmured Corona, in broken tones. She had withdrawn her hand from his during his passionate speech, and stood back from against the dark wall of green plants, her head drooping upon her breast, her fingers clasped fast together. His short rude words were terribly sweet to hear; it was fearful to think that she was alone with him, that one step would bring her to his side, one passionate impulse throw her white arms about his neck, one faltering sigh of overwhelming love bring her queenly head down upon his shoulder. Ah, God! how gladly she would let her tears flow and speak for her! how unutterably sweet it would be to rest for one instant in his arms, to love and be loved as she longed to be!

"You are so cold," he cried, passionately. "You cannot understand. All spoken words are not

too much, are not enough to move you, to make you see that I do really worship and adore you; you, the whole of you—your glorious face, your sweet small hands, your queenly way, the light of your eyes, and the words of your lips—all of you, body and soul, I love. I would I might die now, for you know it, even if you will not understand——"

He moved a step nearer to her, stretching out his hands as he spoke. Corona trembled convulsively, and her lips turned white in the torture of temptation; she leaned far back against the green leaves, staring wildly at Giovanni, held as in a vice by the mighty passions of love and fear. Having yielded her ears to his words, they fascinated her horribly. He, poor man, had long lost all control of himself. His resolutions, long pondered in the solitude of Sarracinesca, had vanished like unsubstantial vapours before a strong fire, and his heart and soul were ablaze.

"Do not look at me so," he said, almost tenderly. "Do not look at me as though you feared me, as though you hated me. Can you not see that it is I who fear you as well as love you, who tremble at your coldness, who watch for your slightest kind look? Ah, Corona, you have made me so happy!—there is no angel in all heaven but would give up his Paradise to change for mine!"

He had taken her hand and pressed it wildly to his lips. Her eyelids drooped, and her head fell back for one moment. They stood so very near that his arm had almost stolen about her slender waist, he almost thought he was supporting her.

Suddenly, without the least warning, she drew herself up to her full height, and thrust Giovanni

back to her arm's length, strongly, almost roughly.

"Never!" she said. "I am a weak woman, but not so weak as that. I am miserable, but not so miserable as to listen to you. Giovanni Sarracinesca, you say you love me—God grant it is not true! but you say it. Then, have you no honour, no courage, no strength? Is there nothing of the man left in you? Is there no truth in your love, no generosity in your heart? If you so love me as you say you do, do you care so little what becomes of me as to tempt me to love you?"

She spoke very earnestly, not scornfully nor angrily, but in the certainty of strength and right, and in the strong persuasion that the headstrong man would hear and be convinced. She was weak no longer; for one desperate moment her fate had trembled in the balance, but she had not hesitated even then; she had struggled bravely, and her brave soul had won the great battle. She had been weak the other day at the theatre, in letting herself ask the question to which she knew the answer; she had been miserably weak that very night in so abandoning herself to the influence she loved and dreaded; but at the great moment, when heaven and earth swam before her as in a wild and unreal mirage, with the voice of the man she loved ringing in her ears, speaking such words as it was an ecstasy to hear, she had been no longer weak—the reality of danger had brought forth the sincerity of her goodness, and her heart had found courage to do a great deed, for she had overcome, and she knew it.

Giovanni stood back from her, and hung his head. In a moment the force of his passion was checked, and from the supreme verge of un-

speakable and rapturous delight, he was cast suddenly into the depth of his own remorse. He stood silent before her, trembling and awestruck.

"You cannot understand me," she said. "I do not understand myself. But this I know, that you are not what you have seemed to-night—that there is enough manliness and nobility in you to respect a woman, and that you will hereafter prove that I am right. I pray that I may not see you any more; but if I must see you, I will trust you thus much—say that I may trust you," she added, her strong smooth voice sinking in a trembling cadence, half beseeching, and yet wholly commanding.

Sarracinesca bent his heavy brows, and was silent for a moment. Then he looked up, and his eyes met hers, and seemed to gather strength from her.

"If you will let me see you sometimes, you may trust me. I would I were as noble and good as you—I am not. I will try to be. Ah, Corona!" he cried suddenly, "forgive me, forgive me! I hardly knew what I said."

"Hush!" said the Duchessa, gently; "you must not speak like that, nor call me Corona. Perhaps I am wrong to forgive you wholly, but I believe in you. I believe you will understand, and that you will be worthy of the trust I place in you."

"Indeed, Duchessa, none shall say that they have trusted one of our name in vain," answered Giovanni very proudly—"neither man nor woman,—and, least of all women, you."

"That is well," said she, with the faint shadow of a smile. "I would rather see you proud than reckless. See that you remain so—that neither by word nor deed

you ever remind me that I have had anything to forgive. It is the only way in which any intercourse between us can be possible after this—this dreadful night.”

Giovanni bowed his head. He was still pale, but he had regained control of himself.

“I solemnly promise that I will not recall it to your memory, and I implore your forgiveness, even though you cannot forget.”

“I cannot forget,” said Corona, almost under her breath. Giovanni’s eyes flashed for a moment. “Shall we go back to the ball-room? I will go home soon.”

As they turned to go, a loud crash, as of broken glass, with the fall of some heavy body, startled them, and made them stand still in the middle of the walk. The noisy concussion was followed by a complete silence. Corona, whose nerves had been severely tried, trembled slightly.

“It is strange,” she said; “they say it always happens.”

There was nothing to be seen. The thick web of plants hid the cause of the noise from view, whatever it might be. Giovanni hesitated a moment, looking about to see how he could get behind the banks of flower-pots. Then he left Corona without a word, and striding to the end of the walk, disappeared into the depths of the conservatory. He had noticed that there was a narrow entrance at the end nearest the fountain, intended probably to admit the gardener for the purpose of watering the plants. Corona could hear his quick steps; she thought she heard a low groan and a voice whispering,—but she might have been mistaken, for the place was large, and her heart was beating fast.

Giovanni had not gone far in the narrow way, which was suffi-

ciently lighted by the soft light of the many candles concealed in various parts of the conservatory, when he came upon the figure of a man sitting, as he had apparently fallen, across the small passage. The fragments of a heavy earthenware vase lay beyond him, with a heap of earth and roots; and the tall india-rubber plant which grew in it had fallen against the sloping glass roof and shattered several panes. As Giovanni came suddenly upon him, the man struggled to rise, and in the dim light *Sarracinesca* recognised Del Ferice. The truth flashed upon him at once. The fellow had been listening, and had probably heard all. Giovanni instantly resolved to conceal the fact from the Duchessa, to whom the knowledge that the painful scene had been overheard would be a bitter mortification. Giovanni could undertake to silence the eavesdropper.

Quick as thought his strong brown hands gripped the throat of Ugo del Ferice, stifling his breath like a collar of iron.

“Dog!” he whispered fiercely in the wretch’s ear, “if you breathe, I will kill you now! You will find me in my own house in an hour. Be silent now!” Giovanni whispered, with such a terrible grip on the fellow’s throat that his eyeballs seemed starting from his head. Then he turned and went out by the way he had entered, leaving Del Ferice writhing with pain and gasping for breath. As he joined Corona, his face betrayed no emotion—he had been so pale before that he could not turn whiter in his anger—but his eyes gleamed fiercely at the thought of fight. The Duchessa stood where he had left her, still much agitated.

“It is nothing,” said Giovanni, with a forced laugh, as he offered her his arm and led her quickly

away. "Imagine. A great vase with one of Frangipani's favourite plants in it had been badly propped, and had fallen right through the glass, outward."

"It is strange," said Corona. "I was almost sure I heard a groan."

"It was the wind. The glass was broken, and it is a stormy night."

"That was just the way that window fell in, five years ago," said Corona. "Something always happens here. I think I will go home—let us find my husband."

No one would have guessed, from Corona's face, that anything extraordinary had occurred in the half-hour she had spent in the conservatory. She walked calmly by Giovanni's side, not a trace of excitement on her pale proud face, not a sign of uneasiness in the quiet glance of her splendid eyes. She had conquered, and she knew it, never to be tempted again; she had conquered herself and she had overcome the man beside her. Giovanni glanced at her in wondering admiration.

"You are the bravest woman in the world, as I am the most contemptible of men," he said suddenly, as they entered the picture-gallery.

"I am not brave," she answered calmly, "neither are you contemptible, my friend. We have both been very near to our destruction, but it has pleased God to save us."

"By you," said Sarracinesca, very solemnly. He knew that within six hours he might be lying dead upon some plot of wet grass without the city, and he grew very grave, after the manner of brave men when death is abroad.

"You have saved my soul to-night," he said earnestly. "Will you give me your blessing and whole forgiveness? Do not laugh at me, nor think me foolish. The

blessing of such women as you should make men braver and better."

The gallery was again deserted. The cotillon had begun, and those who were not dancing were at supper. Corona stood still for one moment by the very chair where they had sat so long.

"I forgive you wholly. I pray that all blessings may be upon you always, in life and in death, for ever."

Giovanni bowed his head reverently. It seemed as though the woman he so loved was speaking a benediction upon his death, a last *in pace* which should follow him for all eternity.

"In life and in death, I will honour you truly and serve you faithfully, for ever," he answered. As he raised his head, Corona saw that there were tears in his eyes, and she felt that there were tears in her own.

"Come," she said, and they passed on in silence.

She found her husband at last in the supper-room. He was leisurely discussing the wing of a chicken and a small glass of claret-and-water, with a gouty ambassador whose wife had insisted upon dancing the cotillon, and who was revenging himself upon a Strasbourg *pâté* and a bottle of dry champagne.

"Ah, my dear," said Astrardente, looking up from his modest fare, "you have been dancing? You have come to supper? You are very wise. I have danced a great deal myself, but I have not seen you—the room was so crowded. Here—this small table will hold us all, just a quartet."

"Thanks—I am not hungry. Will you take me home when you have finished supper? Or are you going to stay? Do not wait, Don Giovanni; I know you are busy

in the cotillon. My husband will take care of me. Good night."

Giovanni bowed, and went away, glad to be alone at last. He had to be at home in half an hour according to his engagement, and he had to look about him for a friend. All Rome was at the ball; but the men upon whom he could call for such service as he required, were all dancing. Moreover, he reflected that in such a matter it was necessary to have some one especially trustworthy. It would not do to have the real cause of the duel known, and the choice of a second was a very important matter. He never doubted that Del Ferice would send some one with a challenge at the appointed time. Del Ferice was a scoundrel, doubtless; but he was quick with the foils, and had often appeared as second in affairs of honour.

Giovanni stood by the door of the ball-room, looking at the many familiar faces, and wondering how he could induce any one to leave his partner at that hour, and go home with him. Suddenly he was aware that his father was standing beside him and eyeing him curiously.

"What is the matter, Giovannino?" inquired the old Prince. "Why are you not dancing?"

"The fact is——" began Giovanni, and then stopped suddenly. An idea struck him. He went close to his father, and spoke in a low voice.

"The fact is, that I have just taken a man by the throat and otherwise insulted him, by calling him a dog. The fellow seemed annoyed, and so I told him he might send to our house in an hour for an explanation. I cannot find a friend, because everybody is dancing this abominable cotillon. Perhaps you can help me," he added, looking at his father rather

doubtfully. To his surprise and considerable relief the old Prince burst into a hearty laugh.

"Of course," he cried. "What do you take me for? Do you think I would desert my boy in a fight. Go and call my carriage, and wait for me while I pick up somebody for a witness; we can talk on the way home."

The old Prince had been a duelist in his day, and he would no more have thought of advising his son not to fight than of refusing a challenge himself. He was, moreover, exceedingly bored at the ball, and not in the least sleepy. The prospect of an exciting night was novel and delightful. He knew Giovanni's extraordinary skill, and feared nothing for him. He knew everybody in the ball-room was engaged, and he went straight to the supper-table, expecting to find some one there. Astrardente, the Duchess, and the gouty ambassador were still together, as Giovanni had left them a moment before. The Prince did not like Astrardente, but he knew the ambassador very well. He called him aside, with an apology to the Duchess.

"I want a young man immediately," said old Sarracinesca, stroking his white beard with his broad brown hand. "Can you tell of any one who is not dancing?"

"There is Astrardente," answered his Excellency, with an ironical smile. "A duel?" he asked.

Sarracinesca nodded.

"I am too old," said the diplomatist, thoughtfully; "but it would be infinitely amusing. I cannot give you one of my secretaries either. It always makes such a scandal. Oh, there goes the very man! Catch him before it is too late!"

Old Sarracinesca glanced in the

direction the ambassador indicated, and darted away. He was as active as a boy, in spite of his sixty years.

"Eh!" he cried. "Hi! you! Come here! Spicca! Stop! Excuse me—I am in a great hurry!"

Count Spicca, whom he thus addressed, paused and looked round through his single eyeglass in some surprise. He was an immensely tall and cadaverous-looking man, with a black beard and searching grey eyes.

"I really beg your pardon," said the Prince hurriedly, in a low voice, as he came up, "but I am in a great hurry—an affair of honour—will you be witness? My carriage is at the door."

"With pleasure," said Count Spicca, quietly; and without further comment he accompanied the Prince to the outer hall. Giovanni was waiting, and the Prince's footman stood at the head of the stairs. In three minutes the father and son and the melancholy Spicca were seated in the carriage, on their way to the Palazzo Sarracinesca.

"Now then, Giovannino," said the Prince, as he lit a cigarette in the darkness, "tell us all about it."

"There is not much to tell," said Giovanni. "If the challenge arrives, there is nothing to be done but to fight. I took him by the throat and nearly strangled him."

"Whom?" asked Spicca, mournfully.

"Oh! it is Del Ferice," answered Giovanni, who had forgotten that he had not mentioned the name of his probable antagonist. The Prince laughed.

"Del Ferice! Who would have thought it! He is a dead man. What was it all about?"

"That is unnecessary to say here," said Giovanni, quietly.

"He insulted me grossly. I half-strangled him, and told him he was a dog. I suppose he will fight."

"Ah yes; he will probably fight," repeated Spicca, thoughtfully. "What are your weapons, Don Giovanni?"

"Anything he likes."

"But the choice is yours if he challenges," returned the Count.

"As you please. Arrange all that—foils, swords, or pistols."

"You do not seem to take much interest in this affair," remarked Spicca, sadly.

"He is best with foils," said the old Prince.

"Foils or pistols, of course," said the Count. "Swords are child's-play."

Satisfied that his seconds meant business, Giovanni sank back in his corner of the carriage, and was silent.

"We had better have the meeting in my villa," said his father. "If it rains, they can fight indoors. I will send for the surgeon at once."

In a few moments they reached the Palazzo Sarracinesca. The Prince left word at the porter's lodge that any gentlemen who arrived were to be admitted, and all three went up-stairs. It was half-past two o'clock.

As they entered the apartments, they heard a carriage drive under the great archway below.

"Go to your rooms, Giovannino," said the old Prince. "These fellows are punctual. I will call you when they are gone. I suppose you mean business seriously?"

"I care nothing about him. I will give him any satisfaction he pleases," answered Giovanni. "It is very kind of you to undertake the matter—I am very grateful."

"I would not leave it to anybody else," muttered the old Prince,

as he hurried away to meet Del Ferice's seconds.

Giovanni entered his own rooms, and went straight to his writing-table. He took a pen and a sheet of paper and began writing. His face was very grave, but his hand was steady. For more than an hour he wrote without pausing. Then his father entered the room.

"Well?" said Giovanni, looking up.

"It is all settled," said the old gentleman, seriously. "You must do your best, my boy. This rascal means to hurt you if he can. Seven o'clock is the time. We must leave here at half-past six. You can sleep two hours and a half. I will sit up and call you. Spicca has gone home to change his clothes and is coming back immediately.

Now lie down. I will see to your foils——"

"It is foils, then?" asked Giovanni, quietly.

"Yes. They made no objection. You had better lie down."

"I will. Father, if anything should happen to me—it may, you know—you will find my keys in this drawer, and this letter, which I beg you will read. It is to yourself."

"Nonsense, my dear boy! Nothing will happen to you—you will just run him through the arm and come home to breakfast."

The old Prince spoke in his rough cheerful way; but his voice trembled, and he turned aside to hide two great tears that had fallen upon his dark cheeks and were losing themselves in his white beard.

CHAPTER XII.

Giovanni slept soundly for two hours. He was very tired with the many emotions of the night, and the arrangements for the meeting being completed, it seemed as though work were over and the pressure removed. It is said that men will sleep for hours when their trial is over and the sentence of death has been passed; and though it was more likely that Del Ferice would be killed than that Giovanni would be hurt, the latter felt not unlike a man who has been tried for his life. He had suffered in a couple of hours almost every emotion of which he was capable—his love for Corona, long controlled and choked down, had broken bounds at last, and found expression for itself; he had in a moment suffered the severest humiliation and the most sincere sorrow at her reproaches; he had known the fear of seeing her no

more, and the sweetness of pardon from her own lips; he had found himself on a sudden in a frenzy of righteous wrath against Del Ferice, and a moment later he had been forced to hide his anger under a calm face; and at last, when the night was far spent, he had received the assurance that in less than four hours he would have ample opportunity for taking vengeance upon the cowardly eavesdropper who had so foully got possession of the one secret he held dear. Worn out with all he had suffered, and calm in the expectation of the morning's struggle, Giovanni lay down upon his bed and slept.

Del Ferice, on the contrary, was very wakeful. He had an unpleasant sensation about his throat as though he had been hanged, and cut down before he was dead; and he had the unutterable mortification of knowing that, after a long

and successful social career, he had been detected by his worst enemy in a piece of disgraceful villany. In the first place, Giovanni might kill him. Del Ferice was a very good fencer, but Sarracinesca was stronger and more active; there was certainly considerable danger in the duel. On the other hand, if he survived, Giovanni had him in his power for the rest of his life, and there was no escape possible. He had been caught listening—caught in a flagrantly dishonest trick—and he well knew that if the matter had been brought before a jury of honour, he would have been declared incompetent to claim any satisfaction.

It was not the first time Del Ferice had done such things, but it was the first time he had been caught. He cursed his awkwardness in oversetting the vase just at the moment when his game was successfully played to the end—just when he thought that he began to see land, in having discovered beyond all doubt that Giovanni was devoted body and soul to Corona d'Astrardente. The information had been necessary to him, for he was beginning seriously to press his suit with Donna Tullia, and he needed to be sure that Giovanni was not a rival to be feared. He had long suspected Sarracinesca's devotion to the dark Duchess, and by constantly putting himself in his way, he had done his best to excite his jealousy and to stimulate his passion. Giovanni never could have considered Del Ferice as a rival; the idea would have been ridiculous. But the constant annoyance of finding the man by Corona's side, when he desired to be alone with her, had in some measure heightened the effect Del Ferice desired, though it had not actually produced it. Being a good judge of character, he had sensibly

reckoned his chances against Giovanni, and he had formed so just an opinion of the man's bold and devoted character as to be absolutely sure that if Sarracinesca loved Corona he would not seriously think of marrying Donna Tullia. He had done all he could to strengthen the passion when he guessed it was already growing, and at the very moment when he had received circumstantial evidence of it beyond all doubt, he had allowed himself to be discovered, through his own unpardonable carelessness.

Evidently the only satisfactory way out of the difficulty was to kill Giovanni outright, if he could do it. In that way he would rid himself of an enemy, and at the same time of the evidence against himself. The question was, how this could be accomplished; for Giovanni was a man of courage, strength, and experience, and he himself—Ugo del Ferice—possessed none of those qualities in any great degree. The result was, that he slept not at all, but passed the night in a state of nervous anxiety by no means conducive to steadiness of hand or calmness of the nerves. He was less pleased than ever when he heard that Giovanni's seconds were his own father and the melancholy Spicca, who was the most celebrated duellist in Italy, in spite of his cadaverous long body, his sad voice, and his expression of mournful resignation to the course of events.

In the event of his neither killing Don Giovanni nor being himself killed, what he most dreaded was the certainty that for the rest of his life he would be in his enemy's power. He knew that, for Corona's sake, Giovanni would not mention the cause of the duel, and no one could have induced him to speak of it himself; but it would be a terrible hindrance in his life

to feel at every turn that the man he hated had the power to expose him to the world as a scoundrel of the first water. What he had heard gave him but small influence over Sarracinesca, though it was of great value in determining his own action. To say aloud to the world that Giovanni loved the Duchessa d'Astrardente would be of little use. Del Ferice could not, for very shame, tell how he had found it out; and there was no other proof but his evidence, for he guessed that from that time forward the open relations between the two would be even more formal than before—and the most credulous people do not believe in a great fire unless they can be shown a little smoke. He had not even the advantage of turning the duel to account in his interest with Donna Tullia, since Giovanni could force him to deny that she was implicated in the question, on pain of exposing his treachery. There was palpably no satisfactory way out of the matter unless he could kill his adversary. He would have to leave the country for a while; but Giovanni once dead, it would be easy to make Donna Tullia believe they had fought on her account, and to derive all the advantage there was to be gained from posing before the world as her defender.

But if Del Ferice's rest was disturbed by the contemplation of his difficulties, he did not neglect any precaution which might save his strength for the morrow. He lay down upon his bed, stretching himself at full length, and carefully keeping his right arm free, lest, by letting his weight fall upon it as he lay, he should benumb the muscles or stiffen the joints; from time to time he rubbed a little strengthening ointment upon his wrist, and he was careful that the light should not shine in his eyes

and weary them. At six o'clock his seconds appeared with the surgeon they had engaged, and the four men were soon driving rapidly down the Corso towards the gate.

So punctual were the two parties that they arrived simultaneously at the gate of the villa which had been selected for the encounter. The old Prince took a key from his pocket and himself opened the great iron gate. The carriages drove in, and the gates were closed behind them by the astonished porter, who came running out as they creaked upon their hinges. The light was already sufficient for the purpose of fencing, as the eight men descended simultaneously before the house. The morning was cloudy, but the ground was dry. The principals and seconds saluted each other formally. Giovanni withdrew to a little distance on one side with his surgeon, and Del Ferice stood aside with his.

The melancholy Spicca, who looked like the shadow of death in the dim morning light, was the first to speak.

"Of course you know the best spot in the villa?" he said to the old Prince.

"As there is no sun, I suggest that they fight upon the ground behind the house. It is hard and dry."

The whole party followed old Sarracinesca. Spicca had the foils in a green bag. The place suggested by the Prince seemed in every way adapted, and Del Ferice's seconds made no objection. There was absolutely no choice of position upon the ground, which was an open space about twenty yards square, hard and well rolled, preferable in every way to a grass lawn.

Without further comment, Giovanni took off his coat and waistcoat, and Del Ferice, who looked paler and more unhealthy than

usual, followed his example. The seconds crossed sides to examine the principals' shirts, and to assure themselves that they wore no flannel underneath the unstarched linen. This formality being accomplished, the foils were carefully compared, and Giovanni was offered the first choice. He took the one nearest his hand, and the other was carried to Del Ferice. They were simple fencing foils, the buttons being removed and the points sharpened—there was nothing to choose between them. The seconds then each took a sword, and stationed the combatants some seven or eight paces apart, while they themselves stood a little aside, each upon the right hand of his principal, and the witnesses placed themselves at opposite corners of the ground, the surgeons remaining at the ends behind the antagonists. There was a moment's pause. When all was ready, old Sarracinesca came close to Giovanni, while Del Ferice's second approached his principal in like manner.

"Giovanni," said the old Prince, gravely, "as your second I am bound to recommend you to make any advance in your power towards a friendly understanding. Can you do so?"

"No, father, I cannot," answered Giovanni, with a slight smile. His face was perfectly calm, and of a natural colour. Old Sarracinesca crossed the ground, and met Casalverde, the opposite second, half-way. Each formally expressed to the other his great regret that no arrangement would be possible, and then retired again to the right hand of his principal.

"Gentlemen," said the Prince, in a loud voice, "are you ready?" As both men bowed their assent, he added immediately, in a sharp tone of command, "In guard!"

Giovanni and Del Ferice each

made a step forward, saluted each other with their foils, repeated the salute to the seconds and witnesses, and then came face to face and fell into position. Each made one thrust in tierce at the other, in the usual fashion of compliment, each parrying in the same way.

"Halt!" cried Sarracinesca and Casalverde, in the same breath.

"In guard!" shouted the Prince again, and the duel commenced.

In a moment the difference between the two men was apparent. Del Ferice fenced in the Neapolitan style—his arm straight before him, never bending from the elbow, making all his play with his wrist, his back straight, and his knees so much bent that he seemed not more than half his height. He made his movements short and quick, and relatively few, in evident fear of tiring himself at the start. To a casual observer his fence was less graceful than his antagonist's, his lunges less daring, his parries less brilliant. But as the old Prince watched him he saw that the point of his foil advanced and retreated in a perfectly straight line, and in parrying described the smallest circle possible, while his cold watery blue eye was fixed steadily upon his antagonist; old Sarracinesca ground his teeth, for he saw that the man was a most accomplished swordsman.

Giovanni fought with the air of one who defended himself, without much thought of attack. He did not bend so low as Del Ferice, his arm doubled a little before his lunge, and his foil occasionally made a wide circle in the air. He seemed careless, but in strength and elasticity he was far superior to his enemy, and could perhaps afford to trust to these advantages, when a man like Del Ferice was obliged to employ his whole skill and science.

They had been fencing for more than two minutes, without any apparent result, when Giovanni seemed suddenly to change his tactics. He lowered the point of his weapon a little, and, keeping it straight before him, began to press more closely upon his antagonist. Del Ferice kept his arm at full length, and broke ground for a yard or two, making clever feints in *carte* at Giovanni's body, with the object of stopping his advance. But Giovanni pressed him, and suddenly made a peculiar movement with his foil, bringing it in contact with his enemy's along its length.

"Halt!" cried Casalverde. Both men lowered their weapons instantly, and the seconds sprang forward and touched their swords between them. Giovanni bit his lip angrily.

"Why 'halt'?" asked the Prince, sharply. "Neither is touched."

"My principal's shoe-string is untied," answered Casalverde, calmly. It was true. "He might easily trip and fall," explained Del Ferice's friend, bending down and proceeding to tie the silk ribbon. The Prince shrugged his shoulders, and retired with Giovanni a few steps back.

"Giovanni," he said, in a voice trembling with emotion, "if you are not more careful, he will do you a mischief. For heaven's sake run him through the arm and let us be done with it."

"I should have disarmed him that time, if his second had not stopped us," said Giovanni, calmly. "He is ready again," he added, "come on."

"In guard!"

Again the two men advanced, and again the foils crossed and recrossed and rang loudly in the cold morning air. Once more Gio-

vanni pressed upon Del Ferice, and Del Ferice broke ground. In answer to a quick feint, Giovanni made a round parry and a sharp short lunge in tierce.

"Halt!" yelled Casalverde. Old Sarracinesca sprang in, and Giovanni lowered his weapon. But Casalverde did not interpose his sword. A full two seconds after the cry to halt, Del Ferice lunged right forward. Giovanni thrust out his arm to save his body from the foul attempt—he had not time to raise his weapon. Del Ferice's sharp rapier entered his wrist and tore a long wound nearly to the elbow.

Giovanni said nothing, but his sword dropped from his hand and he turned upon his father, white with rage. The blood streamed down his sleeve, and his surgeon came running towards him.

The old man had understood at a glance the foul play that had been practised, and going forward laid his hand upon the arm of Del Ferice's second.

"Why did you stop them, sir? And where was your sword?" he said in great anger. Del Ferice was leaning upon his friend; a greenish pallor had overspread his face, but there was a smile under his colourless moustache.

"My principal was touched," said Casalverde, pointing to a tiny scratch upon Del Ferice's neck, from which a single drop of blood was slowly oozing.

"Then why did you not prevent your principal from thrusting after you cried the halt?" asked Sarracinesca, severely. "You have singularly misunderstood your duties, sir, and when these gentlemen are satisfied, you will be answerable to me."

Casalverde was silent.

"I protest myself wholly satisfied," said Ugo, with a disagreeable

smile, as he glanced to where the surgeon was binding up Giovanni's arm.

"Sir," said old Sarracinesca, fiercely addressing the second, "I am not here to bandy words with your principal. He may express himself satisfied through you, if he pleases. My principal, through me, expresses his entire dissatisfaction."

"Your principal, Prince," answered Casalverde, coldly, "is unable to proceed, seeing that his right arm is injured."

"My son, sir, fences as readily with his left hand as with his right," returned old Sarracinesca.

Del Ferice's face fell, and his smile vanished instantly.

"In that case we are ready," returned Casalverde, unable, however, to conceal his annoyance. He was a friend of Del Ferice's, and would gladly have seen Giovanni run through the body by the foul thrust.

There was a moment's consultation on the other side.

"I will give myself the pleasure of killing that gentleman to-morrow morning," remarked Spicca, as he mournfully watched the surgeon's operations.

"Unless I kill him myself to-day," returned the Prince savagely, in his white beard. "Are you ready, Giovannino?" It never occurred to him to ask his son if he was too badly hurt to proceed.

Giovanni never spoke, but the hot blood had mounted to his temples, and he was dangerously angry. He took the foil they gave him, and felt the point quietly. It was sharp as a needle. He nodded to his father's question, and they resumed their places, the old Prince this time standing on the left, as his son had changed hands. Del Ferice came forward rather timidly. His courage had

sustained him so far, but the consciousness of having done a foul deed, and the sight of the angry man before him, were beginning to make him nervous. He felt uncomfortable, too, at the idea of fencing against a left-handed antagonist.

Giovanni made one or two lunges, and then, with a strange movement unlike anything any one present was acquainted with, seemed to wind his blade round Del Ferice's, and, with a violent jerk of the wrist, sent the weapon flying across the open space. It struck a window of the house, and crashed through the panes.

"More broken glass!" said Giovanni scornfully, as he lowered his point and stepped back two paces. "Take another sword, sir," he said; "I will not kill you defenceless."

"Good heavens, Giovannino!" exclaimed his father in the greatest excitement; "where on earth did you learn that trick?"

"On my travels, father," returned Giovanni, with a smile; "where you tell me I learned so much that was bad. He looks frightened," he added in a low voice, as he glanced at Del Ferice's livid face.

"He has cause," returned the Prince, "if he ever had in his life!"

Casalverde and his witness advanced from the other side with a fresh pair of foils; for the one that had gone through the window could not be recovered at once, and was probably badly bent by the twist it had received. The gentlemen offered Giovanni his choice.

"If there is no objection I will keep the one I have," said he to his father. The foils were measured, and were found to be alike. The two gentlemen retired, and Del Ferice chose a weapon.

"That is right," said Spicca, as

he slowly went back to his place. "You should never part with an old friend."

"We are ready!" was called from the opposite side.

"In guard, then!" cried the Prince. The angry flush had not subsided from Giovanni's forehead, as he again went forward. Del Ferice came up like a man who has suddenly made up his mind to meet death, with a look of extraordinary determination on his pale face.

Before they had made half-a-dozen passes Ugo slipped, or pretended to slip, and fell upon his right knee; but as he came to the ground, he made a sharp thrust upwards under Giovanni's extended left arm.

The old Prince uttered a fearful oath, that rang and echoed along the walls of the ancient villa. Del Ferice had executed the celebrated feint known long ago as the "*Colpo del Tancredi*," "*Tancred's lunge*," from the supposed name of its inventor. It is now no longer permitted in duelling. But the deadly thrust loses half its danger against a left-handed man. The foil grazed the flesh on Giovanni's left side, and the blood again stained his white shirt. In the moment when Del Ferice slipped, Giovanni had made a straight and deadly lunge at his body, and the sword, instead of passing through Ugo's lungs, ran swift and sure through his throat, with such force that the iron guard struck the falling man's jaw with tremendous impetus, before the oath the old Prince had uttered was fairly out of his mouth.

Seconds and witnesses and surgeons sprang forward hastily. Del Ferice lay upon his side; he had fallen so heavily and suddenly as to wrench the sword from Giovanni's grip. The old Prince gave

one look, and dragged his son away.

"He is as dead as a stone," he muttered, with a savage gleam in his eyes.

Giovanni hastily began to dress, without paying any attention to the fresh wound he had received in the last encounter. In the general excitement, his surgeon had joined the group about the fallen man. Before Giovanni had got his overcoat on he came back with Spicca, who looked crestfallen and disappointed.

"He is not dead at all," said the surgeon. "You did the thing with a master's hand—you ran his throat through without touching the jugular artery or the spine."

"Does he want to go on?" asked Giovanni, so savagely that the three men stared at him.

"Do not be so bloodthirsty, Giovannino," said the old Prince, reproachfully.

"I should be justified in going back and killing him as he lies there," said the younger *Sarracinesca*, fiercely. "He nearly murdered me twice this morning."

"That is true," said the Prince, "the dastardly brute!"

"By the by," said Spicca, lighting a cigarette, "I am afraid I have deprived you of the pleasure of dealing with the man who called himself Del Ferice's second. I just took the opportunity of having a moment's private conversation with him—we disagreed a little."

"Oh, very well," growled the Prince; "as you please. I dare say I shall have enough to do in taking care of Giovanni to-morrow. That is a villanous bad scratch on his arm."

"Bah! it is nothing to mention, save for the foul way it was given," said Giovanni between his teeth.

Once more old *Sarracinesca* and Spicca crossed the ground. There

was a word of formality exchanged, to the effect that both combatants were satisfied, and then Giovanni and his party moved off, Spicca carrying his green bag of foils under his arm, and puffing clouds of smoke into the damp morning air. They had been nearly an hour on the ground, and were chilled with cold, and exhausted for want of sleep. They entered their carriage and drove rapidly homewards.

"Come in and breakfast with us," said the old Prince to Spicca, as they reached the Palazzo Sarracinesca.

"Thank you, no," answered the melancholy man. "I have much to do, as I shall go to Paris to-morrow morning by the ten o'clock train. Can I do anything for you there? I shall be absent some months."

"I thought you were going to fight to-morrow," objected the Prince.

"Exactly. It will be convenient for me to leave the country immediately afterwards."

The old man shuddered. With all his fierce blood and headstrong passion, he could not comprehend the fearful calm of this strange man, whose skill was such that he regarded his adversary's death as a matter of course whenever he so pleased. As for Giovanni, he was still so angry that he cared little for the issue of the second duel.

"I am sincerely grateful for your kind offices," he said, as Spicca took leave of him.

"You shall be amply revenged of the two attempts to murder you," said Spicca, quietly; and so, having shaken hands with all, he again entered the carriage. It was the last they saw of him for a long time. He faithfully fulfilled his programme. He met Casalverde on the following morning at seven o'clock, and at precisely a

quarter past, he left him dead on the field. He breakfasted with his seconds at half-past eight, and left Rome with them for Paris at ten o'clock. He had selected two French officers who were about to return to their home, in order not to inconvenience any of his friends by obliging them to leave the country; which showed that, even in moments of great excitement, Count Spicca was thoughtful of others.

When the surgeon had dressed Giovanni's wounds, he left the father and son together. Giovanni lay upon a couch in his own sitting-room, eating his breakfast as best he could with one hand. The old Prince paced the floor, commenting from time to time upon the events of the morning.

"It is just as well that you did not kill him, Giovannino," he remarked; "it would have been a nuisance to have been obliged to go away just now."

Giovanni did not answer.

"Of course, duelling is a great sin, and is strictly forbidden by our religion," said the Prince suddenly. "But then——"

"Precisely," returned Giovanni. "We nevertheless cannot always help ourselves."

"I was going to say," continued his father, "that it is, of course, very wicked, and if one is killed in a duel, one probably goes straight into hell. But then—it was worth something to see how you sent that fellow's foil flying through the window!"

"It is a very simple trick. If you will take a foil, I will teach it to you."

"Presently, presently; when you have finished your breakfast. Tell me, why did you say, 'more broken glass'?"

Giovanni bit his lip, remembering his imprudence.

"I hardly know. I believe it suggested something to my mind. One says all sorts of foolish things in moments of excitement."

"It struck me as a very odd remark," answered the Prince, still walking about. "By the by," he added, pausing before the writing-table, "here is that letter you wrote for me. Do you want me to read it?"

"No," said Giovanni, with a laugh. "It is of no use now. It would seem absurd, since I am alive and well. It was only a word of farewell."

The Prince laughed too, and threw the sealed letter into the fire.

"The last of the Sarracinesca is not dead yet," he said. "Giovanni, what are we to say to the gossips? All Rome will be ringing with this affair before night. Of course, you must stay at home for a few days, or you will catch cold in your arm. I will go out and carry the news of our victory."

"Better to say nothing about it—better to refer people to Del Ferice, and tell them he challenged me. Come in!" cried Giovanni, in answer to a knock at the door. Pasquale, the old butler, entered the room.

"The Duca d'Astrardente has sent to inquire after the health of his Excellency Don Giovanni," said the old man, respectfully.

The elder Sarracinesca paused in his walk, and broke out into a loud laugh.

"Already! You see, Giovannino," he said. "Tell him, Pasquale, that Don Giovanni caught a severe cold at the ball last night—or no—wait! What shall we say, Giovannino?"

"Tell the servant," said Giovanni, sternly, "that I am much obliged for the kind inquiry, that I am perfectly well, and that you have just seen me eating my breakfast."

Pasquale bowed and left the room.

"I suppose you do not want her to know——" said the Prince, who had suddenly recovered his gravity.

Giovanni bowed his head silently.

"Quite right, my boy," said the old man, gravely. "I do not want to know anything about it either. How the devil could they have found out?"

The question was addressed more to himself than to his son, and the latter volunteered no answer. He was grateful to his father for his considerate silence.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

X.—REMINISCENCES OF WASHINGTON AND QUEBEC IN 1854.

THE unsatisfactory nature of the commercial relations existing between Canada and the United States, and the futile attempts, lasting over a period of seven years, which had been from time to time made to put them upon a better footing, determined the English Government, in the spring of 1854, to intrust the Earl of Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, with a special mission to Washington, with instructions to negotiate a treaty of commercial reciprocity between the two countries. I was waiting in London in daily expectation of being sent to Constantinople on diplomatic service in connection with the expedition which was then leaving the shores of England for the Crimea, when I received an offer from Lord Elgin to join his mission as his secretary; and as it seemed likely to be of very short duration, I gladly accepted it, not then anticipating that it would lead to other duties in Canada. Our party, on leaving England, consisted only of Lord Elgin; Mr Hincks, then Prime Minister of Canada, afterwards Sir Francis Hincks; Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.; and myself: but at New York we were joined by the Hon. Colonel Bruce, and one or two Canadians, whose advice and assistance in the commercial questions to be treated were of value.

We happened to arrive at Washington on a day which, as it afterwards turned out, was pregnant with fate to the destinies of the republic, for upon the same night the celebrated Nebraska Bill was carried in Congress, the effect

of which was to open an extensive territory to slavery, and to intensify the burning question which was to find its final solution seven years later in a bloody civil war.

We found the excitement so great upon our arrival in Washington in the afternoon, that after a hurried meal we went to the Capitol to see the vote taken. I shall never forget the scene presented by the House. The galleries were crammed with spectators, largely composed of ladies, and the vacant spaces on the floor of the House crowded with visitors. The final vote was taken amid great enthusiasm, a hundred guns being fired in celebration of an event which, to those endowed with foresight, could not be called auspicious. I remember a few nights afterwards meeting a certain Senator Tombs at a large dinner given by one of the most prominent members of Congress—who has since filled the office of Secretary of State—in Lord Elgin's honour. It was a grand banquet, at which all the guests were men, with the exception of the wife of our host. He himself belonged to the Republican, or, as it was then more generally called, the Whig party. Notwithstanding the divergence of political opinion among many of those present, the merits of the all-absorbing measure, and its probable effects upon the destinies of the nation, were being discussed freely. Senator Tombs, a violent Democrat, was a large pompous man, with a tendency, not uncommon among American politicians, to "orate" rather than to converse in society. He waited

for a pause in the discussion, and then, addressing Lord Elgin in stentorian tones, remarked, *apropos* of the engrossing topic—

“Yes, my lord, we are about to relume the torch of liberty upon the altar of slavery.”

Upon which our hostess, with a winning smile, and in the most silvery accents imaginable, said—

“Oh, I am so glad to hear you say that again, Senator; for I told my husband you had made use of exactly the same expression to me yesterday, and he said you would not have talked such nonsense to anybody but a woman!”

The shout of laughter which greeted this sally abashed even the worthy senator, which was the more gratifying to those present, as to do so was an achievement not easily accomplished.

When the war broke out, Senator Tombs was among the fiercest and most uncompromising partisans of the South. He was one of the members of Jefferson Davis's Cabinet, and I believe only succeeded with some difficulty, at the conclusion of hostilities, in making his escape from the South. He remained to the last a prominent political figure, and only died quite recently.

It was the height of the season when we were at Washington, and our arrival imparted a new impetus to the festivities, and gave rise to the taunt, after the treaty was concluded, by those who were opposed to it, that “it had been floated through on champagne.” Without altogether admitting this, there can be no doubt that, in the hands of a skilful diplomatist, that beverage is not without its value. Looking through an old journal, I find the following specimen entry:—

“May 26.—Luncheon at 2 P.M. at Senator F.'s. Sat between a

Whig and a Democrat senator, who alternately poured abolitionism and the divine origin of slavery into the ear they commanded. I am getting perfectly stunned with harangues upon political questions I don't understand, and confused with the nomenclature appropriate to each. Besides Whigs and Democrats, there are Hard Shells and Soft Shells, and Free-Soilers, and Disunionists, and Federals, to say nothing of filibusters, pollywogs, and a host of other nicknames. One of my neighbours, discoursing on one of these varied issues, told me that he went the whole hog. He was the least favourable specimen of a senator I have seen, and I felt inclined to tell him that he looked the animal he went, but smiled appreciatively instead. There were, however, some interesting men present,—among them Colonel Fremont, a spare wiry man with a keen grey eye, and a face expressing great determination, but most sympathetic withal; and a senator from Washington Territory, which involves a journey of seventy days each way; and another from Florida, who, from his account of the country, represents principally alligators; and Colonel Benton, who is writing a great work, and is “quite a fine man”; and the Governor of Wisconsin, whose State has increased in ten years from 30,000 to 500,000, and who told me that he ‘met a man the other day who had travelled over the whole globe, and examined it narrowly with an eye to its agricultural capabilities, and who therefore was an authority not to be disputed; and this man had positively asserted that he had never in any country seen fifty square miles to equal that extent in the State of Wisconsin—and therefore it was quite clear that no spot equal to it was to be found

in creation.' As various other patriots have informed me that their respective States are each thus singularly favoured, I am beginning to feel puzzled as to which really is the most fertile spot on the face of the habitable globe. After two hours and a half of this style of conversation, abundantly irrigated with champagne, it was a relief to go to a *matinée dansante* at the French Minister's."

Here follow remarks upon the *belles* of that period at Washington, which, though they are for the most part complimentary, are not to the purpose, more especially as they were the result of a crude and youthful, and not of a matured judgment.

"Got away from the French Minister's just in time to dress for dinner at the President's. More senators and politics, and champagne, and Hard Shells and Soft Shells. I much prefer the marine soft-shell crab, with which I here made acquaintance for the first time, to the political one. Then with a select party of senators, all of whom were opposed in principle to the treaty, to Governor A.'s, where we imbibed more champagne and swore eternal friendship, carefully avoided the burning question, and listened to stories good, bad, and indifferent, till 2 A.M., when, after twelve hours of incessant entertainment, we went home to bed thoroughly exhausted."

Meantime, to my inexperienced mind no progress was being made in our mission. Lord Elgin had announced its object on his arrival to the President and the Secretary of State, and had been informed by them that it was quite hopeless to think that any such treaty as he proposed could be carried through, with the opposition which existed to it on the part of the Democrats, who had a majority in

the Senate, without the ratification of which body no treaty could be concluded. His lordship was further assured, however, that if he could overcome this opposition, he would find no difficulties on the part of the Government. At last, after several days of uninterrupted festivity, I began to perceive what we were driving at. To make quite sure, I said one day to my chief—

"I find all my most intimate friends are Democratic senators."

"So do I," he replied, drily: and indeed his popularity among them at the end of a week had become unbounded; and the best evidence of it was that they ceased to feel any restraint in his company, and often exhibited traits of Western manners unhampered by conventional trammels. Lord Elgin's faculty of brilliant repartee and racy anecdote especially delighted them; and one evening, after a grand dinner, he was persuaded to accompany a group of senators, among whom I remember Senator Mason—afterwards of Mason and Slidell notoriety—and Senator Tombs figured, to the house of a popular and very influential politician, there to prolong the entertainment into the small hours. Our host, at whose door we knocked at midnight, was in bed; but much thundering at it at length roused him, and he himself opened to us, appearing in nothing but a very short night-shirt.

"All right, boys," he said, at once divining the object of our visit; "you go in, and I'll go down and get the drink;" and without stopping to array himself more completely, he disappeared into the nether regions, shortly returning with his arms filled with bottles of champagne, on the top of which were two huge lumps of ice. These he left with us to deal with, while he retired to clothe the

nether portion of his person. He was a dear old gentleman, somewhat of the Lincoln type, and had the merit of being quite sober, which some of the others of the party were not, and though thus roughly roused from his first sleep, expressed himself highly delighted with our visit. He was, moreover, evidently a great character, and many were the anecdotes told about him in his own presence, all bearing testimony to his goodness of heart and readiness of wit. At last one of the party, in a fit of exuberant enthusiasm and excessive champagne, burst out—

“As for our dear old friend the Governor here, I tell you, Lord *Elgine*,”—the accent was frequently laid on the last syllable, and the *g* in *Elgin* pronounced soft,—“he is a perfect king in his own country. There ain’t a man in Mussoorie dar say a word against him; if any of your darned English lords was to go down there and dar to, he’d tell them——” here followed an expression which propriety compels me to omit, and which completely scandalised our worthy host.

“That’s a lie,” he said, turning on his guest, but without changing his voice, as he slowly rolled his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other. “I can blaspheme and profane, and rip, and snort with any man; but I never make use of a vulgar expression.”

The impoliteness of the allusion to the British aristocracy, in Lord Elgin’s presence, which called forth this strong asseveration on the part of the Governor, also evoked many profuse apologies from some of the others present, who maintained that, if all English lords were like him, and would become naturalised Americans, they would “run the country”; and that, so far as he was individually con-

cerned, it was a thousand pities he had not been born an American, and thus been eligible for the Presidency. Certainly it would not have been difficult to be more eligible for that high office than the respectable gentleman who then filled it. Of all Presidents, I suppose none were more insignificant than Mr Pierce, who was occupying the White House at the time of our visit; while in his Secretary of State, Mr Marcy, we found a genial and somewhat comical old gentleman, whose popularity with his countrymen seemed chiefly to rest on the fact that he had once charged the United States Government fifty cents “for repairing his breeches,” when sent on a mission to inquire into certain accounts in which great irregularities were reported to have taken place.

Thirty-two years have doubtless worked a great change in Washington society, as indeed it has upon the nation generally, and more especially upon the eastern cities, since I first knew them. Then, Washington, “the city of magnificent distances,” struck me as a howling wilderness of deserted streets running out into the country, and ending nowhere, its population consisting chiefly of politicians and negroes. Now, it is developing rather into a city of palaces, and becoming a fashionable centre during the winter for the *élite* of society, from all parts of the United States. Its population is growing rapidly under the new impetus thus received, and it will in all probability ultimately become the handsomest and most agreeable place of residence in the country. At the time of our visit Sir Philip Crampton was British Minister at Washington, and under his hospitable roof I remember meeting Lincoln, and being struck

by his gaunt figure, and his quaint and original mode of expression. There were other types which were equally novel. In another entry in my journal I find:—

“Dined last night with rather a singular houseful of people. The master of the house was a senator, and at the same time a methodist preacher and a teetotaler. Consequently, although we were twenty at dinner, we had nothing to drink but iced water. His wife was a spirit medium, and in constant communion with the upper or lower world, as the case may be. His daughter, whom I had the honour of taking in to dinner, was a bloomer, her skirt reaching to a little below the knee; she told me she never wore any other costume. Her appearance struck me as eminently fantastic; but that possibly was due to prejudice on my part. Her husband I understood to be an avowed disbeliever, not only in his mother-in-law’s communications with the invisible world, but in that world itself, or any Creator of any world. So that the *ménage* rather suggested the idea of the happy family of animals exhibited by showmen. However, they seemed to get on very well together, perhaps because they all agreed about the Nebraska Bill, which is the only subject upon which people really quarrel.”

I cannot convey a better idea of the effect produced upon society by our festive proceedings at Washington than by quoting the following extract from a paper at the time describing the ball given by Sir Philip Crampton in honour of the Queen’s birthday:—

“As for the ladies present, our pen fairly falters in the attempt to do justice to their charms. Our artists and *modistes* had racked their brains, and exhausted their magazines of dainty and costly fabrics, in order to

convince the world in general, and the English people in particular, that the sovereign fair ones of Washington regarded their sister sovereign of England with feelings, not only of ‘the most distinguished consideration,’ but of downright love, admiration, and respect,—*love*, for the woman—*admiration*, for the wife of the handsomest man in Europe—and *respect*, for the mother of nine babies. More was accomplished last evening in the way of negotiation than has been accomplished from the days of Ashburton to the advent of Elgin. We regard the fishery question as settled, both parties having partaken freely of the bait so liberally provided by the noble host.

“Amid the soft footfalls of fairy feet—the glittering of jewels—the graceful sweep of \$500 dresses—the sparkling of eyes which shot forth alternately flashes of lightning and love—there were two gentlemen who appeared to be the ‘observed of all observers.’ One was the Earl of Elgin, and the other Sir Charles Gray. Lord Elgin is a short, stout gentleman, on the shady side of forty, and is decidedly John Bullish in walk, talk, appearance, and carriage. His face, although round and full, beams with intellect, good feeling, and good-humour. His manners are open, frank, and winning. Sir Charles Gray is a much larger man than his noble countryman, being both taller and stouter. He is about sixty years of age, and his manners are particularly grave and dignified.

“The large and brilliant company broke up at a late hour, and departed for their respective homes,—pleased with their courtly and courteous host; pleased with the monarchical form of government in England; pleased with the republican form of government in the United States; pleased with each other, themselves, and the rest of mankind.”

At last, after we had been receiving the hospitalities at Washington for about ten days, Lord Elgin announced to Mr Marcy, that if the Government were prepared to adhere to their promise to conclude a treaty of reciprocity

with Canada, he could assure the President that he would find a majority of the Senate in its favour, including several prominent Democrats. Mr Marcy could scarcely believe his ears, and was so much taken aback that I somewhat doubted the desire to make the treaty, which he so strongly expressed on the occasion of Lord Elgin's first interview with him, when he also pronounced it hopeless. However, steps had been taken which made it impossible for him to doubt that the necessary majority had been secured, and nothing remained for us but to go into the details of the tariff, the enumeration of the articles of commerce, and so forth. A thorny question was intimately associated with the discussion of this treaty, which was settled by it for the time; and this was the question of the fisheries off the coasts of British North America, claimed by American fishermen. This vexed subject, which was reopened by the abrogation of the treaty, has recently been the matter of protracted negotiation between the English and American Governments; which, however, has proved so imperfect that serious disputes are daily arising, which it will require all the tact and forbearance of the English and American Governments to arrange amicably.

For the next three days I was as busily engaged in work as I had been for the previous ten at play; but the matter had to be put through with a rush, as Lord Elgin was due at the seat of his Government. And perhaps, under the circumstances, we succeeded better so than had longer time been allowed the other side for reflection. As it was, the worthy old Secretary of State was completely taken by surprise. I will venture to quote the description I wrote at the time of

the signing of the treaty, and ask the reader to make allowance for the style of mock heroics, and attribute it to the exuberance of youth:

"It was in the dead of night, during the last five minutes of the 5th of June, and the first five minutes of the 6th of the month aforesaid, that four individuals might have been observed seated in a spacious chamber lighted by six wax candles and an Argand lamp. Their faces were expressive of deep and earnest thought, not unmixed with suspicion. Their feelings, however, to the acute observer, manifested themselves in different ways; but this was natural, as two were in the bloom of youth, one in the sear and yellow leaf, and one in the prime of middle age. This last it is whose measured tones alone break the silence of midnight, except when one or other of the younger auditors, who are both poring intently over voluminous MSS., interrupts him to interpolate an 'and' or erase a 'the.' They are, in fact, checking him as he reads; and the aged man listens, while he picks his teeth with a pair of scissors, or cleans out the wick of a candle with their points, which he afterwards wipes on his grey hair. He may occasionally be observed to wink, either from conscious 'cuteness or unconscious drowsiness. Presently the clock strikes twelve, and there is a doubt whether the date should be to-day or yesterday. There is a moment of solemn silence, when the reader, having finished the document, lays it down, and takes a pen which had been previously impressively dipped in the ink by the most intelligent-looking of the young men, who appears to be his 'secretary,' and who keeps his eye warily fixed upon the other young man, who occupies the same relation to the aged listener with the scissors.

"There is something strangely mysterious and suggestive in the scratching of that midnight pen, for it may be scratching fortunes or ruin to toiling millions. Then the venerable statesman takes up the pen to append his signature. His hand does not shake, though he is very old, and knows the abuse that is in store for him from members of Congress and an enlightened press. That hand, it is said, is not all unused to a revolver; and it does not now waver, though the word he traces may be an involver of a revolver again. He is now Secretary of State; before that, he was a judge of the Supreme Court; before that, a general in the army; before that, governor of a State; before that, Secretary of War; before that, minister in Mexico; before that, a member of the House of Representatives; before that, a politician; before that, a cabinet-maker. He ends, as he began, with cabinet-work; and he is not, at his time of life and with his varied experiences, afraid either of the wrath of his countrymen or the wiles of an English lord. So he gives us his blessing and the treaty duly signed; and I retire to dream of its contents, and to listen in my troubled sleep to the perpetually recurring refrain of the three impressive words with which the pregnant document concludes—'Unmanufactured tobacco. Rags!'"

Thus was concluded in exactly a fortnight a treaty, to negotiate which had taxed the inventive genius of the Foreign Office and all the conventional methods of diplomacy for the previous seven years, and which, as it has since proved, has been of enormous commercial advantage to the two countries to which it was to be applied. A reference to figures will furnish the most satisfactory evidence on this point.

In 1853, the year prior to our mission to Washington, the trade of Canada with the United States amounted to \$20,000,000, as recently given from correct data, by the 'Toronto Mail.' In 1854 the treaty commenced to operate, and the volume of trade at once increased to \$33,000,000. In 1855, it was \$42,000,000; in 1857, \$46,000,000; in 1859, \$48,000,000; in 1863, \$55,000,000; in 1864, \$67,000,000; in 1865, \$71,000,000; and in 1866, the year the treaty was abrogated by the action of the American Government, it had reached the high figure of \$84,000,000. It had thus nearly quadrupled in the course of twelve years under the action of the treaty, which the Americans erroneously believed to be so much more to the advantage of the Canadians than of themselves, that they seized the earliest available opportunity, after the term fixed for its expiry, to abrogate it,—a measure dictated, I fear, rather by sentiments of jealousy than of political economy, and from which the States suffer certainly as much if not more than Canada, whose trade with the mother country has latterly undergone considerable development in consequence.

The brilliant and dashing manner in which Lord Elgin achieved this remarkable diplomatic triumph, apparently certain of his game from the first, and playing it throughout with the easy confidence of assured success, made a profound impression upon me—an impression which I had no reason to modify throughout a subsequent intimate association with him of three years in two hemispheres—during which he was nearly all the time engaged in confronting difficulties and overcoming obstacles which I used to think to any other man would have

seemed insurmountable. As one by one they melted before his subtle touch, my confidence in his profound sagacity and his undaunted moral courage became unbounded; and I could enter into the feelings of soldiers whose general never led them to anything but victory. It was both a pleasure and a profit to serve such a man; a pleasure, because he was the kindest and most considerate of chiefs—a profit, because one could learn so much by watching his methods, which indeed he was always ready to discuss and explain to those who occupied confidential relations towards him. By his premature death the country lost one of its most conscientious and ablest public servants—one whose services, and whose great capacity for rendering them,¹ have never received their just recognition at the hands of his countrymen.

Our progress from New York to Canada was triumphal. On our arrival by a special train at Portland, Maine, we were received with the thunder of salutes, and went in procession to the house of one of the leading citizens, with bands of music, and flags, and escorts, mounted and on foot, the whole of the gallant militia having turned out to do Lord Elgin honour. A characteristic incident occurred prior to our starting for a banquet at the city hall. While we were assembled in the drawing-room of our host, a tray with various kinds of wines and spirits was brought in, and our hospitable entertainer remarked—

"You'll have to take your liquor in here, gentlemen; for I guess you'll get none where we're going to. We've got a liquor law in Maine, you know," he added, with a sly look at the tray.

Drinking all you want before

dinner is not a satisfactory way of "taking it in." However, we made the best of it, and soon found ourselves seated at a table plentifully supplied with tumblers of water, at which were two hundred guests. I am bound to say, considering the absence of stimulants, there was no lack of noise and merriment; and when dinner was over, speeches followed in rapid succession, in response to toasts and sentiments. Lord Elgin was *facile princeps* in this respect, and his speeches provoked enthusiastic applause. He brought down the house by a retort upon one of the speakers whose good taste was not equal to his patriotism, and who took the opportunity of comparing the position and functions of the governor of a State with those of the Governor-General of Canada, much to the disparagement of the latter. Alluding in one of his speeches to the uncomplimentary parallel thus drawn, Lord Elgin said he would narrate an anecdote. In the course of his travels in the United States he had one day found himself next a stage-driver, with whom he entered into conversation as to the political parties in the States. The driver informed him that the majority in the State was Whig, but that the governor of it was a Democrat.

"How comes that about, if the majority are Whigs?" inquired Lord Elgin.

"Oh," replied the driver, "we traded the governor off against the land agent."

"Now, gentlemen," pursued his lordship, amid loud laughter, "you could not trade the Governor-General of Canada off against any land agent."

All the way from the Canadian frontier to Montreal, arches were erected, addresses presented, and

all the paraphernalia of a triumphal progress exhibited. British troops lined the streets of Montreal, and a large procession at-

tended the party to the hotel; but we did not linger here, and pushed on without delay to the seat of Government.

XI.—POLITICS AND INDIAN AFFAIRS IN CANADA.

I do not remember ever having been more vividly impressed by the beauties of nature than on that lovely spring morning, when, in order to avoid any more demonstrations, we landed unostentatiously from the steamer in which we had descended the St Lawrence, at the foot of the beautiful grounds which encircle Spencerwood, then the residence of the Governor-General. Although it was the 11th of June, the trees were still in their spring garb of tender green; there was a delicious stillness in the air, and a peculiar clearness and brilliancy in the light with which the landscape was flooded, which enhanced its own rare beauty; and as I now knew that I was to be a dweller here for some months, I was enchanted by the sort of fairyland that was to be my future residence. For within the last twenty-four hours a new prospect had dawned upon me. Although our Washington treaty was completed, I was not, as I had originally anticipated, to return at once to England, after accompanying Lord Elgin to Canada, but to enter upon new functions for which I was altogether unprepared. The exigencies of the service compelled Lord Elgin's brother, Colonel Bruce, who had hitherto filled the office of Civil Secretary of Canada and Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs, to join his regiment in the Crimea, and I was appointed to succeed him. The department of Indian Affairs was then under imperial control. It has, since con-

federation, been handed over to the Dominion.

The novelty of the functions I was now called upon suddenly to assume, invested my new position with great interest. I soon began to realise this by the style of the correspondence which poured in upon me. First came a letter to the Queen from an Indian tribe, expressing to their "Great Mother across the Big Lake" their sympathy with the war in the Crimea, and the desire of the warriors to participate in it; and another addressed to myself, in which the "red skins" write to their "great brother who lives towards the sun-rising, to express their confidence in his administrative talents, which alone reconciles them to the loss of their good brother [Colonel Bruce], who is now upon the war-path." The colonel's paternal administration had rendered him very popular. No doubt his being a "warrior" by profession was also a point in his favour; and I feared that they would consider me little better than a "squaw," while their confidence in my administrative talents had about as solid a basis of knowledge as their sympathy with the objects for which the Crimean war was undertaken. The important political events which transpired immediately on our arrival in Canada, obliged me, however, to suppress for the present the desire which began to consume me to make a closer acquaintance with my red brothers, to visit the industrial schools which my predecessor had established, and to

smoke the "calumet of peace" with them in their wigwams.

Lord Elgin's first act upon arriving at Quebec was to open Parliament in state. The number of British troops in those days quartered in Quebec rendered this a very imposing ceremony, as the streets were lined with them. The striking feature in the procession was the state carriage, in which I accompanied the Governor-General to the House, and the panels of which were gaping with cracks and splits, inflicted upon them by the mob of Montreal on the occasion when they stoned his Excellency some years before, and burned down the Parliament Houses. The carriage had never been repaired since that event, in order that it might serve to remind the populace of the measure to which they had resorted in order to give vent to their feelings. Until that time the party in power had been the Tories, or loyalists, who found themselves in a minority on the occasion of the passing of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and who expressed their indignation on being turned out of office to make way for those who commanded the parliamentary majority, by these acts of violence. They had been out of office for about six years, during which time the leaders of the party had resented the constitutional conduct of the Governor-General so keenly, that many of them had ever since refused to set foot in Government House, and even neglected to salute his Excellency in the street. It was only as the result of the somewhat exciting events upon which we were now entering, that they finally came to understand that Lord Elgin did not allow himself to be influenced by personal sympathies, and was determined to

give effect to a parliamentary majority, of whomsoever it might be composed. After several days' debate the Government was beaten on an amendment to the address, and Ministers determined to go to the country. Lord Elgin came down a week after he had opened the House to prorogue it, when a somewhat exciting episode occurred. When the Commons were sent for, they refused to come. The pause was in the highest degree embarrassing. The Legislative Chamber, filled with an audience *en grande tenue*—Lord Elgin seated on the throne—a silence, broken only by a whispering and tittering, which did not add to the dignity of the situation,—all contributed to form a unique political situation. At last, after the lapse of nearly half an hour, the Speaker of the Lower House, who had been engaged drawing up a protest against the course which was being adopted, appeared, supported by a large body of members, and read it—a proceeding which the Governor-General promptly met by declaring the House dissolved; and for the next few days a state of feverish excitement pervaded political circles, the Opposition declaring the whole course of proceeding to be unconstitutional, and the local Opposition press teeming with abusive articles denouncing a tyranny which had deprived them of their liberties.

Altogether the month had been in the highest degree exciting and eventful; for in the short space of four weeks, Lord Elgin had negotiated and signed a treaty with the American Government, made a triumphal progress from Boston to Quebec, opened the Canadian Parliament, prorogued and dissolved it. But though the difficulty had been overcome, so far as any opposition to the treaty at

Washington was concerned, it had still to receive the assent of all the Colonial Legislatures. In Nova Scotia especially it was unpopular, owing to the fishery clauses; and it required the exercise of all the authority and tact of the Governor-General to force the adoption of a measure to which, as it afterwards turned out, that colony owed a greater degree of prosperity than it has ever enjoyed before or since. In 1869, or four years after the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 was abrogated, the 'Halifax' remarks:—

"From the making of the Reciprocity Treaty until its abrogation, Nova Scotia increased in wealth and population at a most extraordinary rate. From its abrogation until the present, we have retrograded with the most frightful rapidity. Want of a good market has depreciated the value of our coal-mines—has nearly pauperised our fishermen, farmers, and miners; and should this want not be supplied in the only way it can be, by a new treaty with the United States, Nova Scotia will in five years be one of the least desirable countries to live in on this continent."

This quotation affords an interesting illustration of the incompetence of the popular judgment to arrive at accurate conclusions in matters affecting the public interests; for I can bear personal testimony to the furious opposition which the treaty encountered from all classes in the province, from the Lieutenant-Governor downwards, at the time it was proposed, and of the conviction generally entertained that it would prove the ruin of the colony. Under these circumstances the final result was satisfactory beyond our most sanguine expectations, as may be gathered from the fact that the treaty ultimately passed through the Congress of the United States, and through the Colonial Legislatures of Canada, New Bruns-

wick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, with a total of only twenty-one dissentient votes. Had Canada then been confederated, as it was fourteen years later, the task would have been much easier. It is the fashion of some Canadians to decry the measure which united the North American Colonies into a "Dominion," because jealousies still exist and local interests still conflict; but the very fact that this is so, is an evidence that without confederation these jealousies would have been far more bitter, as indeed they were prior to the measure—and the interests come into sharper conflict, as they do in Australia, when the energies of the separate and rival colonies have been employed to a large extent in inflicting commercial injury upon each other. What is needed in Canada is an imperial officer, who might still be called Civil Secretary, and be attached to the Governor-General's staff, and whose functions should be partly political and partly diplomatic. At present, when delicate questions arise between the confederated provinces, involving a special mission and local treatment, the settlement has necessarily to be intrusted to an agent appointed by the Dominion Government—which means an agent of the political party then in power; and whatever arrangement he may make is certain to be objected to by the Opposition.

This consequence of party government is unfortunately not confined to Canada, and receives daily lamentable illustrations in our own political performances at home. So, in questions arising between Canada and the United States, our Minister at Washington is necessarily guided by the information and advice of the

Canadian politicians sent to assist him. And as whatever they do must be wrong, in the opinion of the other side, the result is sure to be severely and unfairly criticised. Whereas, if negotiations of this character, whether as between the provinces or with the United States Government, were intrusted to an imperial officer thoroughly conversant with the questions at issue, outside of all local politics, and who could not be suspected of being influenced by them, they would meet with far less opposition on the part of local politicians, and be arranged on a broader and more satisfactory basis. Had such an officer existed, it is probable that neither the British Columbia nor the North-West questions would have assumed the proportions they did; that Newfoundland would ere this have been included in the confederation; that the discontent now existing in Nova Scotia might have been appeased; and that the fishery and other questions which are still outstanding with the United States would have obtained a satisfactory solution. I received assurances from leading members of the Dominion Government only a few years ago, that so far from being opposed to the idea of availing themselves of the good offices of an imperial functionary of this kind, they would even be prepared to contribute to his salary, which could be added to from funds drawn from the Foreign and Colonial Offices at home. The amount required would be very small, and would simply constitute an increase on the present salary of the Governor's secretary, whose position would naturally qualify him for the exercise of these functions. In these days, when the idea of imperial federation has assumed such prominence, such

appointments, calculated rather to soothe than to wound sensibilities, would form additional *traits d'union* between the mother country and her dependencies.

The excitement into which the whole country was thrown by a Ministerial defeat, and a general election so unexpected, created a social and political lull in Quebec itself, which I was thankful to avail myself of, in order to pay a round of visits to my "red children." This duty was eminently to my taste; it involved diving into the depths of the backwoods, bark-canoeing on distant and silent lakes or down foaming rivers, where the fishing was splendid, the scenery most romantic, and camp-life at this season of the year—for it was now the height of summer—most enjoyable. It was a prolonged picnic, with just enough duty thrown in to deprive it of any character of selfishness. There were schools to inspect, councils to be held, tribal disputes to be adjusted, presents to be distributed, and, in one case, a treaty to be made. At nearly all the stations there was a school or mission-house of some kind, and here the meeting of the "warriors" and the "young braves" with their "father" took place; and as I had barely attained the age of five-and-twenty when these paternal responsibilities were thrust upon me, the incongruity of my relation towards them, I am afraid, presented itself somewhat forcibly to the minds of the veterans on these occasions. It was a novel and exhilarating experience to paddle up in a sort of rude state at the head of a train of canoes, and to be received by volleys from rifles and fowling-pieces by way of a salute from all the members of the tribe collected on the margin of the lake or river, as the case might

be, to receive me. Then they would form in line and file past me, every man, woman, and child shaking hands as they did so, and in solemn procession escort me up to the place of meeting,—when, if it was a chapel, I mounted into the pulpit, and solemnly lighting a pipe, waited till my audience were all seated on their heels and had lighted theirs, before entering upon the business of the hour. This generally terminated in a lecture upon temperance and industry; for their love of spirituous liquors and their inveterate indolence are the curse of these poor people, and render them an easy prey to the more unscrupulous class of white settlers, who systematically carry on a process of demoralisation, with the view to their extermination, a result which is being rapidly achieved. I do not know whether my efforts to convince them that they were themselves their own worst enemies, procured for me the name of *Pah Dah Sung*, or “*The Coming Sun*”—possibly from the light I was expected to throw upon the subject.

My two most interesting experiences in connection with my brief administration of Indian affairs in Canada, were the distribution of annual presents upon the island of Manitoulin, and a treaty which I succeeded in negotiating with a tribe which owned an extensive tract of territory upon the shores of Lake Huron. Manitoulin, which is over a hundred miles in length, is said to be the largest fresh-water island in the world, and was destined by a former Governor-General of Canada—Sir Francis Bond Head—as an eligible territory on which to make the experiment of collecting Indians, with a view to their permanent settlement and civilisation.

It has not succeeded, however, and at the time of my visit was the rendezvous of thousands of Indians belonging to many different tribes, who, with their whole families, congregated here to receive blankets, agricultural implements, and other presents which it was hoped would conduce to their welfare. These, correctly speaking, were not presents, as they were purchased from funds in the hands of the Indian Department, whose principal function it was to invest the large sums of money which had accrued to the Indians from the sale of their land to white settlers, and to apply the interest to their advantage. The collection of birch-bark wigwams which surrounded the little harbour where I landed looked like a huge camp, and in these were huddled a swarm of dirty occupants, some of them having travelled hither from a great distance, miserably clad in frousy blankets and skins. Here and there were fine-looking picturesque figures, more gaudily decorated with paints and feathers; but, taking them as a whole, I know of no nomads—and I have seen Calmuck Tartars, Kirghiez, Bedouins, and gipsies—who present a more poverty-stricken and degraded appearance than did the majority of my red children! I was the more disappointed with them in their savage state, because I expected an improvement upon their semi-civilised brethren, with whom I had hitherto come in contact. I believe the annual congregation of Indians on this island, and distribution of presents among them, has been discontinued by the Dominion Government.

The occupation by the Indians of large tracts of country eligible for settlement by whites, which they reserve as hunting-grounds, from which they got nothing but a

few foxes and musk-rats, was a fruitful source of trouble to the Department, as settlers were constantly unlawfully squatting upon them, who had to be driven off. The largest and only remaining one of these in the immediate vicinity of a thickly settled district, was called the Sangeen Peninsula, a promontory extending into Lake Huron, and containing about half a million of acres of fine land. I determined to try and induce the tribe to which this extensive tract belonged, and who practically derived no revenue from it, to make a cession of it to the Government for the purpose of having it sold in lots to white settlers, the whole of the proceeds to belong to the tribe, which would thus become one of the wealthiest in the country. In order to do this, it was necessary to undertake an expedition to a remote, and, in those days, very inaccessible spot. My journey involved sundry adventures by flood and fell, for I was nearly wrecked in a small boat coasting along the shore of Lake Huron, and lost in a swamp while endeavouring to follow the Indian trail through the forest, where sometimes we only had the "blaze"—or places where the trees had been scored with an axe—to guide us.

On my arrival at my destination, I found all the males of the tribe collected in a chapel where a native catechist acted as interpreter, the tribe being a branch of the Chipeways. In order not to lose time, the meeting was convened for 7 P.M., on the evening of my arrival. As usual I opened the proceedings with a pipe and a speech from the pulpit, the twelve elders of the tribe sitting immediately below me on the ground, each with his pipe, and forming the front row of a crowd of squatting men, all smoking. My address was

frequently interrupted by what Fenimore Cooper calls "expressive ughs"; and the grunts and murmurs of the audience, expressive of their disagreement with my proposal, were not encouraging. A pause of at least ten minutes ensued after I had finished, during which they all smoked vigorously. Then their principal chief rose, and in an energetic speech set forth his objections, which were received with grunts of approval by the majority. Then another chief rose, who seemed to be a man of some weight, and delivered himself forcibly in the opposite sense. In the course of his remarks he made some observations apparently of a character uncomplimentary to the previous speaker, for a fierce wrangle ensued, in which many took part, and in which, when I came to understand it, I occasionally joined, adding, by the advice of the catechist, fuel to the fire. When the atmosphere had become sufficiently stormy,—it was already so smoky that I could not see across the room, but perhaps that was partly owing to its being illuminated only by a couple of tallow-dips,—I, again by the advice of my interpreter, retired, "to let them fight it out," which, as he afterwards assured me, they did literally with their fists. As he believed himself to be pecuniarily interested, he remained to take part in the *mêlée*—a course of proceeding which I left him to reconcile with his own conscience as a religious teacher. I reconciled it to mine by the fact that my efforts were being directed entirely in the interests of the Indians themselves, which they were too stupid to understand.

It was past midnight when the catechist summoned me from the little outhouse in which I had been waiting, with the welcome

intelligence that all the difficulties had been overcome, and that the chiefs expressed themselves ready to consent to the proposed arrangement. It seemed to be my fate, while in America, to assist at the signing of midnight treaties; but on this occasion the scene was infinitely more novel and picturesque than on the previous one. Round a table below the pulpit, which was covered with papers and maps, crowded a wild-looking group of Indians, in blankets and leggings and moccasins, with their bare arms and long straight black hair. Twelve of these placed their totems opposite my signature, each totem consisting of the rude representation of a bear, a deer, an otter, a rat, or some other wild animal.

It was one o'clock in the morning before I set out with a light heart, for I had the treaty in my pocket, on a two-mile tramp through the forest in pitchy darkness to the rude tavern at Southampton, then the extreme outpost of civilisation, which did duty for a lodging; but it was not to find rest. The Indians all followed me; and my host, in anticipation of my triumphant return, had exhausted the resources of the place in preparing a grand meal for me, to which we—Indians and all, with a sprinkling of whites attracted by the excitement of the event—sat down at 4 A.M. The Indians, so lately at loggerheads, now became reconciled over copious libations of whisky, under the influence of which there was a general fraternisation with the whites as well, who were in high spirits at the prospect of so much new territory being opened up to settlement, and who offered to give me a banquet if I would only prolong my stay a

day; but on my declining this, the whole crowd, red and white, when day broke, accompanied me to the river, and gave me three cheers as I ferried across it on my return journey.

By means of the revenue derived from this cession of Indian territory, I was enabled to reorganise the whole financial system of the Indian Department, and to effect a clear saving to the imperial exchequer of £13,000 a-year,—an economy with which Lord Taunton, then Colonial Minister, expressed himself so well satisfied, that he was kind enough to offer me a small lieutenant-governorship in the West Indies, which I should have gratefully accepted had it not been for my preference for diplomatic work, and desire to go to the seat of war in the Crimea.

The most distant Indian settlement I visited was in the immediate neighbourhood of Lake Superior. Finding myself so far west, I determined to return by a very roundabout way, for the purpose of seeing some of the country to the west of the lake. My companions were Lord Bury, who had been for some time previously Lord Elgin's guest at Quebec, and Messrs Petre and Clifford, whom we met on Lake Superior, and with whom we made a bark-canoe voyage from the western end of the lake to the head-waters of the Mississippi, coming down that river to Dubuque, from which place we crossed the prairies of Illinois to Chicago, then a rising young city of 75,000 inhabitants, and so by way of Niagara back to Quebec,—a trip which afforded me material for a book at the time,¹ and which is interesting now to look back upon as furnish-

¹ *Minnesota and the Far West.* By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons: 1855.

ing the recollection of a country in which the Indian and the buffalo still roamed, where the scream of the locomotive was then unheard, and where not an acre of land was taken up by a white settler. It is now a thickly peopled region, from which Indians and buffaloes have alike retired, and where the traveller, instead of poling up a river in a bark-canoe, can fly across the country by train, and look forward at night to a comfortable hotel, instead of the turf for a bed, and a lean-to of pine-branches for a shelter.

In view of the future which I saw for the country, I bought a town lot at the city of Superior, which then consisted of one log-shanty and a tent, and to find which I had to wade up to my knees in water, and cut my way to it with a billhook. The city of Superior rose at one time to contain about 1200 inhabitants; then was victimised by a political intrigue, and, to use the expressive phrase of a citizen, "bust up flat," so that the cottage which I had built upon my lot, and which, had I been wise enough to sell it at one moment, would have realised a handsome profit, became worthless, and I had to sell the doors and windows to pay the taxes, for the place was deserted. Five years ago a slow upward movement commenced, and I accepted an offer which exactly covered the money expended upon it during the previous five-and-twenty years. Since then, I believe it has come under the influence of what is called "a boom," and the purchaser is in possession of a property which will yield him a large return. Such are the ups and downs of western towns, and of people who speculate in them.

The Canadian elections had

been completed during my absence from Quebec, and Lord Elgin opened the new Parliament a few days after my return. I found that I arrived just in time for another political crisis, as the elections had resulted unfavourably for the Government. The two great questions which it was Lord Elgin's great ambition to settle before closing his term of office, were the abolition of Seignorial Tenure and the Secularisation of the Clergy Reserves, which, in his speech from the Throne, he recommended to the attention of the House. To the settlement of both these questions in the popular sense, the Opposition, or Tory party, had been vigorously opposed. When, therefore, the Government was beaten on the election of the Speaker, the fate of these measures seemed somewhat critical. I was peculiarly fortunately situated for watching the progress of the parliamentary proceedings, and the crisis resulting therefrom. By virtue of my office, I had a seat on the floor of the House, without, however, the right of voting or of speaking, except to offer explanations in the event of any question affecting the Indians coming up. I was thus present at all the debates, and on excellent terms with the leaders of both parliamentary parties. In fact I had practically all the fun of being a member of the House without any of the responsibilities, and after the vote on the Speaker was taken, had sundry confidential meetings in the small hours of the morning with the prominent men on both sides, the result of which was, that I could not resist, in my excitement, waking the Governor-General up at 5 A.M. to inform him of the defeat of the Government, and what I had learned since. The day fol-

lowing, the Prime Minister placed his resignation in his Excellency's hands; and to the great astonishment of the public, as well as to his own, Sir Allan M'Nab, who had been one of his bitterest opponents ever since the Montreal events, was sent for to form a Ministry—Lord Elgin by this act satisfactorily disproving the charge of having either personal or political partialities in the selection of his Ministers. After some little delay, Sir Allan succeeded in forming a Coalition Ministry, which adopted the address of their predecessors *in toto*, and thus committed themselves to passing the two important measures alluded to in it, in exactly the same sense as their opponents intended to do—a sense which they had always resisted. Meantime the Reciprocity Treaty also passed unanimously, and the Governor-General went down in state to give it the royal assent.

We immediately afterwards started on a tour through Upper Canada, which was a triumphal progress throughout—the people, many of whom until lately had been his Excellency's bitterest opponents, turning out *en masse* to do him honour; while at sundry banquets, and on other numerous occasions when he was called upon to speak, he explained to the people the advantages of the treaty he had secured for them. In fact, a reaction of popularity had set in; and the defeat of the previous Administration, which at first seemed an untoward circumstance to have occurred so near the close of his government, proved the most fortunate event for Lord Elgin's own reputation, for it gave unanswerable evidence to the constitution-

ality of his conduct, which had always been impugned. I cannot do better than quote his own words on this subject:—

“I have brought into office the gentlemen who made themselves for years most conspicuous and obnoxious for personal hostility to myself, thus giving the most complete negative to the allegation that I am swayed by personal motives in the selection of my advisers; and these gentlemen have accepted office on the understanding that they will carry out in all particulars the policy which I sketched out while my former Administration was in office, thus proving that the policy in question is the only one suited to the country—the only one which an Administration can adopt. I do not see how the blindest can fail to draw this inference from these facts. The first thing which my new Administration have had to do is to adopt and carry through the House the address responsive to my speech from the Throne. This is, certainly for me, and I hope for the country, the most fortunate wind-up of my connection with Canada which could have been imagined.”¹

It was indeed a fortunate wind-up, and we determined to celebrate it as such. For the last three months of our residence at Quebec we lived in a perfect whirl of gaiety. Balls, dinner and garden parties, and picnics, were the order of the day. Society took the cue from Government House, and I found, under the temptation of more congenial pursuits, my parliamentary attendance getting slack. The delights of a Canadian winter, with its sleighing and tobogganing parties, have become proverbial. Unfortunately we only enjoyed one month of them, as Sir Edmund Head, Lord Elgin's successor, had arrived, and we merely remained a few weeks to facilitate

¹ Extracts from the Letters of James, Earl of Elgin, to Mary Louisa, Countess of Elgin, 1847-1862. Privately printed.

the transfer of the Government. Sir Edmund was so kind as to urge me to remain with him in the office I was now filling; but a promise which Lord Clarendon had previously made to find me employment in the East, where the stirring nature of the events which were transpiring offered the strongest attraction, induced me to decline this offer and to return to England with Lord Elgin, and Lord Bury became my successor in Canada. When I left home I had not expected to be absent above eight weeks, but the same number of months would now nearly have elapsed before our return to British soil. It was nevertheless with a heavy heart that on a bitter morning towards the end of December, with the thermometer 26° below zero, I left Quebec; the streets were for the last time lined with troops as we drove down to our place of embarkation, and the greater part of the society was collected on the bank of the St Lawrence, as, after taking an affectionate farewell of the friends with whom I had

formed ties of warmer friendship than is usual after so short a residence, we stretched ourselves at the bottom of the bark-canoes in which we were to be ferried across the broad bosom of the river, at this time encumbered with huge ice-floes and enshrouded in a dense fog. The trajet is not without danger, and is exciting in proportion. Our muscular boatmen paddle us rapidly across the narrow lanes of swift open water, haul us up on the ragged floes, and running on the ice by the side of the canoes, rush us rapidly across them, to plunge us into the river again on the other side, until, after more than an hour's battling with the ice, we find ourselves safely hauled up under the bank at Point Levi. A few days afterwards I watched the outline of the American continent fading on the horizon, and little imagined as I did so that this was only the second of twenty-two passages I was destined to make across the Atlantic in the course of the ensuing seven-and-twenty years.

LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

TOURING IN IRELAND.

WE must own that the title of "Touring in Ireland" is a misnomer, for in honest truth there is no such thing. Touring, as distinguished from travelling, I take to be the general survey of the beauties and objects of interest in a country, carried on more rapidly or more leisurely, but with a certain comfort or luxury. You find quarters in decent hotels, and count upon commodious conveyances—unless, indeed, you should strike into the mountains, when you must either ride or go afoot. Whereas in Ireland, the visits of "the foreigners" are confined to a couple of popular districts. Starting from Dublin, they either take circular tickets for the wilds of Connemara, Killarney, and Glengarriff—the majority confining themselves to Glengarriff and Killarney—or they make a dash northwards to the Giant's Causeway, giving a glance at the ruins of Dunluce, with the giddy arch that spans its sea-chasm. The chief patron of these places is the flying American, who is dropped by the transatlantic packets at Queenstown, on his way to "rush" the round of Europe by express. The rest of the island is virtually neglected; and except for some earnest angler, with his bundle of rods and his waterproofs, the stranger birds of passage are few and far between. So that English people know little or nothing of all that is wildest, grandest, and most remarkable. Nor, considering the conditions of Irish travelling, are they altogether to be blamed. They miss the magnificent precipices and the storm-beaten headlands of North Donegal and of Clare, but they miss also

an excessive amount of car-jolting. They see nothing of the ivy-covered rocks and rich woodlands of the Blackwater, and many another sweet southern stream. But they escape at the same time the small village inn, with rooms that are stuffy in spite of ill-fitting windows; with a *cuisine* that is always primitive and often semi-barbarous, and with a "cellar" bestowed on some shelves in the bar, the contents of the brilliantly labelled bottles being too often nauseous or deleterious. Nor is being taken in, even on these terms, always a matter of certainty. You may drive for thirty or forty miles through cheerless wastes, to find the solitary guest-house overcrowded with sportsmen, when you have to choose between bivouacking in the passage for the night, with a portmanteau for pillow and an ulster by way of bedding, or continuing your course in the darkness, on the probability of faring even worse. No; there is no denying that in point of hotel accommodation Switzerland and the Rhine are in advance of the Green Isle. And then there is the Irish climate to be reckoned with. We have known it rain pretty persistently between Bonn and Bingen, and we have been kept a close prisoner in a Swiss mountain-inn, till we elected deliberately to go forward and be drenched, without the thought of having a glimpse at ice-peak or glacier. But in the heaviest Continental downpour, hope is never absolutely drowned, and you contrive to keep up some heart against the doubtful chances of the morrow. On the other hand, there is something intensely depressing in the sullen persist-

ency of West-Irish rain. Not that there is not sufficient variety in it, and the monotonous refrain of the penetrating drizzle may be broken by a rain-storm driven up before the Atlantic gusts, or by the sudden descent of a waterspout that sends the stones and the gravel flying up in your face. But the Irish rain is apt to send you from depression to despair, through a tantalising course of expectation and disappointments. The heavens have a most malicious trick of lightening behind the lowering clouds; then, just as you are looking upwards for the cheery blaze of sunshine, they darken again and descend in bucketfuls more viciously than before. Morning after morning does the boots come in to make his melancholy report before drawing the curtains; and everything is pervaded by the reeking wet, from the bolster beneath your head to the damp morning paper on the breakfast-table.

In these sentences, and in a desire to be perfectly candid, we have sketched the worst that can be said of the disagreeables of an Irish trip. On the other side, even that much-maligned climate, which deserves a full half of all the abuse that is heaped on it, has a strange fascination of its own. When things are apparently at their worst, there comes a startling change for the better—all the more delightfully exhilarating because so entirely unexpected. You have settled sullenly down to packing your traps, determined—metaphorically—to shake the dust of Erin off your boots, for the dust has been sticky mud for many days past. Though it ought to be bright noonday, the atmosphere is so dense and so gloomy, that it is only by the touch you can make sure as to whether you are handling starched linen or a pair of

gaiters. When suddenly, as if a brilliant electric light had been turned on, the sunshine is flooding the whole of the chamber, searching out each dusty cranny and corner. It flashes reflections from the very blades of your toilet-scissors, and you fancy your clothes are beginning to steam. You make a stride to the window, and take a survey of the street. Though the sun has only been shining for a few seconds, there is no optical delusion as to the steaming there. Already the reeking pavements show signs of drying; and the beggars and the loafers, emerging from places of shelter, are shaking their damp draperies and beginning to brighten up. The indications on their careworn faces are more reassuring than those from any weather-glass. You countermand the car that was to carry you to the railway station, or change its direction for a long drive through glorious scenery. And never can that glorious scenery have been more enjoyable. It is not only that your reviving spirits are bubbling over, like the champagne from a bottle that has burst wire and string. But Nature never showed in a more glowing blaze of beauty than when emerging all dripping from her bath. The billowy mists that are being drawn up from the hollows and the valleys, are tinted with the prismatic colours of the rainbow; the cliffs hanging over them, with the heathery hills in the distance, are standing out in the sharpest relief, through an atmosphere of unimaginable transparency. The sea, if there should be a sea skirting the landscape, is gleaming in gold or burning in crimson, according to the slope of the sun-shafts. While the fleecy clouds that have broken up in many a fantastic form over the dazzling blue of the heavens,

show such brilliant intensity of whiteness as the eye seldom revels in elsewhere. So if West Ireland, through long-enduring rains, is like purgatory or the other place, when its rains have been followed by the sunshine it is nearly the perfection of an earthly paradise.

The moral of which is, that the prudent traveller should go well provided with waterproofs and warm ulsters; that he should take patience, pluck, and perseverance for his watchwords; while he should be prepared to accept inevitable inconveniences and minor hardships as a not altogether unpleasant form of adventure. Above all, he should affect unruffled equanimity, if he is not fortunate enough to possess it; and when he is most strongly tempted to swear, he must crush down that sinful inclination. In which case, the triumph of virtue or of hypocrisy will be promptly and amply rewarded; and he will be convinced that the immortal Bacon was right when he pronounced travel an important part of education. For although Paddy, like his own pigs, is bad to drive, yet, if you only take him the right way, nothing in the world is more easy than "to put the comether over him," especially if you keep scattering your shillings broadcast. Never hurry him at first, and he will get into a shuffling gallop of his own accord. He is naturally brisk, but he hates being hustled. Patriotically and on public grounds, he may regard the Saxon as an enemy; but personally, he respects him as the distributor of tips. Though he has been a serf for centuries, as he is being told from ten thousand platforms, he shows himself the more independent on that account, and he resents any display of authority that cannot be legally enforced. You draw up at

the door of an inn, and the people in charge present themselves very leisurely. The waitress may be civil, but she is cool or supercilious; the chambermaid, who seldom receives or expects *douceurs*, is naturally and profoundly indifferent; as for the boots, who lounges carelessly towards the luggage, he keenly observes you, and he bides his time. The landlord is never visible—for rare exceptions only prove the rule. Nor, irritating as those delays and that chilling reception may be when you are tired or wet or hungry, can there be any worse policy than being clamorous with the voice or the bell. Your wisdom, as you learn by experience, is kindly and smooth-spoken reserve. In time, the boots will bring up the baggage, when, as he is deliberately undoing straps and buckles, you exchange certain words and signs of freemasonry. You have rubbed nobody up the wrong way, and he suspects there is money to be made by you. Though, to do him justice, and though the Irishman is mercenary as well as prodigal, that latter consideration soon becomes a secondary one. He receives you into his friendship and takes you under his invaluable protection. Having gone unbidden to fetch a towel and warm water, he steps parenthetically into the back regions and gives the "mistress" or the waitress "the hard word." He vouches for the Englishman being of the right sort, and thenceforth the slender resources of the house are at your disposal. The good folks will do their best about the dinner, though the dinner may be eggs and bacon. They will do their best to indulge you in such ludicrous whims as a bath, or even a cup of tea in the early morning; and will not only listen to any suggestions as to the *menus* of the meals, but will try

to act upon them. And having done their utmost to make you feel at home and comfortable, to do them justice they will look on at the departure of the guest with the most absolute and well-bred equanimity.

For the great charm of an Irish tour to the intelligent Englishman is that he is not only in an unknown country, but among an unfamiliar and most puzzling people. Their ways and manners are strange to him in every sense. There is a perpetual freshness in the everyday experiences that surprise him at every turn; there is lively excitement that may always be reckoned upon in a succession of sensations and startling contrasts. The several classes in a district will resemble each other, but they may be different as possible from their neighbours in the next county; while ordinary individuals of the lower orders are the most inscrutable of social problems, and the oddest combination of the most contradictory qualities. Shrewd and simple-minded; quick-witted and short-sighted; warm-hearted, admirable in the domestic relations, and capable of cold-blooded atrocities; grasping and generous; courageous, and cautious to the verge of cowardice,—they are invariably the creatures of circumstances and their surroundings, as they are the unfortunate victims of professional agitators trading on the memories of immemorial misrule. Transport the Irishman to America or the Australian antipodes, and he becomes another man altogether. Isolate him, when it was practicable to isolate him, from seditious influences; let him sit on tolerable soil, at a reasonable rent, under a kindly and liberal landlord, and a firm and sensible agent,—and he submits willingly enough to the rules which he has

the sense to perceive are beneficial. He appreciates the comfort of warm clothes and a sufficiency of satisfying food. Though he seldom cares to spend money on his dwelling or on appearances, he gloats over the savings invested in his thatch, or deposited at small interest with the neighbouring banking establishment. With cash to spend on merry-makings, "if it were plazing to him," or in portioning his children, he would become a steady-going Conservative, were he only left alone. Whereas, if he be struggling on some poverty-stricken croft like a slate-quarry, in the constant effort to keep body and soul together—eking out the "rint" by ill-paid and precarious labour, or by his harvesting expectations beyond the Channel in the autumn,—he becomes reckless, and ready to be the instrument of outrages. Perhaps, in charity, we may almost add, "small blame to him," when we remember his belief in his grievances, and that those outrages are tolerably well paid. But I do not mean to be seduced into political disquisitions; and all I aver is, that the travelling student of Irish character is sure to come back knowing nearly as little as when he started; so that his curiosity must be kept on the *qui vive* from the beginning to the end of the trip.

Probably, and previously to his start, he has gone in for a course of preliminary reading. I by no means assume, as a matter of course, that he has got himself up in the parliamentary blue-books, or even has his 'Froude' or the popular histories at his finger-ends. But I do take it for granted that he knows his Lever and his Carleton; his Lover, his Maxwell, and the melodies of Tom Moore. His fancy may have figured to him a sorrow-stricken country, keeping

up something of its high spirits in spite of hard times, and with a softened pathos in the expression of its woes which will touch the heart of the sympathetic stranger; in the mysterious intertwining of the chords of the impressionable national nature, smiles will mingle with sobs, while fun and frolic will lighten sorrows; the stranger will be landed among ragged but light-hearted vagabonds, who find flashes of fugitive brightness in glasses of poteen, and laugh away the troubles and the shadows of the hour. In point of fact, he sees nothing of the kind. Irish drollery, as a national characteristic, seems to be altogether a thing of the past. Dublin itself must be sadly changed from the gay days of Lever's heroes, when the O'Malleys played high-jinks with the Webbers of Trinity, and the Jack Hinton, in the epaulets and gold-lace of the Staff, helped to keep the ball of the Viceregal festivities rolling. The Bagenal Daly of this present year of grace, in place of being followed by admiring troops of ragamuffins, would be mobbed and hooted as the representative of a prodigal and tyrannical caste. Indeed, Dublin must have very considerably altered since Thackeray penned his 'Sketch-book.' Who can ever forget Lever's description of scenes at the landing from the English packet, when comical car-drivers tossed up for the fare, and the "gintleman" who won the toss drove away with his prize in triumph? While Thackeray expressed his disappointment at the indifference with which he was received on the car-stand. He had almost to prevail upon a driver to give him a lift. Now your reception is betwixt and between the two. The competition for you is keen, but conscientiously business-

like. The drivers are flourishing their whips engagingly from their perches on the cars, and you make your selection amid a subdued interchange of strong language. Nowhere perhaps, on the face of the globe, are the public vehicles more staringly disreputable. The broken-kneed screw between the shafts looks as ragged as the thin and weather-soaked cushions; there may once have been springs, but they have collapsed with hard service; the blossom-nosed driver, unlike many of his compeers in the western country districts, can certainly never have subscribed the temperance pledge; and the novice clutches on to the rail in apprehension, as he is swung violently round sharp corners over the kerbs and the rough paving-stones. Yet he tries to keep eyes and thoughts in exercise, for he is being rattled over classical ground. There is Upper Merrion Street; there is the once aristocratic Merrion Square; and now he is being jolted across Stephen's Green, with the picturesque view of the Wicklow and Kildare hills at no great distance. What memories are awakened of the wit, wisdom, and wild festivity of which we have heard so much; of long dinners and late suppers with the most brilliant spirits of the day; of heavy play among grave statesmen and peers, when long-descended estates would change hands in a night, and bright prospects were hopelessly mortgaged! It was there that the Droghedas and the Knights of Gwynne had their hospitable town-mansions; it was there that wealthy *parvenus* like the Roneys and the Kenyfecks, keeping open house, fought, with their French cooks and their floods of champagne, for admission to the enchanted circle of a tawdry Viceregal Court. Those very doors

and grim area-railings were beset by crushes of carriages, by troops of shouting linkboys with flaming torches; and many a gay squire or subaltern walked down those worn steps, having made arrangements for a mortal meeting in "the Phoenix" in the morning. How sadly altered it all is now! The best mansions of the "great old nobility" and of the spend-thrift gentry have passed into the hands of hotel-keepers, clubs, and prosperous lawyers. The rest of them have fallen down to doctors and dentists, or are advertised to let or sell, by fly-spotted tickets in the dusty windows. As for the Currans, the Grattans, and the Ponsonbys, they are gone, and have given place to the Nationalists of our present generation. That transformation in the personages who were the idols of the day, marks the revolution in the tone of Dublin society. One of the most aristocratic of provincial capitals has been socialised and democratised, till the respectable citizens only continue to reside there on sufferance. The royal arms have been lowered from the façade of the Mansion-House; her Majesty's health is omitted from the toast-list at official entertainments; the Viceroy is become a shadowy sub-monarch, more to be pitied than to be courted; and the standard of the United Kingdom has been struck for the national flag. The contrasts of poverty and wealth must always have been sharply accentuated; but now, while the destitution is conspicuous as ever, comparative prosperity is sadly out at elbows. With few exceptions the house-fronts and the area-rails would be all the better for repainting; while the thoroughfares, which are certainly among the most spacious in Europe, are a world too wide for the dwindling traffic.

Yet Dublin has its busy quarters and its tolerably bustling quays; and, with the exception of Cork and the cities of Ulster, it has been drawing to itself the business of the rest of Ireland. For as the Englishmen, after all, are the best customers and patrons of the Irish, the trade will tend steadily eastwards towards the harbours that are most convenient for our coasts. In the ordinary county town the aspect of things is still more depressing, because the little place had never more than a local vitality, and now it is in an advanced stage of decay. Before the crash of long-accumulating liabilities came with the fatal potato famine, which sent so many of the "ancient" families into the Encumbered Estates Court, there were half-a-dozen hospitable houses within reach, which drew all their native supplies from the brisk town of Ballytatters. The hogsheds of claret that were on flow in the hall, the runlets of cognac kept on tap in the cellars, were no doubt delivered directly from the Gironde or the Charente. But all the "groceries"—a very comprehensive term in Ireland—were supplied by the country tradesfolk. The butchers and graziers sent meat to the houses where, with gangs of ragged retainers to be pampered in idleness, there were always "lashings and lavings"; and the very embarrassments of the landlords were far from being unprofitable to their purveyors. The bill was paid sooner or later; but when there was absolute uncertainty as to the day of settling, there was no disputing the items. Indefinite credit meant unlimited interest: nobody paid anybody else till it was "convenient," or till the application of legal pressure was justified by inexcusable delays that excited the lenient popular

sentiment. And everything had to be settled by the lawyers at last, since no one would pay any one else till he was compelled. So the landlords were mortgaging their overcrowded and exhausted acres and drawing upon their capital like men. The agents, who managed everything, were fattening at the landlords' expense. The middlemen were squeezing the tenants, while their own incomes were being squandered by dissipated sons who set up for squireens; the hunting and the buying of horses put money in the pockets of the farmers; the solicitors were always up to their necks in bills and business; and all these people dealt with the country tradesmen. So the system worked admirably to all appearance, till the smash came, when there was a general liquidation and compounding of debts, with a sweeping jail-delivery of the penniless prodigals.

Nowadays, Ballytatters is a very different place, and the neighbourhood is almost "dissolute, so far as the gentry are concerned." So the old townsman will tell you, as he shakes his head over reminiscences of the blessed past. The great nobleman of the neighbourhood is still to the fore, occupying a suite of rooms in one corner of the ground-floor of the palace that was built by his grandfather regardless of expense. He has still a nominal rental of £30,000, being in actual though precarious receipt of some £3000. What with jointures, encumbrances, current debts, &c., he might honestly make his income-tax return even lower. And he has to fight tooth and nail in the face of growing unpopularity to keep the miserable margin that is left him. Tenants sitting under the judicially reduced rents make menacing or moving appeals half-yearly for sweeping reduc-

tions. His noble but nominal income is paraded on public platforms, to point the meanness that refuses assistance to the poor in times of universal depression. The farmer who has a handsome sum on deposit receipt at the bank; the tradesman who charges high retail prices for inferior goods; the labourer who has been thrown out of work by the landlord turning the home farm into grazing, after his patent reaping and threshing machines had been boycotted,—all combine to abuse him. For now he must look twice to each sovereign he spends, and he has been reduced to dealing with the co-operative stores. As for the smaller gentry, most of them have either parted with their estates, or have shut up their homes and are gone. The houses are to let, and no one will take them. The fishing was boycotted in the worst days of the Land League; the salmon were netted by gangs of poachers, and the water has never altogether recovered. The hunting in county Killnabogue used to be famous; but the farmers—who breed horses and sell straw and hay—have been forced by the League to denounce it; so the pack has been sent to the hammer, after sundry cases of poisoning. And now the town of Ballytatters, that was once so brisk, not to say boisterous, barely exists in its melancholy inanition. Miles Murphy, the lord's land-agent, has left the great house in the big garden at the back of the main street. After being repeatedly shot at and continually threatened, he has betaken himself to a still more roomy residence in Dublin, which he has picked up "for a song." The clergyman of the Established Church of Ireland, who used to distribute charity with both hands, is economising on a reduced in-

come. The only men who are still doing fairly well are the pettifogging lawyers, who prosper by the national lawsuits, and the bigger tradespeople, who, although they have lost the custom of the "gintry," continue, under pressure of boycotting, to act as mercantile middlemen to the small general dealers in the surrounding villages. The consequence being, that Ballytatters is the oddest mingling of good houses and bad; of a show of spasmodic prosperity, with evidences of poverty and distress. There are at least a couple of handsome branch establishments of the leading banks, where the managers live in comfort above the office on the ground-floor, with its burglar-proof safes and its grated windows. They must do a sufficiently remunerative business to make reasonable profits, after an annual outlay of £400 to £500, and their paying customers are the country-folk who are grumbling and "holding the rent." Probably the best of the other residences are occupied by solicitors, who emblazon their names on door-plates and wire-blinds, and have plenty of clients dancing attendance on market-days. Before the shops of the grocers the street is encumbered with piles of empty cases, hogsheads, and hampers. But betwixt and between stands many a once decent habitation, with dilapidated roof and cracked windows; while not a few of the whitewashed one-storeyed tenements, with their tattered thatch, are rather like hovels or Saxon pigsties than cottages. And that is more specially the case in such dying western towns, with a more creditable past, as Bantry. Here is a broad bit of pavement half blocked by an odoriferous heap of manure flung down at the entrance to a carrier's yard or

stable; beyond it is no pavement at all; while the causeway, half flooded from a choked gutter, is further obstructed by a peat-cart, left tilted where the horse was taken out.

But what most nearly concerns the tourist is the view of the inns; and as to the view, he is often agreeably disappointed. He soon finds out, to his satisfaction, that he must not judge the inn by first impressions. The exterior, almost invariably, is extremely unprepossessing. Whitewashed of course, though the whitewash may be dingy, it is a mean, two-storeyed, commonplace house. Though it may advertise itself in the local journals as one of the most commodious hotels in the county, assuredly it was never "built for a hotel." Yet "ekes" and outshoots may have been added at the back, and it is more commodious than it appears. Ask for a private sitting-room, and you will generally get a good one, unless a land commissioner, or a revising barrister, or a free-handed angler should have anticipated you. Talk about dinner, and you may have less cause for congratulating yourself. The Irishman, like the Turk, lives in the day, and thinks little of the morrow. The larder, in all probability, will be bare. Yet there will be flitches of bacon in the kitchen, with abundance of small but savoury fresh eggs. And a man may dine far worse than on Irish eggs and bacon and cabbage; the eggs and bacon being as much the national dish as the inevitable and seductive *puchero* of the Spaniard. The alternative is chicken, roast or boiled; and the chicken, besides being newly caught and killed, is much like a moderately sized and meagre partridge, except down the way of Wexford and Waterford, where

poultry is a staple article of export. Then they will always toss you up a respectable omelet, and they are almost as clever at simple puddings as primitive Germans. The grand secret of comfort, as we have said, is to take things very quietly; to expect little, and express thankfulness for the smallest mercies; to flatter whenever you can conscientiously praise, and to insinuate suggestions of amendments with infinite diplomacy and delicacy. The fare on the second day is sure to be more satisfactory. You may be warned overnight that there is no hope of trout or herring for breakfast. Yet somehow the herring or the trout will appear; and your ejaculations of ecstatic surprise will bear fruit in some shape at the dinner-table. The drink is frequently doubtful; yet it is more often good than bad. In the poorest inns we have come on creditable claret, and in some of the most back-of-the-world hosteleries of the wildest west, have revelled in warm weather in delicious "Bass" on draught. The Irish whisky and the Dublin stout may generally be trusted, if the tourist's constitution will stand these liquors. For the relative comfort in many unpromising-looking establishments, we are indebted to two classes of customers. Those in the little towns are largely patronised by commercial travellers, who do a pushing business all over Ireland; while others in the wilderness and the remote villages are often the resorts of sportsmen and fishermen, who have put the proprietors through a slow course of education as to the wants and the tastes of roving gentlemen.

Next to the priests, we should say that those same commercial travellers are, in their degree, as

prosperous as any class of the community. There is a constant demand for their services, for from city to town, and from town to village, dealers who are more or less in the wholesale line are distributing goods to smaller retailers. The lively bagmen are apparently well paid—they are certainly well fed and clothed; they are full of life and jollity, and almost invariably sleek and corpulent; for in Ireland no man walks who can help it, and beyond the regions of the railways everybody rattles about on cars. Not that the commercial calling is without its cares and its exacting social obligations, which is perhaps why few of these men appear to be much past middle age. It can be no light matter arranging for the transport, on the small outside cars, of the portentous bales and coffers with which they are encumbered; it always strikes one that they not only carry samples to show, but vast reserves of the articles to deliver across the counters. And as they have constantly to be wetting bargains, in fiery whisky and water, that must tell on the constitution rather sooner than later. As for the priests, they are in the more enviable position of being able to drink just as much or as little as they please, which gives a very good idea of their easy existence. I am very far from passing a sweeping condemnation on the order. Not a few of them are pious and hard-working men, and the best friends of parishioners who might otherwise be friendless. But to any stranger it will seem that poverty-stricken Ireland must be terribly over-priested and extravagantly over-churched. As to the number of these churches I say nothing. It may be right that the public services of religion should be brought easily within

the reach of sparsely settled districts. But there can be no question that the cost of many of the buildings is glaringly out of harmony with the sequestered situation. Driving over a league or two of barren moorland, you drop down into some sheltered hollow, where the square residence of "the clergy" is nestling up to the handsome high-roofed church, with its lofty Gothic windows and graceful limestone steeple. It seems like rearing a Solomon's Temple for the use of wandering herdsmen in the half-deserted plain of Esdraelon. As for some of the cathedrals in decrepit or half-dying towns, they are simply magnificent so far as expenditure of money goes. Then from the time you set foot on the steamer at Holyhead till you are stepping into some "general car" to explore the deserts of North Donegal or Connemara, the sleek priests in suits of shining black, by twos or threes, are always among the most thriving-looking of your travelling companions. You come down to breakfast or to dinner in one of the rather expensive hotels of the west, and more than one party of two or three incumbents are pretty sure to be seated at the well-spread tables. For they always travel in couples or in triplets. I protest against the suspicion of our entertaining any prejudice against the clergy of any denomination; I am rather disposed to exaggerate the value of their services, and would sooner sin on the side of prodigality in multiplying and endowing them. But it is impossible not to be impressed by the omnipresence of those glossy black-coats in Ireland. It is impossible to forget the poverty of the country and the grumbling of the tenants against the arbitrary exactions of the landlords. It is impos-

sible not to remember that ninety-nine out of a hundred of those priests are peasant-born and peasant-bred, used to poverty and hardships from the very cradle; for the old gentleman-scholar of the Douai College is long extinct. So we ask, whether, supposing that the shepherds are not in excess of the flocks, it is necessary that the beneficed clergy and their coadjutors should travel in first-class carriages, and dine in the coffee-rooms of the Royal or Imperial Hotels, while their brothers and cousins are content with stirabout, or with stray slices of bacon on high days and holidays? All those cathedrals and showy parish churches, all the black suits and succulent repasts, must be paid for out of the pockets of a people that calls itself miserably poor; the dues for the luxuries of the popular and democratic Church rank before the rent and the rates and taxes; and when men are repudiating the contracts by which they voluntarily bound themselves yesterday, it is a question whether there is not room for retrenchment here. But possibly, if half one hears be true, the devout Catholic layman can hardly help himself. It is said that so long as he is well and lusty, he is inclined to "hold" the dues as he "holds" the rent, and that largesses and benevolences to building schemes are out of his line altogether. The priest who knows the people possesses himself in patience,—squeezing an instalment of his outstanding debt now and again—till the recalcitrant parishioner is struck down by sickness. Then, in the agony of a death-grapple between avarice and black despair, the penitent is found to be more malleable metal.

But that is a grave subject, and a very delicate one to boot, so we

shall change it summarily. If the day be fine, there can be no difficulty in Ireland in shaking off importunate thought, should you be neither landlord, land-agent, nor land-grabber. You ordered the car overnight at half-past nine, so by ten you ought to find it ready packed and waiting for you. Naturally, you first cast a glance at the horse—an under-sized animal who looks as if he could go, as indeed he can, although he has no neck to speak of, and has probably been down more than once. You look at the luggage, which is all right; the portmanteau strapped behind the shafts in front, the smaller articles stowed away in the well, and the wraps arranged to form a rest for your back. Then you look curiously at the driver who is to be your guide and companion; and though you may pride yourself on your powers as a physiognomist, you can surmise very little about him. Time and your attempts at conversation will tell. Possibly he is stupid, silent, or morose; but the odds are that he brightens when you speak, and shows himself a brilliant conversationalist. Unless it be involuntarily and unconsciously, he is seldom droll, but he professes to have any amount of local information at your service. It will not do to trust him too far, for rather than appear to be at fault when he is questioned, he will draw freely on a fertile imagination. But discretion and your experience should keep you tolerably straight if you are not getting up facts with a purpose. Then, “unbeknownst to himself,” his talk will be enlivened by bulls, and with quaint turns of expression that are richly racy of the soil. And talking of the soil and the scenery, though we have left the scenery chiefly to the guide-books, you may have any variety

of both in the course of one long day's drive: bleak bog and barren moorland; strips of deep though rather swampy meadow-land, stretching along some peat-coloured stream; a *col*, or a gap, as they locally call it, which means a tight fit for the road in some depression between the shoulders of the lofty purple hills; and then a rapid descent into some fertile strath, where the swift clear salmon-river is hurrying seawards, breaking over the rocks and the banks of gravel, under the foliage of feathering woods that surround a home-like mansion in its home-fields. Another and a stiffer pull up to another of those “gaps,” and as you top the crest of the steep ascent, and look out across a broad tableland of swamp and pool and heather, you feel the fresh sea-breezes fanning your cheek, and know you can be at no great distance from the ocean. The road keeps well clear of the coast, for the coast-line breaks out and inwards, in sheltered bays and storm-lashed headlands. But it is worth while pulling up at the nearest accessible point, and making a pilgrimage on foot along the rough tracks of the turf-carts to have a peep over the brink of the land-line. And there in North Donegal, or any one of the wild western counties, you may look down over the dizzy edge of beetling cliffs, where the great gulls are dwarfed to swallow-size over the waves breaking silently far beneath you; while to right and left stretches cape beyond cape, as they have been mined and hollowed from time immemorial by the billows of the Atlantic.

Change the scene, and transport yourself many leagues towards the south, or even turn inland for a few miles from the storm and surf-beaten shore, and you are on some sea-loch or land-loch, sheltered upon

all sides, with its softly feathering copses and its bright summer-lawns, where there are stones on the hill-tops, heather and golden furze on the hill-sides, and fuchsias and hydrangeas in the cottage gardens fringing the seaweed-strewn slopes of the sheltered beach. Or wander down one of the southern rivers, beginning some twenty miles below its sources in the dismal peat-bogs, and you may pass on from one enchanting picture to another, never satiated by the monotony of the richest repetition, for fresh surprises, with slight variations, are awaiting you at every turn. Passing over grey old bridges and going beneath ruined keeps, by villages that, like Italian hamlets, look bright in the distance, and are by no means so disagreeable on closer acquaintance, as you begin to breathe rather heavily in the shadows of those woods, the valley

widens, the heights fall back, and you are in some such smiling pastoral landscape as that of the Westmoreland dales, or the bright sheep-farms of Liddesdale on the Scottish Border. And almost before you have begun to weary of the grass and the sheep, the banks are closing in upon the narrowing waterway, and you are back again among the rocks, the oaks, and the beeches. These are but slight and flying sketches of what may be seen anywhere, save in the central counties, with little trouble in searching; and though there is no denying that touring in Ireland has its inconveniences, yet we can conscientiously recommend it to any one in love with the unfamiliar and the beautiful, and who finds some flavour of piquancy even in a dash of the dull or disagreeable.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

DON ANGELO'S STRAY SHEEP.—CONCLUSION.

ALL day long Celestina grumbled, and Petruccio had rather a hard time of it. No one had had any idea how useful Ricciotto was till now, when, call as they might, there was no one to hear; and all the messages had to be done without his intelligent and willing help.

Besides, Celestina wanted to make her conserve of tomatoes, and she could not do it conveniently without Ricciotto's help. He could watch it and bear the heat, and get the wood, and stir it, and mind the baby when she had to do some more difficult part of it. She had never known him absent for an hour, except on her errands. He had been docile as a dog, and humbly obedient, proving the higher qualities he possessed by his gentle, firm adherence to whatever he was told to do.

It was a life's experience in a quick chromatic scale that Celestina went through, in twenty-four hours: surprise, in all its varieties—anger—impatience—rage—superb philosophy—irony and satire—amusement—disgust—anxiety—regret—wonder—hope—then anger again. In fact, anger was the note that came in like the octave, repeated in different clefs, from deep bass to screaming falsetto, according to the position it took as regarded herself, her wants and her passing feeling.

Many a time, through the day, she ran to the corner where Don Angelo had met the boy, to see if he was within reach of her voice, and to stop neighbours to inquire if they had seen him; and many a time had poor Petruccio journeyed to the top of the hill above them, to ask if any one there had heard of or

seen him. Giuseppe was troubled. He said least, but had always been kindest to the boy; indeed he was a sort of religion to him, and when anything had gone wrong, such as particularly naughty words escaping his lips, or too sharp a bargain gained in the market, he made his peace with his conscience (imagining it to be peace with Heaven) by giving an extra caress to the boy, or an apple, or even a *centesimo*—or perhaps an act of kindness, such as carrying for him the pitcher of water that tried his strength so sorely, dragging it from the well, a hundred yards below, up the rough path to the cottage.

Giuseppe said, gruffly, "Let him be! when he is tired he will come back to his soup."

But when he went to litter down his mules and feed his oxen, he was a very long time gone, and, tired as he was, plodded up the mountain-side till he got a new view of the setting sun, and reached a point where a Madonna and Child were stationed, to smile on the valley below. Then, hearing no tidings of the lad, he took off his hat, and knelt down in dust and stones to say an "Ave" for him; and, with a conscious faith that some might call fatalism or indifference, walked calmly back, quite sure that as he had told the blessed Madonna that her child was lost, he would be safe, somehow.

The very *alba* of the morning found Celestina awake, and praying before her little black crucifix in the corner. She did not often pray thus; for, in fact, telling her beads was the most earnest part of her devotions, and she liked it, because, whilst her fingers and

lips minded her religion, her sharp thought and memory were busy with her household cares and bargains. Now, everything was gone from her mind but fear—a great superstitious dread—and she got up with daybreak, before the sun had sent forth any pink or red glory, to pray her heart into quiet, and avert evil from her son, Carmine.

Still she was not satisfied. She had burnt out her candle, she had prayed all she knew, but her heart was not satisfied: so she went to the cottage door and looked out, and, feeling the coolness of the air, took a sudden determination, and immediately began to act upon it.

She would go into the city, have a talk with Don Angelo, and get back before any one else was astir, except Giuseppe, and he would only be feeding his cattle.

In a few minutes she had on her Sunday petticoat and best red cloth and apron, and a clean towel on her head. Her baby she did not rouse from sleep; she only settled the pillows, and tucked it in, warm and safe, before raising it, cradle and all, as it was, to her head, and starting with it down the steep path, only steadying it occasionally by her hand when turning a corner.

Workmen were already on the road,—those whose occupations were in the city had to start early, to be in time for the first mass, before going to their labour; besides, during these hot months, it was necessary for them to divide the working hours into two parts—beginning very early, and sleeping from mid-day till three o'clock; or they could not have endured the fatigue of the day.

It was five o'clock before Celestina reached the great church; and going in at one door (still with her cradle on her head), pass-

ed up the aisle in search of Don Angelo, and not finding him, went out on the other side to seek him at his home.

It was a strange little lodging, in an archway over the road: beneath it was a very old fresco of the Madonna and the infant Christ, with real cambric ruffs on their throats, and gilt crowns on their heads. The steps were rude and irregular; but pots of flowers (white pinks and evergreens) stood here and there in the odd corners—the kindly thoughts of his poor parishioners put into form, and certainly adding grace to the bare place.

Celestina made her way up, and knocked at the door, though it was open.

"Come in!" said Don Angelo. So in she went, and found him already at his books.

"So it is you!" said he. "Well, sit down."

This was not so easy to do; for it was a very small room—just large enough to hold a book-closet, a table, two rush-chairs, and one wooden one, in which he sat. When the door was open, there was no room to pass the cradle between the table and the wall, and she could not leave her baby alone outside. Celestina, however, was not disconcerted: she put the baby, still asleep in its cradle, on the terrace outside, and she herself leant back against the low wall at the top of the stairs, so that at once she could see the passers-by in the street below, and the priest at his table, with his papers, pen, and ink, in his own little room.

"You have said mass?" said Celestina.

"No," said Don Angelo. "Don Francesco has the early mass this week."

"That is well," said Celestina, fumbling in her bodice for a little

packet—at last finding it, and unrolling a small roll of dirty paper-money.

Don Angelo kept on writing: he had the parish registers open at his side, and files of papers before him.

Celestina counted her money, selected certain notes, and laid them on the table before him.

"You must say mass for me!" she said, positively.

"And why?" asked he, still writing.

Celestina hesitated. "I am afraid for my Carmine," she said at length.

Don Angelo looked up at her for a moment, then again at his pen, but said nothing.

"I am sure something dreadful is happening to him," said Celestina. She spoke low, and leaned against the lintel of the door, and pulled a leaf off the ivy that had been trained over the archway and along the terrace.

"You have had news of him, then?" asked Don Angelo.

"No; but I dream of him—and——" Celestina hid her hands beneath her apron, and looked down, and so stood a few seconds. The priest continued writing, glancing at her occasionally, but leaving her to herself to tell her story.

She shifted from one foot to the other, a variety of emotions coursing through her mind, and showing themselves in her face: at last she threw up her arms, and broke into a rather harsh nervous laugh.

"Well, *padre mio*!" she said, looking at him with a strange mixture of defiance and deprecation, "first or last you must know the truth! Ricciotto is gone—lost! and it was I who scared him into running away; and last night I could get no rest for thinking of my Carmine—and the lad too, of course—and——"

"And where is Ricciotto gone?" asked Don Angelo.

"No one knows," said Celestina. "I have looked till I'm blind, and asked till I'm hoarse, and called till I'm deaf with my own voice!—but it's only the mountains that answer, and the folks that know nothing—and all the answer I get is my own words back again!"

"And when did he go?" said Don Angelo: but he put down his pen, and gave his whole attention to her.

"The night before last, I say; but Petruccio says 'No, 'twas yesterday morning;' and Beppe says he has a sort of recollection of the boy yesterday morning, too; but I never saw him, and it's not much that the sun shines upon before it comes into *my* eyes."

"And you scolded him?" said the priest, gravely.

"Well, well," said Celestina, "it was but a hasty word. I didn't beat him—no, never a finger have I laid on him to beat him; and if a boy can't bear a word when he's in the wrong——!"

"Still the boy is gone," said Don Angelo.

"Certainly," said Celestina; "when Petruccio awoke, he was gone."

Don Angelo sat back in his chair, and folded his hands, thinking seriously.

"Well," said Celestina, bending over the table, and speaking confidentially, evidently glad to unburden her conscience, "I was harsh. I sent him to bed without his supper, and I gave him a word or two of my mind because he went out without leave, and left work for my Petruccio to do that *he* ought to have done; and I was sorry when I came to remember that he is one of the Madonna's poor children; and I wondered whether it would keep back my

Carmine, or bring him ill-luck, as I dreamt last night. I couldn't sleep, I tell you : and so with the morning I came down to you, to have a mass said for him—and you'll do it for me, won't you, *padre mio* ?”

“You are right to regret it,” said Don Angelo, gravely ; “but your business is rather to find the boy, than to have a mass said. Seek him, I say—that is my advice ; find him : and then——”

The bell began to ring for the six o'clock mass. Don Angelo rose, and began to collect his papers, and put his books together : he pointed to the money she had put before him. “There,” he said, “take that away. To-day I could not say mass for you, even if I would ; and I tell you, you must find the child. Come in, and hear mass, if you will. These tongues and lips of ours ! these hasty words and stormy passions ! Now, I say, first find the lad ; ‘then come and offer your gift.’ I am sorry for you, and for the lad too. Who knows what has happened to him ?—where he has gone, or where he will be found ?”

Celestina was half offended : she had meant to relieve herself, at once, of anxiety and responsibility, and had not calculated on Don Angelo's opinion and advice being at variance with her own idea. She took up the money—such a precious thing to her, earned by herself for spinning, and saved to buy a new pair of earrings, which she had long coveted. She held the money in her hand, for she did not like giving up her own will, and thought that, after all, it might tempt him : she even questioned within herself whether she should not add to it—make it an alms worth having.

He, locking the closet-door on his books and papers, looked over his shoulder at her. “Let me know when he is found,” he said.

“And you will not say mass for me ?” she ventured, looking humbly, imploringly at him.

“I do not refuse to say mass for you, at the right time,” said Don Angelo, almost impatient ; “but I want you to know that to-day it is impossible, and that your first duty is to repair the harm you have done, as far as you can. Don't come to ask me to pray for a miracle, to undo your misdoings. Suppose that child has met with an accident—suppose he has been kicked by a horse, or injured by a fall, or gone to the wild mountains, and is, even now, ill from the dew and want of food, or suffering any other harm, what then ?—am I to say a mass for you, that you may go home to your knitting with a happy mind, and leave it to God to save the child, without any trouble to you ? *Figlia mia*, I tell you *that* is not the Divine will : I say to you, *pray*—with your heart, with all your heart—and *work* with all your will to find this child, and bring him home ; and then—then, if your heart is thankful——”

At this moment Antonio, the lad who more especially waited on Don Angelo, ran up the steps to fetch him to mass, and help him to dress—for the cathedral-door was only just through the archway, and it pleased him to go straight from his own place to the altar.

“Gently, gently,” said Don Angelo, as Antonio rather roughly pushed by the cradle, and set it rocking ; “who goes gently goes surely, my son.”

Celestina slowly put the pad on her head, and slowly raised the cradle to her shoulders—every

movement angular, slow, and hard. She was very discontented, and obeyed the priest's injunctions with a protest against them, which had the same effect on her body that starch has on a handkerchief, making each soft fold distinctly stiff and angular. She had got half down the steps before she recollected that she ought to say good-morning, or get leave, by courtesy, to go. Then it was difficult to turn, so she waited for Don Angelo to pass her, and stood back to be out of his way. She had intended to get the mass said for her own intention, and then she would have had pleasure in going in to hear it; but no—it was not to be specially for her. Should she go? she was questioning herself. She thought she would go on, and not even wait till the priest passed; but he was close to her before she could move.

He paused a moment at her side, for he was too kind-hearted willingly to leave any one in mental mist, if he could help it.

"Poor human nature!" said he, softly, "we need much patience, even with ourselves; but if the spirit is willing, it matters little that the flesh is weak. I, too, will inquire for the child. We shall find him, no doubt."

Celestina made a curtsey, with much quiet dignity (from having still to balance the cradle on her head), and then walked into the church to hear mass, as she had been told. She was not used to giving up her will, and could not at all understand the strange feeling of strength, and power to endure, that came over her as she prayed with all her attention and will,—not a prayer to save herself from pain, responsibility, and trouble, but a prayer for God's blessing on her plain efforts to do her duty, and find the boy.

Before passing the door of the church, Antonio turned round and stopped the priest.

"The brigands, with Lightfoot, are here!—were traced from Caserta to Rocca d'Evandro, and now are here—there!" said Antonio, pointing to the hill behind the Wounded Dove.

Don Angelo held up his hand for silence, and entered the church. It was disturbing, and annoying, to have news thrust upon him at that moment. The bell ceased as he crossed to the sacristy, and Antonio, with boyish changefulness, gave his mind to his office, and seemed to have forgotten all the world outside the church. Outside the church, however, considerable excitement was spreading. Lightfoot was a noted brigand, had had wonderful escapes, and had secured much plunder, in Palermo and other cities, escaping almost by miracle from the very hands of the police.

When, after breakfast, Don Angelo went into the market (which was in front of the cathedral), he heard nothing else talked of. The Sindaco was consulting with the captain of the few soldiers, and with the Delegato as head of the police.

In most cases such reports did not trouble Don Angelo, so many stories were set afloat to account for changing the distribution of soldiers, which often had to be kept secret. Now the kind-hearted priest was distressed on account of Ricciotto, fearing that the little lad might come upon them, and so be in grave peril.

He was not worth kidnapping, and he was too young to be of use to them—too weak to endure the rough life which they led; but they held life at so low a value, that they might not hesitate to put the child out of the possi-

bility of betraying them—if need be.

Don Angelo now set himself seriously to inquire of the different villagers from the hills whether they had seen him, describing him as he had seen him that last night by the tree.

In his own mind he connected the fact that the dog Diana was unchained with Ricciotto: it showed him that the boy must have come down into the town that morning, for they had left Diana chained up the night before. If the boy came down, and did not wish to be found, he would go to one of the villages on the other side of the city, thought Don Angelo, keeping to his anxiety about the child, whilst listening to the young men who were proposing to scout the hills on their own account.

"And what makes you so certain that there are brigands?" said Don Angelo.

"It is the smoke that betrayed them," said Vincenzo. "When I was dressing this morning, I looked from my window—that window which faces the Wounded Dove—and just beyond it, where the Coiled Serpent begins, I saw a column of smoke, small and fine, like a note of interrogation—a sort of defiance, you know—with a delicate curve at the end, black as ink."

"Yes, it was Vincenzo who saw it," said Paolo.

"Last night the Delegato had notice sent him that the Caserta men were on the alert for them; and when I saw the smoke, it spotted the place, without a doubt, or the shadow of a doubt."

"*Immancabilmente!*" said Paolo, each separate syllable dropping from his mouth with distinct and rather pompous emphasis.

"And you are going there?"

asked Don Angelo. "Is not that rather a risk? Have you told the Delegato, or the Sindaco?"

"Yes, but not the exact place," said Vincenzo. "They most likely have shifted their quarters by this time; but they must be in the hills—somewhere."

It was now nearly eight o'clock, at least the half-hour past seven had chimed, when Don Angelo first met his young friends.

"I was going up the mountain this evening," he said, after a moment's thought. "I have to see some one up there. I am thinking that, perhaps, I might more prudently put a mouthful in my pocket and go up this morning, stop in a corner while the sun consumes our shadows, and get back again in the cool evening—before dark."

"That would be well," said Vincenzo, Gaetano, and many others. "We shall go with you. It will be well. And take revolvers; the permission will be readily accorded. We shall certainly go, and also take a mouthful."

Thus it happened that, before eight, Don Angelo was on his way up the hills, with eight or ten young men to accompany him. They were all good-natured, easy-going young fellows, of the class in Italy which has unfortunately given society so many idle men, with just enough money to keep them from want—not enough to allow them either to marry or embark in any good business or profession. They were all smart-looking, well dressed in light clothes, and were fresh from the barber's, where even those too young to require shaving had had their hair arranged to the correct pattern.

Don Angelo bought a roll of white bread and a few apricots,

and then went to the chemist's for a little packet of quinine.

"It is for Tonino," he said to the old doctor, who sat near the counter, waiting for patients, and talking to friends. "He is fourteen, you recollect, and tall of his age, and has now been ill these two weeks with the fever. Poor lad! I heard of it only yesterday, and I told him I would give quinine to him to-day."

Old Don Germano told him the dose to give, and had the little powders weighed out, refusing payment for them. "Remember me in your prayers," he said, with a laugh; and though he laughed, he was content to mean it seriously, and feel that he had made a good bargain, for he had passed the age for sarcastic superiority, and believed in the worth of prayer, and in the simple honesty with which Don Angelo would recognise and fulfil the engagement.

"The boy shall pray for you," he said, as he rejoined his lads, and they started in good earnest for the mountains.

They had not gone very far beyond the gates before they met a countryman with a mule; and a minute after, Paolo came up: till his return Don Angelo had not noticed his absence.

"For me?" said Don Angelo. "That is good of you, Paolo, though I had not thought about it. Last night the way seemed long, and to-day I imagine the weariness of yesterday will add some miles to the same road."

Paolo flushed with satisfaction, and came to help the elder man into the saddle; the patient mule standing firm, though it was rather a severe shock to her when, at last, Don Angelo settled himself on her back—for riding was not much in his way, and he was both stout and tall. She was accustomed to

carry weights, and climb mountains; and seemed to enjoy getting over the loose stones and round the sharp corners, just as a good workman enjoys a difficult task, that shows his patience and skill.

They were a merry party; though, no doubt, the presence of the priest in a measure restrained the wild fun they might otherwise have indulged in. The way did not seem so long to them as it had seemed to the barefooted boy. Besides, they made no mistake in the road, but steered at once for the long range of mountains, which, after forming an angle, and threatening to close in the valley in a circle, grandly turned back and spread out in a long line parallel with the chain which so perplexed the railway, and forced it to twine like a serpent, doubling the distance of the space it covered, if measured as the crow flies.

An hour had gone, and they were entering the wild regions; the road was getting very steep and rough, when, suddenly, the panting of a dog running fast made them turn round, and up rushed Diana—light in her eyes, and hopeful business in every movement of her long body.

She bounced against them, with seemingly indiscriminate gladness to meet them all. In the town she was shy of men; but here, in the country, where the roads seemed forsaken, and not even another dog could be met out for its own pleasure, she seemed inclined to be friendly with all,—more friendly, in fact, than some of the young dandies cared that she should be—marking their light cloth, or linen, with dusty paws or slobbering mouth.

"*Per Bacco*, it's Diana!" said Paolo, who was at the mule's head.

"By herself, too!" said Gae-tano—"queer brute."

"No, no," said Vincenzo. "*Ecco il Pazzo!*"

They had come to a little level corner; the mule stopped to take breath, so the man in question had time to come up.

He was commonly called the *madman*. He knew it, and did not mind it, possibly because he knew that it was not true. He was walking very fast, striding up, as only the young and strong can get over ground, when a purpose is before them, and they can grasp and guide their own will, with the delightful self-reliance of youth.

He was surprised at coming upon so many men in this wild region; but the exhilaration of the early morning air, and his great exertion, steadied his nerves, and rallied his wits to defend his secret.

Looking down at him, Don Angelo was struck with the expression of his face, and felt that if he was crazy on some points, it was the craziness of intense passions which were too strong for his body, too wild for the quiet everyday world. Ragged as he was, there was nothing debased about him; and he impressed those who saw him with the conviction that his condition was a matter rather of choice than of necessity.

He had his long stick in his hand, and his basket on his back, but it seemed to be filled with straw and paper—rubbish not worth the labour of carrying up so steep a hill.

"Good morning, my friend!" said Don Angelo, as he came up; and Diana stood stretching, waiting to see if she should start again.

"Good morning!" said the Pazzo, giving a quick look round at the young men, and stopping his glance at the priest's calm countenance.

"You are taking Diana for a walk?" said Don Angelo, after an awkward pause.

"And you are taking these *signori* for a walk?" said the Pazzo.

"Not exactly," said Don Angelo. "They are taking me—the hill to the White Nun. We heard that the brigands are up here."

"Grandfathers and grandmothers!" said the Pazzo, contemptuously.

"You think it is a false report?" said Don Angelo, mildly; and from respect to him none of the young men said a word.

"Why should you think brigands are fools too?" said the Pazzo. "Coming here, they would walk into a trap, and deserve to be caught. Every one expects them here. No, no! there are no brigands here—worse luck; for it would do the soldiers and *carabinieri* good to find that they can't have all the good shots on their side, and that it's not only regulation lead that carries death with it."

"But," said Vincenzo, unable to keep silence any longer, "we saw their camp-fire. Their smoke, this morning, was as clear as that tree is."

The Pazzo laughed, leaned upon his stick, and kicked a stone down the road, and, in doing so, nearly shook his torn boot from his foot.

"It may be," he said at length. "Perhaps they were taking a morning cigar together."

"*Diamine!*" said Paolo, his colour rising; "if it was any one but yourself, one would say——"

"—I had reason," finished the Pazzo; and he looked at Don Angelo, with a steady, quick glance, that conveyed to him the fact that the phrase was chosen with intention.

"Well," said the priest, "there is no need to argue the point: it is only an excursion after all; and perhaps the brigands may be rather more difficult to settle at close quarters than they seem to be when we speak of them round our own tables."

"I don't think that the Delegato would be easily taken in," said Gaetano.

"I don't think I should——" began Vincenzo.

"Why should you heed that poor devil of a Pazzo?" said Paolo, breaking in. "I don't suppose that any one of us expected to capture the fellows, or even particularly *wished* to do so; but still, we can find out what that smoke was, and give a report of it."

Diana now came back, and jumped upon the Pazzo, eager to go on, yet looking into his face as if questioning his wish to be defended by her.

"Gently, gently, Diana!" said the Pazzo, patting her head, and nodding sagaciously, mysteriously, to himself. "Go on, my lady!—I shall follow, and tell the Signor Lightfoot to wait and exchange greeting with you, *gentile Signori*—if we find him, Diana and I!—*A rivederci!*"

He raised his hat to Don Angelo, and gave it a certain sweep round to include the young men, and was striding away, when something in the priest's anxious face seemed to influence him, and he lingered a moment. There was a strange feeling amongst the young men, and they showed it—contemptuous impatience, and an unwilling, involuntary confession that perhaps, after all, he was right, and that the smoke, if Lightfoot's at all, had been from a fire kindled to deceive those on the real scent, and draw them off. But to desist in their journey at the bidding of a mad-

man, a wretched beggar!—they hesitated, and longed to think of something to say or do, that, by annoying the Pazzo, would avenge themselves.

"Have none of you a bit of tobacco to give the poor fellow?" asked Don Angelo, the usual instinct of the gentleman to give something, in parting from such an outcast, making the excuse for a few more words with him.

Several pouches were out in a moment. The Pazzo came back a step. "No, no," he said—"I have all I want; don't trouble, *Signori!*" However, his eyes betrayed his longing for the luxury, and Paolo, ever the most practical of the band, handed over to him a lump of tobacco, with a free generosity of action that at once won acceptance from him.

"You have come from the town," said Don Angelo; "have you heard that a little lad is missing?"

"Ricciotto?" said the Pazzo.

Don Angelo bowed his head.

"My own brother!" said the Pazzo. "*Wise* that boy is. If, now, I were Elijah, and could live in the wilderness, he should be my Elisha; and when——"

"Hush, hush!" said Don Angelo, thinking that his madness was now carrying him too far. "Have you seen him? Do you know anything about him?" he asked.

"How do you ask that question, and what shall you do with the answer?"

"Act on it, of course."

"But in what way?—As his friend, bidding him be free? or as Celestina's friend, bidding him be a slave—hew wood and draw water?"

"He must die if he is wandering on the hills; either die or be killed—by cold or wolves."

"I am not dead," said the Pazzo; "not at all—though I have often

wished I was, and *thought* I was, too; but, there—I had to come back and finish my work."

"You know where he is?"

"Was!" said the Pazzo.

"Will be?" said Don Angelo.

"Perhaps!" said the Pazzo.

"Tell me, then, for Celestina is anxious about him; and I, too, want to know, for several reasons. It is your *duty* to tell me."

"My duty," said the Pazzo, "is to do what I think right. He's not dead yet, neither of wolves nor of cold, nor of wanting to get back to Signora Celestina! and as he has neither father nor mother, nor more food than he earns, the mountain and the sun are as good a mother and father to him as any worthy souls can be who make him stir the porridge that they may eat it. Good morning, *caro Signore!*"

But the priest would not let him go.

"Tell me where he is. I do not say that I will send him back to Celestina (and she is not a bad woman). I came out this morning to seek the boy." Don Angelo began to get off the mule as he spoke, and took hold of the Pazzo's arm, partly to steady himself, but more to detain him.

The Pazzo looked at him steadily. "If I tell *you*, I tell all *these*," he said; "and if these know *one* thing, they will know *two*; and if the first is *my* secret, the second is some one else's."

"Will you show me where he is?"

"Come and see!" said the Pazzo; but he turned to go back down the mountain again.

"Nay," said Don Angelo; "I cannot go down till I have been to Tonino Chiaive, up there, beyond the second point of Pietra Grande."

"He was bad last night," said the Pazzo, "and his father seems blind with one eye, and in the dark with the other."

"How do you know?" said Don Angelo, referring to the first part of his sentence.

"What I see, I know; what I can't see, I guess," said the Pazzo. "Anyway, he was bad. But it's not all these young *signorini* that you mean to take, scrambling up a hill, to look into a poor lad's hovel to see how long it takes him to die."

The man laughed, hoarsely.

"Well, no," said Don Angelo, thoughtfully; "I do not know that I need take them in with us. But you see, my friend, that when there is but one road to a city, and that a narrow one, it is not easy to part company."

"But why take them up on a fool's errand?"

"What do you know of the brigands?"

"What I know, I know; but I don't talk to those who laugh in their sleeves, and scarcely wait till I am out of earshot to call me—not only a poor madman, but an imbecile."

There was something in this out-cast that appealed to most of these young fellows, and, angry as they had been at first, the feeling had gradually changed as they listened to his loyal determination to keep Ricciotto's secret.

"I speak the truth, and you must believe me," said the Pazzo, with the air and manner of a gentleman. "The Government is always sounding cuckoo-cries for nothing. If you go up the hills, you will find nothing that you want; and if you hunt the mountain behind the monastery, down by the bridge—will you find Light-foot? No! Only a fellow with his leg nearly broken in getting away from Ischia, poor devil! Lightfoot's not here. Not for many miles—not in the Terra di Lavoro at all!"

"What was that smoke, then?" asked Vincenzo.

"How can I say?" said the Pazzo.

"Perhaps it was the little lad's doing," said Paolo.

The Pazzo said nothing. He drew himself up, and marked the sand at his feet, and put his arm over the mule's neck, as if animals were by rights his friends, however much he might quarrel with his fellow-men.

"I think what he says is true," said Don Angelo, rather as an "aside" to the young men.

"What he says of the Government is true enough—they are always singing 'cuckoo,'" said Paolo; "and, after all, it may be a fool's errand. Still, one does not like to think that these men are up here, only waiting an opportunity either to kidnap some one of importance, or walk into the houses—or even the churches—and steal from under our very noses the little that there is left worth having."

"By Saint Boniface and all the patrons of wisdom," said the Pazzo, "you have distinguished yourselves this morning! You fear these *birbanti* will come into your houses, and you rush up the hills to drive them to take refuge in the town (if only you could inspire them with fear). Don Angelo can quote better than I the lesson for the occasion."

"Eh?" said Don Angelo, who was talking to Vincenzo, urging him to go back in peace to the town.

"When the giant is armed, his goods are left in peace," said the Pazzo. "If you fear that this giant is coming into the city to rob you, go back and stay there; and fire your revolvers down the hill as you go, that the echoes may carry the news to his most

secret holes—that you are at home, and are armed! So will you be left in peace. *Per Bacco!* you say 'tis I who am mad—*per Bacco!* one does not always know wisdom when one meets with it—*misericordia!*"

The Pazzo now looked mad. He shouted till the rocks shrieked—not so much as if it was the echo, but rather as if the air was full of evil genii who enjoyed giving a chorus of insolent contempt. He leaned back against the mule, who did not quite like it, and jingled her bells.

Don Angelo rather feared that some trouble might come before he could separate the young men; but the Pazzo seemed to guess his thoughts.

"If you want to know more of the boy, I will show you where to find him," he said; "but not now. I am going—good-bye!" Much to Diana's relief, he turned short off, and in a few moments was lost to sight.

Don Angelo at this was more distressed than ever. "*Che uomaccio!*" he said; "but what else can one expect of a madman? He is mad to a certainty, poor fellow!"

"I don't know about that," said Paolo. "He spoke very well, and he can sing very well, and he does a lot of things well—in his own way. Upon my honour, I don't know but that he is better to listen to than his brother—the *avvocato!*"

"A thousand times," said Vincenzo; "for at any rate he is sincere. And he knows what he is about. The last time I met him was down by the Ponte St Giorgio—then he was hiding a bird up in a tree in a nest he had made for it, because it was hurt somehow, and there he used to march every day to give it food; and sometimes I've seen him with a kid or a stray

puppy in his basket—no matter how hot it was. . Pity he's mad!"

"Well," said Don Angelo, "I wish he had told me more of that boy. He certainly turned to go back into the city. I shall just go to Tonino, and then come back home and inquire there. It is a kind of clue, the Pazzo having seen him, for every one knows poor Giorgio."

"Ah! but," said Paolo, "every one is so used to seeing him do odd things—come here, and go there—that it's like finding out which way the lightning glanced over the mountain. Shall I come on with you, *padre mio*, as the others are going back to San Antonio?"

"No, no," said Don Angelo; "there is no need for that. Go with the rest, and laugh and enjoy yourself. I daresay the mule will not quarrel with me, and I can send her back later on."

But Paolo would not hear of this.

"I shall come with you. I always did like the company of my betters," he said.

Thus the remainder of the party immediately turned to go back to the city, whilst Don Angelo, with Paolo to guide the mule, continued the way up to a very small hamlet called the White Nun, where the lad Tonino lay sick of a fever.

"I thought this was out of your district?" said Paolo, as they journeyed on.

"Well, so it is," said Don Angelo; "but I baptised that lad, and gave his mother the last sacraments, and told her that I would look after him. I heard his first baby confession, when, in truth, I had to pat him on the head and give him an apple, rather than censure him. He is a lonely lad——"

The priest spoke very slowly, and stopped without finishing his sentence, as if he were reading

from his memory sad, sweet records of the early days when first he was appointed pastor to this simple flock.

In half an hour they had reached the house—a kind of hovel perched on a projecting corner of rock, which was too exposed to be useful for cultivation. It was a very poor place—only two rooms, and the door opened into the larger.

The place was wild and solitary. Diana lay at the door with her head thrown back to get the sunshine on her chest, and also to shield the top of her head. She was tired, so content to be resting; watching, and evidently waiting, for the Pazzo.

Don Angelo got off his mule and went in. The sun now was hot, the shadows black and clear, but on this ledge of rock there was no shade. Paolo looked about, but could find no shelter. The sun peered up from the valley, under the very eyelids of the house, so that even the eaves gave no shadow, and all round the ground scorched, and the sky blazed, and the sun was like a salamander glowing in the midst of the furnace.

Poor Paolo! His delicacy forbade his going into the house, seeming to pry into secrets—but the heat was too intense to endure: he tied the mule to a bare tree, and opened the door, to go in.

If there was heat outside, the air was free and pure. Inside, the heat was not less, but instead of a glorious blaze of intense life, it was the heat of damp death—filled with odours of all that is horrible.

At first the young man could see nothing, and could barely stand long enough to get accustomed to the darkness, the bad air was so painful to endure; but by degrees, by dint of half closing his eyes, and standing firmly, holding his breath, he could see three figures.

First the Pazzo, leaning back against the wall, one streak of sunlight from between the nearly closed shutters showing the upper half of his body. Then Don Angelo, seated, his hat in his hand, speaking low, and bending towards the fireplace. By the fireplace, the lad Tonino, cowering over a fire, the blaze of which gave a glow to his hollow cheeks, big eyes, and savage countenance. Already he had the roll of white bread and apricots in his hand, and looked at them, with a wish to have an appetite for them, a knowledge that it was pleasant to have them, and a savage anger with the fever that had deprived him of all enjoyment.

Don Angelo, for the third time, went over what he had to say about the quinine.

"Yes, yes," said the boy, "and a little broth." That was all. "A little broth, a little broth; yes, yes; the quinine to-morrow; to-day, a little broth." And possibly, if Don Angelo had stayed an hour, that was all he would have got out of him.

Tonino had a fire to cower over and watch while it boiled the drop of broth which Grazuccia had told the Pazzo to get the meat for; and there he cowered, with no two thoughts in his head beyond putting on sticks to keep the fire right to make this broth.

Poor wretched boy! without air or light, help or care; nothing but suffering to throw him back into savagery.

To-day he was worn and weak, but it was his *well* day, and he was happy, making his broth. His father was out at work, and would not come back till late in the evening: sometimes he did not come home at all, but threw himself down under a hedge to sleep for the few hours of a short sum-

mer night, and so avoid the trouble of climbing the hill. As to the boy's illness, it was a matter of no importance to him. The boy, thus left to himself, with no interest but himself, gave all the compassion of which he was capable to himself, and lost everything but a superstitious reverence for Our Blessed Lady, and that he kept in a selfish hope that thus he secured himself from worse suffering here, and in the unknown world beyond.

Don Angelo said no more to him, except to wish him good-bye, and then left the house with both Paolo and the Pazzo, who said not a word, simply lifting his basket to his shoulder, as if it was a comfort to have some other work to do.

The boy said "Good-bye," but not "Thank you." The three men were all saddened, as they again stood in the sunshine, and resumed their march on the road. Don Angelo would not get on the mule again, so Paolo slipped the reins over his arm, and they walked on side by side. After going down the hill for about fifty yards, they reached a turning, where the rock rose high in front, and threw a deep shadow on the road. Here they halted, and, for the first time, spoke.

"And you came all the way up here to see that wretched boy?" said Paolo.

"*Precisamente!*" said Don Angelo, contentedly.

"Almost labour lost, I should think," said Paolo.

"How can you say that?" said Don Angelo, more fierceness than he usually permitted coming into both face and manner as he turned on Paolo. "Must I speak to you of duty? Must I call to your mind to *whom we minister* in consoling such as these? O Son of God," said the priest,

taking off his hat, and bowing his head, emotion in voice and action as he crossed his arms upon his breast, "how gently dost Thou teach us what we ourselves are in Thy sight!—we, despising the wretched outcasts from the small height of our grace-given superiority, and yet afforded a small glimmering of that divine quality, merciful pity! Blessed indeed art Thou, in letting the poor be always with us, so leaving us a way to come near Thee!"

Paolo was disconcerted, for he was not a religious young man, though he still had in him a fear of throwing off the trammels, as he called them, of religious forms and ceremonies.

"That's genuine," said the Pazzo. "I always thought—yes, I may say, *knew*—that you were a kind man; but I thought you had lost the living God in mere forms and ceremonies, and in the clouds of incense with which you fill your churches. I am not sure whether I think better or worse of you for looking after your people, just for the sake of obeying the commands of *Nostro Signore*, than I should if you did it to help a poor fellow just because he wanted help."

"What you think of me," said Don Angelo, "it scarcely concerns me to consider; but I tell you frankly that it would be a great pleasure to me to feel that the kindnesses you do were done with the simple idea and wish to please God."

"Well, I can't say I try to please God," said the Pazzo, a certain courage in his voice, and yet a certain shame or shyness as he glanced at Paolo; "I feel only that life is a puzzle, far beyond me. And all I can manage is to do what I can, and take or use as little as I can, and just leave out of the question altogether whether

God is pleased. But it's not of myself that I wanted to speak."

"It was of Ricciotto?" asked Don Angelo.

"Yes," said the Pazzo, "and of some one else; but then—that *Signore*—I don't know what to do about him——"

"Shall I walk on?" said Paolo.

"No, no," said the Pazzo; "I will say three words to Don Angelo, and then he shall decide."

Paolo walked a few yards off, as far as the shadow allowed him to go, and got out his piece of bread, to occupy the time with eating.

"Now," said the Pazzo, "I want to tell you a secret—another man's secret—and if you think that you ought not to know it, you will consider it under seal."

"Certainly," said Don Angelo,—"under seal."

"Well," said the Pazzo, sinking his voice to a whisper, and holding his hand near his mouth to prevent the least sound from getting to Paolo, "you are looking for one lost sheep—what would you do if you found another?"

"Bring it home—I will not say on my shoulder, but I may truly add, rejoicing. Who do you mean? Is it not Ricciotto?"

"Ricciotto, Ricciotto!" said the Pazzo, impatiently—"it is something more serious than Ricciotto. It is some one whose life is precious, and who, I fear, has a black signature written upon his brow. There, *padre mio*, let your eyes rest upon that dog, and your mind will travel in the right direction."

"Ludovico Santini?"

"Well guessed!"

"Where is he?"

"Half an hour from here—ill—dying."

"*Dio santo!*"

"Grazuccia is with him, and the child; but he gets worse, more weak, more needing care, and how

can the *poveraccio* get it there, I ask you? He is my guest," said the Pazzo; "if that *Signorino* is to be trusted, you might get to him on the mule, and then you might see——"

"Ricciotto!" said Don Angelo, who was difficult to divert from a fixed idea or purpose.

"Ricciotto!" said the Pazzo, almost contemptuously—"Ricciotto is with the goats out on the mountain, waiting only for my castle to be free to be my own charge, companion, brother, friend."

"*Maria santa!*" said the priest, "you offer him a brilliant future."

"No man can give more than all he has," said the Pazzo; "it is not every one who has the privilege of doing that."

"That is true," said Don Angelo, and he felt the reproof, and questioned his own heart whether he ought not for conscience' sake to acknowledge it.

"I like the *ragazzaccio!*" said the Pazzo. "But Ludovico seems to me in a bad way. I am often thinking what we should do if he died up there—and die he must, unless some one or something gets him to change his mind and come down home."

"I don't know that I can do much," said Don Angelo; "for the last two years he has been gradually separating himself from the Church: he may be offended at my speaking to him."

"Not he—not he!" said the Pazzo. "Does not the proverb say that if the devil could die, he himself would be religious and send for a priest at the first pricking of his hoof or horns?—and Ludovico is a long way from that."

"Ludovico has behaved badly," said Don Angelo. "Granting that the old times of tyranny and ignorance were bad, and so gave him reason to sympathise with the cry

for union of the whole of Italy under one crown; now that it is accomplished, why should he keep up irritations—keep writing and speaking against the powers that are in authority, and add to the hardship of paying the taxes by inciting others to rebel, and so get punished? He can do no possible good by it. I cannot persuade him to give up talking and writing. Once, for my sake, it is true, he cancelled a letter that I thought too free in its criticism on the Church, and too wild in its sarcasm and 'liberal, advanced views' (as it pleases people to call *atheism* and *destruction*), and it went farther than he had himself intended in his calmer moods—but that was the exception. What can one do?"

"He has suffered much!" said the Pazzo.

"And made others suffer. It was through him that poor Nanni got that week's imprisonment for not paying his own tax, and getting others to join with him to resist. And you know, *Giorgio mio*, that when the mill was surrounded and they had out the soldiers, it was proved that Ludovico was at the bottom of it. That newspaper of his will burn the roof from over his own head, and suffocate him in the smoke, instead of setting fire to a beacon to light the whole of Italy, as *he* hopes, poor fellow! I don't see what I can do," said Don Angelo, thoughtfully.

"Then you don't care to go to him?" said the Pazzo. "Well, well—it was for *Grazuccia's* sake and little *Ninetta's*."

"If I went, what do you think I could do?" said Don Angelo, anxious to help, yet naturally reluctant to risk a stormy and useless interview with a man who had been the firebrand in the town. "What could I do?"

"Who can say?" said the Pazzo. "You would not like me, or any one else, to say—'Nothing.'"

"That is true," said Don Angelo, who was never offended at getting a blow, if given fairly and courageously. "I am ready to go, but I should be sorry to make matters worse."

"When things are at the worst, any change must be for the better," said the Pazzo. "I'll go first, and tell La Grazia that I met you, and have brought you on. You keep to the road that leads nowhere, and when you reach the point where your eyes are level with the bell-tower of the cathedral over the head of the Wounded Dove, stop, and I'll come to you."

"And Signor Paolo?" said Don Angelo.

"That you know best about," said the Pazzo. "Come, Diana, Diana!"

Paolo immediately rejoined the priest, who considered it both safe and wise to trust him, and, taking his solemn promise of secrecy, told him something of what the Pazzo had said, and so in a moment changed the lazy good-nature of his manner into thoughtful intention and anxiety.

"*Poveraccio!*" he said, as he took the bridle into his hand again; "and we thought him at Rome. *Poveraccio*—eh, Ludovico! *Poveraccio!* And I and Vincenzo at one time envied him, and almost thought of joining him."

"It sometimes happens," said Don Angelo, "that a man is more to be envied in failure than in success."

"Not such failure as this," said Paolo.

"One does not quite know whether it is a failure," said Don Angelo. "The bucket has to go down into the well before it can bring up cool water. *Capite?* (Do you understand?)"

They did not say much after this, but toiled on in the sunshine beneath their white *ombrelli*. The wind was gone, hushed in silent reverence before the majesty of the sun, which blazed and sent brilliant fringed edges to those leaves which repeated the murmured worship of the wind—murmurs so low that only the highest grasses and lightest leaves could feel the gentle impulse. They were not left to wonder where to halt, for the Pazzo came back again without his basket or Diana—only his long stick for company, and his broad-brimmed hat for shade.

"Ludovico is asleep," he said, in a whisper, "and Grazuccia returning thanks to Our Lady for having sent you to them. Poor little woman! she has begun to think so ill of her fellow-creatures, as to believe that no one does anything kind unless through a special interposition of Providence."

Don Angelo smiled, half pitying his shrewd misguided or mad friend.

"Lead!" he said; "we follow."

They walked on, rather quickly, but silently; and were received by Cecco, who was perched just over the bushes that hid the entrance to the quarried cave. He fluttered, cawed mildly, and then hopped up the rocks; so, by the time they had got through the dark passage, he was there to receive them again.

Poor Grazuccia! her joy was painful; and Paolo, with a young man's dread of any display of emotions which are beginning to make a part of his own life, though not yet understood, was very thankful to Ninetta for coming to protect him from Cecco's long beak. Thus he did not see what his heart *felt*—the dread and despair, hope and thankfulness, that brought Grazuccia to her knees before Don Angelo, kissing

his hand and blessing him, and thanking him for his kindness in coming.

Ludovico awoke with the noise. It had been only a fever-doze, with heavy breathing, and no rest in it.

"Ah—thou!" said he, putting out his hand as Don Angelo came near him.

Grazuccia was relieved—so, in fact, was Don Angelo: Ludovico looked on him as a friend.

"How much you have suffered!" said Don Angelo, speaking very low, seating himself on a box quite close to the bed.

"Not more than others," said Ludovico.

"No," said Don Angelo; "there is plenty of suffering in the world—much more than there need be. But—that is bringing more thorns for your uneasy pillow. When you are well we can think of that. The question now is, how to give you rest, and see you able to give rest to others."

"That is over," said Ludovico.

"For the present, yes," said Don Angelo, who still held his hand, and had been counting the pulsations while he spoke. "What life, what fire you have in your veins!—what pain must be in your head! Only now have I heard of your illness, or known where to find you, and you have been ill long—and are wasted."

Ludovico was too ill to talk. He was ghastly to look at. The yellow skin was ashy, as if the tide of life had gone out, and only the reflection of the lost power glanced over the bare form it had once animated; the hair on his temples had shrunk back, leaving the heavy throbbing veins exposed; and the black curls that crowned his brow were dull and dry, and powdered over with grey dust, as if the disappointment which had

nearly wrecked his life had taken separate tribute from the material body, and thus marked its claim.

It was with intense regret that Don Angelo noticed the change in him; but he was too well accustomed to stand by the dying and the fever-stricken not to be well able to distinguish between signs of life or death, and the very force of the sick man's pulse convinced him that he needed only a change of circumstances to enable him to take back life.

Grazuccia, standing by, watched his face; for she had almost as much faith in his opinion as she would have had in a doctor's.

"He cannot talk, or eat, or move till six o'clock," said Grazuccia. "At six he will be better, and take his salad and coffee, or anything I give him, and then he could talk to you; but *now!*"—she shrugged her shoulders and made a long face. "*Pazienza!*" she said, to end her phrase.

"*Pazienza!*" said Don Angelo, seating himself on a projecting piece of the rock, and looking about him. "It is not yet mid-day; till six o'clock is a long time to wait. Still, it is not well to go down the mountain yet, for there is scarcely any shade." He talked low, and heard a history of all her troubles and anxieties, ending with the appearance of Ricciotto and the raven. Then Grazuccia produced a flask of wine and some bread, and Paolo (with Ninetta in his arms) came to eat some breakfast, and keep cool beneath the awning that had been so rudely—but effectually—put up by Ludovico and the Pazzo before the fever had begun.

They had finished eating when the Pazzo came back again. Diana opened her eyes and wagged her tail a few times with content; but she was too happy at her master's

side, within reach of his hand, to move.

"I cannot find the lad," he said to Don Angelo. "I told him not to go far away; but I expect he has got beyond the little crag over there, for I see some goats there, and he wanted to find the goats."

"We had better seek him," said Don Angelo.

"I will," said Paolo. "You had better stay and rest; it is hot for you, Padre Lamberti."

"No, no," said Don Angelo, rising at once, and taking his *ombrello*; "I must go. Then I will come back and rest; and perhaps our friend will be more himself."

Grazuccia shook her head sadly. "Not till six o'clock," she sighed.

"I don't want Paolo to go," said Ninetta, swinging on his hand. "No—not Paolo. Be *Cavaluccio* again. Quick, now!—*Cavaluccio*—*Cavaluccio*!"

"Hush, hush!" said her mother. "Where is thy right feeling hidden?—worrying the kind *Signore*, who has told you tales, and played with you, till he is tired; and now making noises to send away all sleep and rest from the poor papa."

"I shall come back," said Paolo, who seemed much older than he had been in the morning; as if he had seen himself in a glass, and decided that boyish manners no longer became him, and he must be, in truth, a man—master of himself. So, as he caressed the child, she felt the power of his resolution, and the delicate tenderness that forgave her selfish petulance; and, after looking steadfastly into his face, she stroked his moustache with her little warm hand, and said—

"Then I shall wait and look for you, and teach Cecco till you come back."

"Is she not a dear little thing?" said the mother.

"Yes, indeed!" said Paolo; "and it is hot for her up here."

"*Dio mio*! but you are right," said Grazuccia, as she took the child in her arms and kissed her fondly:

Don Angelo found it difficult, with his big hat and flowing gown, to get down the narrow dark passage. The Pazzo went before him; Paolo followed, with care, pushing back the trees that grew near the entrance, though it was rare indeed for any one to pass that way.

They had not taken many steps before the report of a gun startled them.

"*Dio santo*!—then the brigands are here, after all!" said Don Angelo.

"*Per Bacco*!" said Paolo, feeling for his revolver, and flushing at the recollection that he was the only armed man of the three.

"*San Giorgio and San Michele*!" said the Pazzo, who had rushed to the edge of the rock, and so got a sight of the next hill. "They aimed at an eagle, and have shot my Ricciotto!"

"Shot Ricciotto?" said Don Angelo.

"*Misericordia*!" said Paolo. "What brutes!"

It was the falling of the eagle, as, with broken wing, it staggered in the air, screeched, and then tumbled over, that had shown the Pazzo where the boy was to be found. Who had fired had yet to be known: no one could be seen.

"I don't see Ricciotto," said Don Angelo.

"There!" said the Pazzo, who had eyes like a hawk's. "There, by that rock! where the bush is broken, and the tree bent down, and the two goats stand side by side."

As one of the goats was white

and grey, it showed well against the dark rock; but the boy, some fifteen feet below, seemed a mere dot, and possibly would have escaped notice but for a small white thing which lay close at his side.

"It is an hour's walk to get to him," said the Pazzo—"quite an hour, for *me*; and for *you*, *Reverendissimo*, it will be twice that."

"But where are the brigands?" said Don Angelo.

"I don't think that they *are* brigands," said the Pazzo; "more likely Anina's husband, Achille, the *cacciatore* (hunter)."

"I don't see any one," said Paolo.

"You will, in a minute," said the Pazzo; "for whoever shot the eagle will come to pick it up—or try to; but it will be a good morning's exercise to get up there. I wonder how that little lad got there?—except, of course, that he is a *diavolello*, and holds his body by the silver thread that bears it through darkness to wherever his soul wishes to fly—in this world!"

"What madness!" said Paolo; but whether he meant Ricciotto or the Pazzo's explanation did not appear. They could now hear voices, for the air was clear and still, and this proved that whoever fired was within this angle of rock, and must be below them.

There was not only talking but laughing—loud boisterous laughing—and voices so loud and free, that they evidently belonged to those who neither feared discovery nor reproof.

The Pazzo now came back into the road. "I don't know what to think," he said to Don Angelo; "unless, indeed, it is those *signori* who came part of the way with you this morning."

"We must be cautious," said Paolo. "What a thing it would be to shoot a friend!"

Going down a mountain is much like going "straight down the crooked lane, and all round the square." Don Angelo walked quickly, and the young men kept their pace to his, the Pazzo only occasionally craning over at the points where he could get a glimpse of the goats, to see if the little lad had yet been rescued.

"I should think that they would scarcely be laughing, if they knew that they had shot a poor boy," said Paolo. "I wonder if he is dead?—How long the road is!"

"I think," said the Pazzo, "that I can get on quicker than you gentlemen can—I need not keep to the road, but can scramble across like a dog, over brambles and rocks."

"That would be well," said Don Angelo—and off went the Pazzo.

"I can't understand how the boy got there," said Paolo, "for it is such a wild place. I have never been there myself—in fact I did not know that between the villages the hills were so wild. What a panorama! What a scene for a painter! and there is a subject too—the goats, the boy, the crag, and the mountains, and the sky so blue. What a colour! Nothing like it on earth but the azure butterfly and the Madonna's eyes (Veronica)!"

"That is true," said Don Angelo.

A quarter of an hour's quick walking brought them to a broken wall, which had been piled up to protect the last angle of the road. As they turned the sharp corner, they again faced the rock, with the boy and the goats on it.

Here they paused. They could see, but not hear, what was going on. The Pazzo had reached a group of four men, but who they were was not easy to see. They

looked like soldiers; at least two had on military clothes,—one, the linen undress jacket of the *bersaglieri*; the other, the long grey coat of an infantry regiment: the other two were dressed in civilians' clothes, broad felt hats with cocks' feathers, a red scarf round the waist, and bright grey or buff trousers; but even they were clean shaved, and had shortly cropped hair, and looked military in manner. They were serious enough now, and were making straight for Ricciotto, who still lay, just as he had fallen, on the rock, though the white thing had struggled up, and showed itself to be a young kid. Only one of them had a gun, and that was not a regimental rifle, but a lighter, shorter arm, adapted to sport, not war, and without any bayonet or other murderous adjunct.

"Men coming home, *per Bacco!*" said Paolo, after shading his eyes with his hand, and looking earnestly at the group. "That tall fellow with the gun, in the linen jacket, is Carmine—Celestina's son—and that other fellow, Vincenzo, Pasquale's boy: he went off the same day. I can't see the others. Ah, yes, that's Michele, Don Luigi's son—the fellow with light-grey trousers. The other I don't know. — There they are—do you see, Don Angelo? it's of no use, after all, getting to the rock, for they cannot reach him. Poor little fellow—what a blaze to lie in! I wonder how it happened!"

They could see the men consulting—and they were too young to hesitate long. Carmine was the quickest: he threw off his jacket, boots, and hat, bound a handkerchief round his head to keep off the sun, and rolled his shirt-sleeves back. There seemed nothing to catch, nothing to hold by. The Pazzo was nearly as quick, and

followed the same idea, and the rest on either side stood eager to help, so it became a rivalry as to which should get to the top first.

One smooth, bright, polished rock for fourteen feet! It seemed as insurmountable as a precipice. There was nothing for it but to make a living ladder: first, Vincenzo; Carmine, ever anxious to be to the front, came next; so it was the Pazzo who had the honour of standing on the small plateau beside the boy.

The kid, however, was the first to be rescued: with the unchanging instinct of self-preservation, it first looked at the men, then rushed at them, and permitted Carmine to hand it down, at which the mother goat threatened them with the new danger of rushing down upon them, so distressed was she at seeing her baby disappear.

There was not much room on the ledge for any one to stand. With great care the Pazzo stooped over the child, fearing he was dead, Turning him over, he found that he had a cut on his head, from which the blood trickled slowly; and an ominous grating crackle warned him that, somewhere, a bone was certainly broken.

"Quick!" said Carmine; "I weigh more than an ounce, and Vincenzo's shoulders are not marble!"

"You cannot take him from me," said the Pazzo; "for, if he has life at all, he would be frightened and hurt by a jump."

"Swing him down, then," said Vincenzo; and Carmine slipped to the ground, and fell to examining his clothes for something to take the place of a rope. He was fortunate, and produced two large, strong, cotton handkerchiefs from one pocket, and two or three more from another, all of different col-

ours, and remarkably gay—for, in fact, they were presents for those at home. This soon reminded the other lads that they had presents for home of the same kind : thus in a few minutes Carmine was up again, with arms outstretched, that the Pazzo might reach the handkerchiefs, and so sling Ricciotto down to his companions.

With considerable skill the Pazzo made a double loop to support the legs and body, and then knelt to give the child steady guidance till Carmine and Vincenzo received him safely.

Don Angelo and Paolo watched them with intense interest, and Paolo shouted to them to attract their attention, and desire them to bring him back their way. The young men, however, were too much engrossed with the boy, and the question whether he still lived, to see anything but him ; and forgot the poor Pazzo, as well as the wounded eagle, in the anxiety of watching for signs of life.

"Give me a hand, or a shoulder," said the Pazzo, "or, *per Bacco* ! I shall tempt Providence by taking a flying leap upon you !"

He looked as if he meant it, so they laid Ricciotto on the grass, and again mounted as before, till the Pazzo could get a foothold, and could let himself down without breaking his neck. The goat had found a way for herself, and the Pazzo had hardly touched the boy's limp hand before the bleating of kid and goat announced the satisfaction with which mother and kid met again.

"It is his leg," said the Pazzo,—"broken near the knee ; an awkward breakage. No more wandering for you, my laddie, for a time ; no more living in my castle."

"No more living anywhere, it strikes me," said Carmine. "I don't feel his heart."

"No, no," said Vincenzo ; "if he was dead, he would not be so limp and soft."

"Don Angelo will know. Let us take him to Don Angelo," said the Pazzo.

It was difficult to know how to carry him. Carmine at length suggested using his linen jacket, lengthways, as a hammock—and this they did. It was rather narrow, but it served its turn indifferently well, as the four men each took a corner, to carry him level and straight.

Don Angelo watched them swinging along with military precision, though the road was rough, and in every way difficult for them to get over without jolting. The Pazzo thus had time to look round for the wounded bird, and was glad to see that it had fallen in the valley, and was so still as to give the certainty that it must be dead.

"Poor thing !" said he, as he followed the rest hastily. "Well," he added as a consolation, "he was coming to kill, when he got caught himself."

Don Angelo and Paolo walked quickly down the road, so as to meet the little procession. The movement and the air had awakened Ricciotto to life, and he was conscious of pain, he knew not where, and a sensation of giddiness and sinking, and far-offness from all human sights and sounds. Men did not seem like men to him, nor the movement like being carried, nor did the mountains seem mountains.

"*Purgatorio* !" he muttered to himself, as the flaring sunlight glanced under his eyelids, and seemed to turn all things, far and near, into red tormenting flames.

The way seemed interminable before they reached a shady spot, and stopped. They had, in fact,

kept steadily on, with military endurance and discipline, till they came to a corner where Don Angelo and Paolo waited for them in the shade. Paolo had his little keg of water ready, and was almost trembling with nervous impatience to know the worst, or the truth.

"*Dio santo! Gesù-Maria!*" said Don Angelo, stooping over the child, full of compassion.

Ricciotto heard the sacred names spoken softly, and a great revulsion of feeling sent two big tears into his eyes, as he tried to look into the priest's face.

"*Not in hell!*" were the words Don Angelo heard, as he bent low to catch what the moving lips murmured.

"No, indeed!" said he, earnestly. "In suffering, yes; but the path of pain leads to Paradise—in the end. But your end is not yet, little one—poor little one!—one of *Mary's Innocenti!*"

"Well," said Carmine, "where shall we take him? See, the blood comes faster now from his head! He must go to a doctor."

"That is true," said Don Angelo; "but surely that is not a gunshot-wound? Where was he shot?"

"He wasn't shot!" said Carmine. "My shot took the eagle, but I expect it startled him as he was reaching after the kid, and he must have lost his balance, and tumbled over on the rock."

The Pazzo stooped, and gathered some grass by the roadside, wetted it at Paolo's water-barrel, made a pad of it to fit the wound, and tied it all together tight with one of the handkerchiefs.

"Eh!" said Carmine, turning back from speaking to the priest; "what made you choose that one? That I bought for Celestina—my mother, you know."

"I can't undo it now," said the Pazzo.

"She will find it doubly welcome, if the boy comes back safe in it," said Don Angelo. "Don't you recollect him? That is Ricciotto, Carmine. Your mother will be glad to see you, for she has been anxious about you; but, as I said, perhaps the best thing you could bring to make yourself more welcome still, will be news that this child of hers is found."

"*Diamine!*" said Carmine, looking at the child and his scanty clothes and wan wild face, as if he thought that the blessed Madonna would scarcely reward Celestina for her generosity to the foundling.

"You have carried him well," said Don Angelo; "but it is not a convenient method. I would advise you to go straight to *La Villetta* and see Don Filippo. He was once a military chaplain, and will help you to get something to carry him on."

Ricciotto heard, but was in too much anguish to understand accurately. His eyes met Don Angelo's with pathetic entreaty.

"Not to Celestina," he whispered low.

"No, no; to Don Pasquale's hospital," said the priest. "As quick as you can," he said, lifting his hat instinctively, as he stood back to let them pass on, and raised his hand to bless the poor child, who had won a way into his heart, he scarcely knew why.

The Pazzo went with them, after saying, confidentially, to Don Angelo, "You are going to *Ludovico* again, surely, *padre mio*? I, too, shall come, to bring some hay to the mule, when I have seen the boy safely at rest."

In three-quarters of an hour they had reached the village where Ricciotto had seen the

priest and the children carrying a dead child to the church. No sooner had they arrived than all the inhabitants turned out to see them, Don Filippo amongst the first. He was an energetic, determined man of forty, whose face gave some expression to his thoughts, in spite of his habit of solemn reticence.

With much tenderness he superintended the child's being carried into his own house, and sent for the carpenter to make him some splints, and called his old house-keeper to tear him up some long bandages. It was a simple fracture—he quite understood such a case; so did Vincenzo, who had been a hospital orderly. Thus, without going further, the leg was set, and the boy put to sleep, in a room where books and flowers only had hitherto been kept. It was so easy to put in a trestle-bed and mattress. Everything was easy to this energetic man; and all his people, catching his restless determination, offered what help he wanted, and carried out any wish he expressed.

It was not near Celestina's cottage, so Ricciotto was content; and the young men went off to find their homes, thankful that no more harm had been done: and the Pazzo was free to return to his castle and his guests.

It was four o'clock when Don Angelo got back to his friends. Grazuccia was knitting, and the child was playing with Diana. She had made the dog a paper cap, and tied a red handkerchief round her to make a petticoat, all of which the dear old dog bore with a dignity that might have become a *savant*, who, not being able to accommodate his mind to baby babble, consents to be dressed up and do as he is told, to help out the amusement of a small child.

Cecco looked on with approving condescension, occasionally cawing and flapping his wings, ready to interfere and decide any dispute that might arise between them.

Ludovico was wild-eyed and haggard. Don Angelo accepted the seat Grazuccia offered him in the shade, and brought out a book, with which he occupied himself, apart from the rest—while Paolo went off to seek water for his mule.

The sun, now on the opposite bank of blue sky, travelled fast, tired of the world that had been scorched by his caresses into ungrateful murmurs, and anxious to reach the new world, where his arrival would be welcomed by those who are ever sighing for the morning.

So the hours passed. Grazuccia noiselessly lighted her lamp, and warmed some broth. Don Angelo dozed off into a quiet sleep. Paolo took Ninetta to see the mule, and Diana lay with eager eyes watching her master. The stillness was almost oppressive, and, though nothing had been said, a feeling of hushed expectation was in the air.

"*Grazia Dio!*" said a voice, at length. Both Grazuccia and Diana started, and Grazuccia knew that it was six o'clock.

"*Grazia Dio!*" again said the voice, louder than before; then Ludovico threw off his covering, and rose from his bed. He could stretch, and yawn, and shiver with weariness without racking his head with the agony of moving. The fever was gone; he could change his clothes now, and use what little power he had for a while. The fever was gone. No wonder he thanked God even for the respite of twenty-four hours, which was all he could hope for or expect under existing circumstances.

Don Angelo awoke, but was too discreet to look up. He resumed his book, and appeared to see nothing else; but in truth he was grieved to see how emaciated this strong and still young man had become, when his wife helped him to dress, anxious to prevent his feeling his own weakness.

He had his broth, and then his pipe; and then it was that he invited Don Angelo to come near him.

"You do not smoke, but you permit it," he said, "if I remember rightly."

"I am glad you can enjoy anything," said the priest.

"I?—I enjoy everything," said Ludovico.

"That is well," said Don Angelo, calmly.

"There is nothing like deprivation to excite content and gratitude for small mercies," said Ludovico.

"I am sure of that," said Don Angelo. "How very thankful we are for water after a long, dusty walk!"

"Or for rest after fever!" said Ludovico.

"Yes; or for the presence of a friend amongst us after a long absence!" said Don Angelo, looking up steadily, aware that his companion was quivering and restless, and determined to maintain a certain calm mastery over him.

"No, no," said Ludovico; "that is your mistake. Men die; and before their shoes are cold, another pair of feet is treading them down at heel, so that not even the footprint is the same, and no trace of them is left or sought, except, perhaps, by the few dependent on him."

"That is true, in a way," said Don Angelo; "but you and I do not want to speak of these things now. We need not generalise, as if

we were strangers, afraid of each other's opinions. I would rather say what I feel, knowing that I express the thought of others as well as my own. Every time I pass a certain shop, and read over it the name *Ludovico Santini*, I say, 'How I wish he was back with us! that the door was open, and I could just step in, and know what new inventions are coming out, to enable us to learn as much in a month as our grandfathers did in a year!'"

Ludovico smiled, and passed his thin hand over his mouth to hide his smile.

"And if I did come back," he said at length, "I should have the honour of a public reception before the Signor President of the Court of Assize?"

"That would soon be over."

"So would my life," said Ludovico. "No, no; this fever has consumed me. I am a pile of ashes—a touch would crumble me to earth. Let that touch be the kindly one of Providence, here—in the free air, upon a mountain that is as near heaven as any other spot on earth—not the finger of common spite, or vulgar prejudice, within dirty walls that stink of crimes and hatred, and are blackened by the curses of those who have been unreasonably condemned, or have been too ignorant to know anything but death in life, and are killed or sent to the galleys (poor wretches!) to teach them better."

"No," said Don Angelo, "I cannot think that you must die yet—for many years. You are even now wanted in the town; and I believe that your return can easily be managed, for—what have you done?—a crime? No! We, who know you, say—an error of judgment. You have but to regret it, and——"

"Regret it!" said Ludovico,

interrupting, with excitement,—
“regret it? By heaven I do *not*
regret it! Not a thing—not a
word!”

“Well, *I* do,” said Don Angelo quietly, rising as he spoke, and seating himself again with great deliberation, his gown settling round him in long folds. “I regret it, for I feel that you were mistaken; and I feel sure——”

“I tell you,” said Ludovico fiercely, interrupting again, leaning forward and shaking his long thin finger to emphasise what he said, “I have done *nothing* to regret. I should despise myself if I did regret it. What have I done, but protest against tyranny and injustice? *You* teach what you believe to be true. *I* speak what I feel, knowing that I should not desire so ardently to help my poor brothers if the feeling were not planted in me by God. You preach patience, and promise (in God’s name) a future reward to those who have fortitude enough to suffer and do right, and thus earn a future Paradise. Must we all be martyrs, then, before we can be saints?” Ludovico drew himself up, and his bright eyes flashed as he glanced at the priest, and paused a moment for breath before he resumed. “Is right and justice, and a smooth way to future eternal happiness, to be only for the *rich*? Are the poor to fight the battles and till the ground and do all the labour in every way, and yet lose whatever it pleases those in power to take from them, just because the rich can buy force to take what they want and stifle the voices of any who dare cry out with the agony that they are called on to endure? Is that what we fought for? That is neither justice nor freedom! Italy now is *one* country with *one* king. Should she not have one heart, one brother-

hood, one faith, one allegiance? Her glory should be in the blessing and smiles with which poor and rich together hail the new order of things—not in the magnificence of a grand court and an immense army, to be supported by the hard work of a tax-driven, starving, discontented peasantry, each year harder driven, and so more debased and discontented. Absolute equality there can never be. I do not believe that it was ever intended; but brotherhood should be the tie that binds all men together. Religion—not merely the inducement for one half of society to endure patiently the suffering wantonly inflicted by the other half, but a universal call to love and justice for poor and rich alike; a feeling amongst the higher classes of genuine compassion and sympathy, that together—for opposite reasons—they may merit the heavenly promises.”

“*Per Bacco!*” said Don Angelo, with steadfast dignity, when the storm had rushed to a natural end, and Ludovico sank back exhausted, his hand dropping at his side, when Diana put up her head to lick it affectionately. “You have very noble aspirations and fine ideas, and wishes that the saints laboured to realise, and many of our best men have died for. It seems to me, my friend, that you put up a shadow and fight with it, rather than keep to the truths of life, which would give real scope for all your desires. You permit yourself to dream too much; and all I ask of you is, to awake to the fact that your life, exemplifying these theories, will do more real good than all the protests you have written or spoken put together. I cannot leave you here.”

“I shall not long be anywhere,” said Ludovico, his hand straying to caress Diana.

"No," said Don Angelo; "not if you stay here. It is too hot, too cold, too damp—too far off from all who care for you, or can make life worth living. You will fret yourself mad."

"But, if I go back," said Ludovico. "No, no," with wistful hesitation. "It would be cowardly to bring others into trouble by giving me a refuge——"

"Others? Look at your wife! What a life it is for her! When you are well, we will talk it over at length: while you are ill, you must let me act for you. I will not enter on what you regret or do not regret. I know that, with your desire for right, you have but to see wrong done to regret doing it."

"I am not going to barter my liberty of thought, and freedom of expressing it, for a few days' comfort—or for your good opinion either," said Ludovico.

"Maybe—maybe," said Don Angelo. "I have no desire to control your liberty. What I feel is, simply, that your so-called advanced opinions have robbed you of comfort, and peace, and trust in God; and now that you are alone, ill and disappointed, you imagine yourself to be forsaken by all who are good and sympathetic—all whom you in your heart desire to benefit. But it is not so."

"That I am here, is a proof of how those are treated who strive to help their party," said Ludovico.

"I have nothing to do with parties," said Don Angelo, gravely. "I have before me the recollection of a question once asked of our blessed Lord as to some tribute-money, and He said—do you recollect?—'Render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's.' That is all we ask of you, or any

man. Is it difficult to your conscience to comply?"

"You know best," said Ludovico. "If my life does not tell you, my lips cannot."

"What a place this is for you! how hot, how scorching this rock is! Why, how long have you been here?" said Don Angelo, rising and putting his hand on the stone over his head, at an angle where it caught the sun. "You must come down at once; it is enough to kill you staying here."

"That is what I have always said," said Grazuccia; "nothing but a lizard or serpent could live here. In these six days that I have been here, I feel scorched and aching in every bone. Even Ninetta complains of headache—headache at her age, when no such thing as pain ought to come near her."

"It is the dew, and the sun," said Don Angelo.

"That is true," said Ludovico; "take them back with you, if you will. Yes; it is better that they should go—better, far better! And, in truth, of what good are they here?—to listen to my groans, and watch how many breaths I draw before the last."

"That is childish," said Don Angelo. "You know that none of us can be so inhuman as to leave you. I will take Ninetta with me and your wife too, and with them you will come. Just get on my mule, and Paolo will guide you down—or hold you on—as need be."

Ludovico knew how necessary it was to him to have proper care; he knew also how wretched poor Grazuccia and his child were up there. He hesitated.

"I leave it to your conscience to consider what right you have to throw away your life; to your reason, to think what good you

can do to your family and your cause, your ideas and aspirations, by dying now."

Don Angelo waited, and watched, and spoke a word, and listened for another half-hour before the cause was won. But he won it; and when he went down to the city again, the Pazzo was carrying Ninetta in his arms, and had Cecco perched upon his shoulder. Paolo guided the mule, on which sat Ludovico, weary and tired, and not sorry to feel that his wife was on one side and Don Angelo on the other, to give him a hand when his giddiness overcame him, and he felt as if he must fall.

No one had seen him go—no one saw him come back again; for the city was hushed and still when they entered it, and it was not a moonlight night.

"Well," said the Pazzo, as he, Paolo, and Don Angelo turned from Ludovico's home, having seen him safely in his bed, "now I am alone again—until that *diavolletto* gets his leg well enough to come along with me."

"That has to be considered," said Don Angelo; "but your work seems to be cut out for you. Have you forgotten Tonino? He wants your care more than Ricciotto does: only, while you cure his body, don't teach him to dislike his duty."

"No," said the Pazzo, slowly. "I don't think I shall much like my own, if that's what I have to do. But you needn't think any telling of mine would set him wandering. I never yet met a cat on the mountains, any more than I have seen a goat sleeping before the fire. Ricciotto and he are not made of the same clay."

"But they belong to the same Master," said the priest, as he reached his door and turned to say good-night to him and to Paolo,

and thank them for their company through the day.

It was not difficult for Don Angelo to get a reconciliation between the Sindaco and Ludovico. For form's sake, and the dignity of the law, it was necessary to have sureties for his peaceful conduct. Don Angelo himself offered to be his guarantee; but, in fact, two lay townsmen were accepted—and his shop was open again, some days before he was strong enough to do any business.

"Ludovico is home again!" was the news of the place, and all joined in congratulating him and each other on his reappearance amongst them; and his shop was, more than ever, the central attraction in the town. Each day Don Angelo stepped in to speak a few words with him, and watch his return to health; and Grazuccia, when she heard his voice, generally came in to express, again and again, her conviction that, but for him, Ludovico would have died in the mountain, for that *she* could never have persuaded him to venture home.

"But for Don Angelo, I should still have my Ricciotto," said Celestina, who also had come into the shop, with her baby, like a stiff bundle, in her arms. "But then—Don Filippo has nursed him, and kept him in bed, like a grand *signorone*, till he is no more fit for work than the young prince himself."

"You wanted Carmine, and you have him safe home again," said Don Angelo; "Ricciotto was of no special value to you—you said so yourself. The little lad went to the mountain, because he wanted a better and happier life than he could get with you, and he has found it, in a different way from what he expected. Why should you be vexed?"

"What are you going to do

with the boy, then?" asked Ludovico.

"Don Pippo means to keep him, and teach him, and see what he is fit for," said Don Angelo. "He is not suited to hard work."

"Hard work!" said Celestina; "and what hard work had he with me? Just getting water, and a bit of wood, or a bundle of hay, or a loaf of bread! Hard work!—indeed, indeed!"

"Well, anyway," said Don Angelo, "Don Pippo says he has borne his pain like a hero, and also has learned his alphabet in these few weeks. He has intelligence enough to be worth giving time to; and he likes the child."

"It will be a good thing for him," said Ludovico, "and a good thing, too, for Don Pippo, for he has a lonely time of it, out there."

"It is a bad thing for *me*,"
—began Celestina.

"My daughter," said Don Angelo, "we can never say what is bad or what is good for us. We must accept life as it pleases God to dispose it for us."

"That is true," said Ludovico; "accidents often bring about what settled plans have failed to accomplish. In this very case, who could have supposed that Giorgio's bit of fire would have brought Don Angelo up the mountains to look for Ricciotto! and that, instead of brigands, he should only find—find——"

Ludovico, for once, was at a loss for a word.

"Stray sheep!" said Celestina, only half satisfied.

"I am thankful he brought *one* of them home," said Grazuccia, in such an earnest voice that most of her hearers laughed, though they sympathised with her; and Ludovico himself was too thankful to be offended.

A COUNTRYMAN'S EXPERIENCE OF LAW.

I HAVE only once had anything to do with law. Once was quite sufficient. Thousands are ruined by going to law. Many of these are honest and ignorant people, who, thinking they have been wronged, lose their tempers, and rush off to a lawyer. Lawyers would be more than human if they were to put insuperable obstacles in the way of will-be-litigants. Some people are always going to law; rich men these must have been when they began. But the majority get tired of it after at most two lawsuits. Winning is only a degree better than losing, and it is impossible to be sure of winning. There are two sides to all questions, and your adversary's side may have more right on it than you fancy. If not, a bad case will put a counsel on his mettle. Every case is a good one until there is a better. And so many unexpected things may happen. Either the judge may not understand—it is a great mistake to fancy that a man understands all things directly he is made a judge; or he may be deaf (judges are very often deaf, though they cannot bear that any one else should be at all “hard of hearing”); or he may take a dislike to you. (Judges are very apt to take dislikes.) He may think your coat too light—though perhaps it is your best—or your manner too bold, or your complexion too fresh, or, acted on by an overworked brain, he may take some other frivolous objection to you. I should be inclined to say that a judge likes people to appear overcome by his greatness, and to speak with bated breath. One thing he cannot stand, is for

a country witness to make the grievous mistake of “my-ludding” the counsel. If, as of course may happen, the judge is shrewd as well as just—and no English judge ever dreams of being intentionally unjust—perhaps the jury don't like him, or you, or anything, except getting out of their absurd box to stretch their legs. Then there are “precedents” to be considered. It is rather disappointing to be told that you have right on your side, but that the case must be decided against you in accordance with an opinion of the days of William Rufus. Surely no two cases were ever exactly on all-fours; even if they were, modern lawyers, by superior knowledge and intelligence, should be qualified to take their own line. Otherwise a clerk, by referring to a book, could settle everything. Worse than precedents is the sad fact that the minds of judges and counsel have, by frequently encountering knaves—grown sharper from generation to generation with the spread of knowledge, as partridges and rabbits did when breech-loaders came in—acquired a way of looking at men and things utterly surprising to common folk who know, or think they know, that all men are not rogues. In fact the legal mind gets thoroughly warped, and can scarcely believe in the existence of an honest man. It is indeed only considered right, professionally, to think that a man is speaking the truth when the counsel imagines that he has jockeyed an admission out of the witness against his will. This belief, though greatly to the disadvantage of honest men—sup-

posing that there may be one or two—often turns to the advantage of the knave, who, being probably a cleverer man than the counsel (for, though both live on fools, the knave has all men's hands against him, and has to keep the sharpest look-out), lays his little trap and catches the lawyer.

I ask pardon for the remarks into which I have been betrayed by a wish to warn others from a fascinating and ruinous pursuit: fascinating, because revenge is always fascinating; and ruinous, because those who—like the devil himself—minister to our evil passions, always make an enormous charge for so doing.

Once upon a time, in the way of business, I attended, unfortunately for myself, a sale at a farm which the tenant, a friend of mine, was leaving. There were some ricks of wheat to be sold, "straw to go off"; and thinking they were going worth the money, I bought them. I wish I hadn't. The ricks were about nine miles from home. I thrashed them, sold the wheat to a miller who lived hard by, and then commenced to cart away the straw. The new tenant did not like to see the straw going off his farm, but he could not bring himself to offer a fair price, so we went on carrying it away load by load, as we had time. I was unfortunately ill in bed when one day my bailiff came back with a load of straw, and sent in to say that the new tenant's head man had at last taken the remainder of the straw at my price. My men had helped to put the straw in the barn. Thinking it was all right, I sent over a few days afterwards for the money. But the farmer, whom we will call Bunsby, sent back to say that he had not bought the straw, and

knew nothing about it. Now here was a fix. It was the second week in March, my straw snugly housed in Bunsby's barn, into which I had no right of entry after March 25th. The straw had been weighed in this way: Twenty "boltings" or bundles of straw, tied up from the thrashing-machine, were weighed, care being taken to pick out "boltings" of average size. The boltings were then counted by twenties. Hundreds of tons of straw are weighed in this manner in country districts where there is no big weighing-machine handy, and I never heard of any disagreement. What with my lying in bed and getting dull as ditch-water, and what with my excusable desire to punish Bunsby, who, I thought, must be a rogue—and, indeed, I think so still—I could not rest until I had written to a lawyer with whom I had a non-legal acquaintance, telling him to put Bunsby on the stool of repentance. His natural professional anxiety to have a case, combined, I daresay, with a friendly desire to get a "rise" out of me, resulted in my shortly receiving notice that on some date, distant about a month, I was to present myself at Westminster—of all places—with my witnesses. Westminster was 150 miles off, and the straw was worth about £50. It seemed an extravagant way of going to work, but I did not know how to stop it. But before going to Westminster it was necessary to take my witnesses over to see "my lawyer." The propitious day chosen for this pleasant outing was Easter Monday. I lived quite in the country, but near to a line of railway connecting two large towns, in one of which dwelt "my lawyer." The carriages were crammed full of lovers, some of them funny ones to look at, and there was very little

room for any one else. When, three hours after time, we reached his office, the lawyer was out. We ran frantically about the dirty town, elbowing hosts of lovers most impolitely into the gutter. When we arrived panting at the bar of the "Spotted Sow," the lawyer had just started for the "Blue Boar." On reaching this hotel, we were told he was in the "White Horse." After a long stern-chase, we ran him to ground at the "Pig and Whistle," and very loath was he to leave. But he left at last, and we went to his office to make our depositions, as I think he called them. By the time we had done so, the slow train by which we had intended returning had left; so we went by a fast train, which flew past our station at sixty miles an hour, and were jolted home eight miles in a cab. Next morning I felt as if I had already had quite enough of law; but, alas! it was only commencing. On Saturday night came a telegram to say that I must be at Westminster on Monday morning next with my witnesses. So on Sunday evening we started off in state to drive to the big manufacturing town eight miles off, as no trains left our little station on that day. We went in my four-wheel trap. I sat in front with the bailiff, and drove. Something had gone wrong with my mare, and I had had to borrow a lean and ancient steed from a neighbouring milkman. Behind sat the other witness (whom we were only taking up to clinch the matter, as you finish a good breakfast with an egg) and my groom, a little fat countrified fellow with a face like an over-ripe gooseberry. As we neared the town, we passed the whole population streaming out to a "people's park" in the neighbourhood. We were greeted

with roars of laughter, the origin of which I could not at first understand, as it was impossible that all these people could know we were going to Westminster on a "straw" case. We had started in a hurry, and I had had but little time to study the get-up of my companions. But, moved by a louder shout than ordinary, I looked round, and saw that the old witness on the back seat had got himself up for the occasion. Notwithstanding the delicate hints I had given him on the subject of his attire, he had disinterred from its time-honoured grave an old beaver hat, steeple-shaped, brown with age, and with a nap as long as a crop of aftermath. A thick red woollen comforter was wrapped several times round his neck, and his weather-beaten person was arrayed in a coat of wondrous and antediluvian make, which had perhaps once been black. In his mouth he held a short black pipe about two inches in length, through which he was inhaling the fragrant weed with a peculiar suck of enjoyment which was heard above the rattle of the wheels. Had the old witness descended from his perch he would have been greeted still more vociferously. Owing to an accident when working on the railway—as he had often told me, a waggon-load of some tons weight lay on him for I forget how long—both his knees bent outwards in the same direction. His corduroy trousers had been recently washed, and had evidently shrunk in the unaccustomed operation. They did not reach the top of his heavy laced boots, from the front of one of which all the leather was cut away, as he had recently injured his foot. I was always losing this man in London, though after a day or two I found out that I could always hit

him off again by going back to the last passage or doorway which we had passed. There he would be, sucking industriously at his short pipe, and trying—generally in vain—to light a tiny remnant of tobacco at the bottom of it.

We slowly travelled up to Euston, which we reached late at night; and the witnesses were installed in lodgings near the station. I left them there, with directions when and where to meet me next day. On my arrival at Westminster in the morning, I found them already forming the centre of an admiring crowd, not so demonstrative, but apparently more appreciative, than our country friends. On going into court we were told that we were not wanted for that day, but must appear in good time on the morrow. Being allowed to depart by the London agent of our country lawyer, who took upon himself kindly to regulate all our movements, I decided to take the witnesses for an excursion down the river as far as Greenwich. As neither of them had ever seen anything more nearly approaching to a ship than a canal-boat, and very few even of these, I was in hopes that the sight of the Thames covered with shipping would have drawn from them some signs of wonder or admiration. Not a bit of it. Red Indians could not have shown more *nonchalance*. They would hardly glance at the hundreds of ships which we passed; and to all my inquiries as to what they thought of it, the only answer was, "Well, yes, sir; it's not so bad." They deigned, however, to admire Greenwich Hospital, where I left them, with injunctions to meet the boat on the pier at a certain time. The boat came, but the witnesses didn't. I soon, however, saw them in the distance

coursing nimbly—the old man with the hat making the running—round the grass plots on the inside of the high iron fence which bounds the Hospital grounds, vainly seeking an exit, and evidently contemplating the propriety of impaling themselves by climbing the railings. On the next day we were again dismissed from Westminster about noon, and went to the Abbey, where, contrary to custom, the witnesses were greatly struck by the celebrated representation of the negro with Brussels sprouts on his head instead of hair. They exclaimed together that they "was very like." They also deigned to notice one of the vergers, who, they thought, "favoured the Rev. —," meaning the respected rector of our village. Of the remaining monuments or of the Chapter-house they took no notice whatever, though I have since thought that this was affectation.

By the morning of the third day it was apparent (or so we fondly imagined) that the hour which was to decide our fate was at hand. A case was suddenly withdrawn, and *Smith v. Bunsby* was called on. The court was a miserable place enough, and probably intended by its architect to typify the maze of law, into which an entry can be easily made, but out of which you have some difficulty in escaping. On entering you saw, about four feet in front of your nose, a tall partition about ten feet high, forming the outer court of a sort of fly-trap, and communicating with the inner court by a small door-like opening at each end of the partition. About this outer way went on a perpetual rushing and crushing, with sounds of loud whispering, laughing, and I daresay crying. Close to the door at which you entered was a little bench made fast to the partition, and

capable of seating, or unseating, four thin people about 4 feet high. This was so commodiously placed, that a dwarf sitting thereon would have to double up his legs and put his toes away under it—where there was no room for them—unless he wanted them crushed. Above this bench was an inscription in letters of gold, informing those whom it might concern that it was “for the accommodation of witnesses.” As witnesses were frequently kept kicking their heels about this court for days—perhaps even for months and years—it cannot be said that the arrangements for their comfort were very extravagant. About this charming outer ring you might wander without seeing or hearing more than a murmur of what was going on inside; and perhaps the less you saw or heard the better. I amused myself by trying to “spot” our adversary, whom I had never seen. Three times did I pick him out as I thought, and three times the imaginary Bunsby appeared in another case, got settled, or settled somebody else, and took his envied departure.

In the court itself there was not, if I remember rightly, any room for the public. The whole body (and soul) of the place was occupied by rows of briefless bewigged barristers, who were pretending to be busily taking notes; but who, I suspect, were sketching striking features in judge or jury, and quizzing the more successful counsel's brogue. One was struck, immediately on entering the trap, with the idea that there were too many spiders for the flies. One or two jolly-looking old spiders appeared to get more than their fair share, and to leave very little for the hungry juniors. High above, as you entered, red-faced, clothed in a hot-red gown, backed by a flaming

curtain, against which his white wig shone palely like the expiring lamp of Themis, reclined a fat little old gentleman, who might have sat for an old-fashioned historical picture of “King Darius on his throne.” This was the judge.

Before I had got over the feeling of awe which swooped down on me as I entered the court, our leading counsel—we had engaged a couple of cracks—began to state our case. I remember little of what he said, save that he showed lamentable ignorance of the matter. He was a big old man, with a port-wine flush on his face; and he could certainly talk nonsense in a more imposing tone than I have ever heard in anybody else. It was not to be wondered at that he was ignorant of local agricultural customs, than which nothing can be more obscure. But he made his ignorance into a positive virtue by the way in which he hid it. When he came to something he did not quite “twig,” he would swirl his robe around him, raise his voice to a roar, and actually foam at the mouth. He is the only man I ever saw with foam at command. I could see that he was completely puzzled by the word “boltings,” which he kept stumbling on in his brief. “This straw, gentlemen of the jury, you will be told, was made into boltings. These boltings, gentlemen,”—here a twist of his gown, an impressive voice, and an uplifted forefinger,—“were, as you will hear, manufactured from the very straw which the plaintiff will tell you he sold to the defendant. Boltings, gentlemen of the jury, you will be told by a gentleman who has passed many years in the pursuit of agriculture”—as if it was a sort of hunt—“I hope, gentlemen, with more success generally than he has so far met with in his dealings with the defendant,

—you will be told, I say, gentlemen, by one who is better qualified to inform you on the subject than I am, all that you can possibly wish to know as to the nature and composition of boltings. I will only now say that they are an agricultural product of considerable consumption in the district from which this case has been sent, gentlemen of the jury, for your impartial, and, ahem! able consideration. It is for you to see, gentlemen, that the defendant does not bolt with my client's boltings"—(laughter)—and so on. Whether he thought boltings were bricks, or cream-cheeses, or what, I can't say; but he seemed perfectly satisfied with himself, and to think that he had thrown some light on the matter. This was art, no doubt, and without this we should all have been done for. When he had finished and wiped his mouth, my bailiff was put in the box, and he gave a very clear account of the transaction, proving amongst other things that he had sold the straw and weighed it according to custom, and had afterwards helped Bunsby's men to put it into his barn, where it still remained. While he was being examined, I passed a little note to our counsel No. 2, saying that, as this man had been with me twelve or fourteen years, and I had always placed the greatest confidence in him, he had better ask how long he had been with me, and whether I trusted him or not. Counsel No. 2 nodded blandly, but asked no questions of the sort. He afterwards told me that "a thing of that sort cuts both ways. The jury would have thought that the longer he had been with you, the more likely he was to lie for you." Now here, I humbly opine, counsel No. 2 made a mistake. The jury looked honest enough, and I

do not think they would have refined in that way. It might have been right if the jury had been known to be composed of rogues. My man was not damaged in cross-examination, and I went into the box. There was very little to be got out of me. I said I was in bed when the bailiff came to tell me he had sold the straw, and that I had left the whole affair to him. But I said that I could not quite see why we should have put the straw into the barn unless it had been sold. Bunsby had brought his solicitor all the way to London with him. He was a thin little chap with white hair, and he kept jumping up, like a Jack-in-the-box, and passing notes to his counsel (a bullying Irishman with a tremendous brogue), till the judge told him to keep quiet. My witness with the beaver hat, to his great disgust, was not put into the box at all. Poor fellow! he began to think that he had swindled me out of a trip to London. Now came the Irish counsel's turn, and he called us all "story-tellers" point-blank. As the straw was sold at a perfectly fair price, he was rather puzzled to explain matters, and I will do him the justice of saying that he did not exercise his ingenuity in trying. He allowed that Bunsby was once anxious to buy the straw, but when I would not sell it he went away from home, and on his return found it in his barn. Bunsby never authorised anybody to put it there. In fact Bunsby had no bailiff, and the bailiff had no authority, &c., &c. Then Bunsby got into the box. Bunsby, I had heard, was a queer customer. He had once been a low sort of prize-fighter, and was a rough enough fellow now to look at. He was a great big fat strong man, with an

enormous nose, which had been knocked on one side in a pugilistic encounter, and indeed must always have been a tempting mark for the foe to aim at. Bunsby swaggered into the box, and kissed the book with a loud smack, as who should say, "Listen, gentlemen, to the truthful Bunsby." He swore he never bought the straw, never told his bailiff to buy any straw, never had a bailiff. Never gave Jones, his man, any authority to do anything for him. Bunsby swore a little too hard. He looked as if he would have sworn to anything or at anybody. After some trouble, however, our man got him to own that he had sometimes allowed Jones to put some marks—he could not write—down in a book for him about bags of wheat, &c. Then we asked for the book. They had not got it. Was it a fact, asked our counsel, that Jones had entered the number of the mysterious "boltings" in that book? Bunsby shuffled and shuffled, but could not quite say "no"; in fact we knew it to be the case. He saw, however, that this was a critical point, so here Bunsby made his *coup*. Taking up the Testament again, and giving it a smack that sounded all over the court like the crack of a carter's whip, "Gentlemen of the jury," said he, "do you think I've come into this here little box"—a very little box indeed it was for the overgrown Bunsby—"and taken this here little book in my hand, and kissed this here little book"—here another smack—"and then that I am going to tell a lie?" I looked at the jury, and to my great joy saw two or three of them snigger, and one went so far as to poke his elbow into his neighbour's ribs. When Bunsby was done with, Jones the bailiff came up, and swore he was no bailiff, and never

bought any straw, and did not know why he put it in the barn. Then, to my disgust, the little judge said he didn't think there was anything to go to the jury. However, our counsel had a good talk to him, and at last it was agreed that we should call our witness with the hat. I had never expected that he would do us much good, though he was one of the men who helped to put the straw in the barn. But he did us a great deal. He began by placing the steeple hat on the ledge of the box for the jury to contemplate, which they certainly did with some awe. Probably not one of them had ever seen a beaver hat before. But one of them may have been a hatter, and in his mind what may have been the last beaver hat in existence must have given the owner a certificate of respectability. The genuineness of the hat extended to its owner, who looked, as he was, as honest as day. He was also quite shrewd enough to make it clear that he did not care a straw—or a bolting—about me. He said that he had heard Bunsby's men talking over the matter while they were putting the straw into the barn. Jones had said what a good thing it was that his master had bought the straw at last, but that he ought to have had it at first before we had taken half of it away. He was asked, in cross-examination, if I had talked the matter over with him. No, he said, master had only told him that he was to go to London and say what he knew. When asked to explain how it happened that I had not talked it over with him, he only replied, "Master don't tell me all his business, nor his bailie." Then in a great rage the naughty little judge began, against his will, to sum up. His indignant air, and the bullying tone

that the Irish counsel had allowed himself to use towards people who were at least as honest as he was, almost made me doubt whether I had not, by mistake, got into the Old Bailey, where I was being tried for picking pockets. It seemed to me that all that wrath against those who brought grist to the legal mill was slightly overdone. But I have no doubt there was a good deal of humbug in the air.

When the little judge came to the "boltings," he took the fence like a man, blind though it was. It was perfectly absurd to suppose that straw or anything else could be sold in such an unbusiness-like way, and he coolly put our evidence on one side. How long he went on I don't know. But as the butcher did, who got red in the face and ran out of our house the other day when my wife told him the mutton was not fit to eat, explaining his action afterwards by saying that "he couldn't trust himself to speak," even so did I. I had a horse at Tattersall's I was trying to sell that afternoon; and thinking, by the way the little judge summed up, that I should have to find the money for Bunsby's hotel bill, and for the expenses of the little white-haired Jack-in-the-box, for Tattersall's I departed. When I got back to the hotel for dinner, I found the agent's son waiting to tell me that the jury had given us a verdict at once. The naughty little judge had, however, given Bunsby leave to appeal—

perhaps he could not help himself. Bunsby and I mutually "refreshed" our counsel for eighteen months. One day, when I had clean forgotten the whole thing, came a telegram to say we had won. I have heard that the manufactured article denominated "boltings" cost Bunsby over £20 per ton, and that he has been heard to say that he would not have had it happen "for 300 golden guineas." But I had a narrow escape; and if ever I go to law again, I'll take care (unless I am in the wrong) that it is about a matter on which judge, counsel, and jury are likely to know something. Without this, law is really a little too much of a lottery. I will never say a word again against trial by jury. I had previously imagined that a jury was a superfluous encumbrance, and that what a wise, upright, and honest judge could not settle was likely to be too much for twelve men so far below him in attainments. But I have changed all that. I will certainly never forget that there are two sides to everything, or that clever people pride themselves on finding two, and call that being impartial.

The sad thing was, that six months after our trial, and before it was finally decided, the little judge died. I saw his death one morning in the paper, and told my bailiff of it. "Ah," said he, "I knowed as un couldn't live long after the way as a tried to sarve we."

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

REDUCTION OF OFFICERS AFTER WATERLOO.

AFTER the peace of 1815 there was a large reduction of the British army, as it was not expected that there would soon be warlike operations on a large scale again, every Power in Europe being much exhausted. As one means of effecting this reduction, a great many officers were placed on half-pay—a position of curtailed emolument, very clouded prospects, and release from all military duty. While our forces had been kept up to war requirements, there had of course been a considerable drain of our better classes to fill the lower commissioned grades; and when the campaign of a hundred days terminated so suddenly, and men's hearts everywhere turned towards peace, there was a regurgitation of young officers upon the community.

Necessarily the peace diminished civil employment as well as military, so the poor unemployed soldiers could not easily escape from their enforced idleness. In these circumstances it was, with many of them, a difficult problem how to live on the pittance to which the fortune of the service had reduced their incomes; and they were not infrequently to be met with in country towns remote from the capital, where living and amusements were inexpensive. They were deserving of much commiseration: their professional careers had been abruptly checked; they had enjoyed just sufficient experience of the service to become acquainted with luxury and with the vicissitudes of warfare, which cannot but engender recklessness; and they were without occupation to

steady them or supplement their means. It was no wonder, then, that after a while many of them fell into dissipated habits and debt.

It was, in those days, the fashion everywhere to consume large quantities of strong drink, and military messes undoubtedly did not dissent from the fashion: so the poor half-pay officers came to their rustication imbued with expensive tastes and too often with injurious habits. Here and there one of them would manage to make an advantageous marriage, and so, perhaps, to turn his professional reverse to his benefit; but I am afraid that the difference between Mars in his glory and Mars under eclipse was understood by the rustic Venus, and that "turning the heads" of affluent damsels was more difficult *en retraite* than with the colours.

There was one of the disbanded officers of whose after-career I happen to know a few particulars. He retired to a country town of which he had had some knowledge in his school-days, and where he was at first very kindly received. He had served long enough to have acquired the rank of lieutenant, and was past his first youth. He was naturally shrewd and observing, and at favourable seasons a humorous companion, though somewhat sarcastic; and, if not polished, he was good-natured. In those days men sat at table a long while after dinner; but it soon began to be remarked among his associates that our lieutenant was always last to quit the mahogany, when he happened to be the guest of any of them—and that when com-

pelled to join in the general defection from the port, he would still beg for a glass of sherry to make him, as *he* said, "smell like a gentleman," but, as bystanders suspected, only as an excuse for another draught.

While he was a novelty in the town of his adoption, he was often enough bidden to entertainments such as he was fond of ; but, little by little, in consequence of bacchanalian tendencies, some hosts began to fall off in their attentions to him. Against these he was severe in his remarks. A member of one of the disaffected houses was said, in his hearing, to have lost his senses. "The greatest compliment," observed the half-pay hero, "that ever was paid to the family: it implies that they have senses to lose." On another occasion he observed from a window the funeral of an old lady leaving her door that her remains might be interred at a distant place. It had been whispered about that the deceased had found much comfort in strong liquors.

"I don't think," said he, after appearing to consider the question for a minute—"I don't think they are right in taking that old woman away without a permit from the exciseman."

A lady of the place, rather socially inclined and fond of moving about, had been absent for some time paying a round of visits. A friend of hers, desirous of seeing her again, remarked on her protracted absence, and said it seemed as if nothing would induce her to return. "Oh yes," put in our friend, "there's the Vagrant Act. You'll see her brought in in a cart some morning."

As well as I can remember what has been told to me, he made good to some extent his position in the little society for several years ; but

at last his debts caused him much trouble, and his intemperance grew to be such as even his firmest friends could not excuse. I heard of a shoemaker once calling on him to beg for a little balance which had been standing over for a long time.

"Indeed !" said the lieutenant, in answer ; "are you quite sure, Mr Waxer, that all is not settled ? I can hardly think it."

"I'm sure enough, captain ; the books are all right, and you owe me a matter of five pounds."

"Really, now, that's a very awkward sum to mention ; for, do you know, it's so long since I saw a five-pound note, that I shouldn't recognise one if you showed it to me."

His expenses, though more than he out of his poor means could manage to discharge, were not, I believe, great or recklessly incurred ; and he generally found people ready to assist him out of little difficulties. But he at last committed himself in public in a manner that it was impossible to overlook. Some open-air sports were in progress, and he, as a spectator, refreshed himself so freely that he lost all self-control, quarrelled with some low fellow on the ground, and insisted upon fighting him. To prevent this, he was forcibly removed by some men who regretted to see him so exposing himself ; and my informant saw him taken from the scene, stripped to the waist like a prize-fighter, and uttering threatnings and curses of the most appalling description.

After this, he thought it was prudent to decamp, and he disappeared from that neighbourhood, betaking himself to a distant county, of his residence in which I have received little or no account. I do know, however, that

he lived to a very advanced age there (either in spite of, or having ceased from, his intemperate habits), and that his death, which is within my own recollection, was preceded almost immediately by his marriage! This came about through abuse of a regulation which is now, I think, no longer lax enough to entice to such a practice. As he was still on the half-pay list of the army, which list he must have illustrated for more than half a century, his widow, supposing him to leave one, could claim a pension. Now there was a landlady or servant who was very attentive to the broken veteran, and whose good offices must have proceeded from pure charity, as she knew well that he had nothing wherewith to reward her. She was somewhat surprised one day, when his end was evidently near, to hear him say—

“My dear, you’ve been very kind to a poor old man, and mindful of my wants and sufferings. You know how devilish poor I am, and unable to pay you in anything but my thanks and blessings. There is, however, a way in which you may be benefited after I am gone, provided you choose to

go through the necessary process. My widow will be entitled to a pension of £40 a-year. If you choose to be my wife to-day, you may be in the enjoyment of this annuity to-morrow or next day; and I shall be deuced glad to marry you and put you in the way of it.”

The benevolent woman did not know what to think of this, and half suspected that the elder’s wits were wandering. She said, however, that she would consult her friends, and then give an answer. On inquiry, she ascertained that she might, by the means suggested, be saddled upon the country for the remainder of her days; her advisers counselled her to consent, and she did so. They were married at once, the ceremony duly witnessed, and all necessary proofs provided. And thus Mrs P——, as she had now become, got a recompense which she had never expected for being pitiful and devoted. I am far from grudging her her good fortune, but I think the channel through which it came to her was a little oblique. In these days pensions are not awarded without inquiry, and such a transaction as I have described would be impracticable.

SOME ODD REAPPEARANCES.

A great number of those officers who were placed on the half-pay list soon after the war, were very young men; consequently, this list did not for many years show a marked tendency to diminish, while still its occupants were getting rather elderly for lieutenants and ancients, and forgetting whatever they had learned of regimental life. Seventeen or eighteen years after Waterloo, the authorities made an effort to clear away some

of the dead weight; and their method (perhaps I ought to say, one of their methods—I am not sure) of doing this was to bring many of these middle-aged men into vacancies on the full-pay lists of regiments. It was thought that rather than take the field as sub-alterns at their time of life, they would sell their commissions, and so give place to younger aspirants. Whether this recall to full pay was made according to a fair rota-

tion, or whether it was first addressed to men who had become more closely bound to civil life, I cannot say. It was, however, a good deal the fashion at that time to say that they were selected much according to the principle on which Falstaff chose his recruits.

"I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans."

The effect of which, as a rule, was, that the good householders and contracted bachelors were glad to relinquish all prospect of ever drawing their swords again, and to sell their commissions.

Such a routing out of rusty warriors could, however, hardly occur without producing some odd situations; and one or two so produced were odd enough. For some of the resurrection were in no hurry to make their final bows to the colours. They had hardly realised the changes which had occurred in the active world while they were in retirement; and they thought, perhaps, that they could fall into their old places and resume action at the point where they had ceased from it twenty years before. Hence there were to be seen in garrison towns gentlemen "in fair round bellies, with good capon lined," thin fells of hair, tender feet, and other evidences of the blasting of antiquity, turning out, in glossy coats and untarnished lace, to bear the colours, relearn the goose-step, and work at company drill, many of them being older than their colonels.

I know something of two of these irrepressibles, both of whom were men who compelled regard. I simply do not dare to tell all I know of the first of them, lest staid readers of 'Maga,' offended at the extravagances which I might re-

late, should therefore suspect the accuracy of these veracious Musings. He was an Irishman, and he beat, by a long difference, the most striking examples that I have met with in fiction. A treasure he would have been to Maginn or Lever. Presumably he was about forty-five when he came back, like Rip Van Winkle, to his old ways as an ensign, after twenty years of seclusion. He had been mayor of an Irish borough, a great sportsman *ipso teste*, a violent politician, an expert in every mode of pleasure and many studies. His fitting companions appeared to be found among officers of his own rank, who might, for their ages, have been his sons; and there were few indeed of them who, with all their freshness, could keep up the pace with him for three or four days—and nights (the time he spent in bed was infinitesimal). Portly and grey, he possessed animal spirits of which it would be libellous to write simply that they were always good—they were always boisterous, uproarious. His consumption of things alcoholic was unlimited. He had a sweet voice, and would sometimes treat his friends to a ballad, feelingly given; but what he liked best were baggage-waggon chants, also feelingly given, and acted as well as sung. Of quaint ideas and amusing nonsense, he was eloquent to an unbounded extent; I never knew but of one tongue (and that an unfortunate one for England) that could equal his for quantity.

It was pretty clearly ascertained that he had not a shilling to depend on besides his ensign's pay. Nevertheless he was, as long as he could get credit, quite indifferent about incurring expense. Money he borrowed from everybody that would lend it, all his garrison acquaintances being laid under

contribution, and a borrowing correspondence opened with a large circle of distant friends. This "broth ov a boy" was soon notorious at the station, and it was suspected that his fame travelled beyond that and reached the Horse Guards; for one day he exhibited, with the greatest pride and delight, a communication received from the Adjutant-General's department informing him that, a vacancy being expected in the lieutenants' list of a colonial corps stationed on the west coast of Africa, the Commander-in-Chief would promote him into it if he would undertake to go out and serve there. Most of those about him imagined this threatened condemnation to the Gold Coast, or some such pestiferous region, to be only a strong hint to send in his papers and relieve the service of his comradeship. He, however, persisted in looking upon the offer as a mark of high official consideration, and he was radiant with delight—giving additional emphasis (if that were possible) to all his peculiarities, drinking more, spending more, and becoming more *harum-scarum*. He wrote an effusive letter of acceptance, which was a model of official composition, and was handed round for perusal by all his familiars before it was despatched. Some one ventured to suggest that it exhibited a few errors of orthography; on which he remarked, "All the better, me boy; don't remove them on anny account; the Commander-in-Chief 'll see that I'm something above a damned clerk. Every gentleman should be careful about spilling too precisely." His hopes of rapid promotion and ultimate distinction were now of the liveliest kind, and he published freely the plain and straightforward calculation according to which he must be

a field-officer in a year or two, at the head of a regiment in a year more, after which the first serious warfare (of which he distinctly perceived the approach) must see him a general of division.

The next stage in the matter of promotion gave great colour to the idea that the authorities had been gently urging him to leave the service for the service's good; for, after his richly worded acceptance, he received a further notification, to the effect that the vacancy to which the offer referred had unfortunately not occurred, but that it was hoped that another opportunity for giving him advancement might present itself before long. This did not dash his hopes in the least. The second letter was paraded as a proof that the first offer was now perceived to be scarcely adequate to his merits, and that after a decent interval something very choice would be tendered for his acceptance. "A man," said he, "needn't fret over a thing like that, when he knows he's to get what's a damned dale better."

The better thing, however, was slow in coming, while another event of a less desirable kind fulfilled itself, and did not tarry. Our friend had got very deeply into the books of one of the children of Israel; the Hebrew had been importunate that a part, if not the total, of his account should be paid; he had not received a farthing, and his temporal and eternal confusion had been frequently drunk to in liquors of his own supplying and in others. The creditor vehemently begged for his money, using arguments which to us Christians, who are enjoined to swear not at all and to speak the truth, might appear somewhat profane. He could not, however, for an excellent reason, extract any money from the unhappy ancient,

whom at length he delivered to the officer and cast into prison. How he came out thence I am unable to say; but I do know that, while he lay in durance, his energies, being reduced to very few channels, escaped with great violence by one of them. He contrived somehow to get paper, and he overwhelmed all he knew with lengthy epistles, three and four in a day, all marked "with speed," "immediate," "urgent," or some such direction. They, of course, demanded an immediate supply of money; but they also contained remarks in the same style as his conversation on things in general, and fearful denunciations of the Israelite, who, on the prisoner's approaching release, was to be made painfully aware of the enormity he had committed in incarcerating a spirit, to revenge whom the whole garrison would devote itself.

I unfortunately became much occupied with affairs of importance to myself at this conjuncture in the ensign's career. I left the country where he lay in thrall, and I am unable to say how or when his imprisonment ended, or in what way he employed his very palpable energies after he was set at liberty. I go on to relate that, some months after I lost sight of him, I was in a different part of England, and that here too I happened to meet with a somewhat odd specimen of the resuscitated subaltern. This time it was a married Irishman—with two bouncing marriageable daughters—who proved to be an interesting study. He was by no means so striking a character as the ex-mayor, but rather a quiet individual—at any rate he was so before dinner. And what most excited admiration concerning him was, that he contrived to stow away his womankind and himself, and they all managed to pass some

of their lives, in two little barrack-rooms, each about twelve feet square. The daughters were bright Irish lasses, full of fun, of a most sociable turn, and entirely unconscious of anything strange in their circumstances. The family practised hospitality on an extensive scale, and issued standing invitations to the young people of the place to look in upon them in the evenings. A good many did "look in" once or twice, impelled thereto chiefly by curiosity to discover how the reception was managed, and what became of the beds which must undoubtedly have found place during hours of rest in both rooms. There was no sign of them certainly while the entertainments were in progress, and the parties were said to be merry enough, if not of a refined order. Odd trifles used to occur worth joking about afterwards, and those who heard of these would often be tempted to go and see for themselves. In turn they would have something queer to relate and attract others. In this way a current of society was kept flowing towards Ensign C——'s quarters.

One evening a military friend, with whom I had been dining, asked me if I would go and spend half an hour in Ensign C——'s rooms, where there were two lively daughters, and something amusing was sure to happen. I regretted that I had not the supreme felicity of being acquainted with Mr C—— or any of his family. But my friend assured me that this would be no bar whatever, under the circumstances, to my presenting myself at their reception: any guest at the mess might count upon a welcome from the ladies; indeed he would ensure me one. Under which sponsorship I went, and was presented. There was quite a squeeze: two or three

ladies and two or three male civilians, but the greater part officers in uniform—that is to say, in red coats, with epaulets and swallow-tails.

Admission was demanded by the simple action of knuckles on the door. And this ceremony having been performed by my introducer, we were authorised by a tolerably strong female voice to “caum in”; whereupon a touch of the latch and a moderate pressure on the door quickly procured us a glimpse of the entertainment that was in progress. But a glimpse only as yet; for the company was so numerous, that without some little withdrawal of those near the entrance an opening broad enough for our requirement could not be made. However, again was heard the commanding voice—

“Moight I trouble ye, Mr Jackson? Mrs Brewer, if ye would koindly stand clear of th’ intrance.”

And in half a minute we were in the room and the door shut again.

One of the Misses C——, evidently the owner of the voice which we had heard from without, stood ready to receive the guests. She welcomed my friend, and declared herself “deloighted” to see an acquaintance of his.

“Ye live in the town, now, don’t ye? Yes, I’ve heard the name, though we’ve not been here long. It’s a charming quarter, quite fashionable and truly pleasant. But what a cold night! The winter’s coming fast now, and I niver had the dacency to offer ye anny refreshment. Molly, dear, give these gintlemen something to war-rum them. Pass on now to the tay-table, and Molly’ll look after ye.”

Molly, so invoked, effected a little opening in the distinguished circle which surrounded her, and

we passed under her care as a knock behind told us that additional guests were coming to occupy the space which we thus vacated. The tea-table was of necessity a small affair, but it supported a portly urn, which was intended, as was clear, to replenish other vessels than the teapot, for sundry bottles and glasses and a heap of spoons lay on the little board. “You gintlemen’ll niver thank me for bidding ye take tay, will ye now?” said Miss Molly to us, with a delightful smile and an ogle; “but there’s what ye think more supportin’—and let metell ye, that poteen desarnes notice. Ye’d say so if ye knew its history.”

We entreated that the history might be communicated to us from Miss Molly’s lips. “Is it now,” she said, “when Peg’s calling me every minute to attind to our company? Sure ye must be joking. But some day, ye know, I’ll maybe tell ye. Say, now, what shall it be, and will I hand ye the mataterials?” Having just come from the mess-table, we were hardly ready for warm tippie, and said so. “Well, if ye won’t dhrink yet, perhaps ye’ll pass on and make room for the new-comers. There’s mamma not very much besaiged at this minute, and ye’ve a chance of paying your compliments.” Miss Molly, from practice and through possessing the Irish faculty of taking aim round a corner, may have managed to distinguish mamma from where she stood, but assuredly we could do no such thing. We saw only a mass of scarlet and gold, with here and there a shade or two of black or a flutter of muslin, the components of which twisted and threaded as in an ant-hill; it would have cheered an epaulet-maker to observe them. In time, however, and after being a good deal

scratched by the precious metal, we scored two yards of progress, and were aware of a lady in an amethyst turban (which had been worn more than once before, I am sure) and an ill-fitting front of hair, who would have waved a fan before her had there been room to do so, and who did occasionally give a little motion to that appliance. She received our homage graciously, and to our expressed hope that she found the station agreeable, replied—

"I think the place is simply delightful. It's refreshing to lave the country and to get back to a little gaiety and fashion. We've been retoired, ye know, for some little toime; but I've the happiness at last to see Mr C—— reshume his place in the profession that's so dear to him."

"Have you resided," it was inquired by us, "in a *very* remote part of the kingdom? It can scarcely be that you have been long estranged from fashionable life."

"'Deed, then, we wor far enough away. We've come from Oirland; what do ye think of that? I know ye'll scarce believe me, for I'm tould that I haven't th' accint at all sthrong. But I'll niver deny me native land—niver!"

We were, of course, enchanted that Mrs C—— had seen fit to emerge from her seclusion and to embellish once more the *beau monde*.

"Oh, as for mesilf, ye know, it's no matter at all, not the laste. But whin I regard things as a mother, it's entoirly differ'nt. Th' opporchunity has come most convaniently for intrhojuicing me dear children. When ye come to know Peg and Molly betther, as I hope ye soon will, ye'll find for yourselves what refoined and affectionate natures they have—a little shoy and resarved at firrust, per-

haps (and all the better too), but, sure, that'll wear off upon acquaintance."

Somewhere about here the interesting colloquy was interrupted by a very loud voice, which proved to be that of Ensign C——, the host, protesting that he niver in his life heard anything so indacent or so profane; that he couldn't have believed that any man who could be a guist in his quarters would dhrame of spaking with patience of that thief ov the worruld, O'Connell, and that he must take a taste to purify his idayas before he could be fit to converse again.

I did not see how he "took his taste," being otherwise occupied; but I was given to understand, and indeed the event proved, that it was something more than the word *taste* would in the vernacular imply. Meanwhile the two daughters of his house, evidently a little fluttered at the turn things were taking, came up, making conscious looks and signs, to their mother. The officer who had presumed to name O'Connell without an execration on him had gone off in high dudgeon at C——'s overbearing language, and the room was rapidly thinning. The occupation of the young ladies near the door was therefore gone.

My friend and I, by a common impulse, determined to beat a retreat as soon as practicable; but we were now a good way from the door, and we could not turn away just at the moment when the Misses C—— came up. Whatever it was that disturbed them, they did not lose their presence of mind, but began conversing with apparent *sang froid*. My friend remarked to Miss Molly that he was glad to see her relieved of her laborious duty at the tea-table, to which she replied—

"I don't by anny manes forgit

that ye sheered off from me refresh-mints with a promise to come again for a dandy or something. Now I'd loike to know, have ye kipt your wurrud?"

He said she ought to have set him the example, which would have been far better than precept; when Miss Peg came to her sister's rescue by saying—

"Ah, then, she'd have sit th'ex-ample if it had been convanient. Molly's no fincher, I cantellye; but how could she be taking glass for glass with aiche of the company?"

"Mr C——," said madam, "hopes to enjoy loife again as in th'ould Peninsular days. I wonder will we see the Juke some day. He could hardly be expected to remimber C—— now, unless somebody tould him who it was."

This observation, which did not seem *apropos* of what went before, was nevertheless apposite to what was in the minds of all three ladies. They were eyeing Ensign C—— with some anxiety (the room being by this time clear enough for them to see him). I saw him too, and observed how his eyes rolled, how red his face had got, and how he worked the muscles of his cheeks so as to agitate his great mutton-chop whiskers.

"As I live, mamma, he's going to do it," exclaimed Miss Peg.

"Oh, niver," retorted Mrs C——. "Stop him, Peg, stop him!"

"Stop a voiper that's chased by St Patrick! how will I stop him?" answered Peg.

"Oh, Molly, spake to him. He'll be gintle with you," proceeded the mother.

"I'd rayther avoid the gintle-niss at prisint," was the reply. But conversation was now quite interrupted by C——, who in very decided tones delivered himself of the following comments:—

"Ladies and gintlemin, if me hair should happen to be standing on ind or me eyes to be starting from their sockits, 'tisan't without a raison, for if iver a peaceful man resaved provocation, there's been a foul indignity offered here this noight. Perhaps ye heard—if ye didn't, I did—the divilish remark that was lately made in this room, which, whatever else it may be, is the home of a Protestant gintleman. Perhaps ye heard how a person wearing a British uniform, not tin minutes ago gave utterance to exprissions indicating that that child of hill, O'Connell (that I should spake his murdering name!), moight possibly be a sin-sare and a conscientious man. Blood and thunder, think of that! In moi apartmints too, where I'd roast the Pope if I had him here, as the divil'll roast him hereafter. Now, I'll say no more about what's past. We can't recall that, more's the pity; and I'm not going to trouble me guists with a renewal of that grief. But I think, as a loyal Oirish Protestant, I may ask ye to join me in purifying this atmosphere which has been so foully tainted, by drinking the great and loyal toast so dear to every thrue heart, and making a ginerall confission of the pure faith. Are ye ready; if not, fill up, and I'll give the words."

Having said which, Ensign C—— proceeded straightway to turn up the legs of his regimental trousers until his knees were bare, and then he knelt upon the floor. Mrs C—— rose from her seat, looking rather distressed. The two young ladies, *not* on bare knees, knelt on two stools or cushions, holding their busts upright, and looking very like some figures on medieval brasses, with the addition that each held a glass

in her hand. The company in general—a remnant only—stood in surprised expectation. Presently C——’s voice, loud and emotional, rolled forth the terms of “The glorious, pious, and immortal memory,” omitting no anathema, and not forgetting the gun at Athlone. The solemn liturgy having been pronounced, he tossed off a bumper of whisky, and his daughters emptied their glasses. All three then arose from their knees—refreshed, let us hope, by the holy office.

My readers will, I daresay, understand that my companion and I were ready to depart after this, and that we made our escape without delay. C—— was silent, though looking thunderbolts, as we made our adieus. The ladies regretted our early departure, and hoped we would look in again some night soon.

I cannot tell how poor C—— got divorced from the service; but of course he had to go. I do, however, know (for I met her afterwards), that one of the daughters did not find this sojourn in garrison altogether unprofitable. She made captive a young officer—as little likely, one would have said, to succumb to such influence as could be imagined—married him, went with him to the Crimea and India, where he gained honour and promotion, presented him with a numerous progeny, and is now the mistress of a comfortable house, with land and beeves attached, in one of the southern counties. C——, if alive, must be a very old man; but he may be still with the minority, for he looked of old as if nothing would kill him. Possibly he cheered Lord Randolph Churchill last winter.

MAD DOGS.

I have met people who do not believe in mad dogs—rather, who do not believe in the communication of canine madness to human beings. These sceptics have explained their unbelief by saying that nervous people, having been bitten, have frightened themselves into excited conditions of mind and body from which they have died, and that they needed not to have suffered at all if they could have prevented apprehension of the evil from overmastering them. It is not to be disputed that the dread of having imbibed so terrible a disease as hydrophobia must be sufficiently appalling. I doubt, however, whether mere terror (though it might do it now and then) could frequently produce the symptoms. We must, I am afraid, admit that the disease is communi-

cable. So believing, I have been well pleased with the regulations that have been in force in London during the last few months. The *suprema lex* certainly demands that reasonable precautions should be constantly taken against this very terrible evil. And I think that most with whom I have spoken on the subject, quite agree with me in thinking that the restrictions are in a general way just and proper, only that they ought not to be enforced against *their* dogs. Theirs are notoriously healthy, well cared for, sweetly tempered animals, to incommode which is a shame and a sin. It is very different with the dogs of the public—foul, thirsty, ill-conditioned curs: by all means keep *them* under strict control.

It is in vain that I have represented to my acquaintances that,

in very many instances—in fact, in most instances of which I have credible information—the poisoned bite has been inflicted by an animal well known to the person bitten, and believed to have been in a perfectly sane condition, and to have had no communication with rabid dogs. They were not to be convinced that their purely bred and well-trained pets should be thought in the least prone to rabies; but they thought that for the sake of these dogs, it was right to impose a strict restraint upon the dogs of others.

I am looking, as I write, at a scar on one of my wrists, which even now, decades after its infliction, most observers would, from its form, decide to have been caused by the teeth of some pretty large animal. It was caused in no such way, but by a rough heavy stone which rolled over the place. Yet nothing could ever satisfy a near relative of mine that I had not been bitten. Unfortunately, my own conduct was calculated to arouse suspicion. I was an urchin of some six years or so old when I got marked, and I had been particularly forbidden by my relation ever to go into or near a certain enclosure where some formidable dogs were known to be kept, for she had a dread of dogs in general, and a horror of those dogs in particular. I allowed myself to be enticed by other children into this forbidden area, which was a nice place to play in, and there it was that I got my wound. The doctor had to be sent for to plaster it up, and, of course, I was strictly questioned as to the casualty. I knew that I had been disobedient, and gave at first a wrong account of the affair so far as the scene of it was concerned. But whatever may have been my love of fiction, I was not clever at it in those days.

My narrative broke down. I speedily had to confess that I had been in the forbidden precincts; but of course I stuck to it that the dogs had nothing to do with my wound. I stuck to it in vain. As I had been untruthful as to the place, it was not unfairly judged that I might have been so concerning the cause of my hurt. My relative made herself very miserable, through her misgiving that I had been bitten. Yet she was politic, and would not press me too hard while I was in the heat of insisting. She rather bore her horrible suspicion for a while, till general discussion of the case had subsided. Then she plied me craftily with sudden remarks, with offered bribes, through teachers, through other boys, using every art to prove the truth of that which she so much dreaded. Poor soul! I could never reassure her; and after I was too old to be thought capable of inventing a falsehood about such a matter, she still fancied that I might be continuing the deception in order to spare her alarms. During my early youth she often told me that her mind could never be at ease concerning that unlucky tell-tale scar. But she saw me grow to manhood without exhibiting any tendency to bite; and so, I hope, attained in time to the assurance that, dog or no dog, I had escaped contagion.

I cannot remember that I was ever much in the way of getting bitten myself; but I once had considerable trouble in consequence of a favourite retriever taking suddenly to biting. The cause of this I afterwards discovered to be that a stupid old servant had over-fed the animal with flesh, and made him ferocious. Much occupation prevented me from noticing how ill-conditioned the dog had become,

until complaint after complaint from sufferers obliged me to look into the matter. Of course there was a return to a proper diet, and the beast began to recover good manners. It cost me something to get condonation of his doings, and to buy off intending poisoners, for a murderous idea was darkening some vindictive minds. But my hardest dispute was with a man in a position of some importance, who surprised me by the simplicity, not above that of a villager, with which he conducted his case. He knew both me and the dog pretty well. He had not had a severe bite. I was able to satisfy him that the beast continued perfectly well, and was fast becoming gentle as of old.

"But," said the bitten, "he may go mad some day."

"I don't know that he won't," I answered. "I don't see why he should."

"And if he should, I shall go mad too."

"How can you think so? The idea is unreasonable."

"Not at all, sir. I know it must be so."

"Upon reflection, you will, I think, see that, as the dog is quite well now, you have nothing to dread in the future from the past bite."

But this was just what the complainant thought that he had to dread the effects of; and further, he represented that the only way in which he could be relieved from his fear was by putting the poor dog to death while he was yet sound, so that he might never get the chance of going mad.

I, of course, resisted the demand of my dog's life; but the man, who had felt the dog's teeth, seemed so terrified at the fate which might possibly be in store for him, that I took some pains to reassure him,

and induced one or two medical men, who were friends to us both, to reason with him on the subject of his fears. But it was in vain: he did not care for what the doctors said, but complained aloud that I, for the sake of keeping a dog—an animal, and not a prepossessing one—alive, would leave him indefinitely with a frightful death hanging over him by a hair.

I know not how the dispute would have ended but for a piece of luck. The poor bitten man was not commandant in his own house, though he held a sufficiently important public office. Nobody, probably, after what I have said about his fears, will be surprised to hear that he had a better three-quarters. They had a son, a very delicate boy of some ten years old, concerning whom they were most anxious to make a certain arrangement which they had hitherto found impracticable. I, as I often talked and lamented over this folly about the dog, became acquainted with what was desired about the boy; and most fortunately it was a matter in which I had the means of procuring them gratification through some friends at a distance. I was about to do the kindness offhand, hoping that in return I should find mercy for my dog, when a friend who learned my intention advised me not to trust to the gratitude of a timorous man, but to go about the business with discretion.

"Why, what am I to do?" I inquired. "I can't make the man rational. I can lay him under an obligation."

"Tell madam what you have the power of doing," answered my friend, "and insist that if you do it, nothing more may be heard against the dog. She probably knows better than any one else how to bring him to reason."

This advice I followed. The better three-quarters quite appreciated the benefit which I could do for her son, and undertook that if I would effect it, the grievance against the dog should cease and determine. I immediately set about my friendly office; and how the lady managed it I know not, but I soon had cause to acknowledge that

“What her words avouched her charms had done.”

And the dog and his bite sank from that time out of notice, and were soon things of the past.

It will be a great thing for mankind if M. Pasteur shall prove to have acquired the power over hydrophobia to which he lays claim. I do not as yet dare to hope that he is successful—diseases have such a tiresome way of reasserting themselves after, according to scientific rules, they have been rendered subject to treatment; but I should cordially rejoice in his triumph.

These remarks shall now conclude with an account of an adventure connected with rabies which did not happen to myself, but to a military friend, who told me the story himself, and in whose statement I have entire confidence. This officer was, some quarter of a century ago, in one of our colonies where there was some sport to be had, though it was enjoyed in a somewhat unsophisticated manner. He was going off for a few days' shooting into the country at some distance from his station, and had collected a cry of dogs, partly by borrowing, partly by impounding, which he assembled and secured in an attic room of the barrack in which he was quartered.

On the eve of his departure he heard, after mess, a most awful conflict going on in the garret among the imprisoned pack. His

only dread was that some of them (and he couldn't spare one) might be disabled in the *mêlée*, and unable to start with him in the early morning. He summoned his servant, and they together burst into the chamber where the free fight was going on. A sufficiently savage encounter it was; but the entrance of the officer and his man had the effect of silencing the least enraged of the combatants, and the war was maintained after a little by only three furious animals which no persuasion could subdue, and which had at last to be separated by main force. The three dogs were all so injured that they could not be taken to the sport on the morrow; and my friend and his servant both were severely bitten while struggling with the dogs. When the row was over the officer tied up his own and his servant's hands, and went to bed. In the morning he started with a diminished pack, but otherwise according to programme, attended, not by his body-servant who had been bitten, but by men somewhat acquainted with the field-sports of the colony. Whether the expedition was successful in respect of game I cannot remember, neither is that point very essential to the little tale. Two or three days were pleasantly spent in country air, and my friend the officer returned duly into garrison at the expiration of his leave.

As he approached the barracks he became aware of a most unearthly howling or screaming, uttered not in bursts or short cries, but sustained and piteous. It was distressing to such an extent that he stopped the first soldier whom he met to ask what it meant. The soldier did not belong to his own regiment, and therefore did not recognise him; but he told him

the unearthly sounds were emitted by the servant of Captain P—— of the —th, who was in hospital raging with hydrophobia!

My friend was Captain P——, and one may fancy the feelings with which he received the information. He went off at once to the regimental doctor, and ascertained that the report which he had heard was only too true.

"The poor fellow will die," said the doctor, "after probably a great deal more suffering."

"I am truly sorry for the poor man," answered the captain; "but his fate touches me more closely than you may think. I was bitten at the same time as my servant. Look here."

"The devil!"

"Yes, by Jove! We were both hauling at two fighting brutes on the evening of the 10th, and I plastered up both wounds before bedtime. What shall I do?"

"Do? There's precious little to be done. Your bite has almost closed, and mischief, supposing any to have been done, is wellnigh

past prevention. I'll do what I can. But do you dismiss the matter as much as you can from your mind. Brooding on such a danger is the worst thing possible. You're all right now. Let us hope that you may keep so."

Captain P——, who was pretty strong-minded, went off determined not to torment himself before the time. If he was destined to go mad the affliction must be endured, but he certainly would not go half-way to meet it. His servant died, as the doctor had predicted. He got another from the ranks, and went on exactly in his old routine, amusing himself as well as he could, and never (as he afterwards assured me) losing half an hour's sleep by reason of the jeopardy in which he stood.

I saw him alive and hearty more than twenty years after his bite. It was lucky for him that he was not a nervous man. Had he been so, he would in all probability have died from apprehension, though clearly he had never imbibed the poison.

COMPOSITE CHARACTERS IN FICTION.

Horace's caution against creating poetic nightmares or monsters by combining incongruous and impossible parts in the characters of fiction, plainly points to his opinion that the persons represented in a piece will be for the most part composite productions, not copies of actual beings. He is solicitous only that the constituents shall not be inconsistent with each other or with the known laws of nature. The very stress which he lays upon the importance of composing figures with care and judgment, proves that he did not think mere copies from the life would suffice for impressive fiction.

It may be admitted that "truth is stranger than fiction"—sometimes; but assuredly *all* the truths of this workaday world, or a batch of them taken at random, would yield but poor entertainment if they might not be dressed a little. And the same of the characters. To present interesting characters, real men have to be dissected, and then arbitrarily put together; but, as Horace has said, the composer must be especially cautious of what members, whether corporeal or mental, he may join, lest in attempting a masterpiece he accomplish an extravagance.

Now, supposing that the most

striking characters in fiction have been compounded, I have amused myself with imagining the number of living beings from whom a great master would choose to construct a finished presentment. But, as this is inquiring in an unlimited field, I have altered the process to examining some celebrated creations, and trying whether my memory of actual life would yield me the ingredients of them. Have I, for instance, ever known persons from whose characters Mr Pecksniff or Colonel Newcome may have been put together? Have I ever had acquaintances out of whom a Falstaff may have been drawn and then compacted? Inquiries like these give rise to a world of reminiscence and musing; especially does the last of them, the identification of the sources of Falstaff, try memory and judgment. I long ago mentally recorded a character who combined a great many of Sir John's peculiarities. He had been a departmental officer in the Duke of Wellington's European wars,—a fat, grey, jovial bachelor. He boiled over with droll anecdotes, and delighted in sack and late hours. His morals, making allowance for the difference of the times, must have been much on a par with those of the fat knight, and his philosophy of the same school. Younger men joked much with and at him; he was good-humoured, and certainly the cause that wit was in others. But there, I think, the resemblance stops. My old acquaintance dealt entirely in reflected wit. I do not remember to have heard him say a good thing by way of repartee or comment, though he was very quick at appreciating anything sparkling from the mouth of another. He

did not gird continually at any unlucky Bardolph or Shallow. I believe him to have been honest in all his money dealings; and though he was slow to take offence, he would probably not have been backward in defending his honour if he considered it to have been invaded. Indeed, though a good deal of liberty was taken with him, there was a line which that liberty did not overpass. This old fellow makes a capital groundwork for a Falstaff; but in order to find Falstaff's wit and scampish readiness, I have summoned the shadows of the past in vain. One or two really witty men I have had the privilege of knowing, and one or two dodgers exceedingly clever at turning all to a merriment when they were in serious scrapes; but out of all my experience, I cannot arrive at the measure of a Falstaff. This is not extraordinary when we consider what rarest parts are included in him, inasmuch that Macaulay has said¹ that "all the good sayings of the facetious houses of Absolute and Surface might have been clipped from the single character of Falstaff without being missed." He has not been formed altogether out of everyday men, and yet nobody complains that he has been a bit overdrawn,—even the exceptionally striking elements have been so presented that they appear perfectly natural. Now, if it require great circumspection to put together harmoniously the characteristics of ordinary people, whom, or their likes, everybody has seen, how positively dangerous must it be to cull from beings such as few men can have had experience of! It is not simply absolute truth, it is recognised truth, that an author must discover. You will produce the real

¹ *Essay on Machiavelli.*

pig from under your cloak in vain if your readers or audience have decided that the squeak which they heard was a bad imitation.

But if the ancestry of Falstaff is hard to trace, I don't think there is the same difficulty with fictitious characters which are not of supreme achievement. Less *recherchés* creations, however original they may seem as they come from the *officina* of the master, can be dissected with greater success. Trying for Pistol's elements in my memory, I thought I found them all.

Pistol's volubility, his craze to exhibit nothings as emotional subjects, his provoking taunts, and his cowardice when brought to account for his gibes, I find all in one example into whose society I was thrown as a lad, and of whose subsequent career I had some knowledge. Of this person I will say that he emitted words in greater profusion than anybody I ever saw or heard. I say "words" very advisedly, for there was a lamentable dearth of ideas in his speech, and it was not even the chattering comments on trivial affairs which we call gossip. It was a holding forth, in bombastic oratory, concerning the merest trash—not so tiresome at all times as one, from the description, might imagine; because the ingenuity which could find anything at all to say about such confounded trifles was in itself astonishing and amusing. He had just got home a new coat, a frock, by heaven! People were wearing heavy-skirted Newmarkets, but a frock was the proper thing—he knew it. By Jove! all the best men walked in frocks, and it was a matter of the first importance to follow after men of style. Somebody who knew all about the sort of thing (he didn't think it was

Brummell—indeed he was sure it wasn't Brummell, but somebody consumedly well up in that kind of thing), had said, "Keep your eye upon men who are already in the fashion, and dress after them—that's your plan." He hadn't read this himself, but his acquaintance Miller—splendid fellow Miller, and so shrewd—told him of it. Yes, by Jingo! the best men wear frocks, and a frock is the thing. Take a poor pitiful fellow now like Hurst. That's the kind of Sawney that would go and order himself a Newmarket because he saw some pretender that he takes to be a swell strutting about in one. That's exactly what wretched Hurst would do, poor devil! And then—— Here, probably, an interruption from some one who remarked that Hurst had just appeared in a new frock. Oration continues. Well, by all that's preposterous, he's made a hit by chance! It's worse, by heaven!—worse than if he'd followed his miserable nature and got the Newmarket! It'll sit so ill upon him that he'll force it upon the notice of all the world what a pitiful specimen he is. I wonder what the devil fellows like Hurst are made for! They're of no use, by Jove!—not of the slightest use—rather blots and nuisances. It's confoundedly hard to understand all the pranks that nature plays in the world. I can't; I don't pretend to. But I suppose Hurst will find a fool to marry him some day, spite of his bad style; and then there'll be a lot more of confounded little idiots. Now, is it any wonder that this should be a miserable world? How can it help itself, with such a lot of slow, creeping creatures in the form of humanity? It must be—by Jove, it must! For my part, I'm only surprised that it isn't a thousand times more intolerable

than it is. Now who do you think built my coat? If I'd gone with the ruck, I should have employed Stultz. Nine men in ten would. I didn't. No, indeed, I didn't. I like to be a little distinguished from the multitude; and Miller said, "Go to Drew—that's your man." Now it isn't every fellow that can get Miller to advise him. I should think not; and most men have to make the best shift they can, running after Stultz, and that sort of tomfoolery. But Miller said, "Go to Drew." Now Drew is one of the civillest tailors you ever had to deal with—uncommonly civil. Some people have said he's an infernal rascal. Perhaps he is. But what on earth has that to do with it? He can't be much of a rascal. No rascal could ever be the author of such a frock as he has sent home for me. The thing isn't possible. The truth is, there are a perilous sight of men calling themselves gentlemen, and perhaps noblemen, who haven't half such nice feelings as Drew. Here another interruption to remind the rhetorician that only a few days ago he had denounced Drew as the most abandoned sinner on God's earth, and professed his eagerness to go and see Drew hanged in chains. Oration continues. What of that? Suppose it were so. By Jove! two or three days ago there was danger—imminent danger—of that left lapel never lying even. It looked as if it never would; and it was not too much to say that any sensible and impartial man would have said that must be the end of it. But Drew, damn it! Drew was equal to any difficulty in cloth or stitches. He would like to see anybody fit to sharpen scissors for Drew. As he hoped for mercy, Drew had reduced that lapel to elegance with a

skill that had probably never had its equal. If anybody said that Drew wasn't one of the first tailors in the world, that person ought not to be listened to; he was positively a mischievous person and misfortune to society. It was impossible to speak too highly of Drew. There were equestrian statues all about London of men who had never in their lives done anything so meritorious as Drew had. He would just mention a thing that Drew said the other day, and then it would be easy to judge of where he ought to be classed. Miller told Drew how old Sir Bullion Rumcock, whose liveries are all so shabby, and who goes about himself habited like a beggar-man, had been spending tens of thousands in pictures and statues, and that sort of things. Well, what does Drew say? Says Drew, "I think, sir, he must have more money than brains." More money than brains! Damned neat, wasn't it? Just the right idea. Not a word too much. By Jingo! give me Drew for hitting off a thing neatly. And the man's only a tailor, mind; a man that most of you fellows would think a cut or two below you. Heaven and earth! men ought to reflect a little before they look down upon others because they are tailors. Remember that fellow in Shakespeare who thanked God because he was better than other men? Drew knows what he's talking about, I can tell you; and Miller, if you could get a chance of listening to him, would tell you exactly what I'm saying. And then, you know, &c., &c.

I break off the rigmarole here, merely observing that it used to go on until the call to a meal or to some work or amusement brought it to a period. There was a livery-stable keeper who figured

very frequently in the discourses; and a double-barrelled gun, surreptitiously owned by the orator (and kept concealed with brooms and dustpans in a servant's closet, whence it was brought out once a fortnight or so to be looked at, never to be used), was the subject of many powerful passages. I have said nothing about the gentler sex; but "a did in some sort handle women" in most of his orations, he being already in his youthful days a lady-killer in prospect. The babbling nuisance was well supplied with money, so that he was very little tempted to any of Pistol's dishonest transactions: for all that, I believe him to have been entirely devoid of good principles. He undoubtedly had that strange rashness which led Pistol to offend with his tongue persons whom he did not dare to encounter in person, and more than one castigation he to my knowledge received for impertinence and abuse. I often wondered that his troubles of this kind were not far more frequent than they were; but his tongue—the same member which got him into the scrapes—often got him out again. If a complainant failed to punish him at once and let him talk, he would unhesitatingly deny his own words, and express, without measure either as to length or degree, his unalterably high opinion of him who had brought him to account. It must have been, I imagine, confidence in the power of tongue to extricate them which induced both him and Pistol to geek and gall at unoffending people whom they dared not stand up to and fight.

It will be observed that in the rhetorical specimen which I recorded there is an entire absence of such rags and tatters of literature and mythology as Pistol de-

lighted in. Indeed it was in this particular chiefly that my acquaintance fell short of the Pistolian standard. He had never retained anything that he read, and he had not the least faculty for assimilating pedantic or poetic refuse. I used to think that if he had had the run of a playhouse for six months he might have appreciated "the sisters three" and "the Helicons"; but on further consideration, I doubt of his being attracted by that kind of bombast. When any poor joke or saying did happen to impress him, he repeated and commended it *ad nauseam*; but his dulness at catching imagery proved that he would never have been distinguished in ornamented fustian.

After my more intimate association with him, my acquaintance entered the army. He did not live to see any big war in which he could have ranted and suffered a smart check or two, after the fortune of his prototype; but his career, though a short one, was sufficiently discreditable. He behaved shabbily and heartlessly in many ways. Nay, the parallel ran so close that, if the story I heard be true, he suffered before several witnesses condign punishment at the foot of another officer concerning whom he had made use of grossly insulting language. No further collision occurred after the assault, and how on earth he contrived to save his commission after having undergone such chastisement I never could understand. Probably those who saw him eat his leek were good-natured men who had agreed to hush up the affair, thinking it a smaller matter that a braggart should escape public ignominy than that a scandal should disgrace the service to which they all belonged.

I never met my Pistol in his

last (which were still young) days. I was far away from the scene of his declamations. But I used to hear how, being worn by foolish escapades and riotous living, he would hold forth to any of his old companions who would hear him, on his own enfeebled and wasted condition, which he drew attention to as the most cruel and unwarrantable affliction which had ever tried a human being.

"Damme, look at that. Is it possible that thing can be a man's leg? Nothing, by Jove, but skin and bone! and a cursed bad lot of that. I'll be hanged if you mightn't wring a pailful of water out of my night-dress in a morning. I can't get on a horse without two fellows to help me. They measure out my allowance of wine, and won't let me eat lobster. By heaven, it's scandalous! Why, there are lots of old sinners over eighty who can get more pleasure out of their infernal old lives than I can get out of mine, and I'm not seven-and-thirty. No, by Jove, not seven-and-thirty! And only with the wear and tear of six-and-thirty years I'm reduced to such a pitiful spectacle as this. Just feel this wretched arm. Why, damme, I'm only just beginning to understand what comfortable things are to be got out of the world if a fellow's only fit to take his share of what's going."

His tongue stopped one day, and it was all over with him.

What the man of whom I have just now spoken wanted of Pistol's eloquence was amply possessed by another person, living a quiet life in the country, and remarkable for nothing that I know of except his flowers of speech. But these nature had taught him to appropriate, if not to invent; and it was amazing to hear what fine language he would command on even the

most ordinary occasions. His were not the hard words and technical terms paraded to show the hearer what a superior person was speaking; they were rather scraps from the poets, and odds and ends out of Fielding or Richardson—how or when collected it is hard to say, for the man followed a trade, and, to the best of my belief, was diligent therein. It was almost impossible that he could have been a reading man; but his ear must have had the same affinity with literary tatters which Pistol's had, and he assimilated without an effort phrases and sayings which it would cost another man of his class hard study to have at commandment. In rating his apprenticeship he would begin with, "O unhappy youth!" and work up like boatswain Chucks to the corporal catastrophe. I have heard him tell one who had offended him that he was a blot upon the fair face of nature; and another who happened to be in favour, that a truer man never walked under the canopy of heaven. Powdered libertines and city madams were frequently on his tongue, and he made his friends familiar with the dark unfathomed caves of ocean and the eternal fitness of things.

Out of these two men whom I have seen and spoken with, I believe that Pistol could have been constructed, all but the swagger and the larcenous tendency; but as these, unfortunately, are not rare characteristics, it is easy to tack them on to the other components,—and thus I can see how Pistol might have been imagined.

I have pondered this matter at some length, because it would seem to be an axiom with many literary authorities, that while fictitious characters may be compounded at a writer's peril, as it were, yet that composite shadows are pref-

erable to those that simply follow the life. Attention to this rule, combined with a little boldness, might perhaps deliver us from insipid *personæ* who really have no important part to play, but who, if their humble presence cannot be dispensed with, may just as well have some little specialities to make them interesting. Of course, in doing this, care must be taken not to injure the proportions of the piece by giving to minor characters undue importance. Macaulay, I think, accuses Congreve, and Sheridan too, of having made their characters, great and small, equally brilliant; and he says that Shakespeare would not have done this—did not in fact do it. But this remark is entirely in keeping with Horace's rule; because, to give to valets the refined wit of courtiers, or to put keen and polished sarcasms into the mouths of usurers and clodhoppers, is to make a step towards the production of a monster. It is not so bad as a

woman with a fish's tail, but it is a fault in the same direction.

I have not now turned over this matter to the extent which I could wish, because there are practical affairs demanding attention, and very adverse to the pursuit of literary fancies and theories. As ghosts troop away at sound of the cock's clarion, so disperse all sorts of musings at the announcement that the Conservative candidate is waiting in another room to solicit one's vote, or that a man of business has called about the new lease. A dinner-bell is rather destructive of reflection, and a brisk companion breaking in with a challenge to billiards has a decidedly awakening effect. Probably my reader cares very little about the way in which I am disturbed at present, but thinks that a break in this yarn is well timed. If so, I too rejoice that I have come to a pause, and hope that he will be ready to muse with me again at a convenient season.

LEOPOLD VON RANKE.

REMINISCENCES OF BERLIN, 1884-1886.

"Over the ball of it,
Peering and prying—
How I see all of it,
Life there out lying."

—*Pisgah Sights*, I.

To those to whom through all their lives Professor Leopold von Ranke has been a familiar figure as an old, a very old man, there seems something strange, beyond the ever new strangeness of death, in the thought that though at the great age of ninety years, he has yet at last laid down his task on earth, and is really gone from among the race of men. He seemed to those who have seen him recently to have outgrown and conquered old age itself; and the very frailness and comparative insignificance of the lamp in which his spirit burned, made his life appear scarcely a bodily life at all, but rather, to the very last, simply the continuous energy of faith and love, of an apparently inexhaustible and indomitable intellect: and there seemed no reason why this spiritual force should ever cease, so little did it appear to depend on material things.

Kingsley's cry was that it is better to wear out than to rust out. And it is very often accepted as a general truth that the only alternative to rusting out is to wear out,—that work which involves the putting forth of all the strength a man has, must involve a shortening of life. But it seems rather as if the force of congenial work created and prolonged new power of work—as if the true reading of Bismarck's famous motto were *inserviendo confirmor*. The examples of this in our own time and in our own country need no

pointing out, but in his own city and country, too, Ranke was only the most striking example out of a large number. When the students, as we read, carried him to his rest past the University where for sixty years he had been professor, they carried him also past the house of the King, his friend, a man only a year younger than himself; and the work of the great empire, which Ranke saw arise when he was already far past three-score years and ten, is done practically by the fiery energy of a man of seventy-one,—the man whose motto is *inserviendo patriæ consumor*. But still the charm of manner, the amazing kindness and living interest in all he had ever cared for, was perhaps a peculiar and unusual delight to witness, as it was manifest in Ranke even to within a fortnight of his death. And it is this I should like to bring before my readers, rather than any enumeration of his written works.

Enough has been said, and will still be said during that "burial in the newspapers," which after the death of a great man seems inevitable and not wholly wrong, of Ranke's long life, and of his life's work; but though he never spoke to me directly of the great march of history which as a living man his eyes had seen, it was so constantly suggested by his presence, by his occupation, by his vivid allusions and marvellous realisation of the present as rep-

resented by all with whom he came in contact, that I may perhaps briefly touch on some of the more striking moments in that portion of the history of his own country which Ranke as a German lived to see. He said to me once years ago, speaking, as he was fond of doing if one showed any interest in it, of his 'Weltgeschichte,' "Sie ist fertig, ganz fertig—hier," and with a fine unconscious movement touched his forehead. And there is something unusually grand in the length of days which was accorded to him who in his ninety-first year died at his work, a chronicle of the world's history.

For, born in 1795, as a little child of six he heard from where he played in his Thuringian home of the terrible Peace of Luneville, and the "partition" of Western Germany; when he was nine, that the Corsican, his senior by only a quarter of a century, had been proclaimed Emperor of the French; when he was eleven, that the crown with which the Great Charles a thousand years before had crowned himself Emperor of the Germans, had been laid down, that the princes of that German Empire had done homage to Napoleon as their "Protector," and that Germany lay prostrate before him, so that the boys at the ancient public school of Schulpforta, where Ranke too was at school, used to scratch Napoleon's bulletins of victory on their benches; till he could realise in 1812 that the flames of Moscow had heralded a new day; in his eighteenth year hear Friedrich Wilhelm's most kingly "Aufruf an mein Volk," and know that after three days of such awful battle as the world has seldom seen, the retreating army of Napoleon had poured through Leipzig by the light of the rising moon. He was almost

twenty on that most memorable 18th of June 1815; twenty-six when Napoleon, "his occupation gone," died at St Helena; fifty-three when, in 1848, all Europe seemed to consist for a time of the young alone; seventy-one when the first links of a reunited Germany were forged in the essays of the great war; seventy-five when the aged King of Prussia stood in the Hall of Mirrors, at Versailles, Emperor of a Germany in all its outward aspects great and free, "from of old the peaceablest, most pious, and in the end most valiant and terriblest of nations," as was written at the time by our greatest historian, Thomas Carlyle.

For fifteen years more Ranke lived and worked on in what was now the capital of this German Empire; yet his strength was not labour and sorrow—rather it was continual gladness, it seemed to all who saw him as I did. "There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk." Never did the description from the famous vision fit any man less than it fitted Ranke; and this feeling, that his great vitality was in some not impossible sense self-earned and self-endowed by his generous and courageous labour, and his quick and kindly interest in human life, was one of the elements in that reverential loving awe with which his presence always filled me, and which I treasure as one of the beautiful and ennobling experiences of my life. And I may perhaps be pardoned if I try to show this in the only way I can by dwelling on his kindness to me, who was to him one of the least out of many hundreds of fellow-beings cared for and remem-

bered, and by offering merely the account of some recent visits I was privileged to pay him, the last and most delightful on the fourth of this May that is now only beginning to turn to June—little more than a fortnight before he died.

I regret greatly that I was not able, as I was so strongly moved to do, to write during the fortnight after Easter from Berlin—that what I then wished to present to English readers as a living reality should now seem to find its impulse in Ranke's unlooked-for death. I had wished to speak of him as part of the life of a great, and in many ways brilliant and delightful city, instead of as of one who has left a gap in that life which those who knew him personally feel nothing can replace.

We in England know too little of Berlin; and yet it is necessary to know it in order to form any just view of a nation whose fate and development concern us more nearly than that of any other European nation; as, on the other hand, the development of our intellectual life is the true advance of German intelligence. To judge of Germany by towns like Jena, and even Leipzig, is much like judging of the whole intellectual and spiritual life of England from Durham or Shrewsbury and Liverpool. Berlin is the home of such men as Gneist, who knows the history and nature of the English Parliament as no one else knows it; of Mommsen the historian; the brothers Grimm, with their humour and vivacity and intellectual vigour, sons of the one of the two more famous brothers "who had to marry"; of Professor Ernst Curtius, who has given to a delighted world the *Hermes of Praxiteles* and the *Nike of Paionios*, and much besides, and who now, in his seventy-second year, still unites

all the enthusiasm and grace of that land of Hellas to which he has turned with a lifelong love, with the tenderness and truth of the Teuton. It is the home of Helmholz, "the most cultivated man in Europe"—of Menzel the painter—of Virchow and Langenbeck, and of many others who help to make this world better and nobler. One more name, however, I must mention, for thousands of us turn to it with loving thought as the home of Joseph Joachim, whose music, before that of any other, can put souls into our bodies—not only hale them forth.

Ranke's close friendship and connection with the royal house of Prussia is well known, and its mention brings me to the account of one of the afternoons I spent with him, which I most clearly remember. Once in January 1884, as I came near the well-known break in the otherwise monotonous Luisen Strasse—a sort of square recess surrounded by perhaps a dozen houses, and filled in the winter with frosted bushes, in the early spring and summer with delicate green—I saw a royal carriage standing outside in the street; and after I had walked a few steps along the square to the well-known door on the left, I was coming up the rather dingy staircase, with its well-worn wooden steps—a great contrast to the white marble in more fashionable parts of Berlin—when a clatter of spurs or swords—it was too dark to distinguish—was followed by the Crown Prince and another officer passing downwards. It is very characteristic of Ranke, that though I hardly expected to be received after what turned out to have been a long visit from the Prince, he immediately sent the servant back to tell me he was quite ready to see me then; and I soon found myself

in the simple little *salon* where from year to year he received his visitors. The house itself is really the second flat of Luisen Strasse, No. 24A—afterwards the storey above was also part of the dwelling—one of the quieter streets of the older part of Berlin lying to the north of the Linden. The Linden is too well known to need much description,—a broad street, not very long, running east and west, opening out at its western end into the fine Pariser Platz, from which you catch glimpses of the Thiergarten through the pillars of the great Brandenburger Thor—at the eastern end into a large beautiful open space, as all the streets in Berlin are, dazzlingly clean, round which are grouped the finest buildings in the town. The palace of the Crown Prince, and of the Emperor, in one wing of which is the royal library, with a charming little reading-room, not unlike that of the British Museum on a small scale; the Hall of Glory, as it is called; and almost opposite, the statue of Frederick the Great, and the corner window where the Emperor daily shows himself to his faithful lieges; the University, with a strange-looking dense swarm of students round the entrance, with their little caps, not unlike gaudy sugar-plum boxes; the great Opera-house; and, hidden in a small wood of chestnut-trees on the other side, the beautiful little Sing Akademie, where Joachim plays so often. Further east, across a bridge where white rows of winged statues are reflected—sometimes in the waters of the Spree, more often in a crowd of apple-barges—more great buildings; the old Schloss, the Dom, and the superb Museums. All readers of Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great' know that part of Berlin; and the lime-trees, which

stand in many rows down the street still, as they did this Easter, renew their golden green above the ground where Frederick trod, and where Lessing and Moses Mendelssohn and many another walked the earth. Anything but a city "stretched out upon the sand in dreariness and utility."

Not far from all this, across some more water to the right, is the house where Ranke has lived I think for forty years and more—and up till the last he went abroad for two hours, generally walking, every day—even in the early days of this May, his devoted old servant said. Long ago, about the time of the great war, I have often met him, most commonly in the Thiergarten, the small figure—he was not much over five feet—and the peculiarly finely poised head with the clear outline of the face, readily recognisable from afar. He had a curious, very old-fashioned way of saluting ladies, even out of doors, with a kiss on either cheek, after first asking permission in a formula which carried one back to Minna von Barnhelm and Chodowiecki's drawings. So kindly and so funny too it was. He was very small in stature, but few men have made such a majestic impression. The head was superb—finely chiselled, with a great arched forehead, exceedingly mobile lips, covered only during the last few years of his life by a long white beard, and very bright eyes, with an incessantly inquiring and keenly interested look. He seemed to send this look before him, to recognise and to welcome.

As I came in to pay my visit on that afternoon in January, he was standing wrapped in the classic dressing-gown, black lined with red, which he knew how to draw about him in the most dignified way, leaning against a tall cabinet

on which was an alabaster figure of some sort, and looking towards his new visitor, evidently in a very pleased mood after his visit from the Crown Prince. He took me by both elbows and made me sit down, and immediately and again most characteristically said—

"Tell me all about yourself. I want to hear *all* that concerns you."

He was the best listener imaginable. I need hardly say that he was utterly free from any trace of vanity or self-consciousness—even as sometimes happens on account of his great age. He was far too great a man for that. This little *salon* is, I think, the only room not perfectly full of books—in the other rooms there were *eight* walls of books,—a sort of inner model of his rooms in the centre of each,—a four-sided book-case reaching to the ceiling. But in the *salon* not many books; a few gifts and mementos of people and places—an oil-painting of his wife, an Irish lady, over the spot where long ago I remember her lying helpless on her couch, with only the wonderful spirit which made her what she was to her husband shining alive from her beautiful face. She has been dead many years. Ranke would mention her in conversation—"Meine liebe Frau"—and point towards the picture as if she herself were there. I remember some Spanish book she was reading, the talk of Beethoven and her husband's work. On the other side two windows, folding doors at each end, and a low red ottoman in the middle of the room by the table—nothing changed for years and years.

Ranke spoke of the visit of the Crown Prince with great interest.

"He has just come back from Spain," he said, "and has been

telling me a great many interesting things about the country and the people."

Then turning back we spoke about Eton, and it was charming to feel how he at once realised the place and was interested.

"It is by the Thames, close to Windsor, about twenty miles from London, and Oxford is about double that distance further west. And who is the head-master now? I remember Dr Balston and Dr Goodford!"

I was lost in amazement, while he went on—

"It is a lovely place, Eton—'Oh, ich liebe England sehr!'"

I do not remember his telling me that he had ever been to Eton, but of course he must have been there. Perhaps he too, like another distinguished German, a certain Joseph Haydn, had walked on the Slough Road, and seen the races at Ascot.

When I said that I thought him looking stronger and fresher than the year before, he seemed pleased.

"Yes, I am getting very old. I was just writing to the Empress that I am like an old tree, and every year I produce fruit—'Und ich bringe doch alle Jahre meine Frucht.'"

The fifth volume of the 'Weltgeschichte' had just appeared. He then went on to tell me—

"An American came to me the other day and asked me whether I expected to finish my 'Weltgeschichte.' You know the Americans are opener, less buttoned-up (*zugeknöpft*) than the English. So I said to him: 'Lieber Freund, ich glaube'—Ranke here used *glauben* in its absolute sense, as of belief in God's providence—"und wenn Gott will, dass ich mein werk vollende, so werde ich es vollenden.'" "It is finished," he went on; "the whole 'Weltgeschichte' is finished

here," touching his head. "But from one's head to the pen is a long way: so many a thing must be gone over again, many facts settled and confirmed, much elaborated (*ausgearbeitet*) as it should be."

He looked absolutely sublime as he spoke, and so full of joy, that I involuntarily said—"But it always makes you glad, does it not, your work?"

"My work? Oh, surely! It is my life. I live to work. As long as I live, I shall work," he answered, with that magnificent upward look—the fine frenzy of the poet—which those who have seen it will not readily forget.

Before I left him, he gave me various very exact commissions—about the translation of the '*Weltgeschichte*,' now being done in England, and other matters on which he wished me to write to him; many messages to friends in Berlin itself and in England, full of affection and perfect realisation of all the different circumstances and personalities. He was at this time working eight hours a-day, his housekeeper told me, and received visitors every afternoon, and again later in the evening.

I did not see him again till the Palm-Sunday of this year. I had arrived in Berlin the night before, and about half-past nine on a radiant spring morning went to take him some daffodils which had been sent me from Eversley a few days before I left England, and which I had brought fresh and lovely all the way across the sea and that great stretch of plain. It was so early, that I intended only to leave the flowers while they were fresh, and to ask when he would like me to come; but he wished me to wait, and soon came in, looking stronger and more vigorous, I thought, than two years before. He was full of

kindness as always; amused me by asking at once—

"Do your two old godmothers still exist? and are you staying with them again?"

The ladies are both more than a generation younger than he.

He said, "You have brought me some flowers. I am glad you did that;" and then entered in the kindest way into talk about personal matters—asking after friends in Britain; whether I would see such-and-such friends in Berlin, mentioning them by name; gave me advice about people and books at the Royal Library, until I was bewildered with astonishment at the mere effort of memory his questions implied, as well as touched by the wonderful kindness of his advice.

My last visit to him was on the 4th of May, when I went to say good-bye to him before coming back to England. Another very old friend, Geheimrath von Eckenbrecher, who wished to see him also, was with me, and when we came into the room we found one of Ranke's granddaughters, a young girl, waiting for him too, whom I had never seen. She immediately turned to me, however, and said—

"Oh, you brought those lovely flowers from England. Grandpapa gave us each a few, but he would not let the rest go till they were quite withered."

Now that he is dead, there is something very sad and touching and humbling to me in the thought that he should have noticed such a little mark of affection so keenly, and been pleased. I had not thought even that he had quite understood how far the daffodils had come, never imagined he would think of them again; but this little incident is so like him that I give it as it happened.

Ranke was working with his

secretaries, and we waited for more than half an hour after the usual time. When he came in at last from the *Studirzimmer*, which was so soon afterwards turned into the chapel where he waited dead till they should bury him, he looked so strong, almost radiant, that it was impossible not to be struck by his expression. He walked in, I remember, quite alone and very upright, instead of being rolled in in the wheeled chair he sometimes used. When I went up to him and kissed his hand and said, "Excellenz haben heute so lange noch gearbeitet," he answered, with one of the most glorious paradoxes I have ever heard—

"Aus Faulheit, aus Faulheit; ich arbeite aus Faulheit; ich habe ja weiter nichts mehr zu thun." It was said with that delightfully humorous expression which was rarely absent, and which seemed to speak from his whole face and figure; but it came from the lips of a man of ninety, engaged with all his might on a gigantic task.

He settled himself between his guests evidently ready to enjoy a talk; and it was fascinating to listen to the quick current of delightful conversation in which he revived old memories with my friend, a man himself approaching eighty. Ranke's memory for people and things, no matter how remote or how *recent*, was almost incredible. He described a rapid drive he had taken in Frankfort, between two trains; and his description of the dreamlike sensation of passing rapidly through all the parts of a town where he had spent years of his youth, after an absence of thirty years, I think he said, was admirable. He described the changes briefly, as he always spoke,—his utterance was always very bright and quick in speaking,

—but so vividly that it was impossible not to realise it all; and he turned with a brilliantly humorous smile, as he said—

"And I recognised the wine-shops where I had sat, not very often, it is true, but still now and then."

The rest of the visit was taken up with talk too personal to be recorded here. One flash of humour I must put down, however. He was telling our old friend, who does not know my parents, about them, and again the old smile flashed out as he said, with comic moderation, that my father had "taken a somewhat lively interest in the movement of 1848," and so had left Berlin. What I was so much struck with, even in this personal narrative, was the wonderful way in which he made it clear how every event followed either from the personality of the individual or from some definite cause. He even remembered and described most carefully the trivial reason, almost an accident, which had led my father, as a young man, to Scotland rather than to any other country; and this is illustrative of the genius which enabled him at once to see and to marshal all historical facts in their due order and proportion, in a way in which historical facts have never been ordered before.

He again charged me with messages about the English translation of his history. Like Goethe, he seemed to lay great stress on good translations. Two years before, he had once said to me—

"The English are very fastidious (*wählerisch*) about translation. It must be done well, and be homogeneous (*aus einem Guss*)."
And this time he said, "Tell the people (*den Leuten*) they know German, and they can also write good Eng-

lish ;"—then after a minute, "One must translate exactly (*wörtlich*) ; always."

He was much interested in a little project for bringing some of the less read German authors before a small circle of English hearers. "That is delightful. You English have a great deal of humour : you are very rich. But the Germans have a great deal of humour too ; everything is good that makes the two nations known to each other."

And with this thought I close. His last few words of personal kindness I cannot repeat here ; but it would seem to me as if I had, in some small measure, fulfilled his wish, and the wish of the best spirits in both countries, to "make the two peoples known to each other," if I had contributed a few small touches which may give life to the well-known outlines of his genius and his work. For his genius was great indeed, and his work was done for that commonwealth

which is the whole earth. He strangely realised Goethe's lofty poem. He achieved the impossible, brought order out of confusion, he chose and judged ; it was given to him to endow the moment with lasting life, to bind all that strays and errs to noble uses :—

"Edel war der Mensch
Hülfreich und gut !
Uermüdet schafft' er
Das Nützliche, Rechte,
War uns ein Vorbild
Jener geahnten Wesen."

His example and conversation truly taught those around him his own faith in those Higher Beings whom our souls dimly shadow forth, and his presence filled them with that humility which it is the province only of the highest love or of true greatness to bestow,—the most beautiful gift of one human being to another.

SOPHIE WEISSE.

ETON, June 1886.

BRITANNIA, 1886.

UPON her ocean-beaten throne she sate—
Britannia sate. Across the sobbing sea
Her gaze was turned to where the horizon far
Uttered its mutterings of storm. A gleam—
One pallid gleam—broke through the advancing cloud
Where tempest's vanguard blacked the wave and heaven.
'Twas that, not life, which sparkled in her eye;
'Twas that which lit the marble of her face,
Else smileless. Where her foot pressed heavy lay
Her sceptre's jewelled head, and on its stem
Rested her hand, but loosed of grasp and still—
Not as on wand of power, but battered toy
Of charm bereft, her fingers careless lay;
Was but light movement in her regal breast;
Might veiled her rigid countenance, but might
Of will repressing pain. . . . Long time she sate
Stony. The while the storm black-panoplied
Drew nearer. Never once upon her lip
Awoke the smile with which her wont had met
The storms of ages; never once a glance
Of fearless readiness brought back the hue
Into her grief-dulled eyes. Long time she sate,
Until the thunderous quake of storm shook rock
And throne, and in its graspless hold her hand
Felt that the sceptre shivered. Then her eye
Resumed its meaning and its living fire;
The steady tide of breath gave way, borne down
By one stern inrush, drawn through clenching teeth;
With sudden move she spurned the jewelled wand,
Which, clanking, cried unto the rock that took
Its helpless fall. High rode her head and calm,
And haughty o'er the storm within her breast;
Pain struggled with disdain upon her lips,
And vanquished died. . . . Her heaving form grew full:
'Twas as the shuddering earth keeps, striving, down
The force that seeks to rend it. Then her eyes
Filmed o'er with liquid glassiness, and words,
Half drowned at first, sobbed their way up; and clear,
Like one that speaks low unto storm, and storm

Listens, she spake: "Back! for ye shall not come.
Mine eyes shall never yield a gate to tears!
Disdain hath called you, idle fosterlings
Of weakness, and disdain shall hold you back!
Let tempests howl; Britannia fears not storm.
Fear never yet hath found e'en secret path
To make within the chambers of her heart
His noisome lair. . . . But they whose feeble grasp,
Laid on the helm of empire, lets the bark
Drift on to shipwreck—who are they, and whence?
For sons who had the will and strength that dare
To lead I held the sceptre, in whose breasts
Was kingly heart. And fling they unto storm
And surge their birthright? Then, fond toy, no more
I need thee,—hollow forms be nought of mine!
Falter who wills to falter; who hath thought
Craven, let him lie craven; who meet not
Duty of rule responsive, let them fail!
I will forget that they were born of me.
I will not think they nestled at my breast.
My love shall speak its blankness unto them
Through scorn of gaze, and unto their caress
Their mother's breast, their mother's arms, be stone."

FREDERICK W. RAGG.

MASWORTH VICARAGE, TRING.

THE VERDICT OF THE COUNTRY.

"THE present dissolution is the people's dissolution—the present election is the people's election." Such were the words with which Mr Gladstone commenced his electoral campaign in Edinburgh, and it is well to bear them in mind whilst we contemplate the results of the recent appeal to the country. The words themselves, indeed, are the veriest claptrap; and whilst the intention with which they were uttered is sufficiently obvious, the assertion which they contain will not bear investigation. A "people's dissolution" would seem to be a dissolution expressly demanded by "the people," or, to speak more plainly, one for which "the classes" and "the masses" (which constitute "the people") outside the walls of Parliament had been anxious on account of some decision which had been given by the House of Commons, presumably against the popular will. There is no pretence for alleging that such a state of things had come about when the late Parliament was dissolved. So far as any popular feeling had been displayed, the petitions presented to Parliament against the Home Rule proposals of the Government were enormously in excess of those in its favour; whilst the tone of the press, Liberal as well as Conservative, indicated no current of opinion which the most partial Gladstonian could have interpreted as friendly to those proposals. In the sense of this dissolution being an appeal to "the people" from the House of Commons, it may of course be called a "people's dissolution," but

only in exactly the same manner in which the term may be applied to every dissolution which has followed a similar defeat of a Ministerial bill. But, if the simple truth be told, this was as little of a "people's dissolution" as it is well possible to conceive. It was a dissolution demanded and obtained by an imperious party leader, because he had been unable to cajole or coerce into obedience to his own will a sufficient number of his followers to ensure a majority in a House of Commons in which those followers largely predominated. "*Sic volo, sic jubeo, stet pro ratione voluntas*," was a motto utterly repugnant to the constitution, the traditions, and the character of the Liberal party. Yet it was this motto which was inscribed upon Mr Gladstone's banner from the first commencement of the battle. The question under discussion was not only one of enormous magnitude, but one upon which the views propounded and embodied in the Prime Minister's Bills were in opposition to those entertained by every statesman of position and eminence during the present century. Moreover, they were views the reverse and opposite of those which the Prime Minister himself had been universally believed to hold up to December last, and which, without dissent or even comment upon his part, had been repudiated and denounced by his supporters from one end of the country to the other in the November elections. Yet the Liberal party was expected to accept those views and to swallow the Bills in which they were proposed to Parliament, as readily and as submis-

sively as if they had been asked to vote upon some detail of home or financial policy in which no principle was involved. Independence of thought and action has again and again been claimed by Liberals as the very foundation upon which their party exists; but this independence they were required to surrender, absolutely and completely, at the bidding of a man who had passed a large part of his parliamentary life in warring against them and their opinions, and who, upon a question of such vital importance to the country as was involved in the measures before Parliament, had not deigned to consult them before demanding their implicit obedience to new and startling doctrines, which had never before been accepted as articles of the Liberal creed. The power of the caucus was known to be great; the personal influence of Mr Gladstone was felt to be as wide as his will was indomitable; and the imputation of being a deserter from the ranks of party was one grievous to be borne, especially when felt to be undeserved. But neither Mr Gladstone, the caucus, nor the fear of unjust imputations could stifle or eradicate that independence which was threatened by these powerful agencies. In spite of all these things, ninety-three Liberals went into the lobby against the Prime Minister; and to revenge himself upon this band of patriots, and to prove the necessity of his own dictatorship to the Liberal party, Mr Gladstone had recourse to that dissolution which he dignifies with the name of "the people's dissolution," but which was in reality his own personal appeal against the independence of a House of Commons fresh from contact with the electoral bodies of the country,

and therefore presumably cognisant of "the people's" wishes, and who might fairly have been accepted as accurately representing the opinions of those who had returned them to Parliament. Whether Mr Gladstone would have done wisely or not to take this view, is a question which may be answered by the result of his appeal. The new House of Commons is one which he can hardly contemplate with satisfaction. The "Liberal Unionists," contemned, derided, abused, and threatened by the Prime Minister and his adherents, have come back, deprived, indeed, for the moment of some of their most able leaders, but with numbers scarcely reduced from their former strength: the Parnellites have held their own and no more; whilst several of the Irish polls bear witness to the strength of the party opposed to Home Rule in some of the most important counties in Ireland, and as a set-off against one Parnellite gain, two seats have been wrested from prominent Home-Rulers. Meanwhile, Gladstonian candidates have not only been worsted throughout the length and breadth of England, but in those constituencies in which they have held their own, their majorities of last November have been enormously reduced, and their few successes can almost all be traced either to special circumstances affecting the localities in which they have occurred, or to the Irish vote in constituencies where the organisation of Irishmen has enabled Mr Parnell and the other leaders of the "National League" to swamp the voice of the British electors by the votes of their obedient dupes. And yet, conclusive as may appear the reply which the electors of Great Britain have returned to Mr

Gladstone's appeal from the adverse decision of the late House of Commons, it will, upon close examination of the matter, prove to be even of a more emphatic character than would seem to be indicated by a casual glance at the results.

It must never be forgotten that the Gladstonian candidates, from one end of the country to the other, had possession of all that elaborate party organisation, to the maintenance and perfection of which their "Liberal Unionist" opponents had themselves materially contributed. Were proof wanted of this fact, it would be furnished by a reference to the exceptional case of Birmingham. There, the party organisation was, to a great extent, in the hands of the Unionists, and consequently the defeat of the Gladstonians was overwhelming and complete. But in every other case, the "Liberal Unionists" were a disorganised body of men, weighted with the imputation of being "seceders" from the party under whose banner they had hitherto fought, and upheld by nothing but the courage of their own conscientious opinions. Electors who had always voted on the "Liberal" side, were ready enough to vote for Gladstonian candidates who nominally adhered to their party, whilst accepting those Home Rule opinions which, so recently as last November, the leaders of that party had vehemently condemned. On the other hand, the rank and file of the Conservative party could less easily be brought to understand why they should support candidates who differed from them upon many important matters, merely because those candidates had been ostracised by their own party for

consistency with regard to a question upon which both parties had avowedly been agreed at the last general election. This difficulty it was which, in spite of the acknowledged loyalty of the Tory party throughout the country in refraining from opposition to "Liberal Unionist" candidates, stood in the way of the latter, and proportionably improved the chances of the Ministerialists. At the same time, Conservative candidates who were fighting the battle of the Union had, in many districts, much cause to complain of "Liberal Unionists," who contented themselves with abstaining from the poll, when their votes would have secured the victory of the candidate who held their views but did not belong to their "party."

Again, the supporters of Mr Gladstone had one great advantage over their opponents, in that, apart from any questions of politics, they had one leader to whom to look for guidance, one result to aim at—namely, the re-establishment of that leader's authority and the consolidation of his power as Prime Minister. The opposition, divided between the followers of Lord Salisbury, Lord Hartington, and Mr Chamberlain, could not but fight at a certain disadvantage, inasmuch as the views of the three sections into which they were divided were essentially different upon many points of political importance, and the complete triumph of either could hardly be regarded by the others with unqualified satisfaction. Still, in spite of all these obstacles, there was one bond which held all three sections together, and that bond has proved sufficiently strong to "break up, pulverise, and smash" the cohorts of their opponents. "The maintenance of the Union between Great

Britain and Ireland" has been that bond, and the feeling which has been evoked in its behalf is one of the most healthy signs of the vigour and intelligence of our electorate. So strong, indeed, and so patent has been this feeling throughout the constituencies, that our Gladstonian opponents have found it necessary to defend themselves by the feeble subterfuge of asserting that they, too, are "Unionists," and have not scrupled to adopt our watchwords and mottoes as a cloak behind which to conceal the weakness of their own cause, and escape the unpopularity of their real sentiments. Indeed, very early in the fray, the Prime Minister himself took the initiative in the endeavour, since so carefully copied by his followers, to cloud and mystify the minds of the electors by misrepresenting the real issues before the country. "We," said he, "are the true 'Unionists'—our opponents are only 'Paper Unionists';" and upon this string Gladstonian candidates have perpetually harped ever since. As any "Union" which was intended to be more than verbal must be inscribed upon some bill, charter, or other document, it would seem to follow that the term "Paper Unionist" would be equally applicable to any person who did not intend to abrogate the Union altogether; and this is so evident, that Mr Gladstone's newly invented war-cry failed to produce anything but a smile of contempt. The fact of its invention remains, however, and affords a proof that the Prime Minister had not failed to perceive and recognise the strength of the weapon which his Separation Bill had placed in the hands of his adversaries. The people of Great Britain did not and do not intend to allow Ireland

to be wrenched from themselves, or to be other than an integral part of their empire. They did not and do not understand a statesman avowing himself a true "Unionist" when he proposes a step which is undeniably in the direction of separation; neither do they comprehend the argument that, in restoring to Ireland a Parliament similar to that which existed before the Act of Union, and which that Act abolished, we should not be virtually repealing that Union, which, on the contrary, we are determined to maintain. The fact is that, in spite of Mr Gladstone's enigmatical utterances and mystifications, the electors have understood the issues placed before them a great deal better than he expected, and have fully realised the truth that those are not "Unionists" who loudly condemn and would virtually repeal "the Union." The determination of the British people to uphold the Union would probably have been sufficient to ensure the defeat of the Prime Minister at the polls, if the question could have been fully and fairly placed before the electors for their decision. But we are bound to say, that for any disadvantage which the Unionist cause experienced through the confusion of the issues by Mr Gladstone, and the doubts as to his policy to which the strangely diverse utterances of several members of his Cabinet gave rise, they had full and ample compensation in the behaviour of the Prime Minister himself during the progress of the elections. Mr Gladstone committed three of the grossest mistakes which it was possible for a man to commit, and repeated these mistakes again and again.

First, whilst the whole country was anxiously waiting to know

what were his intentions with respect to his two Bills, whether his Land Purchase scheme was to be pressed or dropped, and what was the actual policy which the electors were asked to support; Mr Gladstone, avoiding any clear exposition of his own policy, occupied himself with a futile attempt to misrepresent the opinions of Lord Carnarvon and the views of Lord Salisbury and his Cabinet, as if his own policy would have been made better or more popular, even if it had been the fact that Lord Carnarvon had entertained certain abstract views upon Home Rule which he does not seem, after all, to have entertained, or that he had led Mr Parnell to believe that he was more favourable to his views than appears actually to have been the case. There is something pitiable, we had almost said contemptible, in the sight of a Prime Minister neglecting the explanation or defence of his own policy at a crisis such as the present, and labouring to convict his opponents of inconsistency or something worse. The proceeding, to our mind, marks the littleness of the man's nature: to him this is not a great question, vitally affecting the interests of his country, and for her sake to be dealt with upon high principles, and reasoned out until the right course is discovered and adopted; it is only a conflict between political rivals, and if an advantage over an opponent can be gained by detecting in him an inconsistency or an indiscretion, the "old parliamentary hand" snatches at it with avidity, to the exclusion or postponement of other and more legitimate controversy. The particular point dwelt on by Mr Gladstone is so small in itself as to be hardly worth notice, if it were not for the

light which it throws upon the characters of the four men whom it principally concerns—namely, Lord Salisbury and Lord Carnarvon on the one side, Mr Gladstone and Mr Parnell on the other. The simple truth seems to be that, on going to Ireland as Viceroy last summer, Lord Carnarvon had an interview with Mr Parnell, as to the wisdom of which it is, of course, possible that there may be two opinions.

Lord Carnarvon's intention, however, as he has himself explicitly assured us, was simply to acquire information as to the wants and wishes of the party of which Mr Parnell was and is the acknowledged chief. Such information he deemed it his duty as Viceroy to obtain, and for this purpose alone consented to an interview with Mr Parnell of a totally unofficial character, and without any reference to the Cabinet of which he was a member. It is perfectly clear that during the conversation which took place at this interview, Lord Carnarvon not only made no sort of promise, but gave no such indication of individual opinion as could have justified the statement of Mr Parnell in the Home Rule debate, that he had been led to believe that a statutory Parliament in Dublin would be granted by the Conservative Government. The conversation was a private one between Lord Carnarvon and Mr Parnell; and we have, moreover, Lord Salisbury's word that before the departure of Lord Carnarvon for Ireland, they had discussed Irish policy together, and, to use his own words—"I thought it right to explain perfectly explicitly my opinions to Lord Carnarvon, and I told him that my objection—that was at the beginning of July—to an Irish Legislature was

so strong, that even if the Conservative party were to adopt it—which I considered quite impossible—I never would form part of any Ministry which proposed such a measure.” If, therefore, we are to believe Mr Parnell, we must suppose Lord Carnarvon, with a full knowledge of Lord Salisbury’s views, to have expressed an opinion directly contrary to those views, to have concealed and even misstated them in this celebrated interview, and afterwards to have totally misrepresented the purport of the interview and the nature of the conversation which took place thereat. Furthermore, in his place in the House of Lords, Lord Carnarvon, shortly before the dissolution of Parliament, expressly declared that he was “not favourable to the scheme of her Majesty’s Government.” And yet, in the teeth of these statements, Mr Gladstone has the effrontery (we can use no milder word) to telegraph to a Home Rule candidate in Glasgow: “I heartily wish you success in the cause which I visited Glasgow to support, *which Lord Carnarvon approved, and which even Lord Salisbury smiled on until beaten at the last election, when he changed over to the policy of enforcing special repressive legislation in Ireland for twenty years.*” One would have thought that “the force of—humbug—could no further go;” but, on the indignation of Lord Carnarvon being aroused by an insinuation, or something more, that he had been a “dismemberer” (and as such, of course, favourable to the Gladstone legislation), conveyed in a letter from the Prime Minister to Mr Tait, candidate for the Bordesley division of Birmingham, under date of June 29th, his lordship published a short letter, in which he stated that the inference drawn from his speech in the House

of Lords, that he had accepted Mr Gladstone’s policy, was “utterly unwarranted,” and protested against the misuse of his words “for electioneering purposes.” Thereupon Mr Gladstone waxed wroth, “would fain believe” Lord Carnarvon’s letter “not to be authentic,” and denies that what he had said was “for electioneering purposes.” The dignified rejoinder of Lord Carnarvon was hardly needed to convince the most casual observer that the reference to him in the Prime Minister’s letter would have been utterly pointless, unless it had been intended to depict him as a virtual supporter of the Government policy; and that a letter written to a candidate for parliamentary honours in the very heat of the contest, warmly wishing him success, and vindicating various points of the policy of which he was the champion, could hardly have been written without being intended, from one end of it to the other, for “electioneering purposes.”

The episode is instructive, because it affords one more proof of the straightforward honesty of Lord Salisbury, and, in the mind of every impartial man, completely vindicates him (if, indeed, the vindication was needed) from any suspicion of having ever entertained the question of a separate Parliament, or of having meditated that alliance with Mr Parnell which was so constantly and untruly imputed to him in the autumn by the more unscrupulous of the Gladstonian janissaries. It is instructive, moreover, as illustrating the danger of private interviews between high officials and persons in the peculiar and equivocal position of Mr Parnell. In the present instance one would have supposed that Lord Carnarvon might have known that, while it was

in the highest degree improbable that anything could be gained by an interview between himself and Mr Parnell, there was the strongest reason to believe that—apart from the undesirability of admitting to apparently confidential intercourse with her Majesty's representative, a man who had been imprisoned on suspicion of treasonable practices, and whose hostility to England was notorious—such a proceeding was certain to be misrepresented and misunderstood, and at the very least would tend to add to the reputation and authority of one who was little likely to use either in the direction desired by loyal subjects of the British Crown. Mr Parnell has endeavoured to impart an official character to this interview, and has founded upon it charges against Lord Carnarvon's colleagues to which they should not have been exposed.

No one who is capable of forming an impartial opinion will believe Mr Parnell's version of the affair in preference to that of Lord Carnarvon; but it is unfortunate that the incident should have occurred. It is well that, close upon the heels of this discussion, should have come Mr Parnell's deliberate denial of the use of certain words with respect to severing "the last link which binds Ireland to England," and the subsequent conclusive proof that those words were uttered by him at Cincinnati, and never until now contradicted. It is well, moreover, that in the teeth of the evidence which exists upon the subject, Mr Parnell should strenuously deny any connection with, or knowledge of, the American Fenian organisation; and it is well also that, in his account of this very interview which has

given rise to so much discussion, Mr Parnell should insist that Lord Carnarvon "gave" him, as one of the conditions of their alleged bargain, a Bill which, as it turns out, had actually passed the House of Lords before the interview took place. All this, we say, is well, because it enables the most simple mind to form an easy comparison between the veracity of Mr Parnell and that of the nobleman of whom he has striven to take such an unfair advantage.

But whatever may be the opinion formed with regard to the conduct of the other parties concerned in this controversy, there can be no doubt as to that of Mr Gladstone. He has not hesitated for one moment to adopt the view of Mr Parnell, to treat as worthless the statement of two British noblemen on the other side, and to assume and adopt the view which, for the moment, appeared likely to obtain for him some party advantage. We say advisedly "for the moment," because misrepresentation and unfairness invariably recoil upon those who condescend to the use of such weapons, and the present instance will form no exception to the general rule. To use the words of 'The Times' of June 28 upon this point—"Mr Gladstone has not been ashamed to repeat at second-hand, in almost every speech he has made, assertions for which not a particle of evidence has been produced, and which men of unquestioned honour declare to be false." We repeat that this systematic misrepresentation of his opponents, as a means by which to confuse the minds of the electors, and to conceal from them the true issues before the country, has been a frightful mistake upon Mr Gladstone's part, and has materially

assisted those against whom it was directed. Doubtless it has operated to the advantage of Gladstonian candidates in some localities, and especially in those wherein the name and reputation of Mr Gladstone still carry weight. But even in such places, light will gradually dawn upon the mind of the electoral body, and that name and reputation will cease to operate as powerfully as heretofore, when it is found that, for the purposes of party warfare, they have been lent to statements which are contrary to truth, and have been used to bolster up a cause which could not be defended on its own intrinsic merits.

The second mistake which Mr Gladstone has committed in his campaign is one which it is really surprising to recall. The unmeasured violence—the cruel bitterness—with which he has attacked those members of the Liberal party who have been so unfortunate as to differ from him, have not only been unjust, but impolitic in the extreme. One would have thought that, considering the whole circumstances of the case, Mr Gladstone would have been only too tenderly anxious to gather back into the fold those who, with much personal regret, and in some instances at no small personal sacrifice, had wandered from it. They were men among whom were comprised representatives of every section of the Liberal party. Many of them had been among his most zealous and consistent supporters in past days; one, indeed, against whose honesty and integrity of purpose no word had ever been breathed, was the man who had stepped into the breach when Mr Gladstone himself scuttled away from his defeat in 1874, and who, by his steady, wise, and discreet leadership of the party,

had rendered possible and paved the way to that victory of 1880, of which Mr Gladstone himself reaped the fruits. Yet, because upon one subject which, however great its importance, had never been submitted to or considered by the Liberal party in any tangible or definite form, these men refused to take the particular course commanded by the Prime Minister, they were to be dubbed, forsooth, “seceding Liberals,” and ostracised by those in whose ranks they had loyally fought upon every question in which “Liberal” principles had been involved. What had these men done or left undone, that they should deserve this harsh measure to be meted out to them? They had refused to vote for the second reading of a Bill which was avowedly to be withdrawn as soon as the second reading should have been carried. The gross unfairness of Mr Gladstone in this matter has never been sufficiently exposed. During the late election—so far as anything definite respecting his policy could be obtained from him—he declared that the Bills were practically dead, and that the principle of a statutory Parliament for Ireland was the question which was before the country. But before the division in the House of Commons which brought about the dissolution, Mr Gladstone was urged to withdraw his Bills and submit to Parliament a resolution embodying this very principle as being the principle which was embodied in that Home Rule Bill upon which the division was to be taken. This he distinctly and positively refused; and therefore what the House of Commons had to decide was not the assertion of any principle in an abstract shape, but whether they would accept or reject the second reading of the

Home Rule Bill. It was easy enough for Mr Gladstone to hint that the Bills might both be reconstructed, whilst at the same time he declined to promise that such should be the case. But what would have been the position of any member who voted for the second reading? Supposing that the identical Bill, without any alteration or reconstruction, had been reintroduced next October, he would have found it impossible to vote against it without being subjected to a charge of inconsistency which it would have been difficult to meet.

Mr Gladstone might explain and refine, confuse and mystify as he pleased, but to the mind of ordinary men it would appear that a man had no right to oppose in October precisely the same Bill which he had supported in June, and any man who had done so would have been placed in a difficult and far from enviable position. Therefore it was that some Liberals who were not averse to legislation in the direction indicated by the Prime Minister, though resolute in their objection to certain portions of his Bill, found themselves obliged to oppose the second reading. Yet all who did so have been subjected to the same severe condemnation,—all have been treated as traitors and deserters, and the full vials of Gladstonian wrath have been discharged upon their devoted heads. It is not surprising that Mr Goschen should have been selected for special attack by the Minister whose inconsistencies and inaccuracies he had so pitilessly exposed. It is with shame, indeed, that we mention the name of Mr Goschen—shame for Scotland, and shame for Edinburgh, that the offence once committed against Macaulay, and so often regretted, should have been repeated in the

case of one of the most fearless, most honest, and most acute politicians of the day. We feel sensibly that the disgrace has fallen, not upon Mr Goschen, but upon Edinburgh; but we confess that we feel no surprise at the vindictive effort made by Mr Gladstone to displace an antagonist who had perhaps done more than any other man to expose the weakness of his position, and the fallacies by which he attempted to support it. But what shall we say of the opposition to Lord Hartington, the suggestion of which came from Mr Gladstone, and which, but for that suggestion, would probably have been spared? It is well known that Lord Hartington has felt, deeply and keenly, the separation from Mr Gladstone which he has found to be a necessity. It has been stated, moreover, without contradiction, that Lord Hartington expressed himself strongly against the annoyance of a contest being inflicted upon Mr Gladstone himself, and discouraged those who might have been disposed to make the attempt. Such generosity should have been reciprocal,—and so it would have been, if there had been in both men that nobility of nature which is so conspicuous in Lord Hartington. Such, however, was not the case. Instead of discouraging opposition to Lord Hartington, Mr Gladstone's words (though doubtless, as usual, susceptible of several interpretations) seem to have had precisely the contrary effect; and immediately after the Manchester meeting at which he emphatically declared Lord Hartington to be "an adversary," an opposing candidate entered the field, though only to receive the ignominious defeat which his ungracious temerity so richly deserved. We do

not envy Mr Gladstone's feelings on receiving the tidings of his henchman's discomfiture; but we confess that we envy still less the spirit with which he penned the telegram in which he spoke of the disgraceful rejection of Mr Goschen as an act by which the capital of "dear old Scotland" had "shaken off her chains,"—as if the election of the nominee whom he had himself so strongly recommended against Mr Goschen were not something far more nearly approximating to the binding on of chains, than the rejection of a thoroughly independent candidate to the shaking off of such ligaments. It cannot be a pleasant reflection to Sir George Trevelyan that the leader whom he had served so faithfully, and quitted, upon this one question, with such reluctance, should have thought it necessary to telegraph his conviction that in rejecting him "Scotland in the Border burghs" had "nobly done her duty"; nor can Mr Courtney feel flattered at his former chief's reply to the question whether he would have preferred that his (Mr Courtney's) seat should not be contested: "If I had twenty votes, I would give all the twenty against the man who votes against Ireland and our Irish policy." This reply, by the by, is an admirable comment upon the assertion of Mr Shaw-Lefevre, who, in his ungraceful and impertinent visit to Rossendale in opposition to Lord Hartington, accused the Unionists of dividing the Liberal party by opposing Gladstonian candidates. "The boot is on the other leg;" for assuredly it was not only the Gladstonians and the "caucus" who threw the first stone, but Mr Gladstone has kept up a continuous shower of small pebbles throughout the whole period of the

general election. Indeed, attacks upon the leading "Liberal Unionists" have not been sufficient to allay the ardour of the impetuous Prime Minister. He has gone out of his way to assault and to insult every Liberal who, in however mild a form or manner, had refused absolute submission to his dictatorship. That this is no exaggeration may be proved by the report of Mr Gladstone's proceedings at Carlisle, where Mr Ferguson, the sitting member, and usually a loyal supporter of the Prime Minister, had voted against the Bill, but had stated in his address that he should "be ready to support any measure of Home Rule for Ireland which is safeguarded by conditions such as those laid down by Lord Hartington in his recent address. Should the Bill, as reintroduced by Mr Gladstone, fulfil these conditions, I should have much pleasure in supporting it."

Here then, apparently, was an assent to that principle of Home Rule which Mr Gladstone had declared to be the actual question before the country, and here was a candidate evidently anxious, if possible, to rejoin Mr Gladstone. One would have supposed that conciliation would have been uppermost in the Prime Minister's bosom; but Mr Gladstone's "conciliation" is only for disaffected Irishmen. Upon his return from Scotland, he leaped out of the train as soon as it reached Carlisle, declared that Mr Ferguson had asked him "to degrade and disgrace" himself, and to "walk into the gutter"; and as if this language was not coarse enough for the occasion, he proceeded to declare (without any foundation for the assertion) that Mr Leatham had retired from Huddersfield "because he did not choose to be returned by Tory

votes," but that "it appears that Mr Ferguson is not quite so particular, and that provided the vote is given right, he *does not mind what it smells of.*" Then, after some more offensive language of the same kind, the Prime Minister made an earnest appeal to the working men to reject Mr Ferguson, and seems to have continued his exhortations to this effect until the onward motion of the train brought them to a close. The result of this interference was the retirement of Mr Ferguson, whose respect for the Prime Minister can hardly have been increased by the incident. The case of Mr Rylands had a different termination. Mr Rylands was, and is, one of the most consistent Radicals in the House of Commons. But Mr Rylands valued his independence, and, disapproving the Home Rule Bill, voted against it. Thereupon Mr Gladstone tells the people of Burnley, "our old friend Peter is gone to the bad;" the "caucus" start a Gladstonian of local influence to contest the seat with their old member; and Mr Herbert Gladstone visits Burnley, where he informs the world that he has lately been assisting "in driving nails into a good many political coffins," and that he hopes that he has driven "the longest nail of all into the political coffin of Mr Rylands." It will be observed that the language of the Gladstones, father and son, is not of the choicest; and the people of Burnley do not seem to have appreciated the nail-driving propensities of the youthful Herbert. They returned Mr Rylands, though by a small majority; and Mr Caine, whom Mr Gladstone had accused of having "deplorably misrepresented" him, on grounds which to the ordinary observer appear slender in the extreme, gained

a complete victory over his Gladstonian opponent at Barrow.

We might multiply the cases of personal attacks upon Liberal Unionists, but perhaps one of the least creditable is that which was directed against Mr Jesse Collings. It will be remembered that Mr Jesse Collings was the mover of that amendment to the address, upon the subject of labourers' allotments, of which Mr Gladstone—who but a few months before had most emphatically condemned all such amendments to the address—took advantage to turn out Lord Salisbury's Government and establish himself in office, since which time the labourers, and apparently Mr Collings also, had been forgotten by Mr Gladstone. But Mr Collings joined with Mr Chamberlain in his opposition to Home Rule. Therefore Mr Gladstone addresses an earnest letter to Mr Tait, who was opposing Mr Collings in the Bordesley Division of Birmingham, and therefore Mr Gladstone sneers at "a certain Mr Jesse Collings, who was the author of the policy of three acres and a cow, a policy which he (Mr Gladstone) did not share." It is not our business to condole with members of the Liberal party when insulted by their late chief, or to deplore that widening of the breach in the Liberal ranks in which he has been so assiduously engaged, but we regret to see a statesman with a great reputation descending to such littleness; and we repeat that this has been the second great mistake which he has made in his conduct of the electoral campaign.

The third mistake has perhaps been the gravest and grossest of the three. We allude to the attempt to obtain a victory in the elections by an appeal to the masses of the people, as if they had some interest

separate from, and opposed to, that of the rest of the community. Of this action of Mr Gladstone's, Mr Goldwin Smith thus writes in forcible words: "I have seen the American demagogue at his worst, and when the ordinary passions of faction were further inflamed by the fury of civil war; but never did I witness so deliberate an attempt to set class against class, and to poison the heart of society for a party purpose, as has been made by the Prime Minister in the present campaign." There are few sober-minded men who will not endorse these words, and heartily join in condemning the iniquitous course which Mr Gladstone has pursued in this matter. If it has not succeeded in kindling an evil spirit among the masses of the people, it is only because their own good sense and intelligence has seen through and despised the contemptible motives with which it has been attempted. One great safeguard of our British constitution has been the non-existence of any broad and well-defined line of demarcation between class and class. The middle class is constantly recruiting the upper, and simultaneously receiving recruits from the class below itself, and thus there has been engendered a mutual sympathy between all classes, which has tended greatly to the advantage of the general community.

It would be difficult, indeed, to explain and define Mr Gladstone's distinction between "classes" and "masses." Where does the one stop and the other begin? We know well enough that when Mr Gladstone telegraphs to the Warwickshire electors that, "if Warwickshire does not wish *dukes and earls to overrule the nation and wreck its fortunes*, they will return

the Liberal candidates," he is uttering the most absurd and puerile nonsense, rendered none the less so by the fact that the Gladstonian candidate in the next division of the same county happened to be at that very moment, not "a duke or an earl" indeed, but the son of a marquis, which is not far from the same thing. When, again, Mr Gladstone tells the Duke of Westminster that his support of the Conservative candidate at Chester is "a fresh blow at the aristocracy," we console ourselves with the reflection that Lords Rosebery, Spencer, and Wolverton have probably palliated the blow by using their influence with tolerable activity upon the Gladstonian side. But the attempt to stir up an antagonism between class and class is none the less wicked and shameful because it has signally failed. Few will now be found to dispute the failure, or to contest the assertion that, with few exceptions, the constituencies in which the "working classes" predominate have returned Conservatives and Unionists. We are not fond of troubling our readers with statistics, but with regard to this particular point it may be well to call attention to the fact that in the metropolitan constituencies, which return (exclusive of the University of London) 62 members, 51 Conservatives and Unionists now represent a population of 3,299,267, with an electoral body of 423,075 persons, whilst only 11 Liberals are returned, representing a population of 724,615, and an electoral body of 85,479. Moreover, it can hardly have been "class and the dependents of class" who have achieved such results in some of the most densely populated districts of the metropolis, nor can the same forces have possessed such mighty in-

fluence in the large towns in other parts of England. Yet, taking towns with over 50,000 population, including districts of towns having in the aggregate a larger population, we find that whilst 44 Gladstonian candidates are returned for such places, representing a population of 2,589,450, and an electorate of 429,625, there are on the other hand 65 Conservatives and Unionists, with a population of 3,592,865, and an electorate of 562,090. Figures might be multiplied and localities named which would prove beyond the possibility of doubt that the verdict of "the masses" has gone against Mr Gladstone. No reasonable person will believe that "class and the dependants of class" have had any influence in the decisions of the large towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Yet, especially in the former county, the Unionists have triumphed, and it is notorious that in Manchester and several of the thickly populated county districts around it, in Liverpool, and in several other constituencies in which Gladstonians have obtained seats, their success has been entirely due, in the first place, to "the Irish vote"; and in the second place, to the abstention of "Liberal Unionists," who could not screw up their resolution to vote for a Conservative, though they refused to support his opponent. Indeed, had the "Liberal Unionists" had better organisation, and had they been able to throw "party" aside altogether upon this great question, the rout of the Gladstonians, great as it has happily been, would have been still more overwhelming and complete. Nor has this rout been confined to any one part of the country. With his usual consummate self-complacency, Mr Glad-

stone informs us, in another of the celebrated telegrams from Hawarden, that "Wales and Scotland have seen their duty" (i.e., to support him!) "quickly. England will have to learn hers, but it will be more slowly and painfully."

Yet in neither Wales nor Scotland have the elections been totally unsatisfactory to those who regard them from the point of view of a loyal Unionist. Wales, indeed, which returned to the last Parliament 19 Gladstonians, 3 Conservatives, and 8 Liberal Unionists (one of whom absented himself from the Home Rule division), now sends up 23 Gladstonians, 4 Conservatives, and only 3 Liberal Unionists, but in several instances the contests have been ominously close; and it must be remembered, not only that the Radical and Nonconformist element in Wales has doubtless been influenced by other considerations than those connected with Home Rule, but that the old national feeling of Welshmen has been carefully and craftily excited by a comparison between their own condition and that of Irishmen, and an assumed similarity between the wants and wishes of both.

Scotland, however, can hardly be regarded with unalloyed satisfaction by Mr Gladstone. True, he has gained three or four seats, and that, we must allow, by his own strenuously exerted personal influence. If, however, we except the seats of Mr Goschen and Sir George Trevelyan, against both of whom a "dead set" was made by the whole Gladstonian clique, the other division of Edinburgh in which the electors elected to hug "the chains" with which Mr Gladstone has fettered them, and at his bidding to reject their inde-

pendent representative, and the seat at Leith which he so ungraciously snatched for himself, we can regard the rest of Scotland with something more than equanimity. If the Scotch Liberal Unionist phalanx has fallen from 23 to 17, that of the Conservatives has risen from 10 to 12; and amongst the seats occupied by the opponents of Home Rule are the important counties of Argyshire, Ayrshire, Dumbartonshire, Forfarshire, Roxburghshire, Wigtownshire, Bute, half the divisions of Lanarkshire and Perthshire, and three out of the seven Glasgow seats. Moreover, in the majority of contests in which Gladstonians have been returned against Unionists, it has been upon a smaller poll than in November, and by a majority greatly reduced. So that, after all, "dear old Scotland" has not "seen her duty" so completely as Mr Gladstone could have wished; or, as we should rather put it, there are not wanting evidences that the glamour which this extraordinary man has succeeded in throwing over a large portion of the inhabitants of Scotland has begun to pass away, his influence is on the wane, and the common-sense of our fellow-countrymen is advancing towards a legitimate appreciation of the tortuous and unsound politician whom they have so long followed. We are of course unaware of the reasons which Mr Gladstone may give for the evident strength of the Unionists in Scotland. We do not doubt, however, that there will be no diminution of that strength in the time to come. "Class and the dependants of class" are here out of the question, as much as in the large centres of population throughout England. It is "the masses" who have decided the election, or rather, the

majority of the masses, ranged on the same side as that which has been espoused by at least four-fifths of the cultivated intellect and intelligence of the country. It has been the same in all those great parliamentary contests in former days, of which Mr Gladstone untruly tells us that "the masses" have been opposed to "the classes," and the former have always been right. Of course the truth is, that in every one of these cases the educated classes have been divided into supporters or opponents of the measure under discussion, each striving to win "the masses" to its own side; and when one or other party has succeeded in obtaining the assent of the preponderating public opinion, it has naturally triumphed. To describe such contests, natural and inevitable in the history of every free country, as a contest between different ranks of society, nicknamed "classes" and "masses" for the purpose of the moment, is a travesty and falsification of history totally unworthy of a British statesman.

What, then, is it which the country has really decided by the verdict just recorded? First, that it will have no separate Irish Parliament; secondly, that it will have no more of Mr Gladstone. Let us say a word upon both heads. One of the false issues which the Gladstonians have assiduously laboured to put before the country, has been an issue peculiarly fraught with mischievous consequences. Again and again they have declared, "the difference between us and our opponents is not one between 'union' and 'separation': we are all 'Unionists'; but whilst they are so only in name, we desire a real union—a union of love and sym-

pathy, instead of that 'Paper Union,' which, Mr Gladstone tells us, was obtained by fraud and force." No statement could be more misleading or untrue. There is no party in this country which does not honestly desire that the union between Great Britain and Ireland should be founded upon mutual love and sympathy between the populations of the two countries. But, as usual, Mr Gladstone and his imitators are incapable of stating a case without obscuring and confusing it. A union between the people of two countries and an Act of Union are two separate things, which may or may not exist at one and the same time, but between which there is no incompatibility. The Act of Union, passed in 1800, was the legal and technical form of creating a state of things under which it was believed that both countries would receive benefit, and that therefore the people of each would be drawn more closely towards the other. When the Gladstonians declare that they do not desire to "repeal" the Union, whilst at the same time they propose to establish in Ireland a Parliament such as that which the Act of Union abolished, it is evident that they are only playing with words, and that it is virtually a repeal of the Act of Union which they propose.

Indeed, if it were not so, to what purpose the unmitigated abuse which Mr Gladstone, in speeches, letters, and telegrams, has poured upon that Act of Union and all concerned in passing it? Nothing is more extraordinary, in the whole course of this strange and exciting contest, than the manner in which Mr Gladstone has dealt with the historical part of the subject. It would appear as if he had never read Irish history until after the

general election of last year, and that since that time he has read only a partial and partisan account of the same. Moreover, he would seem to have entirely ignored all the attempts at remedial legislation which have been made since the passing of the Act of Union,—the removal of Catholic disabilities, the improvement of the law in many respects, and the desire to do justice to Ireland which has certainly for more than fifty years past been conspicuous in British legislation. All this seems to have been forgotten and ignored by Mr Gladstone in his eager attempt to justify the anti-English feelings of his new Parnellite allies. To do this he is constrained to go back to the period of the Act of Union, and in connection therewith he bespatters his own country and countrymen with abuse which, even if deserved, would ill become the voice and the pen of a true patriot. But is it so certain that the abuse is deserved? If the Act of Union—which Mr Gladstone still professes that he does not wish to repeal—has worked well; if, under its auspices, the condition of Ireland has improved, and salutary measures have been obtained from the British Legislature which have tended to the advancement of her material prosperity,—it would be doubtful wisdom in a statesman to condemn such a measure, after it had been in operation for eighty-five years, not for any defects in its working or results, but on account of the manner in which it was passed.

If we are to begin to revise our history after this fashion, the task will be one of no ordinary magnitude, and with no possible result which can be satisfactory to those who undertake it. The ways of our forefathers were not always as

our own ways are, and good results may have been achieved by questionable means in more than one instance. But if the results be good, to what purpose to question the means at this time of day? If the results have been bad, say so boldly, and act upon your belief. But to abuse the means by which the Act of Union was passed, to condemn the measure itself, and yet to profess that you do not desire to repeal it, is not an honest proceeding. Mr Gladstone's abuse is indeed unlimited, but his views may be summarised by an extract from his letter to Mr George Leveson-Gower, the defeated Gladstonian candidate for North-West Staffordshire. "I am amazed," he says, "at the deadness of vulgar opinion to the blackguardism and baseness—no words are strong enough—which befoul the whole history of the Union. It is an open question in my mind, whether, if this folly lasts, *the thing may not in the end contribute to repeal, which I should greatly regret.*" We hardly know which most to admire in this "elegant extract": the shameful words (and these, forsooth, not "strong enough,") which Mr W. E. Gladstone applies to the legislation of William Pitt, or the cool contempt with which he speaks of the verdict of the "masses" (whom but the other day he besmeared with flattery), as "vulgar opinion." Another extract is too rich to be omitted, this time from a letter to Mr Philip Stanhope, the successful candidate for Wednesbury. "Your father" (Lord Stanhope), says Mr Gladstone, "would have stigmatised as it deserves *the infamous history of the Union*, had it fallen within his period; I have the strongest belief that his loyalty to truth and equity would have placed

him on our side." Unfortunately for Mr Gladstone's "strongest belief," it turns out that Lord Stanhope, in his 'History of the Reign of Queen Anne,' pp. 281-284, whilst treating as calumnious the charge of bribery against the members of the Scottish Parliament, goes on to say: "Exactly the same allegation, *and on just as flimsy grounds*, was, on the occasion of the Irish Union, a century afterwards, brought against the members of the Irish Parliament." The fact is, that Mr Gladstone, reading Irish history, not as an impartial critic, but as a passionate partisan desirous of wresting therefrom some arguments in favour of his new policy, has fallen into errors which have caused him to put forward as undoubted truths several statements which are at best questionable, and others which are directly contrary to the truth. Thus, in writing to the Liberal election agent for East Denbighshire, Mr Gladstone, speaking of the allegation that the Irish were "never content," goes on to say: "No; nor would you be contented if you had been oppressed as they have; *above all, if after having had a Parliament of your own for five hundred years and more*, you had then had it taken away by a mixture of violence and corruption, at the Union which disgraces the name of England, and is nowhere else to be found in its history." It is really almost time that this fiction of an Irish Parliament was exposed. It is a mere farce to speak of such assemblies as those which existed in Ireland before "Grattan's Parliament" as in any sense free Parliaments at all. Up to the passing of Poyning's Act in 1495, they were merely the instruments of faction in the hands of

the great lords, to break up whose power, and to strengthen that of the Crown, was the main object of Poyning's mission. From that time forwards the so-called Irish Parliaments were little more than conventions of British settlers, called together at the will of the English monarch to register his edicts, and with little practical power of their own. The time for calling such Parliaments together varied; so did their place of meeting and the number of the members, which was 76 in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and 300 from 1692, in which year the Parliament was summoned after an interregnum of twenty-five years. If, indeed, the Parliament of Ireland was of the character which Mr Gladstone would seem to wish us to believe, what becomes of the exaltation of "Grattan's Parliament," which was only called into existence in 1782, and the establishment of which was hailed as conceding that "independence" which the Irish Parliament had hitherto never possessed? That concession was accepted by the "patriots" of the day as a "final settlement," and thanksgivings were offered up "that no constitutional differences could ever again take place between England and Ireland." Unfortunately differences soon made their appearance, the difficulties incident to the coexistence of two Parliaments in the same kingdom became more and more evident, and the Rebellion of 1798 proved the necessity of some further measure to consolidate the strength of the loyal population in Great Britain and Ireland. The assertions as to the "fraud and force" by which the Act of Union was passed do not rest upon unquestioned evidence, and are certainly much exaggerated at best;

whilst Mr Gladstone's repeated statements that the measure was one "which all Ireland detested," and the exceptions to which detestation "might almost be counted upon your fingers," are contrary to historical truth. It is quite true, doubtless, that "the Protestants detested it even more than the Catholics," because this "Grattan's Parliament," which it is the fashion to extol so much to-day, was a Protestant and Orange Parliament. For that very reason the Catholics of Ireland were by no means unanimous in their opposition to the Union; but from Cork, Waterford, Limerick, Wexford, and other places, petitions were presented in favour of the measure. Mr Gladstone has the hardihood to sit down and compare the passing of the Act of Union to the Massacre of St Bartholomew, and says that "a more base proceeding and a more vile proceeding is not recorded upon the page of history."

The truth is, that although the first proposals for a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland were certainly received with hostility by the Irish people—the Protestants fearing the loss of their ascendancy, and the Catholics to a great extent holding aloof—it is certain that opinions underwent a great change after the matter had been fully discussed; and a large number of Catholics supported the measure, in the full expectation and belief that, from the justice and wisdom of the Parliament of Great Britain, they would obtain the removal of those disabilities which they could not expect from the Irish Parliament. And although it is true that this removal was not obtained at once, yet no one can deny that, gradually and certainly, religious equality has been

granted since the Act of Union, and that no religious grievance can now be said to exist in Ireland. Nor should it be forgotten that this equality has been established, and disabilities have been removed, upon the faith of the maintenance of this very Act of Union which Mr Gladstone now vilifies. It was easier and safer to make such concessions to men who formed a minority of the people of Great Britain and Ireland, all fellow-citizens upon an equal footing, than it might have been to do the same with regard to the same people with an independent Parliament of their own, and constituting a large majority of the constituents of that Parliament. In fact, there is no anti-Irish feeling in Great Britain save that which Mr Gladstone has recently excited by his attempts to separate the two peoples. The English Unionist, be he Liberal or Tory, desires for his Irish brethren a full measure of justice and an ample share of prosperity. He considers, however, that the true friends of Ireland are not those who appeal to a spurious nationality, which really never existed as separate from that of England, but those who wish to unite England, Scotland, and Ireland together in a common nationality.

With his usual inconsistency, Mr Gladstone tells us in one breath, that British measures come to Ireland "clad in a foreign garb," and in the next, quotes Sir John Davis to prove that, even as long ago as 1612, "the majority of the people of Ireland are descended from the British race." If we are all sprung from the same race, those are no patriots, and no true friends either to Great Britain or Ireland, who introduce or adopt this attempt

to inculcate the idea that Englishmen and Irishmen are to regard each other as "foreigners." Surely it is a better heritage for an Irishman to hold that he should be one of a great nation, his country fully represented in the national legislature, and he himself on an equal footing with all other subjects of the Queen, rather than that he should be for ever taught to hanker after a separate nationality which can bring him neither sentimental satisfaction nor material assistance. Such lessons have been too often taught him by agitators who have sought to use him for their own purposes, but he has never benefited one atom by their teaching. And now, when the issue has been fully and fairly tried, and the vast majority have pronounced against the establishment of a second Parliament in these islands, Irishmen will be wise if they refuse to be led by the nose any longer, but, accepting the verdict of the British people, and recognising the friendly feeling which induces us to desire to hold together as fellow-citizens of one great empire, set themselves against all attempts to disturb the verdict which has been so emphatically pronounced. The people of Great Britain have made up their minds, and there can be no doubt as to the verdict which they have given.

We have said that the second decision at which the country has arrived is, that it will have no more of Mr Gladstone. Indeed we are aptly reminded of the simile employed by Mr Gladstone himself in his last speech at Liverpool, wherein he likened Ireland to the old man who clung to and gripped the neck of Sindbad the sailor, to the great detriment of the latter. There is another "old man" of whom England has the same complaint to make, and

who has for many years past wound his legs around her neck, to her vast disadvantage and to the imminent peril of her greatness. Emphatically the verdict of the country has been against this individual. There can be no mistake about it. The one issue which the electors had more clearly than any other before their eyes was that of confidence or no confidence in Mr Gladstone. To every appeal against the wisdom, good sense, consistency, or patriotism of his proposals, came the same answer from his supporters as that of the insensate mob who once shouted for the space of two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" "What is good enough for Mr Gladstone is good enough for me," said one candidate to whom were wanting more lucid reasons for his support of Home Rule. "Gladstone" was the shibboleth of the party—"Gladstone" was the golden image before which every Liberal was to bow down; and in proportion to the greatness of the position claimed for the Prime Minister is the magnitude of the fall which he has experienced. He went into battle a powerful Minister: powerful not only by reason of his position, his ability, his eloquence, and his experience, but because a man who, at the age of seventy-seven, could display the marvellous vigour and undaunted courage, which his most bitter opponent cannot refuse to acknowledge, carries with him a recommendation to the British public which is not to be undervalued. Indeed the personal exertions of Mr Gladstone would have gone far to achieve victory, had they not been more than counterbalanced by the badness of his cause, and the unfortunate and culpable direction in which they were employed. It is with deep re-

gret that we use such words, but the truth must not be concealed. Never has there been a Prime Minister in England who has so betrayed his party and his country. He tells us, forsooth, that "never since Home Rule was started fifteen years ago have I once condemned it in principle," and yet, during the greater part of that time he remained the colleague and chief of men who utterly condemned Home Rule, and was the Minister under whom the most repressive laws ever adopted by Parliament were put in force against men whose crime was the development of their Home Rule opinions. He was understood by the Liberal party and the country to ask last year for a majority to resist Mr Parnell, and as soon as he found that majority insufficient, he abjectly surrendered to the man whom the country wished to resist. Up to December last, no party in Great Britain worthy of mention had been or had any idea of being in favour of Home Rule.

It was reserved to Mr Gladstone to make use of the power and the organisation which had been intrusted to him for very different purposes, to lead into the enemy's camp all who were weak enough and blind enough to trust him; and thereby, though he has been unable to stifle or overawe the real voice of the country, to enormously increase the difficulties of the position for those who follow him. Never was country so wronged; never party so misled; never Minister so degraded in the eyes of honourable men. We are ashamed to dissect and criticise the utterances of the Prime Minister—by word of mouth, by letter, and by telegram—during the recent election. We have already alluded to his misrepresentations of his

opponents (persisted in after clear and emphatic contradictions), his ill-judged and ill-conditioned attacks upon "Liberal Unionists," and his perversion of historical transactions to suit the party purpose of the moment. We have omitted another palpable breach of good taste, good manners, and good faith. He deliberately wrested from their plain and evident meaning Lord Salisbury's words respecting the enforcement in Ireland of that ordinary law which, for the safety of society, is enforced in every other part of her Majesty's dominions, and publicly declared that Lord Salisbury's "plan" was "to ask Parliament for new repressive laws, and to enforce them resolutely for twenty years," proclaiming that this was the only alternative plan to his own, and endeavouring to brand Lord Salisbury as the apostle of coercion as opposed to that "conciliation" which he, the Minister who, according to the 'Irish World,' had "persecuted and scourged Ireland more ruthlessly than any British ruler of the present century," had suddenly adopted as his latest novelty in parliamentary proposals.

Unfortunately for Mr Gladstone, the British people, easily deceived, it may be, by brilliant displays of oratory, by the exuberant professions of noble and lofty sentiments, and by the skilful dexterity with which an old parliamentary hand can manipulate questions so as best to serve his purpose, loves truth and fair-play above all things, and does not easily forgive a departure from the one or the neglect of the other. Mr Gladstone has been treated with a marvellous confidence by a generous people. That confidence he has abused, and, unfortunately for him, he has been

found out. During the battle which has just been fought, the politician has suffered even less than the man. A politician may be mistaken; but his mistakes, if honestly made, will be condoned. But the man who has descended to the arts which Mr Gladstone has employed during the last month can never again command the confidence of those who have watched the game. The bubble has burst; the collapse has been complete; the image of Dagon has fallen on its face, and all the power of the official Philistines will never be able to replace it upon its pedestal. We are too careful for the fame of British statesmen not to regret that so great a career should have met with so discreditable a termination. Yet to those who have followed that career with care, such a result can hardly have been unexpected. The Liberal politicians—there is scarce one who deserves the name of statesman—who remained in Mr Gladstone's Cabinet after his sudden conversion to Home Rule, have sunk, one and all, in the estimation of the public, but the fall of none has been so great as that of the chief himself. And yet, even in his fall he maintains a characteristic arrogance of assertion and contempt for truth which is really remarkable, and which should not pass unnoticed. He assumes that he is on the side of "the masses," when "the masses" have unmistakably pronounced against him; and he calmly claims that "the civilised world" is on his side, when not only the culture and intelligence of Great Britain, but that of every other country in friendly alliance with our own, has condemned alike his projects and his policy. Well would it have been for Mr Gladstone if he had retired after his discomfiture at the general elec-

tion of 1874, or at least had declined to take office when the tactics and good management of Lord Hartington had secured a Liberal majority in 1880. For now, having ruthlessly divided the Liberal party by his new departure in Irish policy, there seems nothing left for the defeated chief of the Separatist faction. He may, it is true, try his hand at that obstruction which one of his more vulgar and unscrupulous adherents has already announced to be the proper work of the beaten Radical party in the new Parliament. This, however, would be a still further degradation which we should be sorry to anticipate; and moreover, it is to be hoped that any attempts at such a contempt of Parliament would be promptly met and nipped in the bud by the united Unionists. The best friends of Mr Gladstone would rather suggest that he should at length consent to listen to "the voice of nature," which, as he has already informed us more than once, "cries loudly for repose." He has long since earned the right of retirement, and such a course, now that the electoral body has so clearly declared against him, would be at once the most dignified so far as he is concerned, and the most advantageous to the country. There might, indeed, be some little difficulty in selecting a leader from among the second-rate crew with which his late Cabinet was manned; but such difficulties soon settle themselves. This, at least, need not trouble Mr Gladstone, or interfere with his natural wish to retire. His game is played out; his hold upon the people has been deservedly forfeited; and although he will leave behind him a great financial and rhetorical reputation,

these, alas! will be eclipsed in the minds of loyal men by the recollection that, of all the statesmen of the present or any other century, he alone it is who, for his own ambitious purposes and to secure a party triumph, called in question vital constitutional principles, and brought us within perilous proximity of the disruption of the empire.

It is perhaps premature to speak of the Ministerial changes which must follow the defeat of the Separatist Government. We fear that the old spirit of party still stands in the way of the formation of such a Cabinet as might otherwise be formed from among the eminent statesmen who are at one upon the great question on which the country has been consulted. The vast majority of sensible and moderate men would be well satisfied to see Lord Hartington and his followers in that close alliance with Lord Salisbury which would enable the two leaders to sit in the same Cabinet. They have fought side by side during the late battle; the same principle has sustained and animated their forces; the same object has been before their eyes, and has been attained by their joint exertions. That object should still unite those who have done and dared so much to achieve it. The country will have great reason to complain if the Unionist majority just returned to Parliament should belie its own name by becoming disunited. Its enemies are active and unscrupulous. No art and no device will be spared by them to convert their minority into a majority by mooted points upon which Conservative and Liberal Unionists differ, and making the most of those differences. To counteract such strategy, and moreover to resist

and put down obstruction, we require that our majority should be united. By no means can unity be so well secured as by an official alliance—that is, by the joint occupation of office by the best men of both sections of Unionists. There may—nay, there must—be points upon which a Cabinet so formed must “agree to differ.” But as Mr Gladstone has forced forward the Irish question into its present prominent position, agreement upon that question may well be sufficient to constitute a bond of union upon which a Government may be formed and may continue until an equitable settlement has been secured. We regret to believe that there are difficulties in the way of the formation of

such a Government. We earnestly wish that those difficulties may still be removed. On general principles, moderate men in both political camps are in reality so nearly of one mind, that there can be no reason why they should not unite; and even if this were not the case, the danger from which we have just so narrowly escaped, and with a return of which we are still threatened, should awaken the patriotism of us all, and lead us to at least a temporary oblivion of party names and party watchwords, so that we may all unite in the earnest and cordial support of principles upon the maintenance of which depend the welfare and safety of our country.

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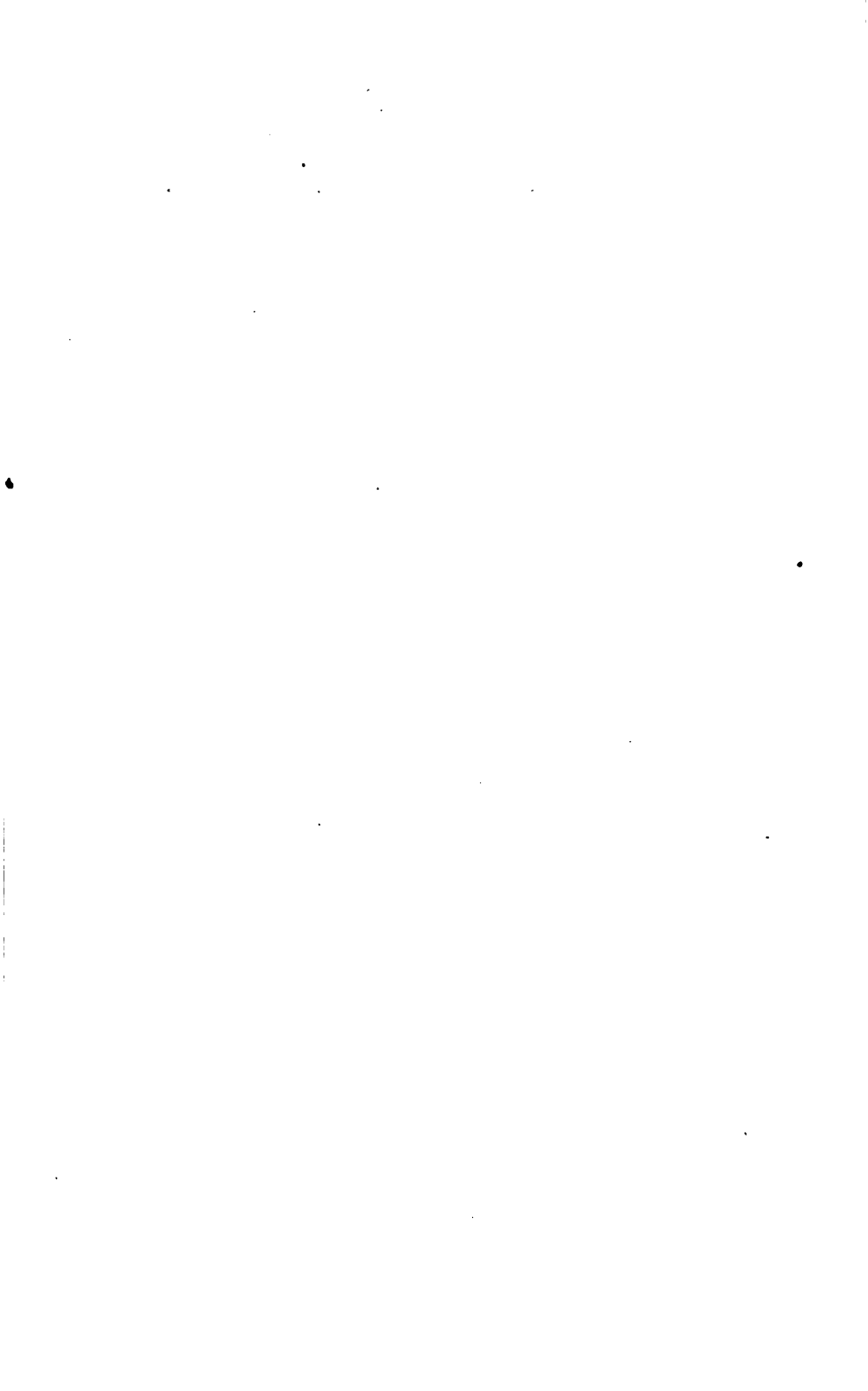
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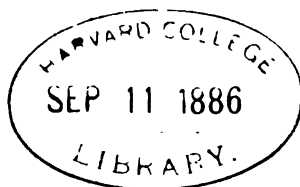
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THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

NO. I.

LETHINGTON AND THE LAMMERMUIR.

WILLIAM MAITLAND of Lethington, one of the most remarkable Scotsmen of the sixteenth century, was born about the year 1528. The accurate and industrious David Laing says generally that he was born some time between 1525 and 1530; and we may therefore conclude that the date can be only approximately determined. If he was born in 1525, he was forty-eight years old when he died; if he was born in 1530, he was not more than forty-three. A brief life, according to either reckoning; but one into which much was crowded.

The country of the Lammermuirs is the country of the Maitlands. They owned the lands that lie between the upper waters of the Leader and the Tyne,—their old keep of Thirlstane being built upon an affluent of the Leader—the more modern Tower of Lethington rising from a conspicuous

plateau on the Tyne near Haddington. Some fifteen or twenty miles of a rough moorland track lead from the vale of the Leader to the vale of the Tyne. It is a country with a character of its own; and the pedestrian who traverses these bare high-lying valleys, while the mists of an autumnal morning are driving round the Lammerlaw, will not readily forget the impression they make. Even now it is a place where the characteristics of the solitary sheep-walks of the Border dales, as interpreted by Wordsworth,—“the sleep that is among the lonely hills, the silence that is in the starry sky,”—are appreciated with exceptional vividness. There is nothing Alpine about the scenery,—it would be absurd to associate the mountain glory and the mountain gloom with these unromantic uplands. The rocks which dip

into the sea at Fast Castle and St Abb's Head are very grand; but of course, regarded simply as scenery, they have nothing in common with the inland range to which they truly belong. Yet the pastoral solitude of the region is not unimpressive. From Tollishill to Yester—ten miles as the crow flies—there is not a shepherd's hut. The tramp who misses the track in winter or early spring, may be lost for days. The snow lies deep, and the mists—the easterly “haar,” to which a range that skirts the shore of the German Ocean is peculiarly exposed, as well as the true mountain mists—are blinding. From the summit of the Lammerlaw one-third of Scotland lies at our feet; but there are comparatively few points of vantage from which a distant view can be obtained. To the eye of a stranger, indeed, nothing can be more confusing than this intricate network of valleys, this convolution of glens, this vast billowy plain, where the waves rise and fall in soft and tender lines, and one rounded summit succeeds another with almost wearisome iteration. The only token of human life on their bracken-covered sides is the occasional sheep-pen—which, however, when empty and deserted, seems somehow to add to the loneliness of the surroundings. What sounds there are serve only to deepen the impression of absolute quietude,—the croak of a raven, the whir of the moorfowl, the wail of whaup and plover, the bleating of the sheep.

The hill-country of Lauderdale even to-day is seldom explored. There are probably a hundred glens which are not visited once a year, except by the shepherds. Others where grouse are sufficiently abundant may be shot over about the Twelfth of August for a week. The birds, however, on these low-

lying moors (the Lammerlaw itself is only 1700 feet above the sea) are shy and wild, and after the first day or two quite unapproachable. Such a district as I am describing must have been—three hundred years ago—wellnigh impenetrable. From Soutra to Penshiel there was one track only across the hills which a horseman could ride. The slopes of the Lammermuir were at an early period dense with forest, and populous with game. In a manuscript history of one of its moorland parishes, the author observes that the names of the properties were mostly taken from those of the wild animals that used to haunt them. It was “a place which of old had great woods, with wild beasts, from which the dwellings and hills were designed, as Wolfstruther, Roecleugh, Hindside, Hartlaw, and Harelaw.” The wolf and the forest had possibly disappeared before Lethington was born; but, even apart from savage animals and primeval thickets, it is obvious that during an unquiet and turbulent reign, his native valleys must have been well suited for concealment and defence. Within a day's ride of the capital, the sanctuaries of the Lammermuirs, sparsely peopled by clansmen whose fidelity was absolute, were specially convenient to a statesman who had many enemies. We hear, indeed, on more than one occasion, that the Secretary is “in hiding among the hills.”

Thirlstane—the modern Thirlstane of the Earls of Lauderdale—stands within a mile of the curious old burgh of Lauder, where a system of land-tenure virtually amounting to peasant-proprietorship has existed for many hundred years. It seems to have worked fairly well,—than the burgesses of this secluded community, a more thriving, thrifty, well-to-do set of Scotsmen are hardly to be met with

this side the Atlantic. The Maitlands, quitting the cradle of the family in a neighbouring strath, appear to have latterly appropriated the burgh fortalice of Lauder. The central tower of the original fortress still remains; but first the Chancellor—William Maitland's brother—and then the Duke, adapted it to the more refined requirements of modern life. The park, through which the Leader winds, is finely wooded; one or two of the trees—a noble sycamore, a still nobler ash—are of immense age; but the famous bridge, over which “Bell-the-Cat” and his brother nobles hanged the unlucky favourites of James III., has been removed. There are many pictures of the Duke,—pictures in which the story of swift deterioration may be plainly read; a lovely Countess by Gainsborough or Romney; another delicate and winning face by a French artist; all the Earls for two hundred years; and three or four portraits of undoubted antiquity, which are said to be those of William Maitland and his brother. A strong family likeness runs through them all; the character of a politic and powerful race has impressed itself upon their faces. It may be doubted, however, whether any entirely authentic portrait of William Maitland is in existence; that in ‘Pinkerton,’ which is said to be taken from the Lauder portrait, is a manifest caricature of the original; on the other hand, an engraving in the ‘Iconographia Scotica’ reproduces with tolerable fidelity one of the portraits in the Great Hall. The black velvet robe is trimmed with fur; the broad white collar is richly laced. The hair is of a delicate auburn,—so are the eyes, which are almond-shaped. The nose is long and peaked; the lines of the mouth, partly covered by the

pointed moustache, are strong and masterful. There is nothing severe or sinister about the face; one feels, indeed, that it might become on occasion keenly sarcastic; but for the moment the air of absolute composure, of an almost sluggish masterfulness, is complete. The curiously arched eyebrows remind one of the Mephistopheles in Retsch's outlines; and the expression of repose, the accentuation of languor, is perhaps only a trick of the diplomatist, who, while seemingly inert and incurious, follows with instinctive vigilance every feint of his adversary. So the matter stands. We cannot positively affirm that any portrait of William Maitland has been preserved; but even if it could be demonstrated that the Secretary did not “sit” to the artist, it is quite possible (the family traits, as I have said, being so persistent and indelible) that we have a good deal of “Lethington” in this really admirable bit of work by an earlier Jamesone.

The surroundings of the old keep of Thirlstane, in the adjoining dale, will appear familiar to those who know the Border landscape of the late George Harvey. There is the long shoulder of the pastoral hill, patched with heather and flecked with sunshine; the brawling mountain torrent hurrying down to meet the Leader and the Tweed; the strong square tower, with its immemorial ashes and knotted and twisted thorns, perched on the high table-land which rises steeply from the water-edge; the rounded backs of the Lammermuirs along the northern sky. Of a summer evening, when, though the sun has set behind “Eildon's triple height,” daylight still lingers in the west, and flushes the zenith, it is difficult to imagine a scene more peaceful, or in some aspects more pathetic. Save for

complaint of curlew and plover, the silence is unbroken, and the haunting fascination of the Borderland may then be felt at its best ;

"The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

When we stood the other day within its crumbling walls the cuckoo and the corn-crake were calling. The corn-crake and the cuckoo are not exactly modern inventions. They must have been vocal in the valleys when robber-chiefs dwelt here among armed retainers, and vigilantly watched the rough and dangerous track that led across the hills from the Scottish capital to the Northumbrian moors. We associate these sounds with utter peacefulness and the sweet amenities of the spring ; what associations did they stir, what feelings did they rouse, in the breasts of the freebooters of the Border ? The whole environment of our life has so completely changed, that it is wellnigh impossible to realise to ourselves, even imaginatively, the conditions, moral, intellectual, and physical, of that fierce and turbulent society.

But Lethington is the ancestral seat that is most closely associated with William Maitland. It is probable that he was born within the old tower ; there his boyhood and early manhood were passed ; the "Politician's Walk" is still pointed out by the local antiquary ; his friends in Haddington and elsewhere knew him as "the young Laird" ; in all the diplomatic correspondence of the age "the Lord of Lethington" is a famous and familiar name. To Cecil, to Elizabeth, to Norfolk, to Mary Stuart, "Lethington" was the synonym for the gayest wit and the keenest intellect in Scotland. The hill-country is close at hand ; but the castle stands on the plain,—the

fertile Lothian plain that lies between the Lammermuir and the sea. The great central tower of the "Lamp of Lothian"—the Abbey Church of Haddington—and the great square keep of Lethington, are the two historical monuments of the district where John Knox and William Maitland were born. They have stood the wear and tear of centuries ; many centuries will pass before they cease to be landmarks.

The castle of Lethington is perhaps the finest existing example of a kind of building which united enormous strength with entire simplicity. There is some little attempt at ornamentation about the roof ; the rain is carried off through the grinning mouth of griffin or goblin ; half-a-dozen narrow windows and narrower loopholes pierce the walls at irregular intervals ; but otherwise the precipice is sheer—no shelf or ledge breaks the fall. From the flat plain, this prodigious piece of simple, massive, monumental masonry rises like a natural rock. The walk round the battlements is as the path along a sea-cliff. The fine park is thickly wooded ; but a broad, straight, grassy avenue, twice the breadth of the castle, has been cut across the forest,—somewhat formal, like the approach to a French chateau,—through which a delightful glimpse of green fields and winding rivulet and purple moorland is gained. The interior for three centuries or more can have undergone little, if any, change ; the kitchen, the great hall, the bedrooms, the vaulted roof, the winding staircase in the wall, the arms of the Maitlands above the doorway, are in perfect preservation. Before the introduction of artillery, such a fortress was virtually impregnable. When the owner had closed and barricaded the one massive oaken door on the

ground-floor, the waves of war beat around it in vain.¹ Life inside the walls, to be sure, must have been somewhat flat and monotonous; but the roof protected by its stone balustrade was always open to air and sky, and formed probably the favourite lounge of the imprisoned inmates. Built midway of a gentle slope facing the Lammermuir, the view from the highest turret is extremely fine. The towers of the Abbey Church, indeed (the Abbey lying to the north in the shallow basin of the Tyne), are not in sight; but from east to west the billowy sweep of wooded knoll and yellow strath appears wellnigh illimitable. Coalston and Salton, Yester and Whittinghame—places renowned in history and legend—are near at hand. So are Soutra and the Lammerlaw. The capital itself (or the heights in its neighbourhood) may once have been visible on a clear day; but on *that* side the spreading branches of a circle of venerable limes now rise above the roof.

Lethington has passed away from the Maitlands, and the name of the great historical mansion is not to be found on the map. The Duke sold it to the cousin of a famous hoyden,—the saucy and frivolous Frances Stewart of De Grammont's scandalous chronicle. It is said, indeed, to have been virtually given to him by the spoilt beauty after she became Duchess of Lennox,—Lord Blantyre being a poor man, the purchase-money was advanced to him by his cousin. Hence the fantastical modern name—Lennoxlove. Thus also it comes about that the

heirlooms of the Maitlands are to be found, not at Lethington, but at Thirlstane; and the only picture of much interest on the walls is that of Frances Stewart herself, painted by Sir Peter for the Duke.

"Fife and the Lothians" was then the political heart of Scotland; and Maitland was lucky in being born within twenty miles of the capital. No fitter birthplace, indeed, for a Scottish statesman could have been selected. The Lauderdale Maitlands, it is true, did not rank with the great governing houses of Hepburn or Hamilton or Hume; but, though commoners themselves, they were allied by marriage with the nobility of Lothian; the family was now prosperous and powerful; and their lineage was not undistinguished.

Before the Leader joins the Tweed, it passes the hamlet of Earlstoun,—Earlstoun being the modern corruption of Ercildoun. Thomas the Rhymer is a somewhat shadowy and unsubstantial figure, and modern scepticism treats his prophetic utterances with scant respect. But even the historical iconoclast does not venture to impeach the authority of the feudal conveyance which has been duly recorded, and charters granted by or to the Laird of Ercildoun are still in evidence. That the poet was married is another fact which has been fully established; and his wife, if the unbroken tradition of Lauderdale may be accepted, was a daughter of the then knight of Thirlstane—the ancestor of William Maitland.

¹ The author of a 'Diurnal of Occurrents' says that the castle was burnt by the English on 15th September 1549. "Upon the 15th day thereof the Englishmen past out of Haddington, and brunt it and Leidington, and past away without any battell, for the pest and hunger was richt evil amangst them." The damage, however, could not have been great.

I do not know if this knight of Thirlstane can be identified with the "auld Maitland" who is the hero of a well-known ballad recovered by Sir Walter Scott from the recitation of Mrs Hogg—the venerable mother of the Ettrick Shepherd. This Sir Richard was the owner of Thirlstane during the war of independence, and his obstinate defence of the old castle, judging from the fragments that remain, must have furnished a popular theme to many a Border minstrel. Among the romantic figures dear to the common people commemorated by the Bishop of Dunkeld, "Maitland with his auld beard grey" occupies a prominent place. According to the ballad, the English army under Edward, after harrying the Merse and Teviotdale, "all in an evening late," came to a "darksome house" upon the Leader. The darksome house was Thirlstane, where a grey-haired knight, in answer to Edward's summons, "set up his head, and crackit richt crouselly." He had got, he said, his "gude auld hoose," from the Scottish king, and he would keep it as long as it would keep him, against English king or earl. The siege lasted for more than a fortnight; but each assault was repulsed; and at last auld Maitland was left "hail and feir" "within his strength of stane." The king was bitterly mortified; and when at a later period he met young Maitland abroad, the face of the stern old father—"Sic a gloom on æ browhead!"—still haunted his memory. "For every drap o' Maitland blude, I'll gie a rig o' land." The young Scottish soldier was nowise loath to accept the invitation; and when he had got the representative of "the auld enemy" fairly under foot, he gave him characteristically short shrift.

"It's ne'er be said in France, nor e'er
In Scotland when I'm hame,
That Englishman lay under me
And e'er gat up again."

Between this Sir Richard, whose exploits were "sung in many a far countrie, albeit in rural rhyme," and the Sir Richard of Mary Stuart's Court, the figures of the successive owners of Thirlstane are somewhat dim and undistinguishable. A William de Mautlant of Thirlstane joined the Bruce, and died about 1315. His son, Sir Robert Maitland, who, on 17th October 1345, had a charter of the lands of Lethington, fell next year at the battle of Durham. John, the son of another William, married Lady Agnes Dunbar, daughter of Patrick, Earl of March—March was one of the greatest of the great earldoms—and died about 1395. Then Robert Maitland of Thirlstane was in 1424 one of the hostages for James I. William Maitland, the father of the later Sir Richard, and the grandfather of Queen Mary's Secretary, married a daughter of George, second Lord Seton, and fell at Flodden. It is plain from this brief retrospect that for several hundred years the ancestors of "Lethington" had held a considerable and distinguished place among the great county families of the Merse. The name, moreover, had been intimately associated with some of the most stirring events in the national annals. We need not wonder, therefore, that the second Sir Richard should have prided himself—as he did—upon his descent. He was "dochter's son" of the noble house of Seton; and he "collectit, gaderit, and set furth" with keen enjoyment the records of that gallant race. But he was probably thinking of the untitled gentlemen who had lived at Thirlstane on the

Leader—son succeeding father in an unbroken line for many generations—when he wrote, with pardonable complacency, in the prologue to his history,—“For we see some men, barons’ and small gentlemen’s houses, which began before some of the said great houses (now decayed), and continued all their time, and yet stands lang after them in honour and sufficient living.”

Of this Sir Richard—the famous father of the more famous son, whose life I have undertaken to write—a good deal of information through various channels has come down to us, and may here be pieced together. He was ninety years old when he died in 1585; so that he must have been born four or five years before the close of the fifteenth century. He succeeded to the family estates in 1513; and about 1521 married Mariot Cranstoun, the daughter of the Laird of Crosbie. They had seven children—three sons and four daughters. Both Sir Richard and Lady Maitland attained extreme old age,—the wife dying on the day her husband was buried. During his long life he held high office in the State,—Keeper of the Privy Seal, Commissioner to England, Senator of the College of Justice. He was, according to the poet who wrote his epitaph (Thomas Hudson, “the unremembered name of him”), “ane worthy knight, baith valiant, grave, and wise;” and the eulogy was not undeserved. His “steadfast truth and uncorrupted faith” had never been impugned

either by friend or foe.¹ Enemies indeed he had none; both factions respected and trusted him; the counsel of the “unspotted and blameless” judge was always in request. James VI. observed, on his retirement from the active duties of the bench, that he had served with unswerving fidelity, “our grandsire, gudsire, grandame, mother, and ourself;” so that Sir Richard must have been in the public service in one capacity or other for upwards of sixty years.

It was a wild and stormy time; and the man who, in high office during sixty of these troubled years, was permitted to lead a simple, studious, tranquil, and, for the most part, uneventful life, must have been exceptionally fortunate, as well as constitutionally prudent. Several months of each year were of course spent in the capital; but Lethington was his favourite residence. He loved the quiet of the country. There he collected his poems; there he planted; there he gardened. The apple still prized as “the Lethington” was, it is said, introduced by him from abroad. A contemporary poet has painted with cordial sympathy, and no inconsiderable skill, the characteristic attractions of the old keep. Let Virgil praise Mantua, Lucan Corduba; but the excellence of Lethington—its massive tower, its walls exceeding strong—will be *his* theme. He can keep silence no longer; he must “put furth his mind,” as he says, with natural quaintness. How

¹ Knox indeed asserts in his reckless fashion that Maitland was bribed to allow Cardinal Beaton to escape from prison in 1543. “But at length by buddis given to the said Lord Seaton and to the old Lord of Lethingtoun, he was restored to St Andrews, from whence he wrought all mischief.” Sadler and Arran must have known who were implicated; but, though they talked the matter over, Lethington’s name does not occur. “Then he told me”—Sadler writes, reporting his conversation with the Regent,—“then he told me—swearing a great oath—that the Cardinal’s money had corrupted Lord Seton.”

delightful it is to gaze from the wide roof over fair fields and woods; to see Phœbus rise from the Lammermuir, or at nightfall "to hear the humming of the air and pleasant even's sound!" The arbours, the flower-beds, the orchard green, the "alleys fair, baith braid and lang," which he praises, are still preserved; but the lands have passed away from men of "Maitland blude"; even the historic name has been stupidly and foolishly discarded; and one fears that the bard's inquiry—

"Who does not know the Maitland
blude,
The best in all the land;
In whilk some time the honor stude,
And worship of Scotland?"—

would not now receive, even from the dwellers on the soil which Sir Richard owned, any clear or articulate response. It is only a hundred years ago since Pinkerton was able to assure his readers that Barbour's 'Bruce,' Blind Harry's 'Wallace,' and Sir David Lindsay's poems "might be found in modern spelling in almost every cottage in Scotland." I imagine that, out of the libraries of the learned and curious, not half-a-dozen copies could now be produced. The new democracy appear to have absolutely no interest in the story or ballad which was the delight of their fathers and grandfathers. We have—wisely or unwisely—made a clean sweep of the Past.

A great calamity overtook Sir Richard at a period of his life which cannot now be precisely fixed. We know, however, that before Mary returned to Scotland

he was *blind*. The loss of sight to a man of his tastes must have been a severe privation; but he bore the affliction with characteristic calmness and cheerfulness. Fortunately it did not incapacitate him for active life,—he continued to occupy his seat on the bench, which he did not definitely resign, as we have seen, till within a year or two of his death. In the country he must now, however, have been comparatively helpless. Field sports were out of the question, and even his trees and flowers had possibly ceased to interest him. "I am visited with such infirmity," he says, in the preface to the 'History of the Setons,' "that I am unable to occupy myself as in times past. But to avoid idleness of mind, and because in these days I think it perilous to 'mell' with matters of great importance, I have among other labours gathered and collected the things set forth in this little volume." By "other labours" he probably alludes to what ultimately became his engaging occupation—the cultivation and collection of verse. The Maitland Manuscripts preserved at Cambridge are worth far more than their weight in gold—are in fact invaluable; for had they not been preserved, much of the early poetry of Scotland would have been irretrievably lost. Mary Maitland was his favourite amanuensis (she wrote with admirable distinctness and legibility, besides being a bit of a poet herself); and thus—father and daughter seated at the window of the Great Hall which looks out on the Lammerlaw—months, and possibly years, were pleasantly and profitably spent.¹

¹ The Scottish Text Society are about to republish the Cambridge MSS. A facsimile of a page from the folio Maitland MS. in the Pepys Collection in Magdalen College will be found in the third volume of the 'Facsimiles of the National Manuscripts of Scotland' (No. XXVI.), which also contains two pages from the quarto MS. in the beautiful handwriting of Mary Maitland (No. LXXII.)

Sir Richard's own verses—not as poetry indeed, but as records of the time—are interesting and valuable. They confirm the agreeable impression of his character which we otherwise obtain. The writer was not a man of any exceptional insight or brilliancy; but his sincerity, his shrewdness, his fine sense, his good feeling, his homely honesty and rectitude, are disclosed on every page. The passion¹ of the Reformation does not appear to have touched him. In a fanatical age he was fair; he was tolerant at a time when toleration was held to be a mark of the beast. A good deal of the liberal spirit which distinguished the son is found in the father. Though latterly a staunch Protestant, he had no patience with the “fleshly gospellaris,” as he calls them, who though most godly in words were loose livers, and who, though in all other things they acted “maist wicketlie,” yet held themselves to be the true servants of God, because they called the Pope Antichrist, and the Mass idolatry, and ate flesh on Fridays. There is a fine passage in the ‘History of the Setons,’ where, after recording the benefactions of Jane Hepburn to the church of Seton, he continues: “Peradventure some in these days will think that building of kirks, giving of ornaments thereto, and founding of priests, are superstitious things and maintenance of idolatry, and therefore not worthy to be put in memory. But who will please to read the histories and chronicles

of all countries will find the conquest of lands, the moving of wars, and the striking of fields and battles most written and treated of,—howbeit the said conquests and doings proceeded of most insatiable greediness, and most cruel tyranny, against all law both of God and man. And since things unlesom as these are written to the commendation of the doers thereof, may I not set forth such works as, through all Christendom, and with all the estates thereof, were held of greatest commendation and most godly? How they pleased God, I refer to Himself who sees the hearts and intentions of all creatures. At the least it shows the liberal and honourable heart of the doers thereof, who would rather spend their geir and goods upon such visible and commendable acts than hoard and poke up the same in coffers, or waste it upon unlawful sensuality or prodigality.”

We are constantly told that the principles of civil and religious liberty were unfamiliar to the men of the sixteenth century, and that toleration, liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and thought, were plants of later growth. But such a passage as this (and there are many similar passages, for instance, in the contemporary letters of William the Silent) seems to show that the idea was not so unfamiliar as it is said to have been, and that the reformers who attached civil and ecclesiastical penalties to “unlicensed thinking” sinned wilfully, and against

¹ The *hysterica passio*, we might say, when such an incident as this was possible: “There chanced a duel, a single combat, betwixt James Hepburn of Moreham and one Birnie a skinner in Edinburgh. They were both slain and buried the morning after. Hepburn alleged and maintained that there was seven sacraments; Birnie would have but two or else he would fight. The other was content with great protestations that he would defend his belief with his sword; and so, with great earnestness they yoked, and thus the question was decided.”

the light. And if we are to accept Sir Richard's deliberate judgment—the impressions of a singularly sober and judicial observer—we are tempted to question how far the new order of things, as a reformation of morals, was a real advance upon the old. Much of the literature of the age, at least, seems to support the contention that there was little immediate amendment of life, and that, in some respects indeed, the ultra-Calvinistic revolution did more harm than good. It was natural, of course, that the liberation of the fresh and ardent activities which were everywhere at work should be attended by occasional outbursts of anarchy and licence; and too much validity must not be ascribed to complaints which were perhaps unconsciously exaggerated. The preachers ultimately succeeded in stemming the tide. Open sin as well as innocent gaiety were proscribed; but the Puritan was not victorious for nearly a century; and if Scotland had been content with such "reasonable reformation" as Sir David Lindsay and Sir Richard Maitland advocated, it is possible that his aid might have been entirely dispensed with. The religious debauch has been followed—once, and perhaps more than once, in our history—by the inevitable reaction.

Sir Richard's complaints are very specific, and are so far borne out by much contemporary evidence. Where is the blitheness that hath been? he inquires. The popular festivals and merrymakings are forbidden; the old familiar and kindly relations between the laird and his dependants have ceased to exist. Justice cannot be administered; the great men come to the bar with "jak of steel," and overawe the judges. The thieves of Liddesdale are

more truculent than ever. Both the temporal and spiritual estates are "soupit in sensualitie"; and, in spite of the pretended reformation, at no former time were vice and crime more prevalent,—pride, envy, dissimulation, on the one hand; theft, slaughter, and oppression of the commons on the other. Ruth and pity are banished. The peasantry had been well treated by the kirkmen; but since the teinds and kirk-lands have been appropriated by lay lords they are utterly wrecked—having been either evicted from their holdings, or ruined by monstrous rents and oppressive services. The commons were profitable to the common-weal; what is to come of the land, he asks, when none are left to defend it? But though the honest hind is ruined, the money which has been wrung from him is recklessly thrown away on unprofitable luxuries. New-fangled fashions are spreading among the wealthy traders. The furred cloaks of the wives and daughters of the citizens are made of the finest silk—their hats are "cordit" with gold, and "broidered" with golden thread—their shoes and slippers are of velvet.

It may be said that these are the complaints of an aristocratic grumbler, who had no very warm attachment to the new order and the new men; but the language used by the preachers of the Reformed Church themselves was just as vehement. The General Assembly which met at Leith in January 1572—twelve years after the Reformation had been completed—was opened by an address from the Reverend David Ferguson; and it is tolerably obvious, from the unqualified terms in which he denounced the prevailing ungodliness and immorality, that up to that time no

amendment had been observed by those most closely interested. "For this day Christ is spoiled among us, while that which ought to maintain the ministry of the Kirk and the poor is given to profane men, flatterers in Court, ruffians and hirelings; the poor in the meantime oppressed with hunger, the kirks and temples decaying for the lack of ministers and upholding, and the schools utterly neglected." If he had been brought up in Germany, he continues, "where Christ is truly preached, and all things done decently and in order," and then should have seen "the foul deformity of your kirks and temples, which are more like sheep-cots than the house of God," he could not have believed that there was "any fear of God or right religion in the most part of this realm." "And as for the ministers of the Word, they are utterly neglected, and come in manifest contempt among you;—whom ye mock in your mirth and threaten in your anger." This spirited discourse was printed at St Andrews in 1573, and was approved by Knox, who "with my dead hand but glad heart" praised God that "in this desolation" such light was still left in His Church. It is clear, indeed, that Knox himself, in his latter years, was profoundly dissatisfied with the fruits of the Reformation. His influence had declined; he was very lonely: "Jezebel" had been cast out, and the preachers were victorious; yet somehow the Church did not thrive.

One of the most interesting of Sir Richard's poems is addressed to his eldest son—"Counsel to my son being in the Court." It was written about 1555,—soon after William Maitland had entered the service of the Queen-Regent. He entreats his son to be neither a

flatterer nor a scorner; but to treat all men with equal courtesy and gentleness. He warns him against "playing at the carts,"—unless, indeed, for pastime or inconsiderable stakes. Though he should rise to the highest place in the government, he is to remember the instability of fortune, and walk warily. He is not to seek prematurely for advancement; experience steadies the judgment—and it is well not to be over-confident in a world which is as changeable as the moon or the sea. He is to follow a consistent course,—be not blown about, he says emphatically, by "winds of all airts." And above all he is to be true in thought and deed to the Queen, caring at the same time for the poor man, and maintaining justice and right. One is not quite sure, when reading this poem, how far the old laird understood or appreciated his brilliant son. After the Secretary's death, Sir Richard wrote to Elizabeth to assure her that he did not approve of all that William Maitland had done. But upon the whole, the relations between father and son, from first to last, appear to have been entirely cordial. There was a good deal, indeed, of the incalculable about the younger man, and Sir Richard may occasionally have felt as the mother hen feels when her duckling takes to the water. This liking for an unfamiliar element is, we may fancy, a constant source of surprise and disquietude to the maternal mind; and Lethington's brilliant audacities may sometimes have been misinterpreted by his father—as they were by others.

All Sir Richard's sons were men of extraordinary force of character; even Thomas, who died young and who is remembered mainly as one of the learned controversialists in Buchanan's celebrated symposium

—‘De Jure Regni apud Scotos’—must have been a remarkable man. He is the reputed author of a *jeu d’esprit* printed in Calderwood, which for its ironical force and grave simplicity is not unworthy of Swift or Defoe. It professes to report the speeches which were delivered at an informal meeting by the leaders of the extreme party in Church and State on the proposal that Moray should accept the crown. The peculiarities of each of the speakers—Knox, Lindsay, John Wood, James Macgill, and the rest—are hit off with entire fidelity; and the grave tone of an impartial reporter is preserved with whimsical decorum. The preachers were very angry; they denounced the anonymous author and his “forgery,” as they called it, with the utmost bitterness; and anxiously assured their people that no such meeting had been held. Irony is the flower (the flower—or weed?) of a later season. The delicate incisiveness and subtle reserve of a weapon that wounds with the stealthy stroke of the stiletto were indifferently appreciated at a time when heads were harder and thicker than they are now, and when good downright abuse—a blow straight from the shoulder such as Knox could deliver—was required to impress an argument on the understanding. The bubbles that float on the surface of a refined and polished society are common enough among us; Canning, Praed, Disraeli, Thackeray, Aytoun, Martin, have brought the art of blowing them to perfection; but Maitland’s political squib was perhaps the first of its kind in Scotland, and deserves recognition accordingly.

Here are a few words from the speech assigned to Knox: “I

praise my God greatumlie that hath heard my prayer, which often times I poured forth before the throne of His Majesty, in anguish of my heart; and that hath made His Evangell to be preached with so notable a success under so weak instruments; which indeed could never have been done, except your Grace had been constituted ruler over the Church, especially indued with such a singular and ardent affection to obey the will of God and voice of His ministers. Therefore it seemeth to me necessar, both for the honour of God, the comfort of the poor brethren, and the utility of this commonweal, that first your Grace, next your estate, be preserved in equality of time, and not to prescribe any diet of fifteen or seventeen years, leaning more to the observation of politic laws than the approbation of the eternal God. As I could never away with their jolly wits and politic brains, which my Lord Lindsay calleth Matchiavel’s disciples, so should I wish they were out of the way if it were possible. Better it is to content ourselves with him of whose modesty we have had good experience, both in wealth and trouble, than to change from the gravity of an aged ruler to the intemperancy of an unbridled child. Your Grace hath perceived how the blast of my trumpet against the Regiment of Women is approved of all the godly. I have written in like manner, and have it ready for the printing, a book wherein I prove by sufficient reasons that all kings, princes, and rulers go not by succession; and that birth hath no power to promote, nor bastardy to seclude, men from the government. This will waken others to think more deeply. Besides this, we shall set furth an act in the Gen-

eral Assembly; and both I and the rest of the brethren shall ratify the same in our daily sermons, till that it be more than sufficiently persuaded to the people. This being solemnly done, the book of God opened and laid before the nobility, who will say the contrair, except he that will not fear the weighty hand of the magistrate striking with the sword, and the censure of the Kirk rejecting him, as the scabbed sheep from the rest of the flock, by excommunication?" Then my Lord Regent said: "Ye know I was never ambitious: yet I will not oppose myself to the will of God, revealed by you who are his true ministers. But, John, hear ye—tell your opinion in the pulpit." Which when he had promised to do, the Laird of Pittarow was desired to speak.

The finale, as related by Calderwood, is highly characteristic of the manners and customs of a theocratic society: "David Forrest, called the General, gave a copy of it to Alice Sandelands, Lady Ormeston, and affirmed it to be true. She brought it to Mr Knox, and asked if it was true. He answered, 'Ye sall know my answer afterward.' So the next preaching day he rehearsed the contents of it, and declared that the devill, the father of lees, was the chief inventor of that letter, whosoever was the penman, and threatened that the contriver

should die in a strange land, where he should not have a friend near him to hold up his head. And as the servant of God denounced, it came to pass; for he departed out of this life in Italy while he was going to Rome."¹

John Maitland, the second son, was born in 1545, so that he was a mere lad when "Lethington" was in the prime of life. He was a fine scholar—some of his Latin epigrams are still preserved; an eminent lawyer, who had acquired wide repute as a jurist before he was raised to the bench; and he was made a judge at three-and-twenty. He lacked the supreme gifts of his elder brother—the flash of genius, the play of wit, the brilliant gaiety; but for sheer force of character he was not a whit his inferior. When he emerged from the long eclipse that followed the fall of Mary's faction in Scotland, he rose with extraordinary rapidity to the highest place in the State. He was the favourite minister of James. The great nobles, the old earls, regarded him with distrust; but, confident in the support of the middle classes and of the Kirk, he successfully defied their hostility. The conflict with Bothwell, the conflict with Mar, were prolonged and obstinate; but, though he met with occasional misadventures, his intrepidity, his political sagacity, his indefatigable industry, made him indispensable to the king, and

¹ Satirical effusions do not appear to have been in favour with the Presbyterian clergy. Thus we find in the Chronicle of Perth: "Henry Balnaves and William Jack made their repentance in their own seats on Sabbath afternoon, for making libel against Mr William Couper, minister, and Henry Elder, clerk—

As King David was ane sair sanct to the crown,
So is Mr William Couper and the clerk to this poor town."

Not content with ecclesiastical censure, an Act of Council was afterwards passed, which declared that neither of them "should bear office or get honorable place in the town thereafter." Considering the strength of their own language, the ministers must have been extraordinarily sensitive.

when he died in his fiftieth year he was still one of the foremost men, if not the foremost man, in Scotland. He was building the great house at Thirlstane when he was suddenly seized with mortal illness; and his grandson, the famous or infamous Duke, years afterwards, completed the princely house, which a too sanguine architect had left unfinished. He had so far, indeed, outlived his popularity. He had established the Presbyterian form of worship and government in the Church; the Act of 1592, "the charter of the liberties of the Kirk," as it is called, was his work; but he had been concerned in the death of "the bonnie Earl of Moray,"—a crime which, taking hold of the popular imagination, like the death of Darnley, Scotsmen have never ceased to detest. Lord Burleigh said that the Scottish Chancellor was "the wisest man in Scotland;" and the intimate relations—"the old familiar acquaintance and strict amity"—which Sir William Cecil had maintained with Lethington, were renewed with the younger Maitland; but there was a large alloy of baser stuff in his "wisdom"; the ardent Churchman was careless of religion, and the sagacious and patriotic statesman was restrained by no vulgar and inconvenient scruples.

Lord Thirlstane — John Maitland was made a peer before he died—was buried in the Abbey Church of Haddington, where many of the Maitlands lie. On a florid monument of yellow marble in the aisle his virtues were duly commemorated by his august master in even more florid verse. The monument has been carefully preserved; it is within a few yards of

the simple slab which marks the last resting-place of Jane Welsh Carlyle.

On the later fortunes of the Maitlands, as peers of Scotland, it is not here necessary to enlarge. Only once in the years that succeeded did they rise again into distinct historical and national importance. The portly figure of Lauderdale—a grotesque and uncouth, but terribly impressive figure—occupies a large part of the canvas which the painters of the next century devoted to its beauties and to its wits. The apostate Covenanter became the boon companion of Charles, and the contrast between the austere discipline of the conventicle and the gaieties of a voluptuous Court was no doubt keenly relished. The coarse and sensual tastes of the man were not perhaps inbred; the evil grew upon him—as we can partly trace in the portraits that remain; under happier stars, and a better master, the most highly gifted Scotsman of the time might have been worthily and profitably employed. But the infamy which, in the judgment of his countrymen, attaches to that sinister career is not now likely to be relieved by any touch of brightness which the closest scrutiny (and five-and-twenty volumes of unexplored Lauderdale manuscripts repose in the British Museum) can throw upon it.¹

Of the earlier life of William Maitland, little, indeed nothing, with certainty is known. I am, for various reasons, inclined to believe that he was born about the year 1528,—it is probable that his brother John, the Chancellor of James VI., was not born before 1545; and John

¹ Selections from these papers are being published by the Camden Society.

was one of the younger members of a family which, as I have said, consisted of three sons and four daughters.¹ William was little more than a boy when, following the fashion of the time, he went to St Andrews, and he probably completed his education abroad. The close connection between Scotland and France was still maintained, and the sons of the Scottish gentry were well received by the polished society of a capital where Marie of Lorraine had been a familiar figure, and where her daughter, the little Queen of Scots, with her band of maiden "Maries," and the fair scholars of the cloister, now held a mimic Court. It is obvious from his correspondence that Maitland had been highly educated; the incidental allusions, the classical innuendoes, the bright byplay in his letters, are characteristic of a

man of graceful and scholarly accomplishment. He was not, perhaps, a profound or laborious student; but for a man of action, for a man of the world, his store of poetry and philosophy was by no means contemptible, and he could use it on occasion with characteristic promptitude and adroitness. The erudite Elizabeth declared that Lethington was "the flower of the wits of Scotland;" in many a sharp debate, in many a Biblical controversy, Knox found him no mean antagonist. Yet it is certain that he was an even better judge of men than of books. Than the young Scotsman, who in his thirtieth year became a Minister of State, no keener critic of the follies and foibles of the world, of human nature in its strength and in its weakness, was then living.

JOHN SKELTON.

¹ Pinkerton says John was born about 1537; but he was only fifty when he died in 1595. The date commonly assigned is 1545, and this agrees with the inscription on his monument.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XIII.

WHEN Astrardente saw the elder Sarracinesca's face during his short interview with the diplomatist, his curiosity was immediately aroused. He perceived that there was something the matter, and he proceeded to try and ascertain the circumstances from his acquaintance. The ambassador returned to his *pâté* and his champagne with an air of amused interest, but vouchsafed no information whatever.

"What a singularly amusing fellow old Sarracinesca is!" remarked Astrardente.

"When he likes to be," returned his Excellency, with his mouth full.

"On the contrary—when he least meditates it. I never knew a man better suited for a successful caricature. Indeed he is not a bad caricature of his own son, or his own son of him—I am not sure which."

The ambassador laughed a little and took a large mouthful.

"Ha! ha! very good," he mumbled as he ate. "He would appreciate that. He loves his own race. He would rather feel that he is a comic misrepresentation of the most hideous Sarracinesca who ever lived, than possess all the beauty of the Astrardente and be called by another name."

The diplomatist paused for a second after this speech, and then bowed a little to the Duchessa; but the hit had touched her husband in a sensitive spot. The old dandy had been handsome once, in a certain way, and he did his best, by artificial means, to preserve some

trace of his good looks. The Duchessa smiled faintly.

"I would wager," said Astrardente, sourly, "that his excited manner just now was due to one of two things—either his vanity or his money is in danger. As for the way he yelled after Spicca, it looked as though there were a duel in the air—fancy the old fellow fighting a duel! Too ridiculous!"

"A duel!" repeated Corona in a low voice.

"I do not see anything so very ridiculous in it," said the diplomatist, slowly twisting his little tumbler of champagne in his fingers, and then sipping it. "Besides," he added deliberately, glancing at the Duchessa from the corner of his eyes, "he has a son."

Corona started very slightly.

"Why should there be a duel?" she asked.

"It was your husband who suggested the idea," returned the diplomatist.

"But you said there was nothing ridiculous in it," objected the Duchessa.

"But I did not say there was any truth in it, either," answered his Excellency with a reassuring smile. "What made you think of duelling?" he asked, turning to Astrardente.

"Spicca," said the latter. "Wherever Spicca is concerned there is a duel. He is a terrible fellow, with his death's-head and dangling bones—one of those extraordinary phenomena—bah! it makes one shiver to think of him!" The old fellow made the sign of the horns with his forefinger and little finger,

hiding his thumb in the palm of his hand, as though to protect himself against the evil eye—the sinister influence invoked by the mention of Spicca. Old Astrardente was very superstitious. The ambassador laughed, and even Corona smiled a little.

“Yes,” said the diplomatist, “Spicca is a living *memento mori*; he occasionally reminds men of death by killing them.”

“How horrible!” exclaimed Corona.

“Ah, my dear lady, the world is full of horrible things.”

“That is not a reason for making jests of them.”

“It is better to make light of the inevitable,” said Astrardente. “Are you ready to go home, my dear?”

“Quite—I was only waiting for you,” answered Corona, who longed to be at home and alone.

“Let me know the result of old Sarracinesca’s warlike undertakings,” said Astrardente, with a cunning smile on his painted face. “Of course, as he consulted you, he will send you word in the morning.”

“You seem so anxious that there should be a duel, that I should almost be tempted to invent an account of one, lest you should be too grievously disappointed,” returned the diplomatist.

“You know very well that no invention will be necessary,” said the Duca, pressing him, for his curiosity was roused.

“Well—as you please to consider it. Good-night,” replied the ambassador. It had amused him to annoy Astrardente a little, and he left him with the pleasant consciousness of having excited the inquisitive faculty of his friend to its highest pitch, without giving it anything to feed upon.

Men who have to do with men,

rather than with things, frequently take a profound and seemingly cruel delight in playing upon the feelings and petty vanities of their fellow-creatures. The habit is as strong with them as the constant practice of conjuring becomes with a juggler; even when he is not performing, he will for hours pass coins, perform little tricks of sleight-of-hand with cards, or toss balls in the air in marvellously rapid succession, unable to lay aside his profession even for a day, because it has grown to be the only natural expression of his faculties. With men whose business it is to understand other men, it is the same. They cannot be in a man’s company for a quarter of an hour without attempting to discover the peculiar weaknesses of his character—his vanities, his tastes, his vices, his curiosity, his love of money or of reputation; so that the operation of such men’s minds may be compared to the process of auscultation—for their ears are always upon their neighbours’ hearts—and their conversation to the percussions of a physician to ascertain the seat of disease in a pair of consumptive lungs.

But, with all his failings, Astrardente was a man of considerable acuteness of moral vision. He had made a shrewd guess at Sarracinesca’s business, and had further gathered from a remark dropped by his diplomatic friend, that if there was to be a duel at all, it would be fought by Giovanni. As a matter of fact, the ambassador himself knew nothing certainly concerning the matter, or it is possible that, for the sake of observing the effect of the news upon the Duchessa, he would have told the whole truth; for he had of course heard the current gossip concerning Giovanni’s passion for her, and the experiment would

have been too attractive and interesting to be missed. As it was, she had started at the mention of Sarracinesca's son. The diplomatist only did what every one else who came near Corona attempted to do at that time, in endeavouring to ascertain whether she herself entertained any feeling for the man whom the gossips had set down as her most devoted admirer.

Poor Duchessa ! It was no wonder that she had started at the idea that Giovanni was in trouble. He had played a great part in her life that day, and she could not forget him. She had hardly as yet had time to think of what she felt, for it was only by a supreme effort that she had been able to bear the great strain upon her strength. If she had not loved him, it would have been different ; and in the strange medley of emotions through which she was passing, she wished that she might never have loved—that, loving, she might be allowed wholly to forget her love, and to return by some sudden miracle to that cold dreamy state of indifference to all men, and of unflinching thoughtfulness for her husband, from which she had been so cruelly awakened. She would have given anything to have not loved, now that the great struggle was over ; but until the supreme moment had come, she had not been willing to put the dangerous thought from her, saving in those hours of prayer and solitary suffering, when the whole truth rose up clearly before her in its undisguised nakedness. So soon as she had gone into the world, she had recklessly longed for Giovanni Sarracinesca's presence.

But now it was all changed. She had not deceived herself when she had told him that she would rather not see him any more. It was true ; not only would she wish

not to see him, but she earnestly desired that the love of him might pass from her heart. With a sudden longing, her thoughts went back to the old convent-life of her girlhood, with its regular occupations, its constant religious exercises, its narrowness of view, and its unchanging simplicity. What mattered narrowness, when all beyond that close limitation was filled with evil ? Was it not better that the lips should be busy with singing litanies than that the heart should be tormented with temptation ? Were not those simple tasks that had seemed so all-important then, more sweet in the performance than the manifold duties of this complicated social existence, this vast web and woof of life's loom, this great machinery that worked and groaned and rolled endlessly upon its wheels without producing any more result than the ceaseless turning of a prison treadmill ? But there was no way out of life, now ; there was no escape, as there was also no prospect of relief, from care and anxiety. There was no reason why Giovanni should go away—no reason either why Corona should ever love him less. She belonged to a class of women, if there are enough of them to be called a class, who, where love is concerned, can feel but one impression, which becomes in their hearts the distinctive seal and mark of their lives, for good or for evil. Corona was indeed so loyal and good a woman, that the strong pressure of her love could not abase her nobility, nor put untruth where all was so true ; but the sign of her love for Giovanni was upon her for ever. The vacant place in her heart had been filled, and filled wholly ; the bulwark she had reared against the love of man was broken down and swept away, and the waters flowed

softly over its place and remembered it not. She would never be the same woman again, and it was bitter to her to feel it: for ever the face of Giovanni would haunt her waking hours and visit her dreams unbidden,—a perpetual reproach to her, a perpetual memory of the most desperate struggle of her life, and more than a memory—the undying present of an unchanging love.

She was quite sure of herself in future, as she also trusted sincerely in Giovanni's promise. There should be no moment of weakness, no word should ever fall from her lips to tempt him to a fresh outbreak of passionate words and acts; her life would be measured in the future by the account of the dangers past, and there would be no instant of unguarded conduct, no hour wherein even to herself she would say it was sweet to love and to be loved. It was indeed not sweet, but bitter as death itself, to feel that weight at her heart, that constant toiling effort in her mind to keep down the passion in her breast. But Corona had sacrificed much; she would sacrifice this also; she would get strength by her prayers and courage from her high pride, and she would smile to all the world as she had never smiled before. She could trust herself, for she was doing the right and trampling upon the wrong. But the suffering would be none the less for all her pride; there was no concealing it—it would be horrible. To meet him daily in the world, to speak to him and to hear his voice, perhaps to touch his hand, and all the while to smile coldly, and to be still and for ever above suspicion, while her own burning consciousness accused her of the past, and seemed to make the dangers of mere liv-

ing yawn beside her path at every step,—all this would be terrible to bear, but by God's help she would bear it to the end.

But now a new horror seized her, and terrified her beyond measure. This rumour of a duel—a mere word dropped carelessly in conversation by a thoughtless acquaintance—called up to her sudden visions of evil to come. Surely, howsoever she might struggle against love and beat it roughly to silence in her breast, it was not wrong to fear danger for Giovanni,—it could not be a sin to dread the issue of peril when it was all so very near to her. It might perhaps not be true, for people in the world are willing to amuse their empty minds with empty tales, acknowledging the emptiness. It could not be true; she had seen Giovanni but a moment before—he would have given some hint, some sign.

Why—after all? Was it not the boast of such men that they could face the world and wear an indifferent look, at times of the greatest anxiety and danger? But, again, if Giovanni had been involved in a quarrel so serious as to require the arbitrament of blood, some rumour of it would have reached her. She had talked with many men that night, and with some women—gossips all, whose tongues wagged merrily over the troubles of friend or foe, and who would have battened upon anything so novel as a society duel, as a herd of jackals upon the dead body of one of their fellows, to make their feast off it with a light heart. Some one of all these would have told her; the quarrel would have been common property in half an hour, for somebody would have witnessed it.

It was a consolation to Corona

to reflect upon the extreme improbability of the story; for when the diplomatist was gone, her husband dwelt upon it—whether because he could not conceal his unsatisfied curiosity, or from other motives, it was hard to tell.

Astrardente led his wife from the supper-table through the great rooms, now almost deserted, past the wide doors of the hall where the cotillon was at its height. They paused a moment and looked in, as Giovanni had done a quarter of an hour earlier. It was a magnificent scene; the lights flashed back from the jewels of fair women, and surged in the dance as starlight upon rippling waves. The air was heavy with the odour of the countless flowers that either filled the deep recesses of the windows, or were distributed in hundreds of nosegays for the figures of the cotillon; enchanting strains of waltz music seemed to float down from above and inspire the crowd of men and women with harmonious motion, so that sound was made visible by translation into graceful movement. As Corona looked there was a pause, and the crowd parted, while a huge tiger, the heraldic beast of the Frangipani family, was drawn into the hall by the young prince and Bianca Valdarno. The magnificent skin had been so artfully stuffed as to convey a startling impression of life, and in the creature's huge jaws hung a great basket filled with tiny tigers, which were to be distributed as badges for the dance by the leaders. A wild burst of applause greeted this novel figure, and every one ran forward to obtain a nearer view.

"Ah!" exclaimed old Astrardente, "I envy them that invention, my dear; it is perfectly magnificent. You must have a tiger

to take home. How fortunate we were to be in time!" He pressed forward into the crowd, leaving his wife alone for a moment by the door; and he managed to catch Valdarno, who was distributing the little emblems to right and left. Madame Mayer's quick eyes had caught sight of Corona and her husband, and from some instinct of curiosity she made towards the Duchessa. She was still angry, as she had never been in her short life, at Giovanni's rudeness in forgetting her dance, and she longed to inflict some wound upon the beautiful woman who had led him into such forgetfulness. When Astrardente left his wife's side, Donna Tullia pressed forward with her partner in the general confusion that followed upon the entrance of the tiger, and she managed to pass close to Corona. She looked up suddenly with an air of surprise.

"What! not dancing, Duchessa?" she asked. "Has your partner gone home?"

With the look that accompanied the question, it was an insulting speech enough. Had Donna Tullia seen old Astrardente close behind her, she would not have made it. The old dandy was returning in triumph in possession of the little tiger-badger for Corona. He heard the words, and observed with inward pleasure his wife's calm look of indifference.

"Madam," he said, placing himself suddenly in Madame Mayer's way, "my wife's partners do not go home while she remains."

"Oh, I see," returned Donna Tullia, flushing quickly; "the Duchessa is dancing the cotillon with you. I beg your pardon—I had forgotten that you still danced."

"Indeed it is long since I did myself the honour of asking you

for a quadrille, madam," answered Astrardente with a polite smile; and so saying, he turned and presented the little tiger to his wife with a courtly bow. There was good blood in the old *roué*.

Corona was touched by his thoughtfulness in wishing to get her the little keepsake of the dance, and she was still more affected by his ready defence of her. He was indeed sometimes a little ridiculous, with his paint and his artificial smile—he was often petulant and unreasonable in little things; but he was never unkind to her, nor discourteous. In spite of her cold and indifferent stare at Donna Tullia, she had keenly felt the insult, and she was grateful to the old man for taking her part. Knowing what she knew of herself that night, she was deeply sensible to his kindness. She took the little gift, and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Forgive me," she said, as they moved away, "if I am ever ungrateful to you. You are so very good to me. I know no one so courteous and kind as you are."

Her husband looked at her in delight. He loved her sincerely with all that remained of him. There was something sad in the thought of a man like him finding the only real passion of his life when worn out with age and dissipation. Her little speech raised him to the seventh heaven of joy.

"I am the happiest man in all Rome," he said, assuming his most jaunty walk, and swinging his hat gaily between his thumb and finger. But a current of deep thought was stirring in him as he went down the broad staircase by his wife's side. He was thinking what life might have been to him had he found Corona del Carmine

—how could he? she was not born then—had he found her, or her counterpart, thirty years ago. He was wondering what conceivable sacrifice there could be which he would not make to regain his youth—even to have his life lived out and behind him, if he could only have looked back to thirty years of marriage with Corona. How differently he would have lived, how very differently he would have thought! how his whole memory would be full of the sweet past, and would be common with her own past life, which, to her too, would be sweet to ponder on! He would have been such a good man—so true to her in all those years! But they were gone, and he had not found her until his foot was on the edge of the grave—until he could hardly count on half-a-dozen years more of a pitiful artificial life, painted, bewigged, stuffed to the semblance of a man by a clever tailor—and she in the bloom of her glory beside him! What he would have given to have old Sarracinesca's strength and fresh vitality—old Sarracinesca whom he hated! Yes, with all that hair—it was white, but a little dye would change it. What was a little dye compared with the profound artificiality of his own outer man? How the old fellow's deep voice rang, loud and clear, from his broad chest! How strong he was, with his firm step, and his broad brown hands, and his fiery black eyes! He hated him for the greenness of his age—he hated him for his stalwart son, another of those long-lived fierce Sarracinescas, who seemed destined to outlive time. He himself had no children, no relations, no one to bear his name—he had only a beautiful young wife and much wealth, with just enough strength left to affect a gay walk when he was with her,

and to totter unsteadily to his couch when he was alone, worn out with the effort of trying to seem young.

As they sat in their carriage he thought bitterly of all these things, and never spoke. Corona herself was weary, and glad to be silent. They went up-stairs, and as she took his arm, she gently tried to help him rather than be helped. He noticed it, and made an effort, but he was very tired. He paused upon the landing, and looked at her, and a gentle and sad smile stole over his face, such as Corona had never seen there.

"Shall we go into your boudoir for ten minutes, my love?" he said; "or will you come into my smoking-room? I would like to smoke a little before going to bed."

"You may smoke in my boudoir, of course," she answered kindly, though she was surprised at the request. It was half-past three o'clock. They went into the softly lighted little room, where the embers of the fire were still glowing upon the hearth. Corona dropped her furs upon a chair, and sat down upon one side of the chimneypiece. Astrardente sank wearily into a deep easy-chair opposite her, and having found a cigarette, lighted it, and began to smoke. He seemed in a mood which Corona had never seen. After a short silence he spoke.

"Corona," he said, "I love you." His wife looked up with a gentle smile, and in her determination to be loyal to him she almost forgot that other man who said those words but two hours before, so differently.

"Yes," he said, with a sigh, "you have heard it before—it is not new to you. I think you believe it. You are good, but you do not love me—no, do not inter-

rupt me, my dear; I know what you would say. How should you love me? I am an old man—very old, older than my years." Again he sighed, more bitterly, as he confessed what he had never owned before. The Duchessa was too much astonished to answer him.

"Corona," he said again, "I shall not live much longer."

"Ah, do not speak like that," she cried suddenly. "I trust and pray that you have yet many years to live." Her husband looked keenly at her.

"You are so good," he answered, "that you are really capable of uttering such a prayer, absurd as it would seem."

"Why absurd? It is unkind of you to say it——"

"No, my dear; I know the world very well. That is all. I suppose it is impossible for me to make you understand how I love you. It must seem incredible to you, in the magnificence of your strength and beautiful youth, that a man like me—an artificial man"—he laughed scornfully—"a creature of paint and dye—let me be honest—a creature with a wig, should be capable of a mad passion. And yet, Corona," he added, his thin cracked voice trembling with a real emotion, "I do love you—very dearly. There are two things that make my life bitter: the regret that I did not meet you, that you were not born, when I was young; and worse than that, the knowledge that I must leave you very soon—I, the exhausted dandy, the shadow of what I was, tottering to my grave in a last vain effort to be young for your sake—for your sake, Corona dear. Ah, it is contemptible!" he almost moaned.

Corona hid her eyes in her hand. She was taken off her guard by his strange speech.

"Oh, do not speak like that—do not!" she cried. "You make me very unhappy. Do I reproach you? Do I ever make you feel that you are—older than I? I will lead a new life; you shall never think of it again. You are too kind—too good for me."

"No one ever said I was too good before," replied the old man with a shade of sadness. "I am glad the one person who finds me good, should be the only one for whose sake I ever cultivated goodness. I could have been different, Corona, if I had had you for my wife for thirty years, instead of five. But it is too late now. Before long I shall be dead, and you will be free."

"What makes you say such things to me?" asked Corona. "Can you think I am so vile, so ungrateful, so unloving, as to wish your death?"

"Not unloving; no, my dear child. But not loving, either. I do not ask impossibilities. You will mourn for me a while—my poor soul will rest in peace if you feel one moment of real regret for me, for your old husband, before you take another. Do not cry, Corona dearest; it is the way of the world. We waste our youth in scoffing at reality, and in the unrealness of our old age the present no longer avails us much. You know me, perhaps you despise me. You would not have scorned me when I was young—oh, how young I was! how strong and vain of my youth, thirty years ago!"

"Indeed, indeed, no such thought ever crossed my mind. I give you all I have," cried Corona, in great distress; "I will give you more—I will devote my whole life to you—"

"You do, my dear. I am sensible of it," said Astrardente, quietly. "You cannot do more,

if you will; you cannot make me young again, nor take away the bitterness of death—of a death that leaves you behind."

Corona leaned forward, staring into the dying embers of the fire, one hand supporting her chin. The tears stood in her eyes and in her cheeks. The old dandy in his genuine misery had excited her compassion.

"I would mourn you long," she said. "You may have wasted your life; you say so. I would love you more if I could, God knows. You have always been to me a courteous gentleman and a faithful husband."

The old man rose with difficulty from his deep chair, and came and stood by her, and took the hand that lay idle on her knees. She looked up at him.

"If I thought my blessing were worth anything, I would bless you for what you say. But I would not have you waste your youth. Youth is that which, being wasted, is like water poured out upon the ground. You must marry again, and marry soon—do not start. You will inherit all my fortune; you will have my title. It must descend to your children. It has come to an unworthy end in me; it must be revived in you."

"How can you think of it? Are you ill?" asked Corona kindly, pressing gently his thin hand in hers. "Why do you dwell on the idea of death to-night?"

"I am ill; yes, past all cure, my dear," said the old man, gently raising her hand to his lips and kissing it.

"What do you mean?" asked Corona, suddenly rising to her feet and laying her hand affectionately upon his shoulder. "Why have you never told me?"

"Why should I tell you—ex-

cept that it is near, and you must be prepared? Why should I burden you with anxiety? But you were so gentle and kind to-night, upon the stairs," he said, with some hesitation, "that I thought perhaps it would be a relief to you to know—to know that it is not for long."

There was something so gentle in his tone, so infinitely pathetic in his thought that possibly he might lighten the burden his wife bore so bravely, there was something at last so human in the loving regret with which he spoke, that Corona forgot all his foolish

ways, his wig and his false teeth and his petty vanities, and letting her head fall upon his shoulder, burst into passionate tears.

"Oh no, no!" she sobbed. "It must be a long time yet; you must not die!"

"It may be a year, not more," he said gently. "God bless you for those tears, Corona—the tears you have shed for me. Good-night, my dearest."

He let her sink upon her chair, and his hand rested for one moment upon her raven hair. Then with a last remnant of energy he quickly left the room.

CHAPTER XIV.

Such affairs as the encounter between Giovanni and Del Ferice were very rare in Rome. There were many duels fought; but, as a general rule, they were not very serious, and the first slight wound decided the matter in hand to the satisfaction of both parties. But here there had been a fight for life and death. One of the combatants had received two such wounds as would have been sufficient to terminate an ordinary meeting, and the other was lying stabbed through the throat at death's door. Society was frantic with excitement. Giovanni was visited by scores of acquaintances, whom he allowed to be admitted, and talked with cheerfully, in order to have it thoroughly known that he was not badly hurt. Del Ferice's door was besieged by the same young gentlemen of leisure, who went directly from one to the other, anxious to get all the news in their power. But Del Ferice's door was guarded jealously from intruders by his faithful Neapolitan servant—a fellow who knew more about his master than all the rest of Rome together, but

who had such a dazzlingly brilliant talent for lying as to make him a safe repository for any secret committed to his keeping. On the present occasion, however, he had small use for duplicity. He sat all day long by the open door, for he had removed the bell-handle, lest the ringing should disturb his master. He had a basket into which he dropped the cards of the visitors who called, answering each inquiry with the same unchanging words:

"He is very ill, the signorino. Do not make any noise."

"Where is he hurt?" the visitor would ask. Whereupon Temistocle pointed to his throat.

"Will he live?" was the next question; to which the man answered by raising his shoulders to his ears, elevating his eyebrows, and at the same time shutting his eyes, while he spread out the palms of his hands over his basket of cards—whereby he meant to signify that he did not know, but doubted greatly. It being impossible to extract any further information from him, the visitor had nothing left but to leave his card

and turn away. Within, the wounded man was watched by a Sister of Mercy. The surgeon had pronounced his recovery probable if he had proper care: the wound was a dangerous one, but not likely to prove mortal unless the patient died of the fever or of exhaustion.

The young gentlemen of leisure who thus obtained the news of the two duellists, lost no time in carrying it from house to house. Giovanni himself sent twice in the course of the day to inquire after his antagonist, and received by his servant the answer which was given to everybody. By the time the early winter night was descending upon Rome, there were two perfectly well-authenticated stories circulated in regard to the cause of the quarrel—neither of which, of course, contained a grain of truth. In the first place, it was confidently asserted by one party, represented by Valdarno and his set, that Giovanni had taken offence at Del Ferice for having proposed to call him to be examined before the Duchessa d'Astrardente in regard to his absence from town: that this was a palpable excuse for picking a quarrel, because it was well known that Sarracinesca loved the Astrardente, and that Del Ferice was always in his way.

"Giovanni is a rough fellow," remarked Valdarno, "and will not stand any opposition, so he took the first opportunity of getting the man out of the way. Do you see? The old story—jealous of the wrong man. Can one be jealous of Del Ferice? Bah!"

"And who would have been the right man to attack?" was asked.

"Her husband, of course," returned Valdarno with a sneer. "That angel of beauty has the ineffably eccentric idea that she loves that old transparency, that old magic-lantern slide of a man!"

On the other hand, there was a party of people who affirmed, as beyond all doubt, that the duel had been brought about by Giovanni's forgetting his dance with Donna Tullia. Del Ferice was naturally willing to put himself forward in her defence, reckoning on the favour he would gain in her eyes. He had spoken sharply to Giovanni about it, and told him he had behaved in an ungentelemanly manner—whereupon Giovanni had answered that it was none of his business; an altercation had ensued in a remote room in the Frangipani palace, and Giovanni had lost his temper and taken Del Ferice by the throat, and otherwise greatly insulted him. The result had been the duel in which Del Ferice had been nearly killed. There was a show of truth about this story, and it was told in such a manner as to make Del Ferice appear as the injured party. Indeed, whichever tale were true, there was no doubt that the two men had disliked each other for a long time, and that they were both looking out for the opportunity of an open disagreement.

Old Sarracinesca appeared in the afternoon, and was surrounded by eager questioners of all sorts. The fact of his having served his own son in the capacity of second excited general astonishment. Such a thing had not been heard of in the annals of Roman society, and many ancient wisdom-mongers severely censured the course he had pursued. Could anything be more abominably unnatural? Was it possible to conceive of the hard-heartedness of a man who could stand quietly and see his son risk his life? Disgraceful!

The old Prince either would not tell what he knew, or had no information to give. The latter

theory was improbable. Some one made a remark to that effect.

"But, Prince," the man said, "would you second your own son in an affair without knowing the cause of the quarrel?"

"Sir," returned the old man, proudly, "my son asked my assistance; I did not sell it to him for his confidence." People knew the old man's obstinacy, and had to be satisfied with his short answers, for he was himself as quarrelsome as a Berserker or one of his own irascible ancestors.

He met Donna Tullia in the street. She stopped her carriage, and beckoned him to come to her. She looked paler than Sarracinesca had ever seen her, and was much excited.

"How could you let them fight?" were her first words.

"It could not be helped. The quarrel was too serious. No one would more gladly have prevented it than I; but as my son had so desperately insulted Del Ferice, he was bound to give him satisfaction."

"Satisfaction!" cried Donna Tullia. "Do you call it satisfaction to cut a man's throat? What was the real cause of the quarrel?"

"I do not know."

"Do not tell me that—I do not believe you," answered Donna Tullia, angrily.

"I give you my word of honour that I do not know," returned the Prince.

"That is different. Will you get in and drive with me for a few minutes?"

"At your commands." Sarracinesca opened the carriage-door and got in.

"We shall astonish the world; but I do not care," said Donna Tullia. "Tell me, is Don Giovanni seriously hurt?"

"No—a couple of scratches that

will heal in a week. Del Ferice is very seriously wounded."

"I know," answered Donna Tullia, sadly. "It is dreadful—I am afraid it was my fault."

"How so?" asked Sarracinesca, quickly. He had not heard the story of the forgotten waltz, and was really ignorant of the original cause of disagreement. He guessed, however, that Donna Tullia was not so much concerned in it as the Duchessa d'Astrardente.

"Your son was very rude to me," said Madame Mayer. "Perhaps I ought not to tell you, but it is best you should know. He was engaged to dance with me the last waltz but one before the cotillon. He forgot me, and I found him with that—with a lady—talking quietly."

"With whom did you say?" asked Sarracinesca, very gravely.

"With the Astrardente—if you will know," returned Donna Tullia, her anger at the memory of the insult bringing the blood suddenly to her face.

"My dear lady," said the old Prince, "in the name of my son I offer you the humble apologies which he will make in person when he is well enough to ask your forgiveness."

"I do not want apologies," answered Madame Mayer, turning her face away.

"Nevertheless they shall be offered. But, pardon my curiosity, how did Del Ferice come to be concerned in that incident?"

"He was with me when I found Don Giovanni with the Duchessa. It is very simple. I was very angry—I am very angry still; but I would not have had Don Giovanni risk his life on my account for anything, nor poor Del Ferice either. I am horribly upset about it all."

Old Sarracinesca wondered whe-

ther Donna Tullia's vanity would suffer if he told her that the duel had not been fought for anything which concerned her. But he reflected that her supposition was very plausible, and that he himself had no evidence. Furthermore, and in spite of his good-natured treatment of Giovanni, he was very angry at the thought that his son had quarrelled about the Duchessa. When Giovanni should be recovered from his wounds he intended to speak his mind to him. But he was sorry for Donna Tullia, for he liked her in spite of her eccentricities, and would have been satisfied to see her married to his son. He was a practical man, and he took a prosaic view of the world. Donna Tullia was rich, and good-looking enough to be called handsome. She had the talent to make herself a sort of centre in her world. She was a little noisy; but noise was fashionable, and there was no harm in her—no one had ever said anything against her. Besides, she was one of the few relations still left to the Sarracinesca. The daughter of a cousin of the Prince, she would make a good wife for Giovanni, and would bring sunshine into the house. There was a tinge of vulgarity in her manner; but, like many elderly men of his type, Sarracinesca pardoned her this fault in consideration of her noisy good spirits and general good-nature. He was very much annoyed at hearing that his son had offended her so grossly by his forgetfulness; especially it was unfortunate that since she believed herself the cause of the duel, she should have the impression that it had been provoked by Del Ferice to obtain satisfaction for the insult Giovanni had offered her. There would be small chance of making the match contemplated after such an affair.

"I am sincerely sorry," said the Prince, stroking his white beard and trying to get a sight of his companion's face, which she obstinately turned away from him. "Perhaps it is better not to think too much of the matter until the exact circumstances are known. Some one is sure to tell the story one of these days."

"How coldly you speak of it! One would think it had happened in Peru, instead of here this very morning."

Sarracinesca was at his wits' end. He wanted to smooth the matter over, or at least to soften the unfavourable impression against Giovanni. He had not the remotest idea how to do it. He was not a very diplomatic man.

"No, no; you misunderstand me. I am not cold. I quite appreciate your situation. You are very justly annoyed."

"Of course I am," said Donna Tullia, impatiently. She was beginning to regret that she had made him get into her carriage.

"Precisely; of course you are. Now, so soon as Giovanni is quite recovered, I will send him to explain his conduct to you if he can, or to——"

"Explain it? How can he explain it? I do not want you to send him, if he will not come of his own accord. Why should I?"

"Well, well, as you please, my dear cousin," said old Sarracinesca, smiling to cover his perplexity. "I am not a good ambassador; but you know I am a good friend, and I really want to do something to restore Giovanni to your graces."

"That will be difficult," answered Donna Tullia, although she knew very well that she would receive Giovanni kindly enough when once she had had an opportunity of speaking her mind to him.

"Do not be hard-hearted," urged the Prince. "I am sure he is very penitent."

"Then let him say so."

"That is exactly what I ask."

"Is it? Oh, very well. If he chooses to call I will receive him, since you desire it. Where shall I put you down?"

"Anywhere, thank you. Here, if you wish—at the corner. Good-bye. Do not be too hard on the boy."

"We shall see," answered Donna Tullia, unwilling to show too much indulgence. The old Prince bowed, and walked away into the gloom of the dusky streets.

"That is over," he muttered to himself. "I wonder how the Astrardente takes it." He would have liked to see her; but he recognised that, as he so very rarely called upon her, it would seem strange to choose such a time for his visit. It would not do—it would be hardly decent, seeing that he believed her to be the cause of the catastrophe. His steps, however, led him almost unconsciously in the direction of the Astrardente palace; he found himself in front of the arched entrance almost before he knew where he was. The temptation to see Corona was more than he could resist. He asked the porter if the Duchessa was at home, and on being answered in the affirmative, he boldly entered and ascended the marble staircase—boldly, but with an odd sensation of being like a schoolboy who is getting himself into trouble.

Corona had just come home, and was sitting by the fire in her great drawing-room, alone, with a book in her hand, which she was not reading. She rarely remained in the reception-rooms; but to-day she had rather capriciously taken a fancy to the broad solitude of the place, and had accordingly installed

herself there. She was very much surprised when the doors were suddenly opened wide and the servant announced Prince Sarracinesca. For a moment she thought it must be Giovanni, for his father rarely entered her house, and when the old man's stalwart figure advanced towards her, she dropped her book in astonishment, and rose from her deep chair to meet him. She was very pale, and there were dark rings under her eyes that spoke of pain and want of sleep. She was so utterly different from Donna Tullia, whom he had just left, that the Prince was almost awed by her stateliness, and felt more than ever like a boy in a bad scrape. Corona bowed rather coldly, but extended her hand, which the old gentleman raised to his lips respectfully, in the manner of the old school.

"I trust you are not exhausted after the ball?" he began, not knowing what to say.

"Not in the least. We did not stay late," replied Corona, secretly wondering why he had come.

"It was really magnificent," he answered. "There has been no such ball for years. Very unfortunate that it should have terminated in such an unpleasant way," he added, making a bold dash at the subject of which he wished to speak.

"Very. You did a bad morning's work," said the Duchessa, severely. "I wonder that you should speak of it."

"No one speaks of anything else," returned the Prince, apologetically. "Besides, I do not see what was to be done."

"You should have stopped it," answered Corona, her dark eyes gleaming with righteous indignation. "You should have prevented it at any price, if not in the name of religion, which forbids it as a crime, at least in the name of

decency—as being Don Giovanni's father."

"You speak strong words, Duchessa," said the Prince, evidently annoyed at her tone.

"If I speak strongly, it is because I think you acted shamefully in permitting this disgraceful butchery."

Sarracinesca suddenly lost his temper, as he frequently did.

"Madam," he said, "it is certainly not for you to accuse me of crime, lack of decency, and what you are pleased to call disgraceful butchery, seeing who was the probable cause of the honourable encounter which you characterise in such tasteful language."

"Honourable indeed!" said Corona, very scornfully. "Let that pass. Who, pray, is more to blame than you? Who is the probable cause?"

"Need I tell you?" asked the old man, fixing his flashing eyes upon her.

"What do you mean?" inquired Corona, turning white, and her voice trembling between her anger and her emotion.

"I may be wrong," said the Prince, "but I believe I am right. I believe that the duel was fought on your account."

"On my account!" repeated Corona, half rising from her chair in her indignation. Then she sank back again, and added, very coldly, "If you have come here to insult me, Prince, I will send for my husband."

"I beg your pardon, Duchessa," said old Sarracinesca. "It is very far from my intention to insult you."

"And who has told you this abominable lie?" asked Corona, still very angry.

"No one, upon my word."

"Then how dare you——"

"Because I have reason to be-

lieve that you are the only woman alive for whom my son would engage in a quarrel."

"It is impossible," cried Corona. "I will never believe that Don Giovanni could——" She checked herself.

"Don Giovanni Sarracinesca is a gentleman, madam," said the old Prince, proudly. "He keeps his own counsel. I have come by the information without any evidence of it from his lips."

"Then I am at a loss to understand you," returned the Duchessa. "I must beg you either to explain your extraordinary language, or else to leave me."

Corona d'Astrardente was a match for any man when she was angry. But old Sarracinesca, though no diplomatist, was a formidable adversary, from his boldness and determination to discover truth at any price.

"It is precisely because, at the risk of offending you, I desired an explanation, that I have intruded myself upon you to-day," he answered. "Will you permit me one question before I leave you?"

"Provided it is not an insulting one, I will answer it," replied Corona.

"Do you know anything of the circumstances which led to this morning's encounter?"

"Certainly not," Corona answered, hotly. "I assure you most solemnly," she continued, in calmer tones, "that I am wholly ignorant of it. I suppose you have a right to be told that."

"I, on my part, assure you, upon my word, that I know no more than you yourself, excepting this: on some provocation, concerning which he will not speak, my son seized Del Ferice by the throat and used strong words to him. No one witnessed the scene. Del Ferice sent the challenge. My

son could find no one to act for him and applied to me, as was quite right that he should. There was no apology possible — Giovanni had to give the man satisfaction. You know as much as I know now."

"That does not help me to understand why you accuse me of having caused the quarrel," said Corona. "What have I to do with Del Ferice, poor man?"

"This—any one can see that you are as indifferent to my son as to any other man. Every one knows that the Duchessa d'Astradente is above suspicion."

Corona raised her head proudly and stared at Sarracinesca.

"But, on the other hand, every one knows that my son loves you madly—can you yourself deny it?"

"Who dares to say it?" asked Corona, her anger rising afresh.

"Who sees, dares. Can you deny it?"

"You have no right to repeat such hearsay tales to me," answered Corona. But the blush rose to her pale dark cheeks, and she suddenly dropped her eyes.

"Can you deny it, Duchessa?" asked the Prince a third time, insisting roughly.

"Since you are so certain, why need you care for my denial?" inquired Corona.

"Duchessa, you must forgive me," answered Sarracinesca, his tone suddenly softening. "I am rough, probably rude; but I love my son dearly. I cannot bear to see him running into a dangerous and hopeless passion, from which he may issue only to find himself grown suddenly old and bitter, disappointed and miserable for the rest of his life. I believe you to be a very good woman; I cannot look at you and doubt the truth of anything you tell me. If he loves you, you have influence over him.

If you have influence, use it for his good; use it to break down this mad love of his, to show him his own folly—to save him, in short, from his fate. Do you understand me? Do I ask too much?"

Corona understood well enough—far too well. She knew the whole extent of Giovanni's love for her, and, what old Sarracinesca never guessed, the strength of her own love for him, for the sake of which she would do all that a woman could do. There was a long pause after the old Prince had spoken. He waited for an answer patiently.

"I understand you—yes," she said at last. "If you are right in your surmises, I should have some influence over your son. If I can advise him, and he will take my advice, I will give him the best counsel I can. You have placed me in a very embarrassing position, and you have shown little courtesy in the way you have spoken to me; but I will try to do as you request me, if the opportunity offers, for the sake of—of turning what is very bad into something which may at last be good."

"Thank you, thank you, Duchessa!" cried the Prince. "I will never forget——"

"Do not thank me," said Corona, coldly. "I am not in a mood to appreciate your gratitude. There is too much blood of those honest gentlemen upon your hands."

"Pardon me, Duchessa, I wish there were on my hands and head the blood of that gentleman you call honest—the gentleman who twice tried to murder my son this morning, and twice nearly succeeded."

"What!" cried Corona, in sudden terror.

"That fellow thrust at Giovanni once to kill him while they were

halting and his sword was hanging lowered in his hand ; and once again he threw himself upon his knee and tried to stab him in the body—which is a dastardly trick not permitted in any country. Even in duelling, such things are called murder ; and it is their right name.”

Corona was very pale. Giovanni's danger had been suddenly brought before her in a very vivid light, and she was horror-struck at the thought of it.

“Is—is Don Giovanni very badly wounded ?” she asked.

“No, thank heaven ; he will be well in a week. But either one of those attempts might have killed him ; and he would have died, I think—pardon me, no insult this time—I think, on your account. Do you see why for him I dread this attachment to you, which leads him to risk his life at every turn for a word about you ? Do you see why I implore you to take the matter into your serious consideration, and to use your influence to bring him to his senses ?”

“I see ; but in this question of the duel you have no proof that I was concerned.”

“No,—no proof, perhaps. I will not weary you with surmises ; but even if it was not for you this time, you see that it might have been.”

“Perhaps,” said Corona, very sadly.

“I have to thank you, even if you will not listen to me,” said the Prince, rising. “You have understood me. It was all I asked. Good-night.”

“Good-night,” answered Corona, who did not move from her seat nor extend her hand this time. She was too much agitated to think of formalities. *Sarracinesca* bowed low and left the room.

It was characteristic of him that he had come to see the Duchessa not knowing what he should say, and that he had blurted out the whole truth, and then lost his temper in support of it. He was a hasty man, of noble instincts, but always inclined rather to cut a knot than to unloose it—to do by force what another man would do by skill—angry at opposition, and yet craving it by his combative nature.

His first impulse on leaving Corona was to go to Giovanni and tell him what he had done ; but he reflected as he went home that his son was ill with his wounds, and that it would be bad for him to be angry, as of course he would be if he were told of his father's doings. Moreover, as old *Sarracinesca* thought more seriously of the matter, he wisely concluded that it would be better not to speak of the visit ; and when he entered the room where Giovanni was lying on his couch with a novel and a cigarette, he had determined to conceal the whole matter.

“Well, Giovanni,” he said, “we are the talk of the town, of course.”

“It was to be expected. Whom have you seen ?”

“In the first place, I have seen Madame Mayer. She is in a state of anger against you which borders on madness—not because you have wounded Del Ferice, but because you forgot to dance with her. I cannot conceive how you could be so foolish.”

“Nor I. It was idiotic in the last degree,” replied Giovanni, annoyed that his father should have learned the story.

“You must go and see her at once—as soon as you can go out. It is a disagreeable business.”

“Of course. What else did she say ?”

"She thought that Del Ferice had challenged you on her account, because you had not danced with her."

"How silly! As if I should fight duels about her."

"Since there was probably a woman in the case, she might have been the one," remarked his father.

"There was no woman in the case, practically speaking," said Giovanni, shortly.

"Oh, I supposed there was. However, I told Donna Tullia that I advised her not to think anything more of the matter until the whole story came out."

"When is that likely to occur?" asked Giovanni, laughing. "No one alive knows the cause of the quarrel but Del Ferice and I my-

self. He will certainly not tell the world, as the thing was even more disgraceful to him than his behaviour this morning. There is no reason why I should speak of it either."

"How secretive you are, Giovanni!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

"Believe me, if I could tell you the whole story without injuring any one but Del Ferice, I would."

"Then there was really a woman in the case?"

"There was a woman outside the case, who caused us to be in it," returned Giovanni.

"Always your detestable riddles," cried the old man, petulantly; and presently, seeing that his son was obstinately silent, he left the room to dress for dinner.

CHAPTER XV.

It may be that when Astrardente spoke so tenderly to his wife after the Frangipani ball, he felt some warning that told him his strength was failing. His heart was in a dangerous condition, the family doctor had said, and it was necessary that he should take care of himself. He had been very tired after that long evening, and perhaps some sudden sinking had shaken his courage. He awoke from an unusually heavy sleep with a strange sense of astonishment, as though he had not expected to awake again in life. He felt weaker than he had felt for a long time, and even his accustomed beverage of chocolate mixed with coffee failed to give him the support he needed in the morning. He rose very late, and his servant found him more than usually petulant, nor did the message brought back from Giovanni seem to improve his temper. He met his wife at the mid-day

breakfast, and was strangely silent, and in the afternoon he shut himself up in his own rooms and would see nobody. But at dinner he appeared again, seemingly revived, and declared his intention of accompanying his wife to a reception given at the Austrian embassy. He seemed so unlike his usual self, that Corona did not venture to speak of the duel which had taken place in the morning; for she feared anything which might excite him, well knowing that excitement might prove fatal. She did what she could to dissuade him from going out; but he grew petulant, and she unwillingly yielded.

At the embassy he soon heard all the details, for no one talked of anything else; but Astrardente was ashamed of not having heard it before, and affected a cynical indifference to the tale which the military *attaché* of the embassy repeated for his benefit. He vouch-

safed some remark to the effect that fighting duels was the natural amusement of young gentlemen, and that if one of them killed another there was at least one fool the less in society; after which he looked about him for some young beauty to whom he might reel off a score of compliments. He felt all the time that he was making a great effort, that he felt unaccountably ill, and that he wished he had taken his wife's advice and stayed quietly at home. But at the end of the evening he chanced to overhear a remark that Valdarno was making to Casalverde, who looked exceedingly pale and ill at ease.

"You had better make your will, my dear fellow," said Valdarno. "Spicca is a terrible man with the foils."

Astrardente turned quickly and looked at the speaker. But both men were suddenly silent, and seemed absorbed in gazing at the crowd. It was enough, however. Astrardente had gathered that Casalverde was to fight Spicca the next day, and that the affair begun that morning had not yet reached its termination. He determined that he would not again be guilty of not knowing what was going on in society; and with the intention of rising early on the following morning, he found Corona, and rather unceremoniously told her it was time to go home.

On the next day the Duca d'Astrardente walked into the club soon after ten o'clock. On ordinary occasions that resort of his fellows was entirely empty until a much later hour; but Astrardente was not disappointed to-day. Twenty or thirty men were congregated in the large hall which served as a smoking-room, and all of them were talking together excitedly. As the door turned on its hinges and the old dandy entered, a sudden silence

fell upon the assembly. Astrardente naturally judged that the conversation had turned upon himself, and had been checked by his appearance; but he affected to take no notice of the occurrence, adjusting his single eyeglass in his eye and serenely surveying the men in the room. He could see that, although they had been talking loudly, the matter in hand was serious enough, for there was no trace of mirth on any of the faces before him. He at once assumed an air of gravity, and going up to Valdarno, who seemed to have occupied the most prominent place in the recent discussion, he put his question in an undertone.

"I suppose Spicca killed him?"

Valdarno nodded, and looked grave. He was a thoughtless young fellow enough, but the news of the tragedy had sobered him. Astrardente had anticipated the death of Casalverde, and was not surprised. But he was not without human feeling, and showed a becoming regret at the sad end of a man he had been accustomed to see so frequently.

"How was it?" he asked.

"A simple 'un, deux,' tierce and carte at the first bout. Spicca is as quick as lightning. Come away from this crowd," added Valdarno, in a low voice, "and I will tell you all about it."

In spite of his sorrow at his friend's death, Valdarno felt a certain sense of importance at being able to tell the story to Astrardente. Valdarno was vain in a small way, though his vanity was to that of the old Duca as the humble violet to the full-blown cabbage-rose. Astrardente enjoyed a considerable importance in society as the husband of Corona, and was an object of especial interest to Valdarno, who supported the incredible theory of Corona's devo-

tion to the old man. Valdarno's stables were near the club, and on pretence of showing a new horse to Astrardente, he nodded to his friends, and left the room with the aged dandy. It was a clear, bright winter's morning, and the two men strolled slowly down the Corso towards Valdarno's palace.

"You know, of course, how the affair began?" asked the young man.

"The first duel? Nobody knows—certainly not I."

"Well—perhaps not," returned Valdarno, doubtfully. "At all events, you know that Spicca flew into a passion because poor Casalverde forgot to step in after he cried halt; and then Del Ferice ran Giovanni through the arm."

"That was highly improper—most reprehensible," said Astrardente, putting up his eyeglass to look at a pretty little sempstress who hurried past on her way to her work.

"I suppose so. But Casalverde certainly meant no harm; and if Del Ferice had not been so unlucky as to forget himself in the excitement of the moment, no one would have thought anything of it."

"Ah yes, I suppose not," murmured Astrardente, still looking after the girl. When he could see her face no longer, he turned sharply back to Valdarno.

"This is exceedingly interesting," he said. "Tell me more about it."

"Well, when it was over, old Sarracinesca was for killing Casalverde himself."

"The old fire-eater! He ought to be ashamed of himself!"

"However, Spicca was before him, and challenged Casalverde then and there. As both the principals in the first duel were so badly wounded, it had to be put off until this morning."

"They went out, and—piff, paff! Spicca ran him through," interrupted Astrardente. "What a horrible tragedy!"

"Ah yes; and what is worse—"

"What surprises me most," interrupted the Duke again, "is that in this delightfully peaceful and paternally governed little nest of ours, the authorities should not have been able to prevent either of these duels. It is perfectly amazing! I cannot remember a parallel instance. Do you mean to say that there was not a *sbirro* or a *gendarme* in the neighbourhood to-day nor yesterday?"

"That is not so surprising," answered Valdarno, with a knowing look. "There would have been few tears in high quarters if Del Ferice had been killed yesterday; there will be few to-day over the death of poor Casalverde."

"Bah!" ejaculated Astrardente. "If Antonelli had heard of these affairs he would have stopped them soon enough."

Valdarno glanced behind him, and, bending a little, whispered in Astrardente's ear—

"They were both Liberals, you must know."

"Liberals?" repeated the old dandy, with a cynical sneer. "Nonsense, I say! Liberals? Yes, in the way you are a Liberal, and Donna Tullia Mayer, and Spicca himself, who has just killed that other Liberal, Casalverde. Liberals indeed! Do you flatter yourself for a moment that Antonelli is afraid of such Liberals as you are? Do you think the life of Del Ferice is of any more importance to politics than the life of that dog there?"

It was Astrardente's habit to scoff mercilessly at all the petty manifestations of political feeling he saw about him in the world.

He represented a class distinct both from the Valdarno set and from the men represented by the *Sarracinesca*—a class who despised everything political as unworthy of the attention of gentlemen, who took everything for granted, and believed that all was for the best, provided that society moved upon rollers, and so long as no one meddled with old institutions. To question the wisdom of the municipal regulations was to attack the Government itself; to attack the Government was to cast a slight upon his Holiness the Pope, which was rank heresy, and very vulgar into the bargain. Astrardente had seen a great deal of the world, but his ideas of politics were almost childishly simple—whereas many people said that his principles in relation to his fellows were fiendishly cynical. He was certainly not a very good man; and if he pretended to no reputation for devoutness, it was probable that he recognised the absurdity of his attempting such a pose. But politically he believed in Cardinal Antonelli's ability to defy Europe with or without the aid of France, and laughed as loudly at Louis Napoleon's old idea of putting the sovereign Pontiff at the head of an Italian federation, as he jeered at Cavour's favourite phrase concerning a free Church in a free State. He had good blood in him, and the hereditary courage often found with it. He had a certain skill in matters worldly; but his wit in things political seemed to belong to an earlier generation, and to be incapable of receiving new impressions.

But Valdarno, who was vain and set great value on his opinions, was deeply offended at the way Astrardente spoke of him and his friends. In his eyes he was risking much for what he con-

sidered a good object, and he resented any contemptuous mention of Liberal principles, whenever he dared. No one cared much for Astrardente, and certainly no one feared him; nevertheless in those times men hesitated to defend anything which came under the general head of Liberalism, when they were likely to be overheard, or when they could not trust the man to whom they were speaking. If no one feared Astrardente, no one trusted him either. Valdarno consequently judged it best to smother his annoyance at the old man's words, and to retaliate by striking him in a weak spot.

"If you despise Del Ferice as much as you say," he remarked, "I wonder that you tolerate him as you do."

"I tolerate him. Toleration is the very word—it delightfully expresses my feelings towards him. He is a perfectly harmless creature, who affects immense depth of insight into human affairs, and who cannot see an inch before his face. Dear me! yes, I shall always tolerate Del Ferice, poor fellow!"

"You may not be called upon to do so much longer," replied Valdarno. "They say he is in a very dangerous condition."

"Ah!" ejaculated Astrardente, putting up his eyeglass at his companion. "Ah, you don't say so!"

There was something so insolent in the old man's affected stare that even the foolish and good-natured Valdarno lost his temper, being already somewhat irritated.

"It is a pity that you should be so indifferent. It is hardly becoming. If you had not tolerated him as you have, he might not be lying there at the point of death."

Astrardente stared harder than ever.

"My dear young friend," he

said, "your language is the most extraordinary I ever heard. How in the world can my treatment of that unfortunate man have had anything to do with his being wounded in a duel?"

"My dear old friend," replied Valdarno, impudently mimicking the old man's tone, "your simplicity surpasses anything I ever knew. Is it possible that you do not know that this duel was fought for your wife?"

Astrardente looked fixedly at Valdarno; his eyeglass dropped from his eye, and he turned ashy pale beneath his paint. He staggered a moment, and steadied himself against the door of a shop. They were just passing the corner of the Piazza di Sciarra, the most crowded crossing of the Corso.

"Valdarno," said the old man, his cracked voice dropping to a hoarse and deeper tone, "you must explain yourself or answer for this."

"What! Another duel!" cried Valdarno, in some scorn. Then, seeing that his companion looked ill, he took him by the arm and led him rapidly through the crowd, across the Arco dei Carognani. Entering the Caffè Aragno, a new institution in those days, both men sat down at a small marble table. The old dandy was white with emotion; Valdarno felt that he was enjoying his revenge.

"A glass of cognac, Duke?" he said, as the waiter came up. Astrardente nodded, and there was silence while the man brought the cordial. The Duca lived by an invariable rule, seeking to balance the follies of his youth by excessive care in his old age; it was long, indeed, since he had taken a glass of brandy in the morning. He swallowed it quickly, and the stimulant produced its effect immediately; he readjusted his eyeglass, and faced Valdarno sternly.

"And now," he said, "that we are at our ease, may I inquire what the devil you mean by your insinuations about my wife?"

"Oh," replied Valdarno, affecting great indifference, "I only say what everybody says. There is no offence to the Duchessa."

"I should suppose not, indeed. Go on."

"Do you really care to hear the story?" asked the young man.

"I intend to hear it, and at once," replied Astrardente.

"You will not have to employ force to extract it from me, I can assure you," said Valdarno, settling himself in his chair, but avoiding the angry glance of the old man. "Everybody has been repeating it since the day before yesterday, when it occurred. You were at the Frangipani—you might have seen it all. In the first place, you must know that there exists another of those beings to whom you extend your merciful toleration—a certain Giovanni Sarracinesca—you may have noticed him?"

"What of him?" asked Astrardente, fiercely.

"Among other things, he is the man who wounded Del Ferice, as I daresay you have heard. Among other things concerning him, he has done himself the honour of falling desperately, madly in love with the Duchessa d'Astrardente, who——"

"What?" cried the old man in a cracked voice, as Valdarno paused.

"Who does you the honour of ignoring his existence on most occasions, but who was so unfortunate as to recall him to her memory on the night of the Frangipani ball. We were all sitting in a circle round the Duchessa's chair that night, when the conversation chanced to turn upon this same Giovanni Sarracinesca, a fire-eating

fellow with a bad temper. He had been away for some days; indeed he was last seen at the Apollo in your box, when they gave 'Norma'——"

"I remember," interrupted Astrardente. The mention of that evening was but a random shot. Valdarno had been in the club box, and had seen Giovanni when he made his visit to the Astrardente; he had not seen him again till the Frangipani ball.

"Well, as I was saying, we spoke of Giovanni, and every one had something to say about his absence. The Duchessa expressed her curiosity, and Del Ferice, who was with us, proposed calling him—he was at the other end of the room, you see—that he might answer for himself. So I went and brought him up. He was in a very bad humour——"

"What has all this absurd story got to do with the matter?" asked the old man, impatiently.

"It is the matter itself. The irascible Giovanni is angry at being questioned, treats us all like mud under his feet, sits down by the Duchessa and forces us to go away. The Duchessa tells him the story, with a laugh no doubt, and Giovanni's wrath overflows. He goes in search of Del Ferice, and nearly strangles him. The result of these eccentricities is the first duel, leading to the second."

Astrardente was very angry, and his thin gloved hands twitched nervously at the handle of his stick.

"And this," he said—"this string of trivial ball-room incident, seems to you a sufficient pretext for stating that the duel was about my wife?"

"Certainly," replied Valdarno, coolly. "If Sarracinesca had not been for months openly devoting himself to the Duchessa—who, I

assure you, takes no kind of notice of him——"

"You need not waste words——"

"I do not,—and if Giovanni had not thought it worth while to be jealous of Del Ferice, there would have been no fighting."

"Have you been telling your young friends that my wife was the cause of all this?" asked Astrardente, trembling with a genuine rage which lent a certain momentary dignity to his feeble frame and painted face.

"Why not?"

"Have you or have you not?"

"Certainly—if you please," returned Valdarno insolently, enjoying the old man's fury.

"Then permit me to tell you that you have taken upon yourself an outrageous liberty, that you have lied, and that you do not deserve to be treated like a gentleman."

Astrardente got upon his feet and left the *café* without further words. Valdarno had indeed wounded him in a weak spot, and the wound was mortal. His blood was up, and at that moment he would have faced Valdarno sword in hand, and might have proved himself no mean adversary, so great is the power of anger to revive in the most decrepit the energies of youth. He believed in his wife with a rare sincerity, and his blood boiled at the idea of her being spoken rudely of as the object of a scandalous quarrel, however much Valdarno insisted upon it that she was as indifferent to Giovanni as to Del Ferice. The story was a shallow invention upon the face of it. But though the old man told himself so again and again as he almost ran through the narrow streets towards his house, there was one thought suggested by

Valdarno which rankled deep. It was true that Giovanni had last been seen in the Astrardente box at the opera; that he had not remained five minutes seated by the Duchessa before he had suddenly invented a shallow excuse for leaving; and finally, there was no doubt that at that very moment Corona had seemed violently agitated. Giovanni had not reappeared till the night of the Frangipani ball, and the duel had taken place on the very next morning. Astrardente could not reason—his mind was too much disturbed by his anger against Valdarno; but a vague impression that there was something wrong in it all, drove him homewards in wild excitement. He was ill, too, and had he been in a frame of mind to reflect upon himself, he would have noticed that his heart beat with ominous irregularity. He did not even think of taking a cab, but hurried along on foot, finding, perhaps, a momentary relief in violent exertion. The old blood rushed to his face in good earnest, and shamed the delicately painted lights and shadows touched in by the master-hand of Monsieur Isidore, the cosmopolitan valet.

Valdarno remained seated in the *café*, rather disturbed at what he had done. He certainly had had no intention of raising such a storm; he was a weak and good-natured fellow, whose vanity was easily wounded, but who was not otherwise very sensitive, and was certainly not very intelligent. Astrardente had laughed at him and his friends in a way which touched him to the quick, and with childish petulance he had retaliated in the easiest way which presented itself. Indeed there was more foundation for his tale than Astrardente would allow. At least it was true that the

story was in the mouths of all the gossips that morning, and Valdarno had only repeated what he had heard. He had meant to annoy the old man; he had certainly not intended to make him so furiously angry. As for the deliberate insult he had received, it was undoubtedly very shocking to be told that one lied in such very plain terms; but on the other hand, to demand satisfaction of such an old wreck as Astrardente would be ridiculous in the extreme. Valdarno was incapable of very violent passion, and was easily persuaded that he was in the wrong when any one contradicted him flatly; not that he was altogether devoid of a certain physical courage if hard pushed, but because he was not very strong, not very confident of himself, not very combative, and not very truthful. When Astrardente was gone, he waited a few minutes, and then sauntered up the Corso again towards the club, debating in his mind how he should turn a good story out of his morning's adventure without making himself appear either foolish or pusillanimous. It was also necessary so to turn his narrative that in case any one repeated it to Giovanni, Giovanni might not propose to cut his throat, though it was not probable that any one would be bold enough to desire a conversation with the younger Sarracinesca on such a subject.

When he again entered the smoking-room of the club, he was greeted by a chorus of inquiries concerning his interview with Astrardente.

"What did he ask? What did he say? Where is he? What did you tell him? Did he drop his eyeglass? Did he blush through his paint?"

Everybody spoke together in the

same breath. Valdarno's vanity rose to the occasion. Weak and insignificant by nature, he particularly delighted in being the centre of general interest, if even for a moment only.

"He really dropped his eyeglass," he answered, with a gay laugh, "and he really changed colour in spite of his paint."

"It must have been a terrible interview, then," remarked one or two of the loungers.

"I shall be happy to offer you my services in case you wish to cut each other's throats," said a French officer of the Papal Zouaves who stood by the fireplace rolling a cigarette. Whereupon everybody laughed loudly.

"Thanks," answered Valdarno; "I am expecting a challenge every minute. If he proposes a powder-puff and a box of rouge for the weapons, I accept without hesitation. Well, it was very amusing. He wanted to know all about it, and so I told him about the scene in Casa Frangipani. He did not seem to understand at all. He is a very obtuse old gentleman."

"I hope you explained the connection of events," said some one.

"Indeed I did. It was delight-

ful to witness his fury. It was then that he dropped his eyeglass and turned as red as a boiled lobster. He swore that his wife was above suspicion, as usual."

"That is true," said a young man who had attempted to make love to Corona during the previous year.

"Of course it is true," echoed all the rest, with a unanimity rare indeed where a woman's reputation is concerned.

"Yes," continued Valdarno, "of course. But he goes so far as to say it is absurd that any one should admire his wife, who is nevertheless a most admirable woman. He stamped, he screamed, he turned red in the face, and he went off without taking leave of me, flourishing his stick, and swearing eternal hatred and vengeance against the entire civilised society of the world. He was delightfully amusing. Will anybody play baccarat? I will start a bank."

The majority were for the game, and in a few minutes were seated at a large green table, drawing cards and betting with a good will, and interspersing their play with stray remarks on the events of the morning.

THE NATIONAL SURVEY.

WHAT is the Ordnance Survey? how and when did it originate? what are the objects it subserves? by whom and in what manner is it executed? and who pays for it? By many it may be thought that to ask such questions at such a time as this in the history and progress of the National Survey of the United Kingdom, is to imply a want of knowledge of what is going on around us altogether exceptional, and derogatory to the intelligence, or, let us say, to the most ordinary powers of observation, of the average reader. For, undoubtedly, there must be few among those resident in our islands, whether dwellers in town or country, to whom the sight of the ubiquitous Survey sapper and his belongings has not long ceased to be a novelty. His station-piles have been visible for years past on all the principal mountain-summits and hill-ranges throughout the country. Scarcely a rustic bumpkin but has gazed, and then speedily forgotten his astonishment, at the network of cross-headed poles which have sprung up in every locality, on ridges and knolls, downs and uplands, river-banks and sea-beaches, marking in succession the advance of the Ordnance Survey. The Government camping-tents and observatories have been pitched, here in a valley alongside some sheltered farmstead, there far away in the mist surmounting a rugged peak, or tied down with stays and guy-ropes to some scanty ledge hard by. The traveller along our highways must perforce, if he were not purblind, have constantly set eyes upon our

altitude-marks, graven as they are along the roadsides on walls, buildings, bridges, gate-pillars, and even on the milestones. In the towns and villages the State theodolite, encased with scaffolding, has been seen perched upon the pinnacles of church steeples, on towers, domes, and monuments; or, again, in flat wooded districts oftentimes mounted on lofty portable stages to overtop the foliage. In a very short time the measuring chain will have been dragged through every county, parish, township, hamlet, and demesne throughout the land, and all the topographical features of the country, as well natural as artificial—hill and vale, river and rivulet, roads, railways, plantations, fences, buildings of every sort or size, and the like, down to such minutæ as wells, pumps, and isolated trees in fields or hedge-rows, or in towns even to the pillar post-boxes and lamp-posts along the streets—will, in exhaustive detail and with extraordinary accuracy, have been searched out and represented on the national maps.

Nevertheless, if we except certain among professional men, as civil engineers, architects, surveyors, and others more immediately concerned with these maps, it is the fact that to the public generally their uses and value are not at all adequately known. Nay, it may be questioned if the class of gentlemen just named are those most likely to appreciate the collateral merits of our various Ordnance publications. The popular and utilitarian idea of a Government map may no doubt be a fairly

correct one, as far as it goes. It will be something with which to find one's way about, or it will help us to lay out a project for a road, railway, or manufactory, gas, drainage, and water mains, telegraph lines, and so forth. But it would be altogether a mistake to suppose that these objects exhaust the information to be derived from the chartographic prints of the Cadastral Survey. The geographer, the orologist, and even the student in geology, will find in them much to instruct and interest. To the archæologist and the researcher in topographic philology, they are indispensable records, as being in a measure epitomes of the past history of the entire country, not an ancient place-name or object of antiquity escaping them. While as for geodesy, the votaries of that science must ever acknowledge with gratitude their abiding obligations for that great completed work, the Principal Triangulation of the United Kingdom—the magnificent basis upon which the accuracy of the whole Survey rests—which has been worked out with marvellous toil, skill, and assiduity for the best part of a century past; which has involved problems of the nicest calculation, both mathematical and astronomical; has enabled us to measure with extreme exactitude meridional and longitudinal arcs, whereby approximately to ascertain the true figure of the earth; which has linked the entire series of surveyed areas covering our island into one homogeneous piece of mensuration, fixing in true relative position points over a hundred miles apart equally as the four corners of a house or other the smallest object represented on the map, and at the same time, by a chain of triangles carried across the English Channel, connecting British with Conti-

ental geography, in a scientific manner that will defy criticism to all time.

Nor can it be said that much has been contributed to current literature respecting the National Survey. We know only of two notices which have appeared in the periodicals of the day; one in a well-known quarterly, some three-and-twenty years ago—the other an excellent account, as far as it goes, by an ex-Survey officer, reprinted in 1873. There is, to be sure, the Director-General's annual report to Parliament, in the form of a blue-book, giving a *résumé* of the progress of our work from year to year; but this necessarily deals mainly with statistical information. The department has also published several important volumes treating in detail of the various technical methods and processes adopted in its operations. And there are a large number of reports of parliamentary committees, minutes of evidence, &c., bearing upon matters connected with the Survey, which have been debated from time to time. But obviously, for the most part, these official treatises are not accessible to the general public, nor, if they were, could they be digested without a formidable amount of labour that no ordinary reader could be expected to undertake.

We propose, then, to attempt in these pages a brief sketch, with the object of bringing to light a few of the more salient points touching the early history, organisation, work, and gradual development of the Ordnance Survey, an institution embodying what is undeniably the most perfect and elaborate map-making machinery in the world, and which has evoked for foreign experts the unique encomium—“L'Ordnance Survey, œuvre sans précédent et qui devrait servir

de modèle à toutes les nations civilisées.”¹

The credit of originating and carrying into execution the first tangible project for a systematic topographical survey of part of the kingdom is to be divided between two engineer officers, both at the time holding distinguished positions on the staff of the British army. The idea would seem to have followed close upon the sanguinary termination at Culloden of the “forty-five” rebellion, and was doubtless the outcome of that unhappy rising, for it contemplated a general map of the Scottish Highlands,—precisely those parts of the country in which the heart and soul of the insurrectionary movement had all along centred. The difficulties of moving troops through these wild mountain districts, in the absence of roads, and without any clear knowledge of the passes connecting the glens and fastnesses, or of the correct distances intervening, would have been enormously lessened by the possession of good maps. Lieutenant-General Watson, an engineer, then deputy quartermaster-general to the Duke of Cumberland’s forces in North Britain, appears to have taken in hand in 1747, with the assistance of some troops quartered at Fort Augustus, the survey and mapping out of the wild and inaccessible region surrounding that military post. William Roy, assistant quartermaster-general, and afterwards (1757) posted to the corps of Engineers, was, as he himself tells us in his admirable account of these early surveying operations, associated with his chief in the work. It was General Watson, he says, who “first conceived the idea of

making a map of the Highlands ;” and then he proceeds : “As assistant quartermaster, it fell to my lot to begin, and afterwards to have a considerable share in the execution of that map ; which, being undertaken under the auspices of the Duke of Cumberland, and meant at first to be confined to the Highlands only, was nevertheless at last extended to the Lowlands, and thus made general in what related to the mainland of Scotland, the islands (except some lesser ones near the coast) not having been surveyed.” This piece of work appears to have been excellently carried out as far as it went. Roy, indeed, qualifies the result by remarking that, owing to the comparative inferiority of the instruments used, and the inadequacy of the annual grants provided for the service, “it is rather to be considered as a magnificent military sketch than a very accurate map of a country.” It was interrupted by the breaking out, in 1755, of another of our then intermittent wars with France—that which gained us Canada at the cost of Wolfe—and the work was never completed. But the seed was sown which was in due time to provide an abundant harvest.

“On the conclusion of the peace of 1763,” writes General Roy, “it came for the first time under the consideration of Government to make a general survey of the whole island at the public cost ;” and the direction of this great undertaking was to have been intrusted to that officer. But for reasons not assigned,—it may have been for want of funds, inertia, procrastination, or what not,—the twelve years’ interval of repose en-

¹ Rapport de la Commission Militaire sur l’Exposition Universelle de 1867, p. 265. Paris : 1868.

joyed by the country before our next embroilment was allowed to pass without anything being done. With the year 1775 came the outbreak of the American War of Independence, and a further postponement of the scheme for the prosecution of the State surveys. There the matter remained in abeyance until after that severe and protracted struggle, which finally involved us in renewed hostilities with France and Spain, had been brought to a close by the peace negotiated in the first month of 1783. Meanwhile Roy, who in the interval seems to have temporarily returned to his ordinary military duties, had kept steadily in view the probable resumption of the suspended project; and already, as we have seen, well seasoned in surveying by his Scottish topographical experiences, was preparing himself to push on at the first opportunity with anything offering itself for execution in his special line. During an enforced detention in London this year (1783), he employed himself (for his own amusement, he tells us) in measuring a short base-line, about a mile and a half long, "across the fields," somewhere betwixt the parishes of Marylebone and St Pancras, to serve as a foundation for triangulating to the principal church steeples and prominent objects in the metropolis, determining their relative positions, and connecting them with the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. This work was, however, suddenly arrested by his learning that similar operations, on a more ambitious scale, were in contemplation in another quarter.

We now come to an important stage in the history of the National Surveys—namely, to negotiations for the conducting of a large and delicate trigonometrical operation,

which was in reality to form the nucleus or starting-point of that elaborate system of triangulation we now possess over our islands. Early in October 1783, Comte d'Adhemar, the French ambassador at our Court, transmitted to Mr Fox a memoir, by the eminent astronomer and academician, M. Cassini de Thury, in which were set forth the great advantages that would accrue to astronomy by carrying a series of triangles from the neighbourhood of London to Dover, and thence connecting them by observations across the English Channel with the triangulation already executed in France. The immediate object of this scheme was stated to be the more accurate ascertainment of the relative situations of the Paris and Greenwich Observatories. This memoir Mr Fox submitted to the President of the Royal Society, Sir Joseph Banks, who, towards the end of the year, consulted General Roy, and proposed he should undertake the task on the English side. Having obtained the royal sanction, the General consented.

It will be obvious that, to initiate and carry forward any network of triangles—the angles of which are to be observed, and the sides calculated by trigonometry for the purposes of an extensive terrestrial survey—the first essential is to establish a base-line in some suitable and fairly level spot, and to measure it with the utmost exactitude possible. For, inasmuch as the whole of the subsequent operations hinge upon this base, and as, moreover, to avoid undue labour and risk of inaccuracy in so nice an admeasurement, its length is necessarily made short in proportion to the length of the remaining sides of the triangulation, it is clear that a very minute error in

the foundation-line will tend to multiply itself, and will affect the entire series of calculations. In the summer of the following year, then, we find the indefatigable engineer officer hard at work on what may virtually be regarded as the first base-line of the Ordnance Survey. The site selected was on Hounslow Heath. A military working-party was furnished by the 12th Regiment of Foot, to clear the ground as a preliminary; not only, remarks Roy, because "this was obviously the most frugal method," but also for the reason "that soldiers would be more attentive to orders than country labourers." Next, the elaborate plant of the actual measuring apparatus had to be conveyed to the ground—consisting of a 100-foot coffered steel chain, specially made by Ramsden; cased glass tubing; thoroughly seasoned deal rods, in 20-foot lengths, cut out of an old Riga mast and trussed; besides a portable transit instrument, spirit-level, boning-rods and telescope, trestles, tripods, and a variety of other implements. Day after day, by slow instalments, the five miles and a fraction the line measured were covered, the contacts of every two successive rods or chain-lengths being ensured with the most minute precision; while at the same time the greatest care was taken to secure correct alignment, to adjust differences of level, to estimate variations due to temperature, and to allow for all other possible sources of error. Where each day's work left off, a fine plumb-line was suspended to mark it off—the plummet vibrating in a brass cup sunk in the ground and filled with water. It was carefully fenced round for security, and a military watch took charge of it by night, or till work was resumed. The base was measured three times

—by the glass rods, the wooden rods, and the steel chain respectively. Ultimately, when remeasured in 1791, its extremities were securely marked by sinking an iron cannon underground—the centre of the bore in each case representing the exact terminal points of the line. The operation extended over two and a half months, and excited great scientific interest. The King, the Master-General of the Ordnance, and many distinguished *savants* of the day, visited the work while in progress—the President of the Royal Society giving his attendance "from morning to night in the field" during its more important stages. Altogether it was an admirably executed service, and, as we shall see further on, the three measurements tallied very closely with the result of the subsequent remeasurement. The account of the technical *modus operandi* is given in great detail, and takes up a respectable part of a good-sized volume. Such an amount of forethought and careful skill as it reveals fills one with admiration, and reflects the highest credit on the able officer who a century ago planned and accomplished it.

During the next two years the measures on the British side for the joint geodetic enterprise seem to have been maturing, and arrangements were made for the supply by the eminent optician already named (Ramsden) of the great 3-feet theodolite that was to be used in the operations. In the spring of 1787 the negotiations with Paris were resumed—this time through the medium of our Minister at Versailles; and a correspondence was opened between the Royal Society and the French Academy of Sciences as to the co-operation to be afforded by the latter institution in connecting the coastwise stations of the triangula-

tion on either side of the Channel. The Academy judiciously appointed to superintend its share of the work Jean Dominic Cassini, Comte de Thury, whose memoir, as we have seen, had so strongly urged the undertaking, and who, in addition to his seventeen years' Academical membership, had recently succeeded to the distinguished post of Director of the Paris Observatory—a post which his ancestor and namesake had been the first to fill, and which had been held by successive members of this celebrated family of astronomers for upwards of a hundred years. With M. Cassini were to be associated two other commissioners, of scarcely less repute in the category of names which have made French science famous—MM. Legendre and Méchain. Méchain had been admitted to the Academical honours five years before. His skill as an observer was remarkable, and elicited a tribute from the master-geometrician Delambre; so also was the accuracy of all his calculations connected with the French Survey. Four years later, when the National Convention, having got the bit well in its teeth, was galloping away with the State coach headlong to the "Terror," that assembly had still sense enough left to sanction the employment of Delambre and Méchain, at the instance of the Academy, upon the measurement of an arc of meridian between Dunkerque and Barcelona, required for metrical purposes—though it afterwards ejected from his office and imprisoned Cassini. With the name of Adrien Marie Legendre every student of the higher mathematics must be more or less familiar; for it was he who propounded the well-known beautiful theorem which bears his name, regarding

a property of what is termed in spherical trigonometry the "spherical excess." Such a contribution as this to mathematical and geodetical research would alone have sufficed to gain for its author a lasting reputation among scientists. But his labours were not few; and the services of himself and his collaborator Laplace in connection with geodesy—notably with the working out of the observations for the great French meridional arc, and the deduction therefrom of its spheroidal figure most conformable thereto—would do honour to any country.

Meantime, by the end of the summer of 1787, Roy had carried down his triangulation from the Hounslow base to the Kentish coast, in readiness for the further proceedings; and on the 23d September, the Ramsden's theodolite (just completed in time) having been conveyed to Dover, he and his coadjutor Blagden, met there the three French commissioners. A moment's pause here to note this date. Just three days earlier, the memorable and refractory Parliament of Paris, which, after its refusal to register the royal taxation edicts, had been so uncereemoniously bundled off to Troyes five weeks before, had returned to the capital in triumph. Indeed, altogether this year was an eventful one in French history. Since Necker's dismissal, the finances had been going from bad to worse; and after De Fleury and D'Ormesson had given place to M. de Calonne, that suave minister of expedients was to attempt the hopeless task of arresting the State deficit, and of bolstering up the already tottering edifice of French financial credit. He had come into office towards the close of the year in which, as we have seen, the trans-Channel triangulation pro-

ject was first brought to notice in England: and the story of how the notables, convoked into unwonted session after a long abeyance, met in the month of February 1787; how they would have nothing to say to his measures; how he was driven early in April to resign; how Loménie de Brienne having supplanted him, found the place equally a bed of thorns; and how, after a brief sitting, the intractable Assembly had itself to submit to dissolution,—is no new one in the annals of “la grande nation.” It may, however, just serve to suggest to us—in contrast with the interesting scientific achievement which was linking the two neighbour countries at this time—the contemporary march of events on the opposite side of the water, where already the mutterings and murmurings of the great coming storm were in the air. And it may induce us to be thankful for the brief interval of peace that admitted of a reciprocal undertaking of such a kind being successfully carried out; nor should we be ungrateful to the nation which, with an exhausted exchequer, and no prospect of replenishing it, yet found the means for this and kindred work to go forward.

To resume. At Dover the party of *savants* remained two days, and then, the necessary arrangements having been concerted for the transmarine part of the observations, the Frenchmen, accompanied by Blagden, crossed over to Calais. The detailed account of the operations at this point is very interesting. On the French side, the instrument used for observing appears to have been a repeating-circle of Borda's make, about twelve inches in diameter. This description of instrument, which came into general use from this time forward

with the French astronomers, had the advantages of being commodious and portable, and of diminishing errors due to defective graduation: and it would seem that Méchain formed a very high opinion of its qualities—an opinion, however, he had afterwards occasion somewhat to modify when working out the Dunkerque-Barcelona arc. We, as already noted, made use of a splendid 3-feet theodolite by Ramsden. When the state of the weather or the long distances rendered night observations necessary, white signal-lights and reflector-lamps were flashed across the sea from the stations on either side. The joint operations continued till the 17th October, thus occupying barely a month. During the greater part of the time the weather was extremely bad: nevertheless, the particular nights on which the most important of the observations on our side were taken—namely, those from Dover Castle and Fairlight Down over to Blancnez and Montlambert on the French coast—were fortunately favourable, which, as General Roy observes, enabled the Commission “thereby to establish for ever the triangular connection between the two countries.” A few of the inland stations of the triangulation still remained to be observed from; but Roy, after struggling on through the last fortnight of October, and completing all but two, encountered such tempestuous weather that, “perched on the tops of high steeples,” he and his party found it impossible to proceed further till the next season, and the Ramsden theodolite was accordingly taken down and sent off to London for the winter. On our part, the work appears to have been executed with extreme care, precision, and comparative accuracy,—the

angles being in some instances read as minutely as to tenths of seconds.

Scarcely was this piece of bi-national geodesy out of Roy's hands, than we find him engaged with a new base-line for verification purposes at Romney Marsh in Kent. It was nearly $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles long, and its measurement occupied a little over seven weeks, running into December 1787. In these early days of the Ordnance Survey, the advantage of military superintendence was fully recognised by the authorities, a principle which to the present time has never passed out of sight. Lieutenants Fiddes and Bryce of the Engineers assisted General Roy in the Romney Marsh operations, which presented certain difficulties owing to the ground being intersected by wide and deep ditches; and the General, after commending Fiddes for his skill, adds, that in the preliminary survey for this base, that officer had "had no other assistants than the artillerymen of his surveying party." We are also told that Major Congreve of the Artillery was intrusted with the management of the signal-lights at Shooter's Hill during the trigonometrical observations of this autumn.

Of the progress of the Ordnance Survey work during the three years following 1787, we can gather little from the official account. From Roy's two memoirs, there is evidence that the triangulation was continued into 1788, two stations in London, Primrose Hill and Hornsey Hill, being assigned to that year. But in the interval occurred the death of this accomplished officer, so entirely devoted to his work; and for the moment, as we learn from the compilers of the next record of the operations, "the further prosecu-

tion of the survey of the island seemed to expire with the General."

A considerable time, we are told, elapsed after his decease without any intention on the part of the authorities of renewing the undertaking, and apparently it was not till 1791 that the work was resumed. About this time an opportunity for acquiring a very fine theodolite of Ramsden's workmanship, similar to the one he had previously constructed for General Roy, but with some improvements, and two new steel chains by the same maker, presented itself to the Government; and the Duke of Richmond, then Master-General of the Ordnance, who seems to have taken an enlightened view of the situation, authorised their purchase, and such other steps as were necessary to proceed with the survey.

Space forbids us to enter here upon anything like details as to what is meant by a triangulation of a country, nor can we essay to give the reader even an elementary notion of the complex conditions and problems involved in the instrumental observations and calculations therefrom for the trigonometrical work of the Ordnance Survey. Nor is there room to touch upon the various sources of error which complicate these processes. We will but instance, *en passant*, an extraordinary example of the effect of atmospheric refraction encountered by Captain Mudge when observing the station Glastonbury Tor from Pilsden Hill, in Dorsetshire, in June 1795, the air being exceptionally clear at the time. The unusual distinctness, he remarks, of the object (an old building on the Tor) "led me to keep my eye a long time at the telescope; and, whilst my attention was engaged, I perceived the top of the building

gradually rise above the micro-meter-wire, and so continue to do till it was elevated 10 minutes 45 seconds above its first apparent situation. It then remained stationary, and, as night drew on, the object became indistinct. To what cause this extraordinary change in the refraction could be owing, I am at a loss to conjecture." The marvellous multifarious aspects of nature presented to those employed on the "trig" work of the Survey in such elevated spots as this, or in the wilder mountain districts, must have been to the appreciative a study indeed. The lonely day and night watches on the summits of the highest peaks, intent eyes ever on the outlook for a break in the clouds and the distant signal, the utter isolation for months from the lower world—snows and terrific hailstorms at times assailing even in summer the solitary camp, or furious gales as that which one dark night in a bleak district of Derry blew over the men's tents and forced Colonel Colby to dismount the great theodolite,—these episodes and experiences, it has always seemed to us, must surely, if aught could do so, have touched the mechanical tasks of the operators with something of the gilding of the picturesque if not the romantic, and have raised their souls for the time being above the monotony which is apt to wait upon a cut-and-dried repetition of any mere scientific operation.

In the summer of 1791, the year of recommencement of the Survey, the Hounslow base-line was re-measured by Captain William Mudge of the Artillery, colleague of Lieut.-Colonel Edward Williams, of the same regiment, upon whom Roy's mantle had fallen. The result is noteworthy, as showing a remarkable agreement of all

four measures—namely, by steel chain, by deal rods, by glass tubing, and lastly, by remeasurement with the chain,—the greatest difference in any of these admeasurements being under six inches, while the length of the line exceeded five miles. In this year the triangulation was extended southward towards Fairlight and the coast, to piece in with General Roy's work; and particular attention was directed to the data for a map of Sussex, which it was intended at a future time to publish. In the narrative of the following year, we read of reflector-lamps being used of an improved kind to mark the centres of the stations for night observations, and how "the firing of the white lights was always committed to particular soldiers of the party, selected from the rest on account of their capacity and steadiness." In 1793 the triangulating operations were continued, and observations to determine the direction of the meridian at Dunnose, in the Isle of Wight, were taken with great care in the month of April, by means of azimuths of the pole-star at its maximum apparent elongations. Similar observations were tried at Beachy Head in July; but, owing to the unsteadiness or tremulousness of the atmosphere from heat, the attempt there had to be deferred. In this and the next year, special surveys of the Hampshire coast were undertaken, and mapped on a scale of three inches to a mile; but these were for purely confidential military purposes.

In the summer of 1794, a highly important base of verification, nearly 7 miles long, was measured on Salisbury Plain with the steel chain. Again the labours of the Ordnance officers attracted much attention from the leaders of sci-

ence,—Sir Joseph Banks, Maske-lyne, astronomer-royal, and others, visiting the work during its progress. Upon this line was afterwards mainly to hang the entire triangulation of the kingdom. The length of the arc of parallel in the mean latitude between Beachy Head and Dunnose was also geometrically ascertained. During this and the following year, the triangulation was carried on into the counties of Dorset and Devon, and for military objects into Kent. Cornwall was reached in 1796, the principal occupation of this year being the taking of observations to determine the distance of the Scilly Isles from the Land's End, a very awkward piece of work in trigonometrical computation, owing to the unavoidable shortness of any obtainable base in the locality. This difficulty was to some extent counteracted by the circumstance that, while the party was engaged in these observations, "the air was so unusually clear, that one could sometimes, with the telescope of the great theodolite, discern the soldiers at exercise in St Mary's Island," a long sight to accomplish, considering that the distance of the Scilly stations from the Cornish mainland averaged nearly 30 miles. In 1798, another base-line of verification was measured at Sedgemoor, in Somersetshire, 27,680 feet, or a trifle under $5\frac{1}{4}$ miles in length; and during this and the last year of the century, the triangulation, besides being extended over Kent, was carried along the valley of the Thames, and into Essex, Suffolk, Somerset, and some of the midland counties. This year the direction of the Survey passed from Colonel Williams to Captain (afterwards Major-General) Mudge, who retained it till his death in 1820.

In the opening year of the new

century the Survey sustained a great loss in the retirement from it of Mr Isaac Dalby, F.R.S., who had hitherto taken a leading part in all the more difficult and important branches of the work, and whose arduous labours had broken down his health. During the three years 1800 to 1802, the main business was the measurement of a meridional arc nearly 200 miles long. The stations selected for the terminals of the arc were Dunnose and Clifton, in Yorkshire, very nearly in the same meridian—the latter lying less than a mile to westward of the former. Arbury Hill, in Northamptonshire, formed an intermediate station something near half-way between the terminals. From 1803 to 1809, the extension of the primary triangulation of the Ordnance Survey went on apace—spreading from the eastern and midland counties (Norfolk and part of Lincolnshire excepted) into Wales and across to the Isle of Man; thence through the northern counties, till nearly the whole of England was taken in; and on into Scotland along the east side, crossing the Firth of Forth to East Lomond top and Largo Law in Fife. In addition to this work, a great number of secondary and minor triangles, joining church steeples, lighthouses, signal-staves, and other conspicuous objects, were fixed from the principal stations within the same period; so that the interior surveys of the topographical details could be carried on for the general military map of England, which by this time was in regular progress, and being published on the scale of an inch to a mile. In the summer of 1806, a fresh base of verification, under 5 miles long, was measured by Colonel Mudge at Rhuddlan Marsh, near St Asaph, with steel chains and other apparatus as before—

except that unfortunately, both in this and the Misterton Carr base, oak blocks instead of iron guns were used to mark the terminal points, and these blocks have disappeared. For the next few years no great encouragement was given to the Survey. In 1811 the publication of the maps was suspended, and the number of surveyors reduced—a measure of economy that may be intelligible if we call to mind the enormous national debt the long war with France had accumulated. The triangulation of Scotland also, which had been begun in 1809, was discontinued during the three years 1810 to 1812, and again in 1820 for a short time. After the conclusion of peace, the publication of the maps was resumed; and in 1818 the gentlemen of Lincolnshire and Rutland proposed to the Government to proceed with the map of their district out of its regular turn—and this was acceded to, on condition that a portion of the cost should be locally defrayed. The object of these country gentlemen was partly to obtain a hunting-map, and partly to get the drainage of the fens marked out for reclamation purposes.

Meanwhile, and down to 1824, no large number of points were added to the great triangulation, but several of them were of the first importance, and chiefly lay in Scotland. In the remote north were Balta, Saxavord, Yell, Brassa, Fetlar, Ronas, of the Shetlands; the solitary storm-beat rocks Foula and Fair Isle; Deerness, Fitty of Westray, Stronsay, Hoy, Ronald-

shay, in the Orkneys—our beacon cairns being in many instances raised among the ruined mounds and so-called “watch-towers” of a long bygone people. In the Western Isles, Ben More in Mull, Heynish in Tiree, Tartevil in Isla, were selected; of inland Scottish mountains, Bens Lomond, Wyvis, and Hutig. Besides these, a few stations were set up in Aberdeenshire, and one or two in the southern Scotch counties. In 1817 a check base-line was measured by Captain Colby of the Engineers (afterwards Director of the Survey), assisted by Mr Gardner, chief draughtsman, on Belhelvie Links, near Aberdeen. In 1819 a military detail survey of part of the counties of Wigtown and Ayr was commenced, upon a scale of two inches to a mile, by Captain Hobbs and three subalterns of the Royal Engineers. This survey continued with diminishing numbers through the successive years from 1820 to 1827, and it extended altogether over a space of about 937 square miles.

We have now reached a point when a new departure was taken in the work of the Department, and the survey of Ireland began, a large increase in the annual money grant for Ordnance Surveys being provided for the purpose. The idea of a cadastral survey¹ of an entire country like Ireland, on so large a scale as six inches to a mile, was quite a novel one. It was the result of representations made to Government on behalf of the Irish Valuation Department, backed by petitions to

¹ The meaning of this term has often puzzled people. “Cadastral” or “capit-
astral” survey (Fr. *cadaastre*), a survey and valuation of real property; Ital.
catastro; Low Latin, *capitastrum* (from *caput*), signifying register for a poll-tax.
Hence the Domesday Survey was in a sense a cadastral one; and the Ordnance
Survey in its larger scales, as being the only comprehensive basis upon which a
correct computation of areas and valuation of landed property for assessment of
imposts is possible, may also properly be called “cadastral.”

Parliament and by Irish public opinion, with a view to obtaining a general survey and valuation of the town-lands throughout the island. This step had been previously recommended by successive parliamentary committees appointed to consider the subject of apportioning more equally the local burdens collected in Ireland. A bill had actually been introduced in 1819 for the valuation and survey of this part of the United Kingdom, but the measure was not persevered in.¹ Mr Spring Rice's committee, however, which sat in 1824, took voluminous evidence, fixed the scale and other details of the Survey, and thus gave the finishing touches to a decision which was momentous both for Ireland and ultimately for Great Britain.

The work in Ireland, including the trigonometrical operations, covered about seventeen years, being completed by 1842. The great triangulation was securely connected by transmarine lines of observation with the principal signal-stations in Great Britain, some of these lines being of great length. In 1827-28 a base of no small importance to the Survey was measured on the picturesque eastern shore of Lough Foyle, near Magilligan Point, in the county of Londonderry. It was the longest of all the base-lines in the United Kingdom, and the apparatus used in the operation was a new invention of compensation-bars, designed by Colby. The total length of the line was an inch and a half under 41,614 feet, or nearly eight miles. The completion of the Irish trigonometrical work enabled us afterwards to compute geodetically the length of the arc of parallel be-

tween Valentia and Greenwich, and to compare the distance so obtained with the difference of longitude of the two places, as determined chronometrically by the Astronomer-Royal.

In 1838, the triangulation of Scotland, which had been stopped in 1823 to give place to the requirements of the Irish Survey, was resumed, and thenceforward progressed with tolerable continuity, according to the needs of the particular districts where the work was going on. The undertaking and carrying through of the six-inch survey of Ireland drew public attention to the question of the scales upon which the rest of the kingdom should be mapped. Many of the learned societies and other public bodies memorialised the Treasury on the subject; and in 1840, after consultation with the Duke of Wellington, the Board of Ordnance, and Colonel Colby, Government decided that the rest of Great Britain not yet taken up should be surveyed on the scale of six inches to the mile. Accordingly, the great counties of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and certain counties in Scotland, were produced on that scale, this work giving a marked impetus to the triangulation in those parts.

The last operation in base-measuring for the Survey was carried out in 1849, when the old line of 1794 on Salisbury Plain, between Beacon Hill and Old Sarum, was remeasured with Colby's compensation-bars, as at Lough Foyle. In the earlier days of the great triangulation, the observations at the instrumental stations were for the most part personally conducted by commissioned Engineer officers; but subsequently, when the work be-

¹ *Vide* Report of Select Committee on Survey and Valuation of Ireland, 1824, p. 4.

came more extensive, experienced non-commissioned officers of Sappers were intrusted with this duty. In 1847, Major-General Thomas Frederick Colby, R.E., whose eminent services to the Survey dated back to the second year of the century, and who had filled the chair of the directorate seven-and-twenty years with conspicuous ability and advantage to the State, had to retire on promotion. He was succeeded as chief of the Department by Lieut.-Colonel Hall of the Engineers, who for the next septennate occupied the post.

In 1851, the grand primary triangulation of the United Kingdom, an enterprise which had occupied between sixty and seventy years, was brought to a close. The remarkable accuracy of the results may be gathered by the reader from this one fact. When the length of the Salisbury base was *computed* from the Irish base, 350 miles distant, through the long intervening chain of triangles, this computed length differed from the measured length (as obtained from the compensation-bars) by only five inches. And, similarly, when the Belhelvie base-line, 422 miles from Salisbury Plain, was calculated by trigonometry from the adopted mean base of the Survey, the result agreed within a few inches with the length of the line as actually chained along the ground. When all the possible sources of error in the measurements themselves, as well as in the observations and computations, of a triangulation over such a wide extent of country are taken into consideration, a nearer approach to absolute exactitude than this is scarcely conceivable; nor, if attained, would it have any practical value.

We should have liked to say a word about the different scales on which the National Survey maps

are laid down; for the controversy which was waged on this subject, and which began in the year when the great triangulation was completed, is now almost historic. It would also, we think, have interested the reader to hear something of certain characteristics of the Ordnance maps which may be classed as special—*e.g.*, the mapping processes, modes of distinguishing roads and footpaths, delineation of single trees, the collection of place-names, investigation of antiquities, the hypsometry of the country, and so forth. But these details must be forgone here. Since, however, comments in the public press have occasionally been bestowed, not always with discrimination, upon the hill-shaded one-inch maps of the Survey, we are tempted to linger a moment to refer to them.

The shading of hill-features on the one-inch maps is undoubtedly the most beautiful and artistic of all the mapping processes of the Ordnance Survey. Every little ridge, bump, and hollow of the ground the scale is capable of representing is brought out with the utmost minuteness and delicacy of expression. Let any one take a few of the engraved hill sheets of Scotland, fit them together, and see what a marvellous effect of relief is produced, and how perfectly the geological structure of the country can be read, simply by a faithful and detailed rendering of the actual orological features. On this point we cannot refrain from quoting a distinguished authority:—

“In the case of the Ordnance Survey map on the scale of one inch to a mile, the varying forms of the surface are so faithfully delineated as frequently to indicate to a trained observer the nature of the rocks and the geological structure of the ground. The artists who sketched the hills must indeed have had good eyes for

form. So carefully has their work been done, that it is often not difficult to distinguish upon their maps hills formed of such rocks as sandstone from those that are composed of more durable kinds. The individual characteristics of mountains of schist, of granite, of quartz-rock, of slate, are often well depicted; nay, even the varieties of igneous rock which enter into the formation of the numerous hills and knolls of the Lowlands can frequently be detected by the features which the artists have so intelligently caught. Another set of features which their maps display are those due to glaciation. These are admirably brought out, even down to the smallest details. A glance at such maps as those of Teviotdale and the Merse, for example, shows at once the direction taken by the old *mer de glace*. The long parallel flutings of the hill-slopes, *roches moutonnées*, projecting knolls and hills with their *tails*, the great series of banks and ridges of stony clay which trend down the valley of the Tweed—these, and many more details of interest to specialists, are shown upon the maps. All over Scotland similar phenomena are common, and have been reproduced with marvellous skill on the shaded sheets issued by the Ordnance Survey. And yet the artists were not geologists. . . . With such admirable cartographical work before them, how long will intelligent teachers continue to tolerate those antiquated monstrosities which so often do duty as wall-maps in their schoolrooms?"¹

Another accomplished geologist, writing some years ago to General Sir H. James, expresses himself thus as to our hill-shaded maps of the Eastern Scottish Borders: "I never tire of looking at them; they are so beautifully done and so wonderfully suggestive. They are all the more valuable that they were constructed out of dry

levellings, and without reference to geological theories." Testimony such as this is the more gratifying because it is spontaneous, and emanates from those who have no interest in belauding the work; and because it is, we think we may say, notwithstanding what a grumbler here and there may assert, undeniably true.

We pass now to the organisation of the Ordnance Survey. This organisation rests upon a military basis, as it ever has done since the inauguration of the Department. The entire force consists of a mixed body of military men and civilians. Its traditions are military, and its discipline is largely tinged with the same element. What the primary triangulation is to the general Survey work, such is the military element to the constitution of the Survey *personnel*. It is at once the framework, the backbone, the substratum on which the stability of the whole body depends. The superintendence of the various sub-branches of the work is mainly given to the non-commissioned officers (or occasionally to the ex-non-commissioned officers) of the companies of Engineers employed on the Survey. "The headquarters of the Survey of the United Kingdom is at Southampton. From thence all orders connected with the administration and conduct of the Survey are issued, and all the plans and maps of Great Britain are there engraved and printed; the plans and maps of Ireland are engraved and published at the Survey Office in the Phoenix Park, Dublin."² At

¹ "The Physical Features of Scotland." By Professor J. Geikie, F.R.S.—Scottish Geographical Society's Magazine, January-March 1885.

² We quote from the first detailed Report on the Survey by the Director-General, presented to Parliament as a Blue-book—1856. The status remained unchanged.

Southampton the Director-General is located, and has an official residence. Here also is quartered his executive officer, who has charge of the correspondence and accounts of the Survey, and carries on, under his chief's orders, the general administrative duties of the Department. A third officer acts as assistant executive officer, regimental adjutant, and superintendent of the issue of the published maps. A fourth is in charge of the trigonometrical department (now secondary and tertiary triangulation). Two more oversee the various processes of work more immediately connected with publication—as photography, zincography, engraving, colouring the maps, and the like; while another superintends the electrotyping, workshops, and stores supply branches—these last having largely grown in importance of late years, as the out-turn and the area of the work have increased. A regimental quartermaster completes the tale of commissioned Engineer officers employed at Southampton. Until 1842 the Survey headquarters were at the Tower of London; but in consequence of the map office there having been destroyed by fire in that year, the central establishment was removed to Southampton. The Department is further divided into a number of local commands, each with a distinct central office, distributed through the country where the operations for the time being may happen to be going on. At present there are ten such divisional or field commands, all engaged in the surveying of general details, and all located in England and Wales. There is, besides, a division for Ireland, the duties of which are to revise the old six-inch Survey maps of that country, to engrave the one-inch

hill-maps, and to publish large-scale surveys of certain towns, besides carrying out some special services for public departments. There are also two divisions charged with the secondary levelling, the contouring, and the hill-sketching of the English work in progress; and one, with its chief office in Parliament Street, London, looks exclusively after the civil boundaries of England and Wales—county, parochial, municipal, parliamentary, and the like—so that these may be properly ascertained and mapped. Scotland, except as to the engraving of a small portion of its area, has been finished some years. Each of the above divisional units is under the chief superintendence of an officer of the Royal Engineers, assisted in some cases by a second officer belonging to the same corps. The commanding officers subdivide their men into field or office sections to suit the work they have to perform—each section being, as a rule, under the charge of a non-commissioned officer. There are four companies of Engineer soldiers (equivalent to a battalion) employed on the Survey, raised specially for its requirements at different times. The first to be detailed for this service was the 13th, which was formed in 1824 at the commencement of the operations in Ireland. Prior to this date there were no sapper soldiers associated with the officers of Engineers on the Ordnance Survey. In the following year two more Survey companies were raised, becoming the 14th and 16th; and in 1848 the 19th company was added to the Survey establishment. It will thus be obvious how the military constituent of the Survey leavens the whole mass. It would be impossible to overrate the advantage of having a permanent military force like this the mainstay of the

business, while supplemented by civilians in larger or smaller numbers as circumstances may require. All the higher authorities have been practically agreed upon this, from the outset of the Survey to the present time. The system may be summed up epigrammatically, after the modern political fashion, as that of the three E's—combining elasticity, economy, and efficiency. And it is to be devoutly hoped that no *quasi* reformers or bureaucratic tinkers will be induced to meddle with it.

Up to 1855 the State Department under which the National Survey was conducted was the Honourable Board of Ordnance, and the directors of the Survey were immediately responsible to that Board and its Master-General. Hence its peculiar designation, "Ordnance Survey." On the abolition of that Board, the control of the Survey passed to the War Office, with which it remained till 1870, when it was transferred to H.M.'s Office of Works, and the annual vote for the Survey has since formed part of the Civil Service estimates. Thus it is that the First Commissioner of Works and Buildings is now head of the Survey, and its parliamentary representative. The number of employees, military and civil, engaged on the Survey of the United Kingdom at the end of 1885, besides temporary taping-boys, was 3240. The Director-General of the Survey makes an annual report of its progress, and this report is presented to both Houses of Parliament.

The services rendered to other public Departments by the Ordnance Survey have been neither few nor unimportant, but the space taken up in this article pre-

cludes more than the barest reference to them. From 1848 to 1850 it undertook and completed for the Metropolitan Sewerage Commission a special triangulation and survey of London and eight miles round. Observatories for the theodolite were erected above the cross on the dome of St Paul's, and on the north-west tower of Westminster Abbey; and a great many levels were taken along the streets. The Survey has furnished officers and non-commissioned officers at different times to carry out various special surveys abroad—at Jerusalem, Sinai, Cyprus, the Cape, Canada, British Columbia, and elsewhere. Important work has been done for the Admiralty, the Foreign, Colonial, India, and other Government offices; while, ever since 1858-59, when the eyes of the country were turned to the question of national defences, the War Office has been putting the Survey Department under pretty constant requisition.

The State has had from Southampton maps of Turkey, maps of the Servian and Turco-Persian frontiers, maps of Afghanistan, maps of the Transvaal, of Vancouver Island, of the Oregon Territory, and so on.¹ The Registrar-General's Department has laid the Survey under contribution for the delimitation of civil boundaries, and the computation of the civil areas of the country, for the purposes of the Census returns. Her Majesty's Boundary Commissions for redistribution of seats under the several franchise bills have in each case drawn largely on its resources. Under the Reform Bill of 1832, two Engineer officers of the Survey, Lieutenants Dawson and Drummond, prepared the maps required for the Boundary

¹ See the Director-General's various reports to Parliament.

Commission. In 1868, six Survey officers were appointed to the Royal Commission on Parliamentary Boundaries, and assisted in holding the local inquiries. On that occasion Sir Henry James, Director of the Survey, prepared and published for the Commissioners' Report a very large number of maps. Similarly, the Department was suddenly called upon under the recent Seats Bill to furnish an immense number of special maps for Sir John Lambert's Boundary Commission;¹ and a large further supply, embodying the alterations made in Committee, followed. The demand was very urgent, and it was necessary to work extra time night and day. The total number of maps supplied for the purposes of this Commission was about 453,000. In this instance, there were six officers from the Ordnance Survey, and two ex-Survey officers, sitting either as commissioners or assistant commissioners. In Ireland, special surveys have been made for the Irish Church Temporalities Commission; and the State surveyors have for long been doing work for the Valuation Department, for the Land Judges' Court, and for the Land Commission. Special maps have been supplied to the Local Government Board, and to the Stationery Office. The Geological Survey of the kingdom sends its field data to Southampton and Mountjoy, and the details are engraved on a separate set of copperplates for the use of that bureau. In short, most of the Government departments, and many public bodies besides those enumerated, have at one time or another come to

the National Survey for assistance.

Reproduction of facsimiles of ancient MSS. by photo-zincography is another important branch of work which has fallen to the Survey. The Great and Little Domesday-books, the original black-letter Prayer-book of 1636, ancient Anglo-Saxon charters, including the priceless Ashburnham collection, with many other series of selected national documents of the highest importance, have been copied and published through the Southampton Office, under the three-and-twenty years' editorship of an accomplished gentleman expert, Mr Basevi Sanders, late Deputy-Keeper of H.M.'s Records.

Nor must we omit to name a scientific labour of the utmost import and interest which has devolved on the Survey Department—the conducting of comparisons of the lineal standards of other countries with those of our own.

We have reserved to the last, mention of a most interesting and notable scientific operation, in which the Ordnance Survey took part in 1861. This was the connection of the triangulation of Great Britain with that of France, and its extension into Belgium, the former part of the work being almost a repetition of Roy's proceedings in 1787, already described. The immediate object was, by connecting the triangulation of Russia, Prussia, Austria, France, and Belgium with our own, to afford the means of computing the geometrical length of a grand arc of parallel in latitude 52°, between our station at Valentia, in the southwest of Ireland, the most westerly

¹ A leading article in the 'Times' of 2d March 1885 says, in reference to these maps,—“The Commissioners give the credit for them to the officers of the Ordnance Survey Department, and are profuse in expressing a gratitude which every reader of the reports will feel almost equally with themselves.”

point of Europe, and the Russian station at Oursk, on the river Oural. Then, this length so computed could be compared with the same distance ascertained astronomically, by means of the difference of the longitude at the two stations, which the Astronomer-Royal had previously determined, with the greatest precision, by the interchange of telegraphic signals. Several of the old stations of 1787 were re-established, as Fairlight and Paddlesworth on one side, and Montlambert, Gravelines, Mont-Cassel, and Dunkerque on the other. Lieutenant-Colonel John Cameron,¹ then executive officer of the Ordnance Survey, was given charge of the English military party: Colonel Lévet, of the Imperial Staff, superintended the French share of the undertaking. The observations were to be duplicated by the delegates of both nations, each side using precisely the same stations, and sharing the cost of erecting the necessary observatories. We made use of the old Ramsden's 3-feet theodolite, and of a 24-inch and an 18-inch instrument. Our French colleagues stuck to their repeating circles. Some fine specimens of scaffolds to carry the theodolites were erected by Mr Beaton (an ex-sergeant of Engineers), some of which were in most difficult positions, and exhibited great skill in their construction. The usual signals, including heliostats by day, and reflecting-lamps

by night, were made use of. We began our work on the Kentish coast in May 1861, and our observing parties crossed over to France in the summer, one or other of them remaining there from August to the end of January 1862. The weather turned very foggy and stormy towards the end of the time, and on the 10th November, at Harlettes station, the scaffold staging, 80 feet high, which had been erected by the French officers, was blown down in a very severe gale. Our sappers, however, who were encamped there, speedily restored it. Mount Kemmel, near Ypres in Belgium, was the last station observed from by our 24-inch instrumental party; this was done towards the end of November. On the 15th March 1861, M. Thouvenel informed our ambassador (Lord Cowley) that the *Préfets* of the two departments of the Nord and Pas-de-Calais had been invited by the Minister of the Interior to render every assistance to our people; and the most perfect accord seems to have existed throughout this "grande opération" among all concerned.² An official treatise on the computations, all of which were under his immediate superintendence, was drawn up by Captain Ross Clarke; and an excellent little account of the field-work, by Captain Le Poer Trench, R.E., is added; both these officers of the Ordnance Survey having been engaged in the joint

¹ Afterwards Director-General of the Survey, in succession to Sir H. James. General Cameron's death, in 1878, deprived the Department of one who had long been intimately associated with it, and whose technical knowledge, sound judgment, and unvarying urbanity will ever be remembered by those whose privilege it was to serve under him.

² Marshal Randon writes to M. Thouvenel: "Votre Excellence comprendra qu'il est convenable et de plus nécessaire au succès de cette grande opération, que les deux pays y participent autant que possible dans la même mesure et avec le plus parfait accord." And M. Chazot, addressing the Belgian Foreign Minister, says: "Nous efforcerons de procurer aux Ingénieurs anglais qui en seront chargés toutes les facilités désirables et le concours le plus empressé."

enterprise. Such, then, was this piece of work, which in so many respects recalls Roy's skilful operation, and which, like his, reflected the highest credit on all those engaged in it. The results were most valuable, and led up to that comparison we have already alluded to, of the national lineal standards of so many Continental States with our own. Without such comparison the geometrical admeasurement of what Airy described as "probably the longest arc of parallel that man will ever measure,"¹—an arc about 75° in length, or over a fifth of the entire circle of parallel,—could never have been satisfactorily achieved.

As a proof of the interest manifested by other countries in the work of the British Survey, we may instance the fact that at different times officers have been sent from foreign and colonial Governments to receive instruction at the Ordnance Survey headquarters, Southampton, especially in the art of photo-zincography; indeed, nearly every European State has done this. In 1868, for example, Colonel Zimmermann, of the general staff of the Prussian army, and director of their topographical department, was sent over to England to learn our organisation and methods of work; and for this purpose he visited our surveying parties both in the field and office. Colonel Stubendorf of the Russian staff, and Professor Davidson of the United States Coast Survey, visited Southampton in 1875 with a like object. At one time, also, the training of officers and men for the Indian Government caused a very frequent demand upon the

resources of the Southampton establishment. The Director General of the Ordnance Survey, it may be here mentioned, is an *ex officio* honorary member of the International Geodesic Association, the permanent commission of which is presided over by General Prince Ibañez.

To bring our review of the history and work of the National Survey up to the present time, there remains only to notice the large augmentation of its force which took place in 1881, and resulted from the recommendations of the Select Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into and report upon what steps should be taken "to simplify the title to land, and to facilitate the transfer thereof." This Committee was appointed in the session of 1878, and sat on till June of the following year, when it made its report.

"In 1880," writes General Cooke, "the question of facilitating the transfer of land was brought prominently forward, and, as a good map of the country on a sufficient scale is one of the most important desiderata for dealing successfully with that question, the attention of the country and of Parliament was called to the great desirability of completing the Ordnance Survey at an earlier date. It was therefore determined that the staff of the Survey should be about doubled, so that the work should be completed in 1890 instead of in 1900 as was previously contemplated; and the necessary steps are being taken to carry out this object."²

Notwithstanding the difficulty of suddenly increasing so largely the strength of trained employees, it was smoothly and most success-

¹ Letter to Treasury, 18th September 1860, advocating re-establishment of geodesic connection between Great Britain and the Continent.

² Director-General's Annual Report to Parliament on Ordnance Survey, 1881, p. 4.

fully accomplished. And the result promises to more than justify the forecast made of the acceleration of the progress which would ensue; for we shall probably be well within the pledge given to Parliament and the nation as to the completion of the Cadastral Survey of the United Kingdom in 1890, provided always that the necessary annual funds continue to be voted, and no unforeseen causes of delay arise beyond the control of those who conduct it.

We have now endeavoured to fulfil the aim with which we set out—namely, to trace the beginnings of the National Survey, the outlines of its history, its gradual development, its organisation, its work; what it is, and what it has done for the country. To the question—in our own experience not seldom put, and by persons who ought to be better informed—What are the objects the Survey subserves? it may be well to give here a categorical answer. These principally are: (1) military, and specially for laying out the national defences; (2) geodetic; (3) geological; (4) hydrographic, as supplying accurate coast details to the nautical surveyor; (5) archaeological; (6) topographic; (7) for engineering purposes of all kinds connected with the construction and maintenance of water-works, gas-works, drainage-works, telegraphs, railways, roads, canals, harbours, and so forth; (8) mineral surveys; (9) parliamentary, in reference to standing orders; (10) sanitation, as under the various Acts relating to the public health; (11) delimitation of the civil and ecclesiastical divisions of the country, electoral divisions, municipal, county, hundred, parochial, &c.; (12) to facilitate the adjustment of jurisdictional areas, both governmental

and for local assessments, as districts under the poor-law, under school boards, under urban or rural sanitary authorities, quarter and petty sessional, assize, police, postal, and so on; (13) census and statistical information; (14) the enclosure and reclamation of waste lands; (15) registration of title; (16) simplifying and cheapening conveyances of land, deeds of sale, leases, and all transfers of landed property; (17) for miscellaneous uses of general public or private interest. This, then, though far from being an exhaustive list, is a goodly enough one to furnish forth an ample *raison d'être* for the prosecution and maintenance of a national cadastral survey.

To return to the Select Committee of 1878-79 on title and transfer of land. Nothing could be more significant than the references to the Ordnance Survey in its Report:—

“As regards scale and accuracy,” says the Report, “the recent Cadastral Survey of England and Wales, so far as it has gone, leaves little or nothing to be desired. . . . Indeed the best testimony to the value of the 25-inch to a mile survey is furnished by the fact that, as a rule, solicitors use it wherever they can. . . . Unfortunately” (and this was true at the time) “neither the larger nor the smaller survey have been pushed forward as rapidly as could be wished. Your Committee believe that it is impossible to overrate the value of a correct official survey as a means of preventing confusion of boundaries and facilitating the identification of property, and they earnestly recommend that the important work of surveying England and Wales on both scales should be resumed and completed with as little delay as possible.”

And the Committee conclude their Report with certain recommendations, this being among them: “The immediate comple-

tion of the Cadastral Survey of England and Wales, and its *obligatory adoption* (subject to such modifications as may from time to time become necessary) for identifying and describing property." Coming to the minutes of evidence, we find Mr Dees (Q. 702) stating that "the Ordnance Survey is of the utmost value to every one dealing with property." But weightier still is the testimony of Lord Chancellor Cairns. (Q. 2912)—"Does not your lordship think that the pressing forward of the Ordnance Survey of 25 inches to the mile would be a great benefit to landowners, vendors, and purchasers?" "I should think very great indeed." (2913)—"It would dispense with the necessity for any land map, would it not?" "On an extensive scale it would dispense with all estate plans, I should think." With such views as these before the Government, we can understand how it came about that the Ordnance Survey was forthwith accelerated, and the annual vote very soon more than doubled.

That this question of imminent legislative reforms, in the direction of vastly simplifying the acquisition and transfer of land, the registration of title, &c., is going to be intimately connected with the work of the Imperial Cadastral Survey, must be self-evident. It is a question entirely outside the range of party politics. It matters not what Government may be in power, the Ordnance Survey 25-inch maps, with every enclosure marked down on them and identified by a parcel area and reference number, both enfaced, as they now are, on the map itself, must become the indispensable basis of any such schemes of land reform.

Indeed one need not go beyond the sister isle to see what the

official maps, although these are mainly on no larger scale than six inches to the mile, have done in this direction for the community.

"We are informed," says the Report of Mr Walpole's Commission on Registration of Title (1857), "by competent witnesses, that the Ordnance Survey of Ireland is considered one of the most valuable acts of practical government that has ever been carried out in Ireland. The maps are in almost universal use in the management of estates, in the sale of land, and in the valuation of land for public and private purposes."

Amid the wrangle of tongues and pens, the sowing of disunion, and the general chaos of ideas abroad to-day in respect of that most unhappy country, when sentimentalists are bidding fair to make all practical government of it impossible, and their heads are being turned over the "Frankenstein" their folly and feebleness have created, it is something for the Survey to be able to point to a bit of firm ground like this out of the muddy waters.

And this brings us to the conclusion of our subject—the question of the future of the Ordnance Survey, and, as indissolubly bound up with it, the question of a periodical revision of the Survey maps. The time has now arrived when the consideration of this matter can no longer be delayed. Within a few months hence the surveyors will be beginning to fall out of work, and by the end of 1887 it is probable that the entire Cadastral Survey of the kingdom, so far as the field-surveying stage goes, will have been completed. There is now a magnificent trained staff of outdoor officials, and before they have to be discharged wholesale, it will be well to make sure that the State has no further need of their

services; because, once gone, it is no easy thing to get them back again. Let us see, then, how we shall stand a year or two hence as regards work done. Ireland, the first part of the British Isles to have had a comparatively large-scale survey, is, with the exception of the county of Dublin and the larger towns, mapped on no greater scale than six inches to the mile. The Irish six-inch survey was finished about 1842; but it was at first intended only to survey and map the country by town-lands, without showing subdivisions of fields—and nearly all the Ulster counties were done in this way to begin with. But it was found that for Sir Richard Griffith's general valuation of Ireland this was insufficient, and the system was changed, so as to supply the details of enclosures of land. In 1844 it was decided to go back upon the Ulster work and supplement it with the fields, and this special revision went on till its completion in 1868. A further general revision of the whole six-inch map of the island, bringing all details up to date, then began, and is still in progress. Undoubtedly a large quantity of the land in Ireland is bog or mountain waste, for which a six-inch map is ample. But that a want is felt in many instances for larger-scale maps is evidenced by the number of special surveys we have undertaken, and are still undertaking, for the purposes of the Land Judges' Court. Were a Cadastral Survey of Ireland beginning now (instead of as in 1824), there can be no sort of doubt that the cultivated country would be mapped on the 25-inch scale. Scotland has a 25-inch map of all its arable lands, excepting in the case of certain counties surveyed before

Government adopted that scale. These, unluckily, are just the counties which, having been the first selected for survey, include the most valuable agricultural areas. The premier Scottish shire (Mid-Lothian), Fife, Haddington, Kirkcudbright, and Wigtown, are among them. England and Wales will have been entirely surveyed on the 25-inch scale, except mountain or very extensive moorland tracts, and — *mirabile dictu*, it might be thought — except also *Lancashire* and *Yorkshire*, which two counties were surveyed and mapped on the six-inch scale before the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th cadastre was sanctioned. Here then, indeed, is an anomaly. Save London and its environs, what part of the United Kingdom can compare in industrial importance with these two northern English counties? Yet they possess (excluding the town maps) nothing larger than a six-inch survey, some parts of it upwards of forty years old, for the survey of Lancashire was executed in 1840-48, and that of Yorkshire in 1840-54. In the interval, conceive what the changes have been in the southern or manufacturing portions of these counties. Whole towns have sprung up, and probably in many cases swept away almost every vestige of the old landmarks, so that much of the face of the country would now be barely recognisable. These districts are covered with a net of new railways; old factories are gone, new ones have grown up broadcast. The moneyed interests of these great trading counties are incalculable. How much longer are they going to be content with a six-inch map, already thirty to forty years out of date, and (if we exclude one or two isolated special 25-inch surveys) without so much

as a parcel area to it, when the rest of the country, much of it non-manufacturing, is rejoicing in its 25-inch map, with the area of every field and enclosure given computed to the thousandth of an acre?

Fortunately we are not without indications of the views in authoritative quarters on this subject. "The question," said Lord Bury, in a memorandum laid before the Select Committee of 1861, "of replotting Yorkshire and Lancashire, or all Ireland, on the $\frac{1}{2500}$ th scale, may be well postponed till England and Wales are surveyed." Well, England and Wales are all but surveyed. But the evidence of Sir Charles Trevelyan, when Assistant Secretary to the Treasury, before Lord Duncan's Committee in 1856, is more to the point. Asked (Q. 103)—"Do you contemplate that the whole of England and Ireland should be ultimately resurveyed on the large scale of 24 inches?" (afterwards fixed at 25.344 inches), he replies: "Ultimately, after Scotland has been completed." (104)—"You would propose that Scotland should be completed upon the 24-inch scale under the reservations you have made, and that England and Ireland should afterwards be resurveyed upon the same scale?" "That is my opinion."

But, further—to pass from the particular cases just cited, where it is renewal of old surveys on a larger scale that is in question—as to the necessity of a general periodical revision of the national maps, in order to keep them up to date. From month to month, from year to year, an incessant element of change is at work upon the face of the country. It may be more here, it may be less there, but everywhere alterations are

taking place. Houses are being pulled down, hedges stubbed up, fields thrown into one, old woods cleared off, waste lands brought under the plough; and new objects take their place. The additions are greater than the subtractions. In the environs of large towns, building for the most part goes on apace: in such as Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, a year or two makes an immense alteration to the cadastral map; while round about London—the survey of which was a gigantic undertaking, and lasted from 1863 to 1873, so that it is now from a dozen to twenty years old—the accessions in the way of buildings, north, south, east, and west, must be something enormous. Then, the altitude marks cut on milestones, gate-pillars, houses, &c., are often disturbed; or subsidence may take place, so that these require occasional restoration. Then, again, the civil boundaries of the country undergo many changes in the course of years. Municipal boroughs are extended, new towns are incorporated, parliamentary boroughs are created, suppressed, or altered; divisions of counties are changed, parishes are being pared down, or added to, or amalgamated with detached parts of others by the Local Government Board, under the powers of the Divided Parishes Act. Evidently, therefore, to record all these mutations demands a systematic correction of the cadastral maps from time to time on the ground. The intervals at which this should be done have been variously estimated from ten to fifteen years; some have rated a longer period; but all are agreed that a regular periodical revision of the maps is a *sine quâ non*. Again let us hear the evidence

of Sir C. Trevelyan, who speaks in this matter with no uncertain sound. Lord Duncan's Committee are discussing revision of the large Ordnance maps. "I contemplate," says Sir Charles (Q. 124), "a permanent staff for this purpose; I consider that it should be a permanent Government department, and I would have the maps revised from time to time. That was one of the principles laid down in the Treasury Minute of October 1840, when the six-inch scale was originally established in Great Britain." (Q. 157)—"What I understand you to say is, that in your opinion a large body of engineers will probably in future be, as it has been, in the permanent employ of the Government: you think they may be occasionally employed in revising the Ordnance Survey?" "I go beyond that. I consider that an authentic, detailed, national survey is so important for the efficient and economical transaction of the business of this country, that even supposing we had no corps of Engineers, and no Sappers and Miners, it would still be a highly profitable employment of public money to keep up a sufficient body of experienced skilled surveyors to conduct these operations; but having a corps of scientific Engineers, and a trained and highly efficient body of Sappers and Miners, I think they may be very beneficially employed in this work; and not only will they always be available in time of war, but their military capacity and general intelligence will be much improved by the experience they have acquired in this service. That has been proved in the course of the present war." As to the extent of revision that might be looked for, this is what a very eminent civil engineer,

Mr Thomas Hawksley, told Lord Bury's Committee in 1861: "The first time upon which I used to a great extent the 6-inch map was, I think, in 1846, upon the great Liverpool waterworks; it was a survey which extended over 32 miles in length, and we found that map exceedingly useful; but in referring to that map since that period, I find so many changes made in the country in all parts of it, that although you do not want an entirely new survey, yet you want practically a revision already." *Already*; but this was five-and-twenty years ago, and no general revision of Lancashire has taken place in the interim. Here is what the Right Hon. Edward Ellice, M.P., supported by the future Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Evelyn (then Mr) Denison—both of whom were opposed at the time to the adoption of a Government 25-inch or "property" survey—thought thirty years since would be necessary in the way of revision of such a survey:—

"Your Committee," they wished to say in the Report prepared under the presidency of Lord Duncan, "upon these conflicting statements have difficulty in giving a decided opinion as to the amount of benefit to be derived from a property survey. That there would be some advantage is undeniable, but to what extent appears problematical. This point, however, is incontestable—that any lasting advantage must entirely depend upon the consent of Parliament to keep up as a permanent addition to the establishment of the country a staff of surveyors exclusively employed in the constant revision of these property plans. Such revision, involving fresh surveys, must necessarily be maintained; otherwise, looking to the never-ceasing change in the subdivision of land and disposition of buildings, from either natural or artificial causes, the plans

would within a very few years become valueless as public records. They would represent as facts things that no longer existed, and would tend to mislead rather than to assist."¹

Lastly, we will quote from the official report to Parliament for 1884 by Colonel Stotherd, C.B., the present Director-General of the Ordnance Survey :—

"Owing to the great changes that are constantly being made by the enclosure of waste lands, erection of buildings, and other alterations in the face of the country, it will be necessary to revise the published plans periodically. . . . The revision" (a small experimental one) "of Lancashire and Yorkshire, the survey of which was made nearly forty years ago, indicates that during this period very extensive alterations have occurred, and that our present maps are, as regards the manufacturing and mining districts of those two counties, practically obsolete. . . . On the completion of the survey of England and Wales, now rapidly drawing to a close, it will be a convenient time to begin the revision, as we shall then have a trained staff of surveyors ready to commence, who, if there be no work for them, must be discharged—a proceeding it is desirable as far as possible to avoid."²

This question, then, of a general systematic revision of the national maps, it is for the Government and Parliament to settle, and that soon. *Nec mora, nec requies*. There must be no standing still. The labours of a century have built up a magnificent edifice, the like of which no country in the world possesses, as indeed no country but our own has ever had placed in its hands in print exhaustive results of such a kind.

So far the nation unquestionably owes to the Legislature and the Executive a debt of gratitude for having conceived and carried on to within measurable distance of successful accomplishment so herculean an enterprise. But John Bull must not flatter himself that the work of the Imperial Survey at home, from which he derives so many benefits, is incontinently to come to an end. He is shrewd enough to know that you cannot erect a costly structure and then leave it alone, and expend no more money on it ; or launch one of the giant vessels he is so justly proud of, and expect it to float the waters for all time without ever a refit or resurvey. For a very moderate sum compared with their first cost the State maps can be kept up to date, once we can undertake the alterations which are continually taking place over the surface of the land. But a stern-chase is a long chase, and after a certain interval has been reached, every year's delay in revising the surveys drifts us further and further to leeward. Already so much of the country is in need of revision, that a considerable outlay will probably be required in the first instance—larger or smaller, according to the time it is spread over—to pull up arrears, before we can consider ourselves fairly abreast of the changes. Still, there should be no difficulty in conducting the revision in a regular and methodic manner, provided the requisite funds are forthcoming. If it is decided that the work is to cover, say, a dozen years distributed over the whole

¹ Report of Select Committee to the Lower House on Ordnance Survey of Scotland, 6th May 1856, p. xviii.

² His Report for 1885, published since these sheets went to press, is equally emphatic on this point.

country, or, in other words, that each locality is to be corrected every twelve years, then, obviously, some such plan as the partition of the kingdom into a certain number of revisional survey districts, of which twelve is a multiple, at once suggests itself, each such district to occupy the corresponding quotient of time—one year, two years, or whatever it may be—in its rectification; and, when the last of the districts has been revised, then it will be time to begin again with the first. In particular localities, of course, where building or other alterations may be going on with more than ordinary rapidity, it may be found necessary to revise oftener. A great desideratum will be that what is done in the way of revision for any given area should be done quickly, or otherwise there will be no sufficient approximation to the actual truth for the time being on any set of maps. These, however, are

matters of detail which may be safely left to the proper authorities. Let them, and Parliament, and the nation, only see to it that the noble inheritance bequeathed to us by Roy and his successors is not allowed to fall into desuetude for want of timely maintenance. We have a fine State machine, in trained hands and in excellent working order; let us take care that too many of these hands are not prematurely dispersed beyond possibility of recall. We have up-reared a monument of priceless scientific and practical value, which is the envy of foreign States and peoples. Let us as its custodians not grudge the means to keep it in proper order. Else, instead of being what our great Continental neighbour has been pleased to designate it—the model for all the civilised nations of the world—the Ordnance Survey will become a reproach to us, nay, nothing short of a national disgrace.

A TOUR UPON WHEELS.

No traveller should despise railways. Rapid trains, lightning trains, are not the worst triumphs of civilisation. We breakfast one morning in London, the next morning at Lucerne, and dine that evening at Milan. We commit ourselves to a sleeping-carriage, and wake up some days afterwards at Rome or Constantinople, having found all our wants supplied in our travelling house. But this rapidity is purchased at some cost. There are towns which habitual travellers never see. Early in an autumn morning we brush the film from our windows to catch a glimpse of the hill-fortress of Laon, or of the cathedral of Rheims. If we wish to visit them, we must get out in the cold, and wait twenty-four hours for another train. Other names great in history or art pass by us unnoticed. We know the refreshment-room of Amiens better than its cathedral. What is the remedy for this? We cannot return to the days of travelling-carriages. The old post-stations are shut up; post-horses and postilions are not to be had. We should not like to stable our own horses in the close, ill-smelling hovels which would be offered to us for our accommodation. It is poor fun to take a walking tour along the hard highroad. Luckily civilisation has provided the best remedy for its own ravages. The bicycle supplies the place of the pad-horse, and the tricycle of the gig. We rattle merrily along the macadam at the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; our steeds only need a few drops of Tringham's oil; we carry in our wallet enough clothes for a night or two, and send our heavy luggage by

train or diligence. We are restored again to the delights of the road,—we see the hills, the open fields, the peasantry, and the country inns; we stay in many an old town, forgotten since the time of our grandfathers; we have freedom, air, and exercise for our bodies, and plenty of entertainment for our minds.

Filled with this idea, two friends started, on a summer afternoon, from the good city of Rouen. As we mounted the steep slope which leads up to Boos, we looked down for the last time on the pools and islands of the Seine, on the towers of St Ouen and the cathedral, and on the tall chimneys of the manufacturing suburbs. Trade, we were told, is dull in this rival of Manchester, but Rouen does not lay this to the fault of the Republic. At Boos we refreshed ourselves with Normandy cider, the peculiar drink of the province, visited a fifteenth-century dovecot which marks a manor of the Abbey of St Amand, and fare on the highroad to Paris. At Fleury we cross the Andelle, a humble tributary of the Seine, mount the laborious slope on the other side, take a road to the right which leads to the English-looking village of Fresne-l'Archevêque, in which a magnificent mountain-ash full of berries justifies the name of the township. The slope of a deep Devonshire lane opens a vista which is closed by the majestic keep of Château Gaillard, the favourite child of Richard Cœur-de-Lion. We soon find ourselves in the street of Grand Andelys, and commit ourselves to the hospitality of Madame Leroy of the Hotel Grand Cerf.

Les Andelys, the large and the small, are two of the prettiest villages in France. The lesser Andelys lies on the banks of the Seine, as it flows in graceful curves, and embraces wooded islands in its course; the greater spreads in a long line up the valley. The church of Grand Andelys is rich with carved crockets and painted windows. Its construction was spread over three hundred years, from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century. It is too imposing for a village church, and attests the former splendour of the town of Saint Clotilde. Just opposite stands our inn, the Grand Cerf, a curiosity worth a visit. It was the country house of Nicolas du Val, counsellor at the Parliament of Rouen in the time of Francis I. He built this house in the first half of the fifteenth century. The front towards the street is carved with helmeted heads and works of agriculture. The lower storey contains the great hall, now divided by a partition, with its huge chimney, where ten people can warm themselves with ease. The projecting cover of the fireplace is carved with coats of arms and other devices. We are shown into a large bedroom on the upper floor, with two beds set in deep alcoves. The room is full of ancient furniture, pottery, and pictures. Three large commodes of the time of Louis XV. are placed against the walls. The tables are so covered with every form of blue and white china, Rouen, Moustiers, Strasbourg, and Delft, that there is no room for anything else. Our very hand-basins are of majolica, while the walls are hidden with clocks, Flemish pictures, ivory statuettes, fragments of stained glass, resting on large panels of Beauvais tapestry. The house is a Musée de Cluny on a small

scale, better perhaps to visit than to live in.

Little Andelys owes its celebrity to the "saucy" castle which Richard I. built in a single year's truce, as a barrier against France. It remained untouched till the beginning of the seventeenth century, and was lived in by Henri IV. We are sometimes tempted to regret the dismantling of these ancient buildings, and to wish that they had been quietly left to the ravages of time. But it is easy to see that, as long as they were habitable, but unkept and unguarded, they were a nuisance to the neighbourhood. Their deserted halls and intricate passages found a shelter for brigands, false coiners, beggars, tramps, and vagrants of all kinds. It was necessary either to garrison them or to destroy them. The first course was expensive or impossible; the second was lucrative, by sale of the materials. Château Gaillard is justly considered as the high-water mark of castle-building at the end of the twelfth century. It dates from the year 1197. We still admire the lofty donjon with its circular bastions, the three concentric fosses cut in the living rock, and the precipitous escarpment which falls directly to the Seine. But the traveller must not forget to visit the parish church. It is a gem of architecture of the same date as the castle. The exquisite purity of its vaulting fascinates the eye. It would be just in place in an English village.

The road to Gisors crosses the highroad between Paris and Havre at Les Thilliers, where a hospitable inn gives us an excellent luncheon. We meet two English boys resident in France, who have run down on their bicycles to Dieppe for a day's holiday, and are hastening back to Paris. They learn with dismay that the direct road is paved, and

that they must make a detour by Vernon and Mantes. They will scarcely reach Paris that evening, as they intended. Our route runs first to Dangu, once the home of Gladiateur, the Derby winner. Comte Lagrange is gone, the chateau is sold, and the glory of the training stables is dimmed. As we stop on a hill to look back upon the English-looking house of the sporting Frenchman, we see the towers of Gisors in front of us.

Who has not heard of the prisoner of Gisors? who has not seen his portrait, as published under the auspices of the English Art Union? We all know him as he sits carving a large crucifix on the walls of his prison with one of the links of the chain which binds him. The rock is hard, the light is scanty, and the work appears prodigious. The reality was apparently not so bad. The Chevalier Poulain covered three parts of his circular chamber with a number of subjects partly sacred and partly secular, interesting from their variety and *naïveté*, and from the light they throw on the customs of the times. But the rock is soft, and yields easily to a sharp nail, and the light from the loopholes was sufficient for his purpose. Little is known of him except his name, which he has carved himself, and he was perhaps only imprisoned for a few months. In the matter of pathos and romance, the prisoner of the Art Union has the best of it. But there are other reasons for going to Gisors. The castle fortress is enormous in extent: the round keep and the large space enclosed remind us of Windsor. It was built by Robert of Bellesme for William Rufus as a portion of the systematic defence of Normandy. The view from the highest turret is ex-

trêmement beautiful, as it sweeps over hill and forest, and follows the course of the Epte to the Abbey of St Clair, where the treaty was signed which gave Normandy to the Normans. The castle of Gisors, once seen, will never be forgotten. Like the castle and church of Little Andelys, it has a special voice for Englishmen.

The church at Gisors is well worth a visit. It is a curious mixture of Gothic and Renaissance architecture. The towers are very late, but the north door is a masterpiece of delicate tracery and lace-like carving. It opens directly upon a narrow lane through which all married couples pass on their way from church, and which bears their name. Gisors is evidently a well-to-do country town, the centre of a neighbourhood of rich squires devoted to field-sports. The shops are bright and well stocked, and the *arquebusiers* have made ample preparation for the opening day of sport on August 30.

A good road takes us from Gisors to Beauvais. A few miles out we pass Trye-château, a village with a beautiful Romanesque church and town-hall, and a country house in which the Prince of Conti gave an asylum to Rousseau. After leaving this we see few signs of habitation. The road rises perceptibly but in gradual slopes. We are constantly obliged to dismount and push our machines up the hills. In less dry weather it would not be difficult to ride up the hills without leaving our saddles, but the roads are covered with sand which impedes our progress as much as mud. At last the welcome plateau of Les Houssoirs is reached, a miserable street of dirty houses. We seek refreshment in a *cabaret*, and are terribly cheated: we pay less than is asked, and that is twice too

much. But our labours are over : a good road and an easy descent leads us to Beauvais.

Beauvais lies in a valley, and we see nothing of it until we are close upon it. The cathedral from a distance looks like a huge barn, and the suburbs are as squalid as those of an English manufacturing town. Beauvais must be known to be appreciated, but when known, it produces a profound effect. The design of the cathedral is perhaps the most hazardous which was ever conceived by an artist's mind. It consists of nothing but a choir and transepts ; but the height of the choir is stupendous—a fairy erection of shafts, mullions, and windows, soaring far into the sky. This aerial palace is supported by a forest of flying buttresses, which appear to cross and interlace from each different point of view. The choir has the effect of a crystal casket let down from heaven by angelic hands, and anchored to earth by the slenderest ties. The architect soon found that his projected interior arches were not sufficient to support his building, and he was forced to double their number. The multiplicity of columns which result from this change does not diminish the effect of the interior. The doors at the end of each transept are rich with elaborate tracery, but their statues and sculptures were destroyed at the Revolution. The windows of the nave contain the figures of prophets and kings sketched out in bold masses of colour, for no delicate work could have been appreciated from below. For three hundred years the piety of Beauvais toiled at the completion of this monument. There was money enough to build the nave, but the architect employed desired to immortalise himself by a colossal spire, open in the inside from base

to summit, so lofty that the towers of Paris could be seen from its topmost gallery. The tower was built, but lasted only five years. Unsupported on the west side by any of the nave, it fell with a crash, after five years of existence, on Ascension Day 1573, at the moment when the customary procession was leaving the cathedral to make its circuit round the town. The cathedral will remain a torso, for no future generation will dare to touch it.

In the eyes of the neighbourhood the chief wonder of Beauvais is not the cathedral, but the astronomical clock made by M. Vêrité, a distinguished native of the town, still living. The mechanical part of the clock is admirable. It tells everything which any one can wish to know—the month, the day, the hour ; the saints' days and the movable feasts ; the time at every important place in the civilised globe ; the golden number, the epact, the indiction, the dominical letter, and many other similar mysteries ; the stars visible both at Beauvais and at its antipodes ; the hours of high and low water at Mont St Michael and Jersey. But what most people come to see is a dramatic representation of the last judgment. At noon, the little chamber which holds the clock is crowded with expectant folk. Shortly after the hour has struck, a figure of Christ at the summit of the clock gives his benediction ; the twelve apostles who stand around turn towards the central figure ; the forms of various kings approach at open niches, disappear, and give place to flames. Then a statuette of Virtue is seen below the Redeemer. She is conducted to the place of blessing by an angel, to the sound of solemn music. A hideous resemblance of Vice is slowly driven to the other side by a devil of most

revolting aspect. St Joseph and the Virgin intercede in vain. The balance held by the archangel Michael falls remorselessly on the wrong side. There ought to have been thunder, but we did not hear it. Justice having been satisfied, the flames disappear, and all the figures resume their previous position. There is a cock which crows with a ghastly croak, less lifelike than the bird of Strasbourg. This play of marionettes is, in the eyes of the Beauvaisins, worth all the science in the world. We suspect that it could not have been so to its author.

There are other things to be seen at Beauvais besides the cathedral. There is the church of St Stephen, with its wealth of windows, the masterpieces of Engrand le Prince and his followers: one of these has a field of blue, pure and limpid as the sky of Italy. A tree of Jesse bears on its upward branches the familiar figures of David, Solomon, the Virgin Mary, and Christ. The side branches, by a strange licence, carry kings of France—Louis XI., Louis XII., and Francis I.—while among them sits Engrand le Prince himself, now called, in proud veneration of his art, Engrand le Roy. This window is perhaps the finest which the sixteenth century has produced.

There is also the great square of Beauvais, surrounded by picturesque houses, more various and broken in outline than is usual in a French town. Something of Flemish eccentricity, as well as of Flemish neatness, must have crept into the architecture. We are reminded of the neighbourhood of the Low Countries by the statue of Jeanne l'Hachette in the centre of the square,—the brave girl who, at the head of others of her own sex, defended the rum-

parts in 1472 against the assault of Charles of Burgundy. The bishops of Beauvais were counts palatine, like our own bishops of Durham. Their ancient palace still exists, half of it a strong fortress, with a portal of twin towers like the Norman tower of Windsor or the palace of St Louis at Paris, half of it a luxurious building of late Gothic, with stately steps, grim gargoyles, and turret staircases. We must also visit the manufacture of tapestry still kept up by a republican government, and many other things of which the guide-book will inform us.

The road from Beauvais to Clermont-sur-Oise is a cyclist's paradise. It stretches for seventeen or eighteen miles flat and smooth without a break. We ran merrily along, only hindered by passing carts and by frightened horses,—for in this part of France the horses are not so well accustomed as in Normandy to the flash of the dazzling wheel. We reached Clermont in two hours in the cool of the evening, and enjoyed the fresh invigorating air. On the summit of the rock of Clermont is seated the ancient castle of its feudal counts, and from its terraced gardens the eye ranges far over hill and plain, field and forest. The church at the castle gates is rich with painted glass, and is well restored in every part. In these regions France is indeed felt to be "the beautiful." Few travellers on the ugly line from Boulogne to Paris know what scenery lies on either side of them.

The ride to Compiègne took us a long time. The road is good at first, and passes many ancient manors and churches; but soon there are hills, and, still worse, *pavé*. *Pavé* is the cyclist's curse: for kilometer after kilometer he must tramp over uneven paving-

stones, pushing before him a machine not constructed to be pushed, which jolts and rattles at every step. If he flies to the side, he finds himself either ankle-deep in sand, or jolting over grass intersected by continual "grips." If a certain place of torment is paved, as we are told, with good intentions, depend upon it cyclists are punished by having to ride there. However, every road has its turning, and our last turning brings us to the smiling banks of the Oise, crowned by the town of Compiègne.

Alas! its glory is departed. We had been told that it was the season at Compiègne, that it was the beautiful moment, that strangers would be found both there and at Pierrefonds. We saw nothing but *commis-voyageurs*, who abound everywhere. We expected to find a Capua in Compiègne, but there was no theatre, no concert, nothing but the crowded *café* and the eternal *billard*. Still, Compiègne is well worth a visit. The castle of Pierrefonds, restored at a vast expense by Napoleon III., is a splendid specimen of the later feudal castle which combined strength and magnificence in their fullest proportions. An essay of M. Viollet-le-Duc teaches us to observe how the donjon, the living-rooms of the castellan, were carefully isolated from the rest of the building; and how security was gained by an elaborate network of passages well known to those within, but difficult to be traced by those without. The fortress was so well constructed that it could be held in ordinary times by a garrison of fifty men. The long vaulted chamber which lies under the great hall could afford place for five hundred mercenaries who were admitted in time of need. It is a mark of the manners of the

time to see that they were treated with the strongest suspicion, were allowed access to no part of the castle except the room in which they lived, while along the side of it ran a gallery paced by trusty guards who could fire on the defenceless mercenaries if they attempted an act of disobedience. The restoration of Pierrefonds was not a whim of boastful extravagance, but a work of national importance, and the Republic still continues parsimoniously what the Empire had begun.

But all the glory has departed! The forest of Compiègne is let out in lots to sportsmen. The *châlet* of the Empress, from the tower of which she shot the stag, is silent and dismantled. The avenue planned by Napoleon I., which leads in a broad sweep from the chateau to Beaugency, no longer echoes to prancing hoofs or is resplendent with gorgeous liveries. The charity of the Empress is missed in the surrounding villages. The palace of Louis XV. is turned into a museum, the flower-gardens are still kept up, the band plays on Sunday, but the life is gone out of the place. Memories haunt us, as we saunter in the streets or in the forest, of young brides of France brought here for their honeymoon who ended in a coil of trouble; of Marie Antoinette received here by Louis XV.; of Marie Louise hurried hither prematurely by Napoleon; and finally, of the last gracious occupant of the chateau, who, in her many recollections, can have few which are so bright as the fair days of Compiègne. The town is sunk in the dulness of French provincial life. There is no food for the higher nature—no literature, no art, no music; nothing but the army, the *café*, and the indecent novel, and the soil in which these ill weeds grow.

There is a direct road from Chalons to Soissons, which, passing at first through the forest of Compiègne, runs to the south of the river Aisne, and ends in that long line bordered with poplars which is so familiar an object to travellers in France. We were well advised in turning to the left, crossing the river at Francport, and following an older and more humble track. The scenery is lovely. Below us lie the quiet pools and reaches of the Aisne, with woody hills rising on the further bank. We are constantly reminded of the Thames, sometimes of the peaceful stretches of old Windsor and Ankerwyke, sometimes of the woods of Bisham. The villages through which we pass are composed of solid stone houses, with many appearances of comfort and prosperity. The village church is generally worth a visit, as it exhibits the rude Romanesque work of the twelfth century, or the richer tracery of the thirteenth or fourteenth. We halt for lunch at Vic-sur-Aisne, at the hospitable inn of La Croix d'Or. On the other side of the square is an old dungeon-keep, flanked by round towers, the remains of the strong chateau of the Clouet family, who have been lords of the manor for three centuries. Behind the dungeon is the more modern residence, with a large tangled garden laid out in the style of the last century, and a terraced walk overlooking the river. At this point we crossed the bridge and rejoined the main road; but a long stretch of *pavé* was in store for us, and we should have done better to have made our whole journey through the villages on the left bank.

Soissons, like many French cities, has a large cathedral and a large abbey. They are placed, like St

Paul's and Westminster Abbey, at different ends of the town. This is the case also at Laon, at Rheims, at Rouen, and at Metz. The cathedral of Soissons is extremely impressive from the unity of purpose with which it has been conceived and constructed. It dates from the thirteenth century, the high-water mark of French Gothic architecture. It differs also from many of its sister churches by having been executed in a comparatively short space of time. Its whole construction did not extend over more than a hundred and fifty years. The cathedral stands complete, but the Abbey of St John in the Vineyards was destroyed in the Revolution. Nothing remains of it but two gigantic towers, a landmark to the surrounding country, which rise on each side of the richly carved portal—and a fragment of the thirteenth century cloister, which can only be seen from the platform of the tower. The present Republic restores churches at the public expense, but it can never replace what the first Republic wantonly devoted to destruction. On entering the cathedral by the great west door are seen two kneeling figures of nuns in painted marble. One of them is Marie de Rochefoucauld, and the other Henriette de Lorraine d'Elbeuf. They were both of them abbesses of the royal convent of Notre Dame, and are splendid types of the union of piety and culture, of courtly manners and simplicity of life, which distinguished the Church of France before the cataclysm which destroyed it. If the traveller wishes to see the halls in which these princesses lived, and the building which they ruled over, he will find nothing but a modern barrack, full, as it was when we saw it, of reluctant recruits. There is yet another abbey

at Soissons which has played a great part in history, St Médard, in which Pepin was crowned, and Louis le Débonnaire imprisoned. Very little remains of it except the subterranean vault which contains the prison of that unfortunate king. Its seven churches have disappeared, and it is now a school for the deaf, dumb, and blind.

A visit to Soissons would be incomplete without a visit to Coucy-le-Château. The name is well known from the proud device—"Roi ne suis, ne prince, ne duc, ne comte aussi; je suis le sire de Coucy." This, in its simplest meaning, is nothing but the proud boast of a country gentleman of ancient lineage, who thinks himself as good as a peer. But the sight of the castle gives a new force to the words. They imply that the possessor of Coucy is a match for any king or prince in France; and he must, indeed, have been a tough subject to deal with. The road from Soissons to the Castle of Coucy is very good, but rises steeply. On reaching the top of a hill just when Soissons is passing out of sight, the keep of Coucy bursts upon the traveller like the keep of Windsor. It is round and massive, and the castle, like its English prototype, covers a large space of ground. Indeed, Coucy-le-Château is a town in itself, nearly if not quite as large as the town of Coucy-la-Ville outside the walls. At Coucy everything is on an enormous scale. It is some time before the eye can accustom itself to the grandiose proportions of the edifice; yet it was all built by a single man—Enguerrand III.—in a very few years. M. Viollet-le-Duc suggests that it must have been garrisoned by an army of giants. There is no thought of luxury; everything is for stern defence. A drawing-room, made

for some lady of Coucy at a late date, is cut out of the thickness of the wall. We pass into the inner ward of the castle, and find ourselves at the door of the Round Tower, which bears on the architrave the crest of the Coucys—a man clad in Templar's armour, with shield and sword, slaying a lion. We climb up the massive staircase, and try to repeople the shell with its living inmates. The upper room, with its huge galleries cut out of the stone, suggests a comparison with the great tribunals of Laon cathedral and of the Abbey of St Remi. From the summit the eye ranges over the district which the Coucys held so long in subjection. We cannot see the cathedrals of Noyon and Soissons, but we can see their immediate environs. We then understand how great a noble the Sieur de Coucy was, posted with his colossal fortress on the very frontier of France, and holding in his hand the lives and the power of three of its spiritual peers. Saint Louis must have been a bold and strong ruler to have dared to punish such a subject.

The direct road from Soissons to Laon is half *pavé*, and is therefore impassable for tricycles. After much inquiry, we discovered that our best course lay up the valley of the Aisne to a village called Vailly. The morning was hot and oppressive, but the road was good and the scenery pretty. We were again often reminded of the well-known reaches of the Thames. From Vailly we followed the Aisne as far as Soupir, where there is a country house with far-renowned show-gardens belonging to the daughter of a champagne merchant. Here we turned aside, and cutting across country reached the main road again at Vendresse. A short ascent to the summit of a

hill gave us a magnificent view. We then ran down a splendidly engineered road for three kilometres without touching the treadles of our machines. Another long ascent awaited us on the other side of the village, and from a *cantine* close to a fort on the summit of a lofty hill we saw the fortress-cliff of Laon crowned with its cathedral and its abbey, commanding and subduing the subjected land which surrounds it. A long and rapid run brought us to Bruyères, where there is a very old Romanesque church full of curious carving, the remains of an ancient abbey. After a very short ride we were at the foot of the cliff of Laon, but had two kilometres of weary marching before we could reach our inn. Our hotel rejoiced in the singular sign of *La Hure*—the Boar's Head. We have met with it nowhere else in France. The town was so full of recruits just come in for their twenty-eight days' service, that we had some difficulty in procuring either lodging or board; but when obtained, both were excellent.

The cathedral at Laon is one of the most impressive in France. It resembles that of Soissons, but is a little rougher in style. It is a marvel of simplicity and vastness. The huge galleries which surround its entire circuit, and the triforium which runs above them, would hold an immense concourse of people. It is more suited for a great spectacle—such as a coronation—than the cathedral at Rheims. It lacks a special beauty which Soissons possesses in the apsidal termination of the transept. The cathedral has been thoroughly restored, and is not yet finished. The work has been done well, and with good taste—perhaps too well for *doctrinaires*, who believe that work of all epochs should be respected, and that the faintest trace of the origi-

nal carver's knife should never be meddled with. No one should omit to ascend the towers. They are curious and beautiful in themselves, and, raised above the summit of an isolated rock, they have an unrivalled view. Very strange are the figures of oxen interspersed among the pillars—an act of gratitude to the patient beasts who dragged the materials for the edifice up the toilsome hill. We felt here more strongly, what was never absent from our minds, the strategical importance of Laon as a bulwark of France against Normandy. Napoleon I., in 1814, failed to capture it from Blücher; the Prussians, in 1870, entered it without resistance; but an obstinate officer blew up the powder-magazine, and not only killed himself but injured the cathedral and the bishop's palace.

This last building is worthy of its destination. A great hall, in which the prince-bishop held his court, is cut up in courts of justice, but its former magnificence can easily be recalled. The archbishop's chapel is still perfect, while the crypt bears witness to the antiquity of the see.

The road from Laon to Rheims is all paved, so we were obliged to take the train. In the great champagne town we find broad streets and many *cafés*, while our hotel is exactly opposite the west portal of the cathedral. To the modern traveller Rheims means champagne and biscuits; to the historian, it means the coronation of the kings of France. The cathedral, which is as interesting and as beautiful as any in France, recalls the coronation in every feature. For this great event Rheims woke up once in every generation or so, and then went fast to sleep again. The cathedral has gained and lost by the honour which has been thrown

upon it. It owes to it the richness of its windows and of its portals, but it also owes to it perpetual restorations which have impaired its beauty, and disfigured the architect's original idea. Some months before each coronation, an official came from Paris with the bustling determination to make everything in the dull little provincial town as smart as possible. Houses were pulled down, streets widened, old decorations furbished up, and the only limits to this unwholesome zeal were set by the chapter of the cathedral of St Remi, who had some regard for their pockets. The roof of the cathedral is thus disfigured by the gold lilies on a blue ground, which were painted to harmonise with the draperies of Charles X.'s coronation. The capitals of the columns still bear the yellow white-wash which was used as a cheap substitute for gold: on the other hand, the cathedral treasure has profited by the liberality of the last Bourbon king, and the crucifix and candlesticks which he presented to the high altar are really magnificent.

The western porch of Rouen Cathedral is the finest work of its kind in Christendom. There are three entrances, each a masterpiece of carving, rich with innumerable statues. The design is carried up to the top of the highest pinnacle. The meaning of the devices cannot be learned without attentive study. There are angels in adoration at the entrance to the sanctuary, prophets and evangelists, priests and kings. There are the virtues and the vices, the liberal arts, the months and the seasons of the year. There is the baptism of Clovis, which first gave the city its renown, the history of the Virgin, of Christ, and of the last judgment. The effect of this wealth of allegory when once re-

cognised is very impressive; but the portal of Rheims cannot be classed with the best Italian works of the same kind, such as the bell-tower of Giotto or the shrine of Orcagna. The reason is, as far as we can see, that the French artist was content with producing a general effect. The long slim figures of the principal statues in the porch are admirable adjuncts to architecture, but are not in themselves high works of art. They do not "speak" and "march" like the St Mark and the St George of the Ov San Michele at Florence. So the little groups which represent the arts or the seasons could not be photographed with the same enhancement of beauty as is found in the similar designs of Giotto, or in the smallest details of Ghiberti's gates. No French artist has reached so high a level of concentration as to spend the whole of a long life in making four bronze doors.

The interior of the cathedral is worthy of its entrance. It is not so massive as Laon, nor so lofty as Beauvais, but it is full of grace, charm, and dignity. No church in France has more beautiful stained glass. The rose-window above the west door is filled with glass of such intensity of colour that the eye cannot penetrate its depths, and the other windows are not far inferior. Will Rheims ever see another coronation? The sacristan told us that Louis Philippe could not be crowned there because he was not legitimate, and was king of the French, not of France. Would the Comte de Paris pass this scrutiny, or would the holy oil be available for no one but Don Carlos? These are not questions of pressing importance. It is, however, ominous that Louis XV. was the last king who was crowned on the ancient rood-screen; and that Louis XVI.

and Charles X.—who were both crowned on the same platform in the nave—both ended badly.

There are other things to be seen at Rheims besides the cathedral. There is the archbishop's palace, with its great banqueting-hall used for coronations, far inferior to our own Hall at Westminster or to the Römer at Frankfurt. There are the suite of rooms in which the king resided during his coronation, and which still retain the decorations made for Charles X. He must have had strange recollections of his brother's crowning fifty years before! There is the abbey of St Remi, in which the holy oil was always preserved till it was brought to the cathedral just in time for use. This church was shorn of its splendour in the Revolution, but the tomb of St Remi still exists, guarded by the twelve peers of France, six lay and six clerical. There is the site of the abbey of St Nicaise, sold at the Revolution to Santerre, the Paris brewer, and pulled down—a site better known now by the champagne-vaults of Messrs Pommery and Messrs Ruinart. There is also the great square, with the statue of Louis XV., the Well-Beloved, and the fair-proportioned buildings of the eighteenth century.

We had seen the sights of Rheims, and were preparing to ride along the level road which separates that town from Châlons-sur-Marne, when a continuance of torrential rain made the roads impassable, and forced us to travel by train. It has been hitherto our experience that the inhabitants of one French provincial town never speak well of any other. When we expressed our intention of visiting a place as next in our programme, we have always been told that it was a little town, and that there was nothing to see:

there might be one inn where we could lodge for the night, but that was all. Châlons was no exception to this rule. If we had listened to our friends, we should certainly not have gone there; and yet no place we visited gave us greater pleasure.

Châlons is situated on three rivers and a canal. The Marne, the Mau, and the Nau, here join their forces, and form the prettiest combinations in doing so. The Marne is a wide river like the Oise and the Aisne, with which we were already acquainted. The Nau flows through the middle of the former, and is partly arched over. There are no less than twenty-two bridges to facilitate communications. Between the stretches of these waters lie deliciously green ramparts and open spaces, which form delightful promenades. The town is bright and cheerful, with a strong flavour of the country. There are two open squares, one in front of the Hôtel de Ville, and another now called the Place de la Republique, but formerly the corn-market. It was once surrounded by arcades like the rows of Chester, but only a few of them remain. Our hotel was a model of cleanliness, comfort, and hospitality. It rejoiced in the singular name of the Haute Mère Dieu, and was once the town office of a convent in the country. Châlons, like so many other French towns, has a great cathedral and another great church besides. The cathedral has so constantly suffered from fire, restoration, and other accidents, that what is left is not particularly striking. Still it has the remains of grandeur. Notre Dame, on the other hand, is worthy of the best days of French architecture. Its twin spires rise with magnificent effect. Its central and southern portals are rich with varied sculpture. The interior con-

tains three huge galleries of stone under the triforium, which are such striking features at Laon and St Remi, and might be imitated with advantage in modern buildings. The windows, if they lack the gem-like colour of the fourteenth century, which is the date of the completion of the church, are worthy specimens of the art and piety of the sixteenth century. The life of the Virgin from the Golden Legend, the touching story of Joachim and Anna, the rejection of the sacrifice, the meeting at the Golden Gate, recall many well-known masterpieces of Italian art. It would, indeed, seem not improbable that the design was of Italian origin. Besides the cathedral and Nôtre Dame, there are the interesting old churches of St Alpin, a local saint, and of St Jean, on the ramparts.

The church of Nôtre Dame was full of worshippers at the morning service. Here and elsewhere we were struck by the vigour of the French clergy in restoring their churches, and maintaining reverent and impressive services. The French church appeared to us to be full of life, the clergy to be well educated, courteous, and intelligent. Châlons had recently sent a deputation to a pilgrimage at Lourdes, with the object of planting there a larger cross, made of olive-wood, from the Convent of Olive. A young priest of striking appearance mounted the pulpit, and told in eloquent and touching language the story of his mission, of what he had seen at Lourdes. We heard that a procession would be held in the evening at the Convent of St Joseph in honour of the same event, and we determined to be present. The little chapel of the convent was full to overflowing. After a service of litanies and hymns, candles were distrib-

uted to the congregation, and they began to file out of the church. Two and two they marched into the cloister—the women first, the men following. After making the circuit of the cloister, the line of worshippers passed into the garden—the different walks of which were arranged like a labyrinth. Here the scene was indeed impressive. The large orchard was full of slowly moving forms,—two thousand people, we heard, were present: countless candles lighted up the starless sky, and the ceaseless chant of Ave Maria rose through the summer air. Only a few soldiers were to be seen. There are at present only two living forces in France—the Church and the Army. These are now opposed face to face, but some day may find them united.

At Châlons one is already in the clutches of the destiny which closed with such fatal effect round the royal travellers to Varennes in 1791. The king thought if he could once pass Châlons he would be safe. He was recognised, indeed, as he changed horses, but the prudent mayor advised that nothing should be said about the matter. The post-house at which the royal family stopped still exists, the residence of the general in command of the forces. The stone *pavé* begins there to slope slightly upwards; and we can imagine how the leaders of the six horses stumbled, broke their traces, and had to be replaced—an interruption to the journey, and a bad omen for success. At the other side of the town are two mournful memorials—the triumphal arch built for the first reception of Marie Antoinette on her arrival from Germany, with the royal lilies of France on one side and the united shields of France and Lorraine on the other; and the beautiful little *préfecture*, a perfect specimen of the domestic

architecture of the late *ancien régime*. Under this arch the queen passed for the last time, on her return from Varennes, surrounded by seething crowds who might have offered violence had the carriage entered the town by the ordinary route, and in the *préfecture* she was lodged a prisoner—the first night of that lingering confinement which was only to terminate with the scaffold. This was also a favourite sojourn of Napoleon III. when he visited the camp of Châlons, and it once or twice afforded a lodging to Napoleon I.

A short distance out of the town is the picturesque church of the Holy Thorn, built to cover with a worthy shrine a sacred picture and a holy well. The church is an interesting specimen of late and rather florid Gothic, scarcely worthy of the praise which Victor Hugo has so lavishly bestowed upon it. The most interesting feature of it is a delicate little chapel on the south side of the choir. We gazed at the picture, or rather as much of it as was visible through obtrusive ornaments and *ex-votos*, and we drank of the water of the well, which was exceedingly good. We wished solemnly as we drank, and who knows if one's wishes will not be fulfilled! We continued our journey with the thought of the royal pair continually in our minds, and arrived eventually at Pont-Sommevesle, about twelve miles from Châlons. This momentous spot, where Choiseul waited during a summer day for the coming of the royal berlin, and, worn out with impatience, rode away just at the time when his royal master was leaving Châlons, is described by Carlyle as a village, and called by him Pont de Sommevelle. It is not a village but a farmhouse, with another house opposite to it,

once an inn. It lies in a deep ravine, surrounded by trees. It is hard to see why it was made a post-station, except that the road from Rheims falls in a little higher up, and the villages of Courtisols and Sommevesle lie to the right of the road. The buildings of 1791 are still to be seen. It is difficult to understand why Choiseul should not have remained in this desert spot until nightfall. Had he been patient for two hours longer, the king would have been saved.

After this, the interest of the road grows thicker. A sign-post is passed upon the left with the inscription, "Valmy 5 kilometres." We resist the temptation to follow it, and continue on our course, the ease and delightfulness of which it would have been a pity to interrupt. Soon the monument of Valmy comes into sight, taking the place of the famous windmill. On the summit of a *côte* we find ourselves close to the inn of La Lune, occupied during the battle by the Duke of Brunswick, and very near the spot whence Goethe rode forward to taste the dangerous rapture of the cannon-fever. The battle of Valmy is difficult to understand, because the French were posted between the Prussians and the frontier, and the Prussians between the French and Paris. But it was not a battle, it was a cannonade. The Prussians thought that the undisciplined French would break and run at the first volley of grape-shot. They stood to their position, and thus, as Goethe had the insight to perceive, inaugurated a new era in the history of Europe. The Prussians seized the position of Valmy the next day, and could, if energetically led, have marched on to Paris, where they would have met with little resistance. But the rain had fallen and made the roads impassable; bread failed, ammunition failed, and the Allies

were uncertain as to what they should do. To conquer Paris with a crowd of *émigrés* would be embarrassing: it were better to hold the balance, and if possible to bring Louis XVI. into Dumouriez's camp. First inaction followed, then retreat, and the French pressed on so vigorously that the retreat became a route. A slight detour brought us in sight of the village of Valmy, which lay peacefully in the sunlight, unconscious of its reputation. The village schoolmaster, whom we met, complained of his scanty income; knew that a battle had once been fought there, but could tell us nothing of its details.

Valmy passed, we rode onward to Ste. Ménehould. We crossed Orbeval, where Choiseul ought to have awaited the king, even though he had been forced to leave Pont-Sommevesle, and left Dampierre on the left, which recalled to us the unfortunate squire who came to pay his respects to Louis XVI. on his return from Varennes, and was massacred for his pains. "What is that disturbance?" asked the queen. "They are only killing a madman," was the answer. Shortly after this we touched the *pavé* of Ste. Ménehould.

St Ménehould is famous for pigs' feet, which are sent in baskets all over the world. We refreshed our famished bodies with an excellent dinner, of which they formed a notable portion. Ste. Ménehould is not a village, as Carlyle calls it; it is an important town now, and was still more important a hundred years ago. The palatial town-hall dates from 1730. Close by is the fatal post-house, built in 1788, at which the royal family changed horses during their flight, and were recognised by the postmaster

Drouet, who stopped them at Varennes. He was not bustling about in a night-gown, as Carlyle represents him, but had only just returned from working in the fields; nor was he an "old dragoon," as he was only twenty-eight years old. Notwithstanding Carlyle's graphic narrative, the true history of the flight to Varennes has yet to be written.¹ From Ste. Ménehould the road rises rapidly and enters the forest of the Argonne. The scenery is beautiful, but was scarcely discernible in the gathering twilight. We descend merrily to Les Islettes, one of the passages of the Argonne, which Dumouriez called the Thermopylæ of France. The Duke of Brunswick, Goethe tells us, expected serious resistance here, but found none. We light our lamps and hurry through the gloomy woods to Clermont.

We found the little town *en fête*. There was no place in the inn, and we had to content ourselves with small but clean rooms in a *café*. A platform was erected in the market-place, a brass band struck up lively tunes, and the whole population was prepared to dance from nine o'clock till two in the morning, as they had done the night before. This is the manner in which they celebrate the feast of St Fiacre, whoever he may be. We looked forward to a sleepless night, but the rain came down and scattered the merry crowd, and we were allowed to slumber in peace. It is but a short distance from Clermont to Varennes, a place of which every one has heard, but which few have visited; yet no one can properly understand the catastrophe of the king's arrest, and of one of the most important events in the history of France and of Europe, unless he has been

¹ For an authentic account of the flight to Varennes, see the 'Quarterly Review,' July 1886.

to this desolate spot, which lies on the way to nowhere. The town (for it is a town, and not a village) is of peculiar construction. It is built on an incline sloping down to the river Aire. Across the Aire there is a bridge, and on the other side of the bridge is the chief hotel—the Grand Monarque—and the principal church. The upper town has two large open spaces—the Place Verte or Place du Château—where the old original castle stood, and the market-place. In the market-place in 1791 stood a church, now pulled down, connected by an archway with a clock-tower which still exists. Next below the clock-tower was the inn of the Bras d'Or, and a little way down the street on the other side was the house of M. Sauce. The royal family arrived at Varennes about midnight with horses from Clermont; the relay which was to carry them on the next stage was in the stables of the Grand Monarque on the other side of the bridge. The carriage stopped in the Place Verte, and the queen got out to ask where the relays were to be found. She even called at a large house, still standing, and took some refreshment, but the owner could not help her. The post-boys were unwilling to go any farther, as they had been specially told by the wife of the postmaster at Clermont to come back directly, as the horses were required next day for harvest-work. It is said that she never forgave herself, and regarded herself to her dying day as the cause of the king's death. Had young Bouillé, who was in charge of the escort, waited at the entrance to the town, or had the *gardes du corps* sauntered down to the bridge, all would have been well. But thirty-five minutes were lost. Drouet and his friend Guil-

laume arrived on horseback from Ste. Ménehould, and told the postillions to stop—*vous menez le Roi!* He found a few faithful patriots at the Bras d'Or, and with their assistance he stopped the carriage at the fatal archway. There was but a step from the street of Varennes to the guillotine.

We went over the house formerly occupied by Sauce. A next-door neighbour told us that it had been completely altered, that the street had been widened, the houses on that side had been moved back, and nothing of the original structure remained. It appeared to us that the narrow corkscrew staircase which Choiseul and Damas were prepared to defend stair by stair was unchanged. The Abbé Gabriel, the best authority on the subject, states that the rooms are still the same. The back bedroom in which the royal family passed the night could not well have been longer than ten feet by eight. It is pitiable to think how chance after chance was lost. The bridge was barricaded, but there were two easy fords, one above and the other below. A moment of decision would have saved the monarchy, but the weakness which destroyed it was continued to the end.

The direct road to Verdun, taken in mistake by Leonard, the queen's *coiffeur*, on that fatal evening, leads to the right from the hotel of the Grand Monarque. We had intended to follow it, but were told that it was *déclassé*, and was no longer cyclable. We retraced our steps, and soon rejoined the road from Clermont, which is part of the great road from Paris to Metz. Verdun has left as pleasant a memory to us as any town we have passed through. A bright, lively little place, well watered, surrounded by consider-

able hills, and crowned with a cathedral and a bishop's palace worthy of the name. In Verdun we found a good museum, an intelligent director, a good library and a learned librarian, an excellent inn—the Coq Hardi—with good food, and an attractive local wine called *vin gris*. We naturally asked after traditions of the English prisoners and hostages who were kept here by Napoleon the First. They had left many memories behind them. Some of them had married Frenchwomen (generally, we were told, their cooks), and had established themselves permanently in the place. We heard of half-a-dozen families with English names. We saw a model ship rigged by them which they used to sail on the Meuse, and a bas-relief presented by a grateful English sculptor to the church in which he was baptised. They wrote poems—"The Captive Muse"—they had an English club, they quarrelled, they gossiped and they backbit, and they left behind them £40,000 of debt, which the Verdunais to this day hope to recover from the English Government. After laboriously pushing our machines up the heights above Verdun, a favourable wind carried us rapidly to Mars le Tour, the last French village. From this point to Gravelotte the country is one huge graveyard. The fields are almost deserted: monuments erected by regiments, wooden crosses set up by private friends, extend as far as the eye can reach. Traffic seems to avoid the path as if it were haunted. We met a man who was sixteen in 1870. He spent the day of June 16 on the battle-field helping the wounded; he escaped with a bullet through his cap. I asked a peasant ploughing if he could give me a bullet or a badge as a souvenir. "Nous

avons assez de souvenirs sans cela," he replied.

We were not sorry to reach Gravelotte. The inn was full of Germans; plans of the battle-fields and of the monuments abounded. Just opposite the inn is a house of stone, where the French Emperor and his son slept on the night of the 15th. They had a narrow escape of being shut up in Metz. A stone-breaker by the roadside told us that he had seen Napoleon and Loulou. "Oui, j'ai vu son gamin." He also informed us that he had spent the next two days in the cellar of his house. A short ride brought us through the terrible ravine of Gravelotte, where so many soldiers found their death, past the public-house of St Hubert, so gallantly stormed by the Germans, to the heights of Point du Jour, which was the key of the French position. It appeared to us impregnable, and indeed it was never taken. The capture of St Privat on their left, or perhaps the failure of ammunition, led them to retire on the following morning. From the Point du Jour the cathedral and fortifications of Metz were almost visible. A delightful descent brought us into the valley in which the heart of Lorraine lies. France may well regret the loss of so fair a province. She will never recover it: the town is full of soldiers, and the Germans hold it in an iron grasp. We were not sorry to repose in the palatial Hotel de l'Europe, and the excellence of the military bands almost made us forgive them for waking us up at half-past four every morning. At Metz the weather broke, and we travelled ignominiously by rail to Strasbourg. *Finis chartæque viæque.*

OSCAR BROWNING.

2 B

COINCIDENCES??

THE "long, long Indian day" is quickly falling. The retreating sun is darting Parthian shafts over the dusty *maidan*; and the life and movement of the cantonment, which have been dammed up during the scorching hours, are again astir. Punkahs have been stopped, and windows have been opened to admit the cool evening air. Smart soldiers, in spotless white uniform, are strolling from their barracks in search of fresh air, or perchance beer at the friendly canteen of a neighbouring corps. Lawn tennis is in full swing in the club compound. The band has begun to play at the station band-stand, and the Resident's barouche and the more modest "convainces" of humbler Anglo-Indian life are trundling dustily forth with pale-faced ladies, who are going to listen to its strains and enjoy the evening coolness.

I had only lately arrived in India, in command of a draft, and had not previously done duty with the regiment in its Eastern quarters, having been for some years on the staff, though I had had, in earlier days of my soldiering, some experience of the country. I had paid most of the regulation visits, and felt that I might face the local society, without my conscience reproaching me with any social *laches*; so as there was no counter-attraction, I thought I might as well spend the time before mess by following the carriages to the band-stand as in any other way.

As I sallied from my bungalow, in the coolest and lightest of garments, not unpardonably conscious that the said garments were fresh from the hands of a London artist, and therefore considerably superior

to the kits of most of my brother officers, who had been obliged to supplement the ravages of the Indian climate and the Indian moth by the efforts of their *dirzees*, I hailed a brother captain, who was strolling aimlessly forth, and secured him as company, and to tell me who was who in the station fashionable circles. He was a good fellow, a peer's younger son, who, having passed a meteoric and somewhat expensive career in the Guards, had exchanged to a line regiment, and was expiating his London misdeeds by a few years in an Indian purgatory. He was a standing difficulty wherever he dined, or whatever entertainment he assisted at, as the Indian table of precedence became hopelessly confused over the honourable prefix to his name; and whether he should be told off to a leading lady, or take charge of an undeveloped spinster, or even make one of the unattached crowd of single men who bring up the rear of every Indian procession to the dinner-table, was always a puzzling problem to be solved. Among his brother officers his accidents of birth did not confer any additional dignity, and he usually answered to the name of "Button."

There was little variety in the gathering that met our eyes at the band-stand from similar assemblages that I remembered in days "lang syne." There was the Resident's carriage, drawn by two goodish-looking Walers, with a fat Madrassee coachman in scarlet on the box, with his bare brown feet stuck out in front of him. The two scarlet-clad horse-keepers stood at the horses' heads, each armed with a *chowrie*, with which they lazily switched the flies

which buzzed round their charges. Lady Winkle, the wife of Sir Rodolph Winkle, K.C.S.I., the Resident, sat quite the "Burra Mem Sahib," in a dignified attitude inside, conscious of the *éclat* conferred by the escort of two native *sowars*, who were formed up near, slouching in their ill-cleaned saddles, and still more conscious of the presence of the quiet-looking, grizzled old gentleman beside her, who was a member of the Viceroy's Council on an official tour, and whom she hardly knew whether to treat as an equal in the Indian hierarchy, or to conciliate as one whose opinion might or might not be favourable to her husband's prospects. There was the Colonel's phaeton, with two well-bred cobs, and with harness that showed a little more careful fitting and cleaning than mere native supervision could have given. T-carts, pony-carriages, waggonettes, drawn by every variety of animal, Arabs, Walers, Burmans, and filled with the wives and families of the various secretaries, doctors, paymasters, &c., who made up our European station society. Then came the natives, in almost equal varieties. The fat Parsee, who kept the universal store for the cantonment, with his olive-coloured wife and swarm of black-eyed tawny children, with gold-embroidered caps surmounting their sharp, bright-looking faces, filled to overflowing the old victoria, which had been taken as part payment of a bill left by an ex-official, whose liver had finally succumbed, and who had been invalided home last year. *Tongas*, *julkas*, and bullock-coaches were there in every stage of decrepitude, drawn by *tattoos* and bullocks, whose very existence should have, in most instances, provoked the interference of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Add to these the usual crowd of Europeans and natives on foot, with *ayahs* and babies innumerable, of all colours, white, brown, and black, some in perambulators, and some playing embarrassingly among the legs of the crowd, and we have the scene which presented itself.

I had written my name in the Residency visitors' book, as in duty bound, and thought that this was a good opportunity to make the personal acquaintance of the great lady herself.

"Button," I said, "you know all the swells, introduce me to Mother Winkle." Thus disrespectfully, I regret, did the officers of H.M.'s regiment in garrison designate that noble person. Alas! poor worm that I was, how soon was I to be taught the real humility of my position! After we had made our way through the small crowd who were doing homage to the great lady, and Button, with his best bow, had said, "Allow me to introduce Captain Melville," I was treated to the most disdainful of inclinations—one which marked my exact position in society—and while I retired to meditate on my littleness, her ladyship turned to renew her conversation with a more important person. But my moment of compensation was at hand. The member of Council suddenly turned round and said, "Did I hear the name of Captain Melville of the —th?" I modestly replied "Yes," and he went on, "I have just come out from England, and saw the Prince before starting, and he told me to be sure to make your acquaintance, if possible, and to give his remembrances to his old friend."

I tried to look unconscious of the change that came over Lady Winkle's face as she overheard this short colloquy. She turned, and positively beamed on me, saying—

"I had heard that you had arrived at the station, Captain Melville, and have been so anxious to make your acquaintance. Sir Rodolph and I will be so delighted if you can arrange to come and dine with us some night soon. Good gracious! what's that?"

That was the arrival on the scene of a dogcart with a tandem of ponies, driven by one of our subalterns, accompanied by another, which, after wending a devious course from barracks, had finally pulled up with the leader's fore-legs in the Parsee's victoria, and the wheeler, with its ears back, showing every disposition to kick. By the exertions of the *syces*, however, and a liberal use of explanatory language from the ambitious driver, the complicated knot was untied, and order restored. The boys got out and joined in the chaffing crowd, which had collected to watch their approach. Among the ring of natives who had gathered round, my attention was much attracted by the appearance of a striking-looking old man, with fiercely twisted-up moustache, and long grey beard, who had pushed to the front, and seemed to take a marked interest in the scene. He looked like an old soldier, and his high features, tall stature, and muscular development spoke of a different race from the more peaceful-looking natives of the south by whom he was surrounded. I could not see that he carried any arms; but though he did not have quite the uniform disciplined air which marks the native army nowadays, he might have been a non-commissioned officer of irregulars, or rather one of the semi-drilled and organised levies of a native ruler.

The youngest of the boys who had come in the tandem cart was one of the subalterns of my draft; a fresh, cheery youngster,

the son of a very distinguished officer, who had been particularly commended to my care by his father, and who had been attached to my company accordingly. His father had been one of the heroes of the Mutiny, and had made a name for himself by his fearless gallantry in action, for the devotion of his native followers, and also in no small degree for the unsparing severity with which he had meted out justice to mutineers and rebels. He was equally well known in the army as "Mackinnon the brave," or as "the avenging Colonel." As the subalterns walked about, I could not help remarking that the old native seemed to take particular notice of this boy, and followed him wherever he went. Sometimes it seemed that he got between him and the crowd, and even made a sort of half-turn backwards, as if to protect him from another follower. With each movement, his expression appeared to change. When he looked at young Mackinnon, nothing could have been more benevolent and kindly; and when he turned to look behind him, he threw back his head and glared, stern, haughty, and defiant.

I knew that it was hopeless to appeal to Lady Winkle or my friend Button for any information about a casual native, so I looked for some one more familiar with the frequenters of the bazaar. The station magistrate had just cantered up after his usual hard day's office-work, and I asked him who was the old Pathan who was following young Mackinnon.

"Pathan! my dear fellow, I don't see any Pathan."

"There," I pointed. "Perhaps he is not a Pathan, but he does not belong to this part of India. That tall old man with the small red turban and long grey beard."

Again he looked, and again de-

clared that he saw nobody in the least like my description. I thought this odd, but only concluded that the good magistrate's sight was beginning to go, and that he was too proud of his personal appearance to appear in public with spectacles on the eyes whose glance made local malefactors tremble before him. However, the band commenced "God save the Queen." The crowd began to disperse slowly. The subalterns got their tandem under way towards barracks with some difficulty. I lost sight of the old native, and Button and I started on our homeward stroll under the sunniest of smiles from Lady Winkle, and repeated invitations to come and see her soon at the Residency, and on no account to content myself in the future with writing my name in her visitors' book.

"Very odd how that native stuck to young Mackinnon," I said to Button.

"My dear Melville, you must have made some mistake. I heard you talking about an old man with a red turban, and saw where you pointed; but, for the life of me, I could see nobody but the usual lot of idle coolies."

"Button, you know nothing about it. I believe you would hardly know the difference between a coolie and a rajah."

The usual routine of garrison life went on for several days after this, and the season was so hot that little was done beyond the most ordinary duty, which indeed came round rather heavily on all the officers who were not on leave, as there had been a smartish outbreak of fever, which some attributed to infection brought by natives from the bazaar, where there was always a certain amount of latent disease. Among others, the lad who used to drive Mac-

kinnon about in the tandem cart was knocked over by a severe attack, and the doctors were doing all they could to patch him up sufficiently to move him to the hills and eventually to England. We were all getting rather hipped and low-spirited, and some excitement was much required to take our minds and conversation off the eternal subjects of the height of the thermometer and the doctor's daily report of the cases in hospital. It was much to our delight then that a message was received one day from Yussuf Ali, who commanded the irregular cavalry of the ruler of the native State near which we were serving, to say that a panther had been caught alive in a trap, which he would have enlarged on the *maidan* half an hour before sundown, and asking any of us, who felt inclined for a ride to join in spearing it. Even those of us who could not command the services of a sufficiently trustworthy horse for such a risky sport, could at any rate look on; and those who had horses spent the rest of the afternoon in sharpening boar-spears and looking to the soundness of our saddlery. As the evening approached, the company began to gather on the *maidan*, about a mile from barracks. The *maidan*, the scene of action, was a rolling plain, rather long than wide, as the cantonment of the native infantry bounded it on one side, while the other was fringed at a distance of a mile and a half by scrubby and rocky jungle. Its length stretched away for miles; and in the distance we could only dimly see, blue in the evening light, a range of rocky heights, with one white *musjid* standing out in bright relief. The grass was brown, scorched, and dry; and, but that the dust did not rise in clouds, the appearance was that of a barren sandy plain.

Several ladies had come to look on, who were perched on elephants, out of harm's way. Lady Winkle was most imposing on a huge and steady animal belonging to the heavy battery. The *sowar* escort had been dispensed with; but Sir Rodolph was there himself, with a gleam of excitement and enthusiasm in his eye, for he had been a fine rider and a bold *shikarri*, before accession of dignity and increasing years and waist-band had made him withdraw from the delights of snaffle, spur, and spear, and devote his energies to administration alone. Lady Winkle was condescending enough to remember that her friendly interest had been aroused in me, and nearly fell out of the howdah in her anxiety to tell me how much she hoped I would get "first spear." As I was riding a common-place old Waler, whose ideas of pace were most limited, I did not anticipate that I should be called upon to receive a crown of laurel or its Indian equivalent from her fair and pudgy hand.

Besides the ladies and some few other mounted European onlookers, there was the usual mob of natives which is to be found at every show; but these remained at a most respectful distance from the central spot, the black cart, on which was the huge wooden trap containing the panther.

There were six sportsmen who were going to join in the chase. Yussuf Ali himself, a lithe, light, active, and very handsome Mussulman—a magnificent horseman, and perfect master of all weapons—a polished gentleman in his quiet courteous manners, and withal a brilliant and dashing soldier. Bad was it for him that he lived while the Pax Britannica controlled India. If he had been born in the days of the old Mogul emperors, he was just the man to

have carved his way to the rule of one of the great proconsulates of which so many turned into independent kingdoms. He rode a high-caste flea-bitten grey Arab, whose lean head, iron legs, thin well-set-on tail, and muscular shape, covered by a skin which showed the tracery of veins underneath, marked the purest blood of the desert.

Almost as well mounted was young Mackinnon, who well maintained the credit of England in his firm and sporting seat and determined air. His rather ragged-looking Waler did not show the same quality as the grey Arab; but it had won several races pretty easily; and though his master carried a hog-spear for the first time, we all felt it was likely that the struggle for the honours of the day would be between him and the gallant Mussulman.

Next to him was Captain John-son of the native infantry, one of the keenest sportsmen on our side of India, whose exploits in pursuit of great game were a constant topic of conversation and admiration. To him no kind of encounter with savage beasts could come amiss, and, under equal conditions, nobody present could have hoped to ride on more than equal terms with him. But he had only just returned from a distant sporting expedition, his own horses had not yet arrived, and he had been obliged to place his 6 feet 2 inches of bone and sinew on a friend's horse, which certainly could not carry him alongside the light weights. There remained to add to the field, Button, myself, and another of our officers, all three determined to be in at the death if possible; but so moderately provided with horse-flesh that we could hardly expect to be more than the reserve in the first attack.

The sun was rapidly sinking,

and there was no time to waste; so all the spectators fell back to about a hundred yards from the cart carrying the trap, which remained black and solitary in the middle of the plain. We took up our position in line in front of the crowd, and could then see that a long rope was fastened to the trap, by pulling which a bolt would be drawn, and the side furthest from us opened. One of Yussuf Ali's servants ran forward, at a signal from his master, pulled the rope, and as quickly bolted back behind the shelter of the spears. I had never seen a panther enlarged before, and had expected the animal to bound forth at once, the moment the way to liberty was open. Our friend did nothing of the kind, however. He had been for two days in the trap, and was probably rather stiff, and certainly cowed and sulky. At last, after several stones had been thrown at the trap, and had rattled on its wooden sides, we could just see a long black-looking body gliding from the cart, and drawing itself sinuously along the ground. The native crowd set up a shout, and that and the familiar feeling of the ground beneath his feet made him quicken his pace. The light gleamed on his yellow sides, he looked round him to see the safest direction in which to shape his course, and bounded towards the jungle. We instinctively drew our reins tighter, grasped our boar-spears firmer, pressed our legs to our horses' sides, and prepared for the gallop. The panther was half cantering, half bounding towards the friendly shelter which he had marked, and rapidly shaking off his stiffness and increasing his distance from us. We all turned to Yussuf, who was a perfect picture, as he sat with his spear held high in the air on his half-rearing horse, whose eye sparkled

with the same excitement as his master's. The panther had got between three and four hundred yards' start, when Yussuf shouted "Ride!" We sat down to our work, and tore in pursuit.

As we expected, Mackinnon and Yussuf quickly shot ahead; but the stride of the Waler gave the latter the advantage, and besides, he was rather on the right, the side towards which the panther was bending, and had thus less ground to go over. Johnson was a bad third; but his cool and experienced eye had marked the panther's probable line, and his fine horsemanship enabled him to save every inch of ground, and would probably bring him up at the critical moment. The rest of us could only say that we had an excellent view of the chase, as we toiled in rear.

Mackinnon, with his spear ready for the thrust, was rapidly gaining on the panther, who looked over his shoulder and seemed to calculate whether he could cover the half-mile which lay between him and safety before the thundering hoofs behind him should be alongside. All at once he stopped in his gallop and crouched, almost facing his pursuer, with bristles erect and glaring eyes. The Waler's heart failed him when he found himself face to face with the defiant beast. The horse shied to one side, crossed his legs, and made a tremendous stumble on to his nose. Mackinnon, who had been leaning forward with poised spear, was thrown on to his horse's ears. The panther's spring was delivered, and I felt my heart sink. Suddenly—could I believe my eyes? I could have sworn that there was no one on the plain a moment before—there was a native at Mackinnon's horse's head, whose ready hand on the bridle had saved the Waler from falling. The panther's spring had

missed in consequence, and the lad managed to regain his seat. Yussuf's readyspear passed through the spotted body as he shot past, and a minute afterwards Johnson gave the *coup de grace*. The whole was momentary, and when I joined the group, the danger and excitement were over, and the panther lay in death before the snorting horses.

"Lucky for you, my boy," I said, "that that native saved your fall. You just escaped being badly clawed."

"What native do you mean, Melville?" Mackinnon replied. "This confounded brute gave an awful peck, just as I was going to take the spear, and it was all I could do to get him on his legs again."

"Well, I'll swear there was a native standing by at the time. I could just see a red turban over your horse's shoulder, though I could not distinguish his face."

"Any way, he can't be far off, and he is sure to come and ask for *backsheesh* for his services. He deserves something for his pluck, at any rate, in putting himself in our spotted friend's way." We looked round, but there was nobody. The shouting crowd of onlookers came up, and in the quickly closing night and the maze of turbans, red, blue, and white, that surrounded us, further search was impossible. I could not help feeling certain, however, that I was right, though both Yussuf and Johnson, who had been nearer to Mackinnon than I, assured me they saw nobody. The panther was padded on one of the elephants. Lady Winkle waved us a dignified adieu as she changed the rocking howdah for her easy rolling carriage, to return to the Residency. We lighted our cigars, and slowly rode homewards, the others discussing every incident of the novel sport,

while I silently pondered over Mackinnon's escape, and tried to explain its circumstances satisfactorily to myself.

Again the dull and depressing routine of barrack life. We had got through the worst of the hot weather; but the brazen sun by day and the hot winds by night still made exertion wearisome, and sleep almost impossible. We looked eagerly forward to the return from leave of some lucky brother officers, who had been bracing themselves in the hills, when some of us, at least, would be able to quit the sweltering cantonment in our turn. The happy day came at last, and Button, Mackinnon, and I were told that we might be off for a month. We were all pretty well in spite of the long grilling we had gone through; and we decided that we wanted change of scene more than change of climate, and that we would spend our time in the fresher, if not much cooler air of the jungle, and carry out a long-projected campaign against some tigers that we had heard of in a neighbouring district. We had been in communication with *shikarris* for some time, in case such a chance should offer itself, so we had little to do but to start off our tents and servants, and arrange for relays of horses to carry us over the first sixty or seventy miles from the station, when we should find ourselves nearly at our shooting-ground, and continue the march with our camp, which we should then have overtaken.

Behold us at last in the saddle, at one o'clock in the morning, or rather in the middle of a starlight night. The moon has sunk below the horizon, but the Southern Cross has risen and illumines our way. The sentry on the main guard challenges as we pass, and gives his parting benediction, "Pass,

friend, and all's well." We clatter through the bazaar, disturbing troops of pariah dogs fighting and growling over the filthiest offal, and push into the silent country. How weird and beautiful it all looks! The gnarled banyan-trees throw deep shadows here and there across the road, and everything that was burned and miserable-looking under the sunlight is covered with a mystic charm by the calm quiet night. On and still on we press, past native temples, whose ghastly images look still more ghastly than by day and glare stonily. Through small hamlets, nearly riding over the inhabitants, who are wooing the cool air, and are lying asleep in the roadway, wrapped in their white cloths. Past the Tapal runner, with letter-bag on his back, jogging along the road to the distant town. His tinkling bell is the only sound that breaks the silence, and we think of its old name, "the tiger's dinner-bell," and how often, on that very road, the post-runner had been missing, and a blood-stained letter-bag had been found, the only relic to mark where the man-eating scourge of the country-side had seized his prey. Past rocks and water-courses, over open cultivated country, and through jungle woodland, till we arrived under the grim shadow of an old fort perched on a rocky eminence, where we found our first relay of horses waiting, and felt that we had covered twenty miles of our journey. What a delicious and refreshing feeling it is to drop into a cool saddle and feel a fresh horse springing gaily under you, after the experience of the last five miles of a tired hack, keeping him on his legs on a rough road, and kicking him along to keep your time! Again we press on to gain our halting-place before the sun comes out in power once more, and we

do not draw rein till we arrive at the old hut, under the friendly shade of a *tope* of trees, where we intend to wait till night shades us on our onward way. Just six o'clock, and we have done forty miles—not bad going in the dark. We found our second relay of horses here, and, oh blessed sight! a small table with tea ready laid out. How good it was to sit and sip it under the leafy boughs! What would Indian wayfaring be without these *topes* at intervals along the roads, which are as well known to travellers as the wayside inns in England? Where would the European official or sportsman pitch his camp? Where would the humble wayfarer halt during the broiling hours to cook his *chuppatti* and have his mid-day siesta? and where could a reasonably cool draught of water be found but in the well under those pleasant natural arches, impervious to the darts of even an Indian sun? We settled down to get through the day, and, indeed, had small difficulty in doing so. There were some old *charpoy*s in the hut, and, kicking off our boots, we collapsed into sleep, which passed the hottest hours most satisfactorily. At sundown we again got under way, and by nine o'clock saw our camp gleaming white in the moonlight before us. Bath and a light supper were most welcome, and we turned in, thinking over the campaign which we were about to commence. The jungle air felt fresh, and the jungle wind comparatively cool; but every tent-door was opened wide, and curtains rolled up, to profit by it as much as we could. Closely tucked round with mosquito-net, I heard the insects of the night hurling themselves vainly against my couch, and chuckled drowsily at their discomfiture. Our followers lay round the camp-fire, and their snores rose

in chorus with the slow chewing of the bullocks, the pawing of a restless horse at his picket-rope, and the unearthly shriek of the jackal prowling near.

The camp was astir with the first faint glimmer of dawn, and when we turned out among the already half-loaded baggage-carts, we found two *shikarris* squatted on the ground near our tents, waiting to give us their report on our chances of sport. Closely wrapped in their cloths to protect them from the morning air, these jungle sages were looking with contempt on the, to them, derogatory occupations of our domestic servants.

Our best hopes were realised when we were told that two tigers had been haunting a piece of jungle about seven miles distant, and that, if we would march on that day to the neighbourhood, they, the *shikarris*, would arrange to have buffaloes tied up during the following night round the likely haunts, and if one of this live bait was killed, we might hope to have a successful beat. Nothing could be more satisfactory, and our march was ordered accordingly. We moved off, a most imposing procession. Two elephants, lent by the ever-kindly minister of the native State, camels, horses, bullock-carts, and a most miscellaneous assortment of followers, from the consequential belted *peon* and the grim-looking *shikarri*, with his old matchlock on his shoulder, to the lowest tag-rag of water-carriers and sweepers, completed by the inevitable native women, who followed their husbands, carrying curiously wise-looking babies on their hips, and all their worldly possessions in a bundle on their heads. Sooth to say, the three European sahibs were not the most respectable-looking of the crowd. Unshaved faces, rusty-looking *shikar* clothes, enormous and hideous

sun-hats, formed an *ensemble* which might be comfortable, but was neither dignified nor becoming.

We had at last plunged into real jungle life and scenery; the quaint and picturesque cavalcade moved through a landscape in which the brilliant red blossom of the honey-tree, the rich green of the palms, and the bright emerald of the occasional paddy-fields were a beautiful mixture of colour in the tender morning light. The brick-coloured land and distant blue rocky hills, with the clear sky, filled up the background.

We pitched our next camp near an old and once strong, but now deserted and ruined fortress. People in England, who only know of the historic strongholds, have little idea of the number of elaborately strengthened places which have been formed in India, and which, under the strong and peaceful sway of Britain, have now lost their *raison d'être*, and are forgotten in the jungles. The one in question was an example. Two rocky and steep scarped hills about half a mile apart, connected by a bastioned line of walled fortification and a deep dry ditch. The hills, 400 to 500 feet high, with several lines of fortification upon them, and a large walled keep crowning each. The native village nestled inside the fortifications at their feet. Some old guns lay, mouldering and grass-covered, on the ramparts, whose sole warders were the troops of monkeys which little feared a stranger, and only acknowledged our presence by loud and general chattering.

Many were the lamentations over the destruction among the village herds which the *patel* poured into our ears when he came to pay his respects; and many were the hopes expressed that the noble sahibs would slay the two tigers which haunted the

neighbouring jungle, and relieve the district from the fear of their ravages. Our hopes of brilliant sport rose with each tale of woe, and we waited with eager anticipations for the *shikarris'* next morning's report of the result of their preparations.

The next morning came at last, and with it the welcome news that one of the buffaloes, which had been tied up near the tigers' haunts, had been killed during the night, and that the slayer had been marked down in a ravine about a mile and a half distant, whither he had carried his prey to gorge it at his leisure, and where he was probably now sleeping off the effects of his meal.

The beaters had been already summoned from the villages, and, headed by our friend the *patel*, they began to assemble at our camp, each group, as it came in, more motley and wild in appearance than the last. Our final preparations have been made, and we start for the scene of action. Our nondescript crowd follows—some, and they the proud ones, carrying rusty matchlocks, some with spears, some with sickles or knives tied to the ends of sticks. Tom-toms, horns, pipes, were not wanting, while the professional *shikarris* strove to keep order in the array, carrying bundles of native rockets, with the important air of lictors with their fasces.

A short walk, and we neared the ravine where the tiger had been marked down. It lay by a broken rocky hill or rather cluster of hills, with trees and brushwood on their sides and pieces of dense thicket in their hollows. At the distant side of the hills the ground sloped into a broken woodland, which stretched away for miles towards a blue range of high land in the horizon.

Our beaters were taken in charge by two *shikarris*, who were to dis-

pose them so as to be ready to sweep the ravine and hills before them, while the guns stole quietly round the outskirts to the distant side where the game was likely to break. Then came the business of taking up our positions. We drew for stations, and my lot fell on the right of the line. Mackinnon was on the left, and Button in the centre, and we were to be placed about 150 or 200 yards apart. I clambered into a tree with my gun-bearer, and took up a safe position, while Button and Mackinnon went on to be posted by the head *shikarri*. Then came the most trying time of the day's work—waiting for the beat to commence. A seat on a knotty branch of a tree is not a comfortable position, when perfect stillness is necessary, and every individual roughness on your perch seems to work its way more and more uncompromisingly into your undefended person. The Deccan hot-weather sun blazes overhead, his beams reflected with almost original intensity from the glowing rock hard by; and the thin, half-withered foliage of the jungle-tree, which gives a good sweep for a rifle, is far from being a sufficient umbrella in point of shade. It is quaint and interesting, however, to watch the animal life in the jungle, when all is still, and its inhabitants are unconscious of observation. First, a magnificent peacock, scenting danger in the wind, comes bustling down the hill, making so much noise that I almost think he must be the tiger. He catches sight of me in the tree, and is horrified to find himself committed to so short a distance from a human stranger. He takes flight, and floats gracefully away, without a movement of his wings after two or three initial strokes. Then a mungoos rushes across the open, full of important business.

He disappears into a heap of stones, and a minute or two later again shows himself, and returns to his original cairn. A rustle of leaves—a squirrel has changed his quarters, and moved his monotonous cry from one tree to another. Another rustle. This time it is a large lizard that has left, with a flop, the stone where he has been sunning himself, and has hustled to other quarters.

Whir, whir, whir! tom, tom, tom! went suddenly the beaters' rattles and drums in the distance. The beat at last commenced. Wild shrieks and discordant yells, which might have represented every form of human agony, roused the echoes of the hills. Bang!—there a firework was thrown into a rocky cave. Stones are being rolled down the cliffs into unapproachable thickets, and every form of Hindoo objurgation and reviling is being shouted, to induce the lurking game to move forward where the rifles are prepared to receive him. The jungle tenants were awakened in earnest. A gaunt hyæna trotted by, looking fearfully over his shoulder. An old bear, with a couple of cubs, came rolling along, and passed within a few yards, complaining loudly at being disturbed. Suddenly a huge dusky form swung slowly through the bushes, about 200 yards from me. I grasped my rifle tighter, reckless that the barrels felt almost red-hot in the sun. I thought he must come down a pass in the rocks within easy shot, and I felt certain that I could cover him, when a wretched native, who had been put in a tree some distance off as a look-out, with the strictest injunctions to silence, could not contain his excitement, and began holloaing and shouting at the top of his voice. Of course the tiger turned, and my chance was gone. He loomed as big as a

bullock, a magnificent sight, as his striped side glowed red in the sunlight, while he passed to my left.

I waited for Button's rifle to speak, but heard nothing. There was almost silence for a minute, when I heard two shots in rapid succession coming from where I supposed Mackinnon to be. These were followed, after a pause, by two more. Another pause, and an English "Who-whoop!" rang through the jungle. The line of beaters came up, and told me that though one tiger had been killed, the other had sneaked off to one side, and made his escape towards the distant hills. There was nothing more to wait for, and I made my way in the direction that the sound of shots came from. There lay the tiger, terrible still in death. Button had the complacent air of the man who has fired the lucky shot, while Mackinnon looked a little pale, and his gun-bearer was holding forth most volubly to the beaters who had arrived on the spot. As I appeared, Button with equal volubility commenced to give his account of the death—

"What a sharp thing that was of yours, old fellow, to send that *shikarri* to bring me to Mackinnon's post! I was sitting waiting for the tiger to show, when the nigger came and beckoned to me to follow him. I thought he must know all about it, so I slipped down from my tree and arrived just in time to see Mackinnon standing on that rock, and firing at the tiger within five-and-twenty yards. He must have hit the beggar, but not hard enough, for the brute was just going to spring, and I don't think Mac would have gone back to cantonments after it. I confess I felt a bit jumpy; but I took as quiet a shot as I could, and put an ounce of lead in the brute's brain and another in his throat, and turned him over.

Mac had a narrow squeak. No wonder he looks a bit shaky."

"Lucky indeed you were there, Button," I said; "though I never sent to move you. But how on earth were you mad enough to leave your tree, Mackinnon? You must have thought yourself a better shot than most of us, to choose to meet a tiger on foot."

"Well, you see, Melville, after I had been sitting in the tree for some time I found there were red ants in it, or rather they found me out, and began to bite so viciously that I could stand it no longer, so I thought I would make a run for it, and try to find another perch. Just as I had got on to this rock, the tiger came charging down, and my only chance was to fire. I hit once, I know, but only enough to make him put up his bristles. My gun-bearer had not followed me, and if Button had not come up at that moment, I should have been finished off long before now. I quite gave myself up."

"Well, it was a narrow shave. But, Button, show me the *shikarri* who moved you. He has deserved well of his country, at any rate."

"Oh, I couldn't mistake him—an old fellow with a grey beard and a red turban; seemed awfully keen and excited, but was sharp enough to make no noise."

I had seen all our *shikarris* in the morning, but did not remember one answering to the description. We got all our followers together, and there were certainly no absentees, as the danger was over, and they thought that perhaps pay-time had come. Even the fat *patel* arrived from the safe position which he had occupied far in rear of the fray, and added his "*shabash*" to the shouts of delight of the rest of the crowd.

Still, no one with a red turban. The *shikarris* swore that there was no *lal pugri wallah* amongst

them. Who could it be, whose opportune interference had, in all probability, saved Mackinnon from a ghastly death? All declared that they had no hand in moving the sahib from his position. But Button stuck to his story, and said there could be no mistake.

"Do you think I would have been such a d——d fool as to come down to the ground, if I had not been moved by a man who seemed to know what he was about?"

Button's gun-bearer was looked for to see if he had recognised the mysterious messenger; but he was only now coming up in rear of the crowd, and frankly acknowledged that he had been in too great a funk to quit the tree, when he thought a tiger was on foot. He had seen his master suddenly jump down, without apparent reason, and was astonished when he went away. All's well that ends well, and Mackinnon's and Button's gun-bearers escaped the licking which they no doubt anticipated for not being handy at the critical moment. Indeed, one could hardly blame the poor wretches for not plunging into the jaws of danger in the reckless and apparently purposeless way that their masters had done.

While our followers were employed in slinging the tiger on a stout bamboo, to carry him home in triumph, we ensconced ourselves in a cool adjacent cave, hailed the coolie with the luncheon-basket, and prepared to slake our thirst in well-earned goblets. I was puzzling over the tale of the unknown *shikarri* and his timely appearance, when Button paused in lifting his tumbler to his lips, and said—

"Melville, I believe my red-turbaned friend is first cousin to the man you vowed you saw that day's panther-spearing."

Wild as the suggestion seemed,

I could not help feeling there might be a connection between the two events. Both were, at any rate, mysterious, and to neither was there to me any satisfactory solution. I could only say—

“My dear Button, you thought that day that I was dreaming. Perhaps you dream yourself sometimes.”

No more was said, and we returned to our camp. The whole population of the village turned out to receive us—men, women, and children—all eager to see the dreaded monster, which had only been known to them as the stealthy and ruthless taker of black-mail from their herds, and which might at any time have made a *bonne bouche* of papa or mamma, or brother or sister. We felt very great and beneficent beings indeed, and promised ourselves many more moments of equal triumph before our leave was up. Alas! our hopes were soon rudely blighted. Behind the exulting and shouting crowd appeared a runner, who unrolled his turban, and produced a letter addressed to Captain Melville, with the ominous initials, O.H.M.S., on the envelope. To my disgust, it was from the adjutant.

“MY DEAR MELVILLE,—There has been an outbreak among some fanatics about 150 miles from here, and the Resident has applied for a company to be ready to be sent down to support the native police, who don't seem to be worth much. We are ordered to furnish the company, and yours is the first for detachment. The colonel, therefore, desires that you will return to headquarters at once. A *dawk* of horses has been arranged for you. Sorry to spoil your sport.”

This was disgusting; and there was nothing for it but to obey,

and bid farewell to our tented freedom and sport. Why could not those wretched fanatics have controlled their spirits till the drill season, when a little mild campaigning might have been a not unwelcome interlude in our usual series of battalion and brigade parades? The journey out to our shooting-ground had been fatiguing, but at any rate we had been buoyed up against weariness, and it had been made pleasant for us by the anticipation of the fun which we hoped to have; but the journey back, with the immediate prospect of an inglorious and rather distasteful duty, was very different. We got through it, however, and reported ourselves, to the intense delight of some of our friends, who had feared that the letter of recall might not reach us, and that they would have to go on coercion duty instead of us. Though we were held in readiness, the actual orders for our movement did not arrive till the second day after our return; but Mackinnon and I had our time fully occupied on the intervening day by parades and preparations.

Fortunately for us, there was a railway which could bring us within a few miles of the place where our services were required; and still more fortunately, we were only a small body of troops to be moved, so we were not crammed with regulation tightness into the train, but both officers and men had ample room, a matter of no small consideration towards the end of the hot weather. My company was formed up at the station about six o'clock in the evening, so that we might run the troop-train through and get into camp before morning. There they stood, in cool and easy *khaki* clothes, with greatcoats rolled, haversacks over their shoulders, and their pouches bulging with

ball-ammunition, while the active sergeants were telling off the parties to load the baggage in the vans, and allotting its proper complement of men to each compartment of the carriages. All looked serviceable and workmanlike; and though the men seemed at first sight a little drawn and black under the eyes from the effects of the long hot months, they were stalwart seasoned soldiers, whose stamina was at its best.

In these days there is one great satisfaction to a soldier, and especially a regimental officer, in serving in India, that when any troops are required for service, everybody is trained, fit and ready to go. There the army is on a war-footing always, and it is not necessary to break up a brigade to furnish a battalion, nor a battalion to furnish a company. Here are no batches of reserve men or detachments of volunteers from distant garrisons turning up at the last minute, and breaking the hearts of officers and non-commissioned officers alike. Here is no confusion or uncertainty about the necessities for a campaign, and the transport which is to convey them. Everything is clearly by regulation laid down and known, and though it may and sometimes does happen that there is a local difficulty in providing what is required, the Indian departments so well know their work that that difficulty is always quickly overcome. Add to this that the soldier in India receives in peacetime systematic training in packing loads and arranging them for whatever transport-animals are available—elephants, camels, mules, ponies, or bullocks—and it will be easily conceived how smoothly the military machine works, and how little friction or dislocation is caused by the sudden call to arms.

Mackinnon and I were the only two officers who went with the company, as the battalion was unfortunate in having some still on the sick-list. Button came to the station to see us off, and gave us his blessing, and, what was more to the purpose, put an ice-box with cooling drinks, and a luncheon-basket with dinner, into our carriage, to solace us on our journey.

We sped along through the night without *contretemps*, and arrived at our destination in the grey of the morning. Early as it was, we found the Collector of the district awaiting us, who was profoundly relieved that his hands had been strengthened, and that he might hope now to be able to restore order. The origin of the disturbances appeared to be that a fanatic Moslem, in a moment of religious frenzy, had killed a Hindoo. The murderer had been concealed by the people of his village, who, when a force of police were sent down to search and to enforce the law, had taken up arms, broken into open rebellion, and committed several deeds of violence. The native police had been defied and driven back, and the Collector and other magistrates stoned and threatened. It was now hoped that, if the police had the support of a few soldiers, it would be seen that resistance was hopeless, and that things would settle down into their usual course.

The headquarters of the rioters were rather more than twelve miles distant, and it was arranged that we should encamp for the day, and march in the evening to a village within two miles of their position, and attack them on the following morning, unless in the meantime they had seen the folly of their ways, ceased resistance, and given up their ringleaders and the original murderer. The Collector was very loath to proceed

to extremities with them, and said that he would give them every chance of timely submission, by sending a message to tell them of the force which was now coming against them; and the serious consequences of continued resistance. I never expected that our services would be really required. Very few comparatively of the fanatics appeared to have firearms, and the arrival of a train full of white soldiers, whose number rumour would no doubt multiply infinitely, seemed likely to make the desired impression on the countryside.

We set to work to pitch our camp, and make our detachment comfortable for the day, while the Collector sent off his ultimatum.

In the course of the forenoon we were joined by a large body of native police, and between four and five our small column moved off. It was a very trying march. The men were nearly ankle-deep in dust, and dusty clouds, kicked up by every footstep, filled our eyes, ears, and mouths, and made the heat of the atmosphere even more intolerable. We made steady progress, however. The police were some hundred yards in front of my company, as the Collector, who rode with them, wished the surrender to be made, if it was made, to the civil power, and to keep the soldiers as much as possible in the background.

"Oh, Bill! what would you give for a pot of canteen porter?" said one of my men huskily to his next file, as they made their way through the gritty atmosphere.

"*Les beaux esprits se rencontrent*," said Mackinnon, equally huskily, to me; "I was just going to say that an iced whisky-and-soda would be heavenly."

We reached the edge of some cultivated ground after a time, however, and halted for a few

minutes to let the men quench their thirst, and refill their water-bottles at a neighbouring well. While we were thus employed, two or three faint reports of musket-shots were heard in the distance, and the police came tumbling back from the front in considerable confusion, the Collector bringing up their rear, brandishing a white umbrella, abusing them for their conduct, and adjuring them to come back and secure their opponents. The most striking objects in the crowd were the messengers who had been sent in the morning, and who now presented themselves, each with one of his ears in his hand, which had been cut off, and sent as sole receipt and answer to the summons which they had brought.

Things began to look more serious; and, as the colour-sergeant remarked, "it seemed as if there was some blood ahead of us."

The sun had sunk below the horizon, and little more could be done, as we had only moonlight to guide us on a not very well-known track. I sent a sergeant with a few men extended before us, to look out for any lurking adversaries, and we pushed on to the village where we were to bivouac, the police crowding together behind us. Our night was not too comfortable; but the men had their rations, and the Collector's *sowar*-camel came up, with ample supplies for himself, Mackinnon, and me. We hardly expected a surprise; but an inlying picket was told off, sentries posted, and the rest of us lay down in the best shelter we could find, wrapped in our greatcoats, to seek all the slumber that was possible. Tom-toms and shouting in the distance showed that the rebels remained awake for long; but even this ceased after a time, and all was still.

All were on the alert, and ready

to move between four and five in the morning. Every man had his coffee, to guard against the ill effects of the morning miasma; and as the police were not to be depended upon if there was any fighting, I made all the preparations for the advance. Mackinnon took the lead with five-and-twenty men, with orders to push through the broken forest-ground, and, if possible, rush the hamlet where the rebels were collected, while I followed close in support with the rest of the company. The Collector rode with the advanced party, while the police took up a safe position in rear of the column. We half anticipated that, when it was seen that we were really in earnest, everything would be left clear before us, and that the rebels would disperse and seek safety in distant retreats.

We moved on for more than a mile in silence, when I suddenly heard an irregular fusilade opened, followed quickly by the sharp reports of English rifles. I quickened the pace of my men, cleared the belt of forest, which had impeded our view, and saw a scattered crowd of natives keeping up a smart fire as they retired on the village, which was in sight half a mile distant. Mackinnon was following them rapidly, with his men extended at short intervals, but well in hand, and kneeling and firing as they advanced. That it was not child's-play was shown by two bodies of natives lying bleeding on the ground where they had fallen, and one of our men who came limping to the rear with a bullet through his leg. The Collector's white umbrella gleamed among the skirmishers as the oriflamme of our force, and his energetic gestures responded to the defiant shouts of our enemy.

My men doubled into line, and

we pressed on to support Mackinnon, who was likely to encounter a heavier fire as he neared the village. The tide of the skirmish was too quick for us, however, and Mackinnon's party had it all to themselves. We could see, a little to the right of the village, a small temple, enclosed in high stone walls and surrounded with a cactus-hedge, towards which the stream of natives seemed to be turning, and I doubled my men forward so as to outflank the right of our advanced party and cover their movements with fire. The rebels closed on the temple, and Mackinnon's men gathered to pursue them into the enclosure. Now they were alongside of the laggards. I saw Mackinnon bound over the hedge, his sword gleaming in the air, and I felt sure that it descended not harmless. The bulk of the natives had got inside the walls of the temple, and some were closing the massive gate, while the rest poured a heavy fire over our men, who tried to keep the gate open and to make their way in pursuit. It was all to no avail. The gate was closed and bolted, and Mackinnon had to fall back, under cover of the fire which we poured on the temple walls, with two more men wounded, and carrying the body of one poor corporal, shot through the head. We were checked for the moment, and as we had no artillery to blow open the gate, it seemed possible that we might be kept at bay for an indefinite time by a handful of ill-armed natives, and possibly have to reduce them by the slow process of blockade and starvation—a thing not to be thought of, if any other expedient could be found, as it would give time and encouragement to any other malcontents who might be in the district to rise also against the civil power. What made the

matter more mortifying was to find that, when we examined the village, there were only about twenty-five men in all occupying the temple, though that number fortunately included the leaders of the disturbances, and also the particular malefactors who were to be arrested. The Collector wiped his streaming brow and looked nonplussed. Mackinnon was blown and tired, and could offer no suggestion but to attack again, and try to scale the walls with stormers climbing on the shoulders of other men. I looked at the confounded place and tried to think how we were to get inside without exposing our force to unnecessary loss from the desperate men, who were sure to fight to the last.

While I was considering, the colour-sergeant came up and saluted and said—

“If I might make the suggestion, sir, there are some big logs of wood lying behind us, where they have been cutting the forest. Half-a-dozen of us could easily carry one of them with a run and smash in that gate.”

The idea seemed excellent, and indeed there was no other choice. I picked out a good stout well-trimmed log, and told off the men who were to carry this extemporised battering-ram. Half the company, including all the marksmen, lay down on the crest of the little knoll behind which we were, about 200 yards from the temple, with orders to keep up a steady fire on every one who showed himself over the crest of the wall. I took the remaining half with our ram, and made for the gate at a run. Mackinnon was a little to one side of me, and rather gaining ground. I turned to call to him not to get too far in front, as I did not want the attack to be made till the gate had been smashed in, when I saw a native following him

closely. “One of our police,” I thought, “who has plucked up more courage than his comrades, and is determined to show that there is good fighting stuff in some of them.” Then it flashed on my memory that the police wore blue turbans, and this man certainly had a red one. We were covering the ground fast, however; the air was full of the noise of firing, the shouts of the defenders of the temple, and the cheers of my men, and my whole attention was given to the business of the moment.

The ram was completely successful, and the gate was shivered by its blow. We crowded through the opening, and the place was taken. One volley was fired as we entered, and it struck me that the red-turbaned native and Mackinnon, who had been foremost in the race so far, were not actually at my side as we rushed in, which was certainly fortunate for the latter, as the poor fellow who took his place fell dead before the enemy's volley. No one else was hit. Several of the defenders were killed, still struggling, by the excited soldiers, and the others threw down their arms and cried for quarter. I was only too glad to order the work of slaughter to cease, and handed the prisoners over to the Collector, who grimly remarked that their fate was probably only deferred till they fell into the hangman's hands.

To our delight, we saw the pack-animals with our tents and baggage coming up, and we were able to pitch our camp and refresh ourselves after our little brush. As we sat round our breakfast-table, discussing the events of the morning, I asked Mackinnon what happened to him when we attacked the gate.

“Well, it was a confounded piece of cheek of one of the men. Just as I was going in with you,

somebody caught my arm and pulled me to one side, and I could not follow till you were all inside the walls. I wish I knew who did it? No one had any business to get in front of me."

"It was a lucky piece of cheek for you anyhow, my lad. Poor Sergeant Walker, who took your place, was killed by the last volley. I don't think it was one of our men either—it must have been that native who was alongside of you."

"There was no native anywhere near me, Melville. I saw nobody but the Collector here, and our own men."

"I never saw any native in the last attack," said the Collector. "I was watching our friend Melville with his tree; but I am almost certain that you had a native near you when we first began firing this morning, and he kept near you till the time when the gate was shut in your face and you had to fall back. I thought one of your servants was following you. He looked a respectable oldish man, with a grey beard."

"My servants are a deal too careful of their precious skins. None of them were anywhere handy, I'll be bound. Melville, do you know, it strikes me that this old man with the red turban seems to haunt me, according to your account, wherever I go."

"Haunt you; well, perhaps that is the real word to use."

As I spoke, the word raised a new train of thought in my mind. Could it be, in our prosaic days, and in our ordinary practical life, that a visitor from another world could have in any way interested himself in the fortunes of the very reckless and unromantic subaltern who was sitting before me concluding a copious breakfast by burrowing into the recesses of a jam-pot? Surely not; and yet, why not? Four times had I

known of this mysterious native's presence, and always when a special danger seemed to menace the boy. Four times had he been seen and recognised by somebody who was not in the least predisposed to look for his appearance. If he existed in the flesh, how did he appear at points so far apart, and on occasions so dissimilar? and above all, how was it that he never could be found or identified when the occasion of his appearance was past? Mackinnon himself evidently looked upon these circumstances in the most matter-of-fact way, and no suspicion of any connected mystery had occurred to him. I felt too uncertain on every point to venture to hint at the vague ideas which had struck me, and could only hope that some day all that was now inexplicable might find a simple key.

With regard to our present duty, the need for our services had quite passed away. The outbreak had been entirely suppressed, the ringleaders were in our power, and nothing remained to be done which could not be carried out by the police, who were now full of the most active zeal and energy. For the last two days, thick banks of clouds had gathered in the evenings over the sky, and it was probable that the monsoon would break within a week in the western district in which we found ourselves, when it would be most inadvisable to keep European soldiers under canvas without absolute necessity.

A welcome order soon came, therefore, directing our return to headquarters, and we were quickly *en route*. How delicious the burst of rain was, and how grateful the coolness which spread over the parched and torrid land, as the thunder rolled away in the distance and was succeeded by the first monsoon shower! The spirits of everybody rose, and the inmates

of the hospital decreased in number, as we bade adieu to the scorching days and weary nights of the hot weather.

To make things even brighter for H.M.'s —th, a rumour came that our forces in Africa were to be reduced, that our linked battalion would be set free for foreign service, and that the beginning of the cold weather might see us on our way back to England. There is nothing to tell about the intervening time; but rumour for once proved true—our best hopes were realised, and the first troop-ship of the season received us in its kindly embrace.

Soon after we landed in the old country, I received a most pressing invitation from old General Mackinnon to come and dine with him at his snug chambers in London, where he had brought his war-worn hulk to an anchor, within easy reach of his club and the haunts of his old comrades and cronies. As he said, he wanted to thank me for all the care which I had taken of his son, and to hear, at first hand, whether his boy had proved a worthy chip of the old block.

One of my first spare evenings was devoted to the old man, who was delighted to recall the prime of his manhood and his campaigning days in discussing the doings and experiences of his son's regiment in the East, and to hear how things had changed in the military world since the great struggles in which he took part. Our party was only the father, son, and myself. The boy bolted off to a theatre as soon as we had dined, and the old General said—

"Now, Melville, let us draw our chairs to the fire, and have a quiet smoke. I am so horridly stiff and gouty that I can't get up easily. May I trouble you to ring the bell for cheroots?"

As I rose, my eye was caught by a small and very rude sketch, hanging by the fireplace, of a native of India, in the dress of an irregular of the Mutiny time. Where had I seen any man like it, and how was it that the face and bearing seemed familiar to me? Suddenly came to my mind the occasions when I had seen, in time of danger, a native near the General's son. This was his likeness. There was the bold, soldier-like carriage of the head, which even the rude drawing could not disguise. There were the aquiline features, the fierce moustache, and the long grey beard, the small red turban, and the clothes put on with military neatness.

"Who on earth is that the picture of, General?" I said, hardly nourishing a hope that I might have some explanation of circumstances which had puzzled me so much when they occurred.

"Oh, you are looking at the picture of old Ismael Khan. It was done at Lucknow by a native artist, and really gives a very good idea of one of the finest fellows that ever sat in a saddle. He was one of my regiment in '57, and did right good service before he died."

"Do tell me about him, General. He looks a class of man that is not very common nowadays."

"You may say that, Melville," said the General, lighting a cheroot. "I have had a lot of good fellows under my command at one time or another, but old Ismael was the pick of the basket."

"He was my orderly in the cavalry regiment which I commanded before the Mutiny. He was devoted to my poor wife and the children, and when the sister of that subaltern of yours was a few months old, he used to carry her about in his arms as tenderly as the best of nurses. When the Mutiny broke out, Ismael, who

was a Pathan, was faithful to his salt and refused to join the rest of my scoundrels, who went off to Delhi. He stuck to me through all the first troubles, and when I raised an irregular regiment, I made him a *jemmadar*, and right useful I found him in licking the raw levies into shape.

"I shall never forget his death. It was in the early part of '59, when the spirit of the Mutiny was crushed, and the courage of the enemy was broken. The principal duty of the cavalry was to wear them out completely, following the dispersed bands, which were still in the field, from place to place, and never ceasing to worry them till they were quite dispersed or destroyed. We had followed a body of the enemy, horse and foot, for several days, pushing them by forced marches, with few and very short halts. At last we overtook and surprised them. They broke, as usual, and bolted, and I pursued with a squadron. We did not show much mercy in those days, and those who were overtaken had short shrift.

"Most of our horses were dead beat, and I found myself with half-a-dozen men, among whom was old Ismael, close on the leader of the enemy, who had still about twenty followers with him. They got among some scattered trees, and seemed inclined to show fight. I gave the word to ride at them. They just managed to fire a straggling volley and continued their flight, but few of them got away. When I pulled up, old Ismael was not with me, and as I rode back, I found him lying gasping under a tree with a bullet through his lungs. I sent a man back to hurry up the doctor as quick as possible, and raised the old fellow's head, and took his hand and tried to stanch his wound, and cheer him with hopes of getting over it.

I had little confidence in his recovery from the first, when I saw the ashen-grey colour on his lips, and marked how faintly and with what difficulty he breathed.

"'It is no use, sahib,' he gasped; 'my time has come. You have been a kind chief to me, and I have tried to follow you faithfully. Tell the mem sahib, and the children, that Ismael died a soldier's death, and blessed them when he died; and, sahib, if I find favour where I am going, remember I will still be faithful to you and yours after death.'

"These were the last words he ever spoke coherently. He began to wander. His mind seemed to go back to the old days when he used to nurse the child, and he crooned an old native song he used to sing. Then, when the doctor came up, the rattle of horses' hoofs brought his fighting days to his mind. He grasped his sword and waved it, shouting loud and clear, 'Deen! Deen!' his old battle-cry, then sank back fainting. The doctor could do nothing, and in a few minutes one of the finest soldiers in our army passed away.

"Melville, that's an old story now, but it always makes me sad to recall it. I have often thought of the promise to be *faithful after death*. In the flesh or in the spirit there could be no truer soul than that of old Ismael Khan, and what he said he meant."

I need hardly say with what interest I listened to the General's tale. In return, I told him of the experiences which have been related. The old man listened with rapt attention. When I had finished, he said, "Well, Melville, such a story will, no doubt, be easily explained by most people to whom it is told; but I don't think you and I will ever be convinced that it is a tissue of mere *coincidences*."

ON A HILL-TOP.

THIS is the place: here, where there is a loose slip-rail in the dike, we can leave the turnpike road and get on to the hill which rises on the right—stretching up through scattered wood of fir and birch, with a thick undergrowth of still blooming heather, fern, and moss, and strewn with huge grey boulders, till it breaks the sky-line in a crest of rocks. Now, crossing the runnel, which loses itself among the stones, where beds of spearwort and forget-me-not flourish and bloom in innumerable stars of blue and gold, we are in a rough track, only possible for peat and wood carts, which crosses over the huge breezy shoulder of the hill, and leads down into the valley and the river on the other side.

It is the middle of September; a true Scotch day; hardly autumn yet, though there was quite a sharp white frost on the ground in the early morning to-day and yesterday, which has just touched the fern with a brighter colour, and added a deeper tint to the richness of the hillside. A lovely soft afternoon; not full sunshine, but something infinitely more beautiful; the sky a tender blue, dappled over with pearly clouds; towards the west pale gold, where in two hours' time the sun will go down behind the great hills, whose outlines are misty in the softened atmosphere. A few paces up the hill, and I pause for breath, and to look back upon the path and the turnpike I have left. Though there are no turnpikes remaining here, in these far-off regions (it is between five and six hundred miles north of London where I stand) old names are apt to linger, and the highroad is still the "turnpike."

How sweet and quiet is the scene below! Against the northern sky a line of hills, clothed in the hues of fading heather, touched here and there with deeper purple. There, as a sunny mist touches the moor, a pale yellow; and at the foot great fir-woods, of that wonderful mixture of colour which is neither blue nor green, but a subtle mixture of both. Surely, the hills to-day are draped in a mantle of gossamer, opal, purple, and gold, with a flowing robe beneath of peacock-blue! Then a rich stretch of corn-fields, all gold; and here, beneath my feet, are the fir-woods again, with two or three cottages, each with its patch of yellow oats, literally dragged out from the moss, with most laborious toil. One must regret it as far as beauty is considered, for what can exceed the richness of colour of a peat-moss at this time of year! Great crimson patches like stains of blood, where the beds of sphagnum moss lie against the rich brown of the peat itself. Golden splashes of colour, where the dying flowers and leaves of the bog-asphodel are; pale tufts of still blooming ling; and here and there pools of still water, dark onyx and brown, or, where they reflect the sky, brightest blue; while shining tufts of white cotton-grass tremble in the lightest breeze. And what a mine of wealth to those who love to search for various rare or curious flowers and plants,—the delicate butterwort, with its curious flat leaves, like small green starfish; the asphodel, whose iris-like leaves turn such wonderful colours of orange and rose when the early frosts touch them; and the little sundew, which botanists say no

one among them has ever yet caught in bloom, for the small drooping flowers at the top of the fragile stem are only a cluster of buds after all!

There are three or four cottages half hidden in the fir-wood below; they would be called huts in England. They are thatched, and the chimneys, one at each end, are made of rough boards, bound together with straw. There is no second storey, but nevertheless they are comfortable tenements, though somewhat dark, within. The stone walls are thick, and keep out the cold; the heavy thatch forms a good shelter from the snow, which often lies here for weeks, bound in an almost arctic frost. Such houses ensure the inhabitants from the rigorous weather far more effectually than many a more pretentious-looking home in England: here, a foot or two more of space on the ground to be built upon, is of less consequence than it is farther south.

Now the tinkle of a bell comes from the wood. It is round the neck of a good little Highland cow, which, with one or two more, belonging to the owners of the houses, graze hereabouts. An old dame in a white cap, with her knitting in her hand, sits on the dike with an eye to them. We do not often see in England a cow belonging to dwellers in such cottages as these; but in England there are not hundreds of thousands of acres where such grazing could be had—and very good grazing it is: sweet rich herbage more than grass, which gives the milk a peculiarly rich flavour, as the people will tell you.

And against the southern side of the dike which fences the untidy garden (hardly to be called a garden), what are those neat little boxes set in a row? Those are the beehives, which almost every crofter

owns; and in this remote part of the world you would find all the improvements in bee-keeping, which ensure a plentiful supply of honey, and the best management of the bees themselves. Some good-looking hens pecking about the yard, or comfortably helping themselves out of a great iron pot of "hen's meat" set on the ground at the door, complete the living elements of the scene; and we do not often see a cottage hereabouts without one or other, and often all, of these sources of wealth and of comfort. I talked to an old man about the bees the other day; and if I was not a bad hand at statistics, I should astonish you at what he told me was the yearly amount of money brought into this country by dealers going their rounds and carrying off the honey—chiefly, he told me, to Dundee. That and the eggs,—I cannot remember the facts, only they seemed enormous: honey to Dundee, eggs in large quantities to Aberdeen and London, and all, or most of them, the produce of these humble little homesteads on the edge of the moor. I thought it sounded well and comfortable,—not to speak of the sweet scents and sounds, the cheerful rural country life which they suggested.

And how abundant are the wild flowers, and how lovely in this northern land! I turn from the scene below and begin to mount the steep hillside; for the afternoon is getting on, and I purpose a long rest on the top. At every step some bright blossom greets the eye: not to speak of the masses of pale pink heather, the ground is a web, woven of tender delicate colours.

The track gets narrower and less distinct as I rise into the wilder parts of the hill. Here is a tuft of cross-leaved heath, pale

and waxen; there late-blooming sprays of the gorgeous purple heather. Now set like stars among the rest, each on its slender stem, are the bright yellow blossoms of the tormentilla. Here, graceful and upright, the smaller St John's wort; then goose-grass, cat's-foot, and eyebright. Lower down we should have found bunches of foxglove—there is not quite shelter enough here; but here and there and everywhere are the leaves, already autumn-tinted—the starry blossoms having long since disappeared—of the little winter-green.

And now, as we rise higher and higher, how exquisite is the freshness of the air! If we were asked what scent it bears on its light wing, we should say it was the very essence of freshness and purity; but there is a something of sweetness too, and now a mingling of the warm dry scent of pine-wood. The honey-like sweetness is from the still rich bloom of the heather; the pine from the fir-wood, where some woodcutters are carrying the tall trunks of trees which were cut on this side of the hill in the winter.

And now a fresher, keener breath is on the wind—that peculiar delicious scent of cool wet moss and wet granite stones—and there is the faint tinkle of water stealing among the herbage. Perhaps the sound, suggesting freshness and coolness and rapid motion, was the only thing wanting to perfect enjoyment. The stream itself is invisible, being hidden in the tall heather which overhangs the deep little gully which it had worn for itself among the stones, as its hurrying feet carry it down the hill to join the many mountain-burns of more or less importance, which swell one or other of the two fine rivers which water the

country, and empty their streams into the sea thirty miles away—two twin rivers, for both are born in the rocky precipices of the Grampians, and rivals also, each having its character strongly marked. The Dee, being a river of many turns, so that it is said to double its length before it reaches the sea, rapid and turbulent,—here, locked in a narrow channel of rocks, it slides with the swiftness of a dart; there, pouring in a volume of broken water over its broad bed, a rapid as well as a river. The Don comes down in a slower stream, generally through rich alluvial soil, much of it through cultivated ground, so that they say here that a mile of Don is worth two of Dee.

And now I have reached the crest of the hill, and here is a great block of granite, standing up grey and scathed among many others scattered over the now short wind-swept heather, where I can sit and watch the sun fast falling into the golden haze in the west. On the stone close by, still warm in the sun, the grouse have been basking; but except these and the bees, and myriads of other insects, there is no sign of living creature.

What a wide and lovely view greets the eye as I look down and around! What a graceful flowing outline have those nearer hills which shut in the valley to the south! It is true there are no high rugged mountain-tops on that side, no rocky precipices, such as we find thirty miles higher up the river, on the dark steepes of Loch-nagar; no crevices where the snow always lies, such as on clear days we should see from here lying in the rugged bosom of Ben-y-bourd or Ben-A'an, rising in solemn outline in the west. But there is grandeur in the deep gloom of the glens on the hillsides

which slope away from the sun; in the rocky crests on the windy tops; in the glorious purple which clothes them from head to foot, mixed with thousands of acres of scattered wood—great red-trunked firs and birch, and many an old alder and beech in the lower valley, where the broad river runs, a flowing ribbon of blue and silver and onyx-brown, catching the sunlight where the last rays touch it, as it ripples over wide shallows, while the deeps where the salmon lie are in darkest shadow.

And there is beauty of another sort, where the valley widens and opens out into rich levels of now ripened corn, or when a stripe of gold is seen far away on the slopes of some hill-farm, mingling with the purple of the heather, or breaking into the dark green of the fir-woods.

But it is not only in natural beauty that the scene below is full of attraction. We look down upon the site of battle-fields, of old castles and houses, of places full of historical interest, recalling the names and the renown of families whose characters tended to the fate, and influenced the feeling of the whole nation; while the memory is thronged with incidents resulting from party strife, desperate attempts to keep or regain power, entailing the rising and falling of families or private individuals, as they followed the fortunes of the ruling spirits of the times—all in strange contrast to the present peaceful scene, but none the less impressive.

"Many a snatch of ancient melody," many a verse of a long-forgotten song, innumerable traditions and superstitions, are woven into the history of the families, or localities connected with them, haunt the old walls, and linger in the hearts of the people, keep-

ing alive the memory of incidents which would be otherwise forgotten. Such things preserve the love of country in the hearts of the inhabitants; and few will not be able to sympathise in the strong attachment in the hearts of those who call this especial district their own, and which seems to be strengthened by absence, interests altogether foreign to the country, and in many cases great changes of position.

The country and the people have strongly marked characteristics; and those who are acquainted with both are aware that they keep them to a remarkable degree. All here is not merged in one smooth uniformity, such as is spread in a great measure over England, and indeed all countries which become the resort of countless travellers of all nationalities, who bring with them their own habits and requirements. It is true, yearly, as summer and autumn come round, London, and all that is of New York, in London, rushes over the Border; and it is indeed—

"Strand and Piccadilly emptied
On the much-enduring North."

And the much-enduring North does not dislike its popularity; but on the contrary, acknowledges that the invasion is by no means an evil to themselves. But as a rule, the great tidal wave flows past and beyond this particular district, leaving its quiet beauty unvisited. It is true that here are no deer-forests to tempt mighty hunters—no monster hotels, with all the luxuries, if few of the comforts, of modern life—no world-renowned royal palaces; but the land extending from the eastern and northern slopes of the Gram-pians, and bounded on the south by the lower thirty miles of the

Dee—a land delightful in its changes of light and shadow, of varied hill and valley, of corn and wood and heather, and full of interest to the artist, the poet, and the antiquary—is to the tourist comparatively unknown.

And the antiquities are of no modern date. Hosts of an early and long-forgotten race must once have invaded this country, and perhaps brought the first cultivation into these valleys—for here are many of those strange, unexplained, and undeciphered sculptured stones, which appear unexpectedly and unconnected in various parts of the country. Here, a circle of them is found on rising ground, now a pasture-field—there, with the surface covered with uncouth markings of lines and discs, some are found built into a dike; on that hill-top is a Celtic or a vitrified fort; and near the Chapel of Garioch, on the bare hillside stands, slender and erect, the Maiden Stone, whose curious notch on one side is in itself a mystery.

There, to the north, lies the scene of the great battle of Harlaw, fought in 1411—one of the earliest recorded of the pitched battles between the Highlanders and Lowlanders, “when the coronach was cried in ae day from the mouth o’ Tay to the Buck o’ the Cabrach.” You remember how Sir Walter Scott introduces it into one of the most striking scenes of the ‘Antiquary,’ and Elspeth of the Craighburnfoot is found crooning to herself the ballad which describes how

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see;
Now here a knight that’s stout and good
May prove a jeopardie.”

It was not, however, “Glenal-lan’s Earl” that led the Lowland host, but the Earl of Mar, nephew to the Regent Duke of Albany, who met and defeated with great slaughter the men of Skye, fighting under their chief, Donald of the Isles, who was left dead upon the field.

There are fragments of a very ancient ballad, much of which is undoubtedly very old, still existing, which records, with all the spirit and power of depiction as well as the quaintness of the “Chevy Chase,” the incidents of the battle,—in which many names of families whose descendants still own the lands then possessed by their ancestors, are mentioned as being in the fight or among the slain.

Almost on the field itself stands the castle of Balquhain, now a roofless ruin; but tradition tells how six sons of the house of Lealie went forth from its walls to the battle, while the lady of Balquhain spent the time praying for her sons in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Garioch, then a chapel royal, with twelve priests attached, and still existing in the Presbyterian Church on the hill overlooking the field.

Peaceful fields of corn and pasture now clothe the bloody field of Harlaw, but the memory of the great fight is still fresh; human bones, weapons, and various remains of the battle have been found, and notably a curious ring of ancient workmanship, which now graces the hand of an antiquarian friend. The last verse of the ancient ballad, with its ruthless vigour, seems to haunt one’s thought as one turns the eye away

“The cronach’s cried on Bennachie,
An’ down the Don and a’,
An’ Hieland and Lowland may mourn-
ful be,
For the sair field of Harlaw.

from the site of the battle ; but it loses much of its character without the wild weird tune to which it is sung or chanted, with the doleful drone at the end of each verse :—

“ If anybody seek frae ye
The men ye fetched awa,
Ye may tell their wives when ye gae
hame,
They’re sleiping at Harlaw.
Wi’ a drie, drie, dradie, drumtie
drie.”

Look away to the west again. There, their outline growing clearer as the light fades from behind them, lie the hills of Braemar, where, more than 160 years ago, the Earl of Mar raised the standard for King James, when passionate loyalty to a fallen dynasty and love of country ended in defeat and ruin, exile and death. Turn to the north, and beyond the line of hills which form the last spurs of the Grampians lies the road by which the army of the Duke of Cumberland marched to Culloden, and the curtain fell over the last struggle of the last of the Stuarts.

“ Shades of the mighty and the brave,
Who faithful to your Stuart fell,
No trophies mark your common grave,
Nor dirges to your memory swell.
But generous hearts will weep your
fate,
When far has rolled the tide of time,
And bards unborn shall renovate
Your fading fame in deathless rhyme.”

But the sun is sinking fast, and Morven rises grandly against the yellowing sky. The cairn which crowns one of the lower hills at its base, reminds us of how much of the land spread at our feet was once owned by the great family of the Gordons, whose mighty chief possessed a territory stretching from the eastern to the western sea. The Erskines, whose family was one of the foremost in loyalty and zeal to the Stuarts ; the Forbeses ; and the Leslies, that Scotch

house of which Malden speaks, in his ‘History of Vienna in the Seventeenth Century,’ as that “which has given generals to half the armies of Europe,”—all add their names to those who were among the moving spirits of their times. And seated here and there among far-stretching woods, or standing alone in solitary ruin on bleak hillsides, we discern the sites of the castles and towers and old houses, from which their owners went forth to mingle in the stirring events of European history, or remained to rule with feudal power their retainers and families at home. Many are roofless and uninhabited ; some are still the dwelling-places of the families whose ancestors have owned them since the days of Robert Bruce.

All are, with few exceptions, of the same picturesque architecture, partaking of many of the peculiarities of the old French chateaux, with the conical lantern-towers high-pitched roofs, and dormer-windows : probably they were all built during, or shortly after, that century and a half when for two generations the royal families of Scotland and France intermarried, or when soldiers in the Scots Guard of the French kings brought back French customs and French arts to the more northern and more barbarous land ; though probably the houses themselves had been mostly fortified towers for generations before.

Yonder, in the midst of a barren country, stands the great Castle of Fyvie, now a possession of the Gordons, but in the days when it was beleaguered by the great Montrose, in the hands of the Setons, Earls of Dunfermline ; and around its walls and towers, and indeed throughout this whole district of the Garioch, and Dee, and Don-side, from the year 1639 to 1645, the tide of war ebbed and flowed

with all the fierceness of party strife. Throughout the whole country that we look down upon, there is hardly a family of note whose name is not to be found in the annals, or a house of any importance which was not lost or won, or in some manner took part in the bloody struggle.

Fyvie stands as it stood then, square-towered and massive, a grand specimen of old Scottish architecture, and within remarkable for its splendid "corkscrew" stair of solid blocks of stone, winding up from the lower to the upper storeys, like a great highway going through the midst of the house. A hundred traditions and superstitions surround Fyvie and its "weeping-stone," which is still preserved in an upper chamber, and which tradition has for centuries associated with the fortunes of the house.

But time would fail to speak of all the many such old houses which are scattered over the country at our feet. One stands on a well-known hillside, backed by wild stretches of heather and half hidden in woods, which was burnt to the ground by Montrose, and, in a few years later, became the scene of that strange incident connected with the rising of '15, when the Lady Grange, whose husband was a cousin of the Erskines, and deeply implicated in plots against the Government, was shut up here by his orders; hidden for five years, and lost to her nearest relations and friends, who had been informed with all formality of her death and burial, and who was at last carried away secretly to one of the Western Isles, where there was no fear of what family secrets her tongue might betray; and where she died unrecognised.

Another rises among the out-houses and poor surroundings of a small farm, with rent lichen-

stained walls, and windows like sightless eyes—roofless for years,—fit accompaniments to its sad story; for its young laird, we learn, paid the penalty of his life for his loyalty to Charles I., and was executed at Edinburgh at the age of twenty-five.

Another, still in the Garioch, has the notoriety of having entertained Queen Mary—that Helen of Scottish history—when she was on her way to Inverness, whence she quickly returned, and when her followers fought the battle of Corrichie, on the east of the Hill of Fare; and it must have been at this time that she crossed the little river Urie, a tributary of the Don, at a place still called the Queen's Ford. In after-years its owner, then a Leslie, died of his wound, acquired fighting for her grandson, on the fatal field of Worcester.

Crathes and Drum, both overlooking the valley of the Dee, and facing the south—remarkable, one for its beautiful and curiously decorated tower, and the other for the massive architecture which gives it the look of a mound of masonry—have both notoriety in the wars of the great Marquis. In the hall of Crathes still hangs a very ancient horn, badge of the Burnetts of Leys, being heritable keepers of the forest of Drum; and from Drum itself came forth that

"Gude Sir Alexander Irvine

The much-renowned laird of Drum,"

who was among the slain in the battle of Harlaw.

Some miles away from here, up among the Donside hills, is Craigievar, almost within the Highland line, and belonging to the Forbes. Few buildings of that date equal the tower of Craigievar in its great height, and so rich in decoration, as it rises storey above storey, that it has the appearance of being smaller at the foundation

than at the battlements. There are grim associations connected with Craigievar besides those relating to Montrose, — the motto to be found over the door, "Do not wauken sleiping doug," suggesting blades kept ready to hand and used at short notice. Indeed, of one of these old castles tradition tells a frightful tale of treachery and murder, when guests invited to a feast were, at the height of the revel, one and all murdered, to avenge an insult or a wrong supposed to have been forgotten or condoned.

But not all the old houses and long-ruined towers have histories or names attached to them; there are some about whom even tradition is silent, but which, by their age, their rude architecture, or their isolated position, suggest a history so long past as to be forgotten. One such I can recall, as I look over yonder low line of hills, and picture to myself the quaint old house standing at the entrance of the wild glen which runs deep into the heart of the hill at its back; and I can think of none so solitary in its position, so complete in its character: yet I am told that very little is known of its history, or of its original owners, only that it has changed hands repeatedly in the last hundred years, and that it might once have been a hunting-lodge of the kings of Scotland. It has its quaint lantern-tower, its high conical roof, its low arched doorways and small deep-set windows, its flagged court, and steps leading down to the garden. Deep shadows and strong lights lie upon it; a dashing burn flows down the glen, dark with overshadowing trees; and above all, it has its green, secluded garden, where grow old-fashioned flowers, and where there are holes in the sunny wall for the beehives. In the garden is to be found, among others, a white

rose, which, at any rate there, is called the Jacobite rose; and its cream-white glistening petals, semi-double, with a circle of yellow stamens at its heart, may well have suggested the white cockade of satin, tied with a golden thread.

Imagination can supply the place of history, and recall those who dwelt in the small low rooms, looked out from the deep-set windows, and wandered in the shady garden; and fancy places here one of the many families who threw in their fortunes with the exiled Stuarts, and pictures the life and circumstances in this secluded home,—the mysterious arrivals, and as sudden departures—the secret meeting of friends to the same cause, in the closely guarded chambers—the anxious consultations while pacing up and down the secluded garden, where high walls kept out prying eyes; while in not far-distant Braemar, or thirty years later in Holyrood, Prince Charles's followers gathered and schemed, and rushed to their ruin; while in the old house at home, some Flora dreamed and prayed, and tended her flowers, or gathered the white roses which still grow and bloom as they did a hundred and sixty years ago. Ah me! there were sad and anxious hearts in the old houses in those days. Let us be thankful for the peace and security we look down upon to-day.

They were not stay-at-homes, these dwellers in the North. On the contrary, loving their country with an ardent love, they have roamed far and wide over the earth—perhaps the love strengthened by it rather than otherwise—fighting as soldiers of fortune in foreign wars, scheming in the politics, and bringing themselves forward as actors in the stirring events and shifting scenes of European history. They joined in the wars of

Gustavus Adolphus, fought with the soldiers of Louis XIV., and have left their bones under a halo of glory on the banks of the Rhine.

Barclay de Tolly, a marshal in the Russian empire, came from a family whose name is still remembered in a district a little to the north of the Garioch; and from the house of Leslie came that Count Leslie who was one of the accessories to, if not the actual perpetrator of, the death of the mighty Wallenstein; while another of the same family went abroad, and became bishop of Laybach, and a prince of the Holy Roman Empire. It would be a curious study to realise the difference between the members of the same family who remained at home, living and dying in primitive simplicity on the northern slopes of the hill of Bennachie, and the ambitious ecclesiastic who carved out for himself so high a place in the great hierarchy of Rome.

And yet how they love their land!—lovable, indeed, as we look down upon it in the golden haze of this summer evening. From the far-distant lands of their adoption, pioneers and colonists in the distant plains of Australia and New Zealand, wherever they have carried their strong powers of endurance, their practical sense and knowledge of worldly things, where perhaps the *hard* side of their character is most discernible, mingled as it is with a vein of romance, of sentiment, and of feeling, as well as a keen appreciation of wit not to be found in their southern neighbours,—from all parts of the world in which they wander, their hearts turn in passionate attachment to this far-off remote corner, whose eastern border is washed by that cold North Sea, which receives into its bosom the waters of their beloved streams.

“Oh might I die where Gadie rins!”

is in the heart of many of her sons.

We know the sweet but mournful strain that sings of the “babbling Wye.” “Sabrina fair” has her own poet; and innumerable versifiers have made the Thames their theme, beginning with the stately lines of the “Prothalamium”; but they seem to be mere accessories to a loftier subject. In Scottish verse it is the beloved place itself which stirs the poet’s feeling. Where shall we find equalled in English verse the sweetness and yearning tenderness that touches the heart in such simple strains as that addressed to the little river at the “back of Bennachie”?

Lo! as thus I dream, day has departed. The sun has sunk far below the western hills, now deep purple, and darkness has gathered fast over the land; the myriad of blossoms at my feet seem to have sunk into the heather. Shades of softest purple mark the clear outline of the nearer hills against the sky, now only luminous with departed light. Soon that will only linger on the river, where it reflects the sky.

A distant splash of water, and a pair of herons rise from the shallow below, and wing their way up the river to their quarters for the night. There is a slight sound from the edge of the wood which clothes the slope of the hill, and a roe, its reddish-brown coat only making it discernible in the gloom, steps daintily out from the covert to browse the short grass beneath the fern. A moment, and its head is raised in alarm, and with a startled gaze around, it steals back into the shelter of the wood, as silently as it came forth; and now the silence is profound, save the distant rush of the river, which the stillness makes more distinct.

Now a keener breath comes from the east, where thirty miles away lies the North Sea. It is not always such weather as this, when the wind from that quarter blows over the hill-top! Winter reigns supreme here for months, and there are days when this rocky crest is lost to sight from below, in a whirlwind of frozen snow. When every burn is bound up in ice, and long after the spring has gained a firm footing in the south, here bitter winds prevail for months; and summer comes tardily, with cold drenching rains, or long east-wind drought. But these help to make such days as this the more welcome when they come; and if summer is tardy in its appearing, how lovely are the late autumn, or even early winter days, when gold and scarlet and deep russet take the place of the purple and the blue! Nay, how beautiful when all this broad landscape is wrapped in one gleaming sheet of snow—when the air is breathless, and the fir-trees become plumes of snowy feathers, except where their dark stems stand up in endless columns against the dazzling white!

It is her changeful face, her smiles and her frowns, her ever-varying lights and shadows, that help to make Scotland so dear and so attractive to those who know her well. And it is these which have helped to mould the strong contrasts so remarkable in the character of her people: their warm hearts and hard heads; their loyal faith and rough independence; their gravity and their wit; their strong worldly prudence, and reckless adventure, and endurance.

And after such an hour as this on the hill-top, will it be said that my view of what lies below is a partial one,—one-sided, and not a bird's-eye view at all, as it should be, where *all* is spread out

to the eye as in a map—rough and smooth, sunshine and shadow, barren tracts of sterile moor, stony roads, only enlivened by fields of turnips and unripe oats, wide moorlands where the north wind sweeps in cruel blasts—as well as those things which I have told of, sunny purple hills, flashing waters, and valleys filled with golden corn? And in the memories called up by the sight of ruined castles and old-world houses, of brave deeds and loyal hearts, are there not associations, but lightly touched on here, of savage deeds of blood, of barbarous usages, and acts of cruel treachery? When I recall this September afternoon and my reverie on the hill-top, my recollection shall only be one of sunshine and of peace. Is it not so that we wish to recall the face and words of a friend?

And now, away down through the heather ere it gets too dark to discern the track—down past the grey cliffs, where great loose stones have rolled down, and lie half hidden in the tall fern, or stand up in giant boulders scattered over the face of the moor—past the great mountain-ash loaded with crimson berries—down through the steep fir-wood where the roe-deer hide—down to the river-side, where the pathway home lies dim among the shadowy beech-trees.

Farewell, sweet land of the Dee and of the Don! A week hence, and I shall be one of the crowd hurrying southwards; and as I cross the river which marks the boundaries of the two countries, I will take off my hat to the one I leave, and say farewell, with a full heart, to the mountain gloom and the mountain glory; to the changeful skies and rushing waters; and above all, to the warm hearts and kindly hospitality of the far North.

BURMESE BORDER TRIBES AND TRADE ROUTES.

FOR reasons of high policy which swayed our Government in 1853, but which, for our present purpose, it is needless to discuss, Lord Dalhousie, setting at nought the teachings of a well-known aphorism, refrained from swallowing the whole of Burma when at his disposal, and merely contented himself with the better half, comprising the seaboard province of Pegu. So impracticable, however, was Mengdoon, the then king of the country, in coming to an understanding about boundaries, owing to his sentimental objection to having his name handed down to posterity as the sovereign who surrendered Rangoon, that the great proconsul, declaring it was useless to treat with a man of that stamp, cut the Gordian knot, by adopting as frontier an imaginary line, representing a parallel of latitude. On the 1st January 1886, Lord Dufferin indulged in the remaining half, commonly known as Upper Burma.

The people who have now become our fellow-subjects represent—as Sir Arthur Phayre¹ points out—the union, many ages ago, of Mongoloid tribes, influenced by Aryan settlers who reached the Irawadi valley from Gangetic India, and introduced the softening influences of Buddhism, and probably the simple handicrafts of spinning and weaving. Evidence of the origin of the Burmese is further afforded by their physical resemblance to, and the affinities of their language with, the dialects

of the neighbouring tribes which have not been subjected to this influence.

Lord Dufferin's annexation has brought us face to face with responsibilities connected with the more or less uncivilised congeners of the Burman race, having their habitat on all sides of our new frontiers, whose proper management must needs be a potent factor in successfully dealing with the development of commerce, especially in connection with the furthering of telegraph and trade routes, which, now all-important, were necessarily under abeyance during the late *régime*. Beside the Burmese, Talaings, and Shans, who have played the historic part on the field of Indo-China, there are, says Colonel Yule,² “a vast mass of races of inferior importance, generally termed wild or uncivilised, their civilisation varying through every degree except the highest. Many of them are only inferior to the so-called civilised races whom they border in the absence of a written language, while others are head hunters in almost the lowest depths of savagery.” Of these tribes, the most prominent are the Shans, or Tai, as they call themselves, who keep watch and ward, as it were, on the frontiers we have inherited, but are, so to speak, jostled out of the line here and there by Singphos, Kakhyens, Karens, and other cognate tribes in lower strata of civilisation.

A century before the Christian era it appears that the emperor

¹ Phayre's History of Burma, 1883.

² Address as President Geographical Section, British Association, 1871.

of the Han dynasty fitted out an expedition to find its way through South-Western China to India, which was frustrated by the obstructiveness of the "barbarians" or Shans, who then occupied Yunnan, resulting in their chastisement and expulsion from the country of the Upper Meikong and Salween rivers to the Irawadi valley. This movement developed to such a degree that the immigrants, after a while, found themselves strong enough to overthrow the monarchy established by the Aryan settlers, and founded a kingdom of their own, of which more anon.

It may be accepted as an axiom that different races cannot live long together without resulting in a process of assimilation affecting their physical and mental attributes. The rule, it is said, applies more particularly to those cases where civilised peoples either meet or come in contact with ruder tribes. In the latter case, while revolutionising many of the manners and customs, habits of thought, religion, and language of the inferior, they cannot help being influenced, more or less, in turn. A process of assimilation and absorption has been going on for centuries in these regions, which is fast removing the characteristic differences between even peoples who have played a prominent part in the history of trans-Gangetic India. The Chinese ethnic element, which was gradually enlarging in this direction, has been rudely checked by revolution in Yunnan, but, with the renewal of order and increase of population, will gradually gravitate to-

wards the basin of the Irawadi, if its progress be not again counteracted. Yunnan, which was formerly peopled by Shans, was by this pressure absorbed by the Chinese; and though Shans still predominate therein and in the upper portion of the valley of the Irawadi, their national characteristics have, as Dr Anderson¹ points out, been gradually obliterated by the influences of the ruling races. The same fate overtook them, though from a different cause, in their contact with the Hindus of the Brahmaputra valley, which they invaded in the eighth and completely occupied in the beginning of the thirteenth century. They then arrogated to their own dynasty, says Mr Mackenzie,² the title of Ahom—the unequalled—softened afterwards into Assam.

"With the consolidation of their rule, however," adds that gentleman, "the fate of all Eastern conquerors overtook the Shans. In the sleepy hollow of Assam they lost the qualities which won them power and prestige; while by adopting the language, customs, and religion of their Hindu subjects, they speedily sank into the condition of a mere ruling caste, and ceased to present the characteristics of an alien race."

From ancient Shan records discovered by Pemberton³ at Manipur, it would appear that in the beginning of the Christian era the whole of the region extending from the mountains on the south-eastern boundary of the Assam valley down to lat. 22°, and from the mountains which separate Manipur and Kobo valleys on the west to Yunnan on the east, was formerly known as the Shan kingdom of

¹ Anderson's *Mandalay to Momein*, 1876.

² Mackenzie's *North-East Frontier of Bengal*. Calcutta, 1884.

³ Pemberton's *Report on the Eastern Frontier of British India*. Calcutta, 1835.

Pong, having its capital at Muang Marong—identical, says Pemberton, with Mogoung on the Upper Irawadi, but which Anderson identifies with Muanglon, a Chinese walled town to the south-west of Momein or Teng-yue-chow. Having existed for many centuries in great splendour, this kingdom, in the beginning of the eleventh century, was broken up by the conquests of King Anawrahta, the darling hero of the Burmese people. His exploits in this region, especially in connection with his love-adventures, in which a Shan princess was the heroine, form the subject of one of the most popular dramas in Burmese literature, of enthralling interest to this day. He is further notable in Burmese history from the fact of certain complimentary gifts which he presented to the emperor of China, in exchange for a golden image of Buddha, having, two hundred years afterwards, been interpreted as payment of tribute, and cited as a precedent when the Mongol emperor, Kublai Khan, in 1281 A.D. sent an embassy to Pugân to demand the customary recognition of suzerainty. The Burmese scouted the idea, and enraged at the envoys wearing their boots in the king's presence, decapitated them—thus initiating grievous trouble to both countries for many generations, in which the Shans were not infrequently involved.

It appears from the Shan chronicle, that in the beginning of the fourteenth century, in consequence of disputes on the Yunnan frontier, the Chinese determined to subdue the Pong kingdom, and accordingly sent an army against the capital, which they succeeded in taking after a fierce struggle which lasted two years. The king escaped and took refuge with the Burmese

sovereign, Tarabyagyi, who basely surrendered him on the demand of the Chinese emperor. The king's son, in revenge for this treachery, invaded Burma, and destroyed Sagain, the capital. More than a century later, in 1444 A.D., the Burmese resisted a similar demand on the part of China, which resulted in a battle, the Chinese being defeated. But in the following year, in acknowledgment of reciprocal service on the part of China, the king of Burma gave up the chief, or rather his body, for the latter committed suicide in preference to falling alive into the hands of his enemies. The reason of these attacks is not explained, but probably arose from a persistent desire on the part of the Chinese to assert suzerain rights over the Shan chiefs of the northern Irawadi.

The Shans, who have now become a byword for disintegration, formerly possessed in the kingdom of Pong a compact and powerful sovereignty, which for centuries held undisputed sway in this region. Six kings of the Tai race reigned at Panya, and seven at Sagain—two of the numerous ancient capitals which Burma can boast of. In the middle of the sixteenth century, however, the power of the Shan monarchy waned, for the Burmese king, Bureng Nong, seized on the city of Ava, ruled by a Shan sovereign, and, following up his successes, conquered the Shan States of the Upper Irawadi, and compelled the powerful chiefs of Mogoung and Mongin to swear fealty to the "King of Kings," as he styled himself. About this time the Shans adopted the Burmese style of dressing the hair and clothing, which seems to bear corroborative testimony to the record of their

subjection. During the reign of Aloungpra, or in the middle of the eighteenth century, the kingdom of Pong was finally dismembered, and Mogoung ruled by a delegate from Ava.

Though little trace is to be found of the glories of Pong in the Upper Irawadi, or the country to its west, we can turn with pleasure and interest to the little States of Manwyne, Sanda, Muangla, Muangtha or Hotha and Latha, Muangwan and Muangmow, the relics of the Koh-Shanpyi or nine Shan States, which, cradled in the little nest of valleys in the parallel ranges between the Salween and the Irawadi, have preserved their subordinate independence, and represent the chief component parts of the ancient kingdom. Sladen and his companions, on their way from Bhamo to Yunnan, coming upon them after encountering considerable hardship and trouble in their passage through the territory of the turbulent Kakhyens, were delighted to meet with a people who contrasted favourably with those truculent caterans. Bowers¹ describes both men and women as robust, healthy, and pleasing in appearance, and some of the girls as fair, and good specimens of Eastern beauty. Frugal, temperate, and industrious, the Shans have, he says, the perseverance and aptitude for business, as well as the trading proclivities of the Chinese, and will bear comparison with the occupants of many European valleys who for centuries have had the advantage of Western civilisation and education. Anderson² records that the great body of the population is engaged in

agriculture; and as cultivators they rank even with the Belgians. They pay particular attention to irrigation, conveying by ingenious aqueducts, from distant places if necessary, the water required for their fields and gardens. The men are superb blacksmiths, while the women are adepts at needlework and embroidery, and are constantly engaged in weaving and dyeing the yarn spun from home-grown cotton. These genial Shans, while expressing regret at the departure of their visitors, entertained hopes that before long the revival of a vigorous trade would result in binding closer, in the interests of both countries, the friendly feelings so happily inaugurated.

We now come to the Shan States proper, on the east of Burma, peopled by one of the most interesting and most extensively diffused races in Indo-China. The ancient kingdom of Pong for centuries represented Shan sovereignty in these regions, as Siam does now on the seaboard. Lying between these two countries are several states, which, though easily governed, have from "a fatal want of coherence" been split into numerous principalities, which for the sake of convenience are called Chinese, Burmese, and Siamese Shan States, according to their proximity to, or as they are influenced by, China, Burma, and Siam respectively. Some of the chiefs of the principalities farthest away from their suzerains, retain the forms and paraphernalia of royalty; but these latter "they possess," says Colonel Yule,³ "only as the Vicar of Wakefield's daughters possessed their crown-pieces;

¹ Bower's Report on Trade Routes, 1869.

² Anderson's Mandalay to Momein, 1876.

³ Yule's Mission to Ava, 1858.

they were theirs, but must not be made use of." Mr Holt Hallett's description of the Shans met with between Maulmain and South Yunnan, as well as the northern portion of Siam, may, *mutatis mutandis*, apply to the people we are now discussing.

"The Shans," he says, "are a cultivated and lettered people, free from caste, industrious and energetic, hospitable and frank towards strangers, eager for free trade, and possessing a marvellous capacity for travelling as petty traders. They are found throughout Burma as well as throughout the Shan States and Yunnan, carrying their goods across seemingly impassable hills, and extending trade in all directions by every means in their power."¹

Even the least observant who have come in contact with the Shans, either when travelling in the interior, or at their places of rendezvous at Rangoon and Maulmain, to which they bring their famous ponies, boxes, &c., cannot fail to recognise the truth of this description.

It is well known that the valley of the Irawadi is noted for the wealth and variety of its vegetation, and its capabilities for sustaining much larger communities than it now has. The population of Pegu has trebled itself in three decades, owing to the superior attractions of our rule; but this progress unfortunately involved the decay and impending ruin of our new possession. The pressure of the Chinese ethnic element (already noticed) on the Shan States, causing their inhabitants to gravitate westward, would in due course have the effect of re-peopling the Upper Irawadi valley.

It is now hoped that owing to the improved means of communication, by roads and railways, which will be available, and under a firm and just administration, the country under the recent dominion of King Theebaw will offer a great attraction to the enterprising and industrious Shans, who, even under adverse conditions, have for many generations exhibited a great partiality for settling therein.

Abutting and to the south of the Shan States are the Karens. Though we have resisted the temptation of referring to various tribes on our western frontier, whose attitude can have little or no bearing on the question of trade routes between India and China, we can hardly forbear to give a slight notice of the Karens,² one of the most interesting races in Indo-China. For though they are too far south to have a direct influence thereon, the prospect of realising commercial results based on the well-known trading proclivities of the Shans within touch of the Karens, depends much on whether the latter are amenable or otherwise.

After passing through several tribes of hill Karens for some forty miles, as the crow flies, from the ancient city of Toungoo, one arrives at the notable peak of Nattoung on the borders of Karennee, famous in mythological story. Standing on its summit, at an elevation of nearly 7000 feet above sea-level, with one's feet resting on grassy undulations like English downs, and the flora giving evidence of a temperate climate, one obtains a bird's-eye view of the country of the Red Karens. We are dependent on oral tradition alone for

¹ Proceedings Royal Geographical Society, January 1886.

² M'Mahon's Karens of the Golden Chersonese. London, 1876.

information as to their origin ; but this testimony, which points to Central Asia as their ancient home, and indicates the route by which they came therefrom, has perhaps more ethnological value than the pretentious records of the civilised races around them. Obscure as the retrospect may be, in imagination they see in the dim horizon the "river of running sand" which their ancestors crossed when coming southwards—a fearful, trackless region, where the sands rolled before the wind like the waves of the sea—apparently referring to the dread terrors of the Gobi desert, graphically described by Marco Polo and the celebrated Chinese pilgrim Fahian. Some of their ceremonies, especially those connected with the interment of the dead, further corroborate these traditions, as they are identical with those observed by Marco Polo in the province of Tangut, south of the Great Desert. Their ancients have handed down to them that they accompanied the Chinese force which invaded Burma ; and their legends also take more tangible shape by indicating a connection with the Chinese in places whereof the narrators know nothing but the bare names. Thus Bhamo, through which the invading Chinese army came on its way to Mien or Pügán, frequently occurs in their old rhymes as the name of a Burmese town near which their ancestors dwelt. Again, "Mien with its gold and silver towers" is apparently the same as the "gold and silver city" near which they were located with the Chinese. The latter, after overrunning Burma, returned to their own country, while the Karens, who remained behind, were driven away by the Burmese. They eventually secured a territory which, from its many

natural advantages, afforded them a secure and desirable resting-place, where they have been able to remain, more or less independent, for centuries.

Though containing many chieftainships, Karennee may conveniently be divided into two states—one lately tributary to Ava, the other independent. It affords an exception to the ordinary rules of political economy, which take it for granted that the uses and necessity of Government are such that a country cannot exist without some sort of civil administration ; for it possesses neither law nor dominant authority, the only semblance thereof being the almost nominal power exercised by their chiefs. The Red Karens or Kaya are distinguished for their savage and intractable nature, as well as turbulent and undisciplined bearing. They are notorious for their cruelty, ferocity, and disregard of human life. With manners and customs shaped by gross superstition, fear being their only governing principle ; without any sense of natural religion ; violating all law ; defying all authority ; habitually indulging in intoxication, licentiousness, and murder,—the Kayas afford an instance of a society whose social relations, excepting in the matter of cannibalism, are not a whit more civilised than that of the most barbarous tribes in Africa. They are, however, no worse than were other hill Karens within British territory when, in 1852-53, we took possession of the country.

Inveterate caterans, they were supposed to be so savage as to be untamable ; but thanks to the judicious conduct of British officials and efforts of Christian missionaries, a vast change has come over their habits and feelings. To re-

turn to the Kaya, every object of nature, all bodies celestial and terrestrial, all animate and inanimate things, which can be brought into practical use, have each and all their tutelar *nats*, which, as subordinate beings to some greater power, must be propitiated. These *nats*, which we call demons, are demons only in the Greek signification of the word — not naturally aggressive, but prone to punish mortals who inadvertently trespass on their domains with sickness or death; so to avert these calamities they must be appeased.

Tempted by the abundance of available land in Burma, the hill Karen can there indulge in his natural nomadic tendencies, and migrate in the forest from site to site, burning down at each remove new areas on which to carry on his wasteful husbandry. For he "cares as little to be the proprietor of the land on which he erects his booth, as the bird to own the tree on which it builds its nest or perches to pick the fruit."¹ In Karennee, however, where the population is comparatively great in proportion to the cultivable area, he is forced to pay more attention to agriculture, and to be dependent on the protection that larger and more settled communities afford.

Of the spontaneous products of Karennee, teak, sticklac, and tin are the most valuable. Maulmain at one time owed not a little of its importance as a timber-trading port to the quantity of valuable teak imported thence; but owing to defective conservancy, the forests have fallen off much in value. The process of working the tin-mines, though rude in the extreme, if improved might result, reported O'Riley, in affording an inexhaust-

ible source of revenue to the undertakers.

The western Red Karen chiefs, over whom O'Riley acquired great influence by his admirable tact, have frequently expressed a wish that we should assume control over their country, and diplomacy need not be strained to induce them to acquiesce in the inevitable. Many of the chiefs have sent cordial invitations to Christian missionaries, entreating them to reside among them and teach them a better way. Let us hope, then, that these expressions betoken a better state of things, and that before very long the Red Karens may emulate their congeners within British territory, who are now among the most tractable and loyal subjects of her Majesty the Queen Empress.

It will now be convenient to refer to tribes who, though less interesting perhaps to the general reader, cannot be ignored in the discussion regarding trade routes between India and China. As already noticed, early in the eighth century the Shans successfully overcame the traditionally formidable physical difficulties of the hilly region between the Brahmaputra and Irawadi valleys, with forces strong enough to conquer the country now known as Assam. In the beginning of the present century again, Burmese armies, sufficiently powerful to render material aid to successful revolution, to dictate terms as to the administration of the country, and even to threaten English territory, repeated the same feat. That the Indian colony came by this route to the Upper Irawadi, and did not ascend from its delta, is also proved by the history of Pegu. These cases in point are evidence

¹ Mason's Burma, 1860.

of the absence of engineering difficulties.

Almost all we know of this region is from the accounts of Hannay, Bayfield, Griffiths, Wilcox, and Pemberton, written fifty years ago. Before they visited the country we had very imperfect information regarding it or the routes between India and Burma. It was known generally that, contiguous to the passes, truculent Singphos and other caterans levied black-mail, and harried travellers as well as their weaker or more peaceful neighbours. Spasmodic efforts, it is true, were made to obtain more information; but the petty chiefs on the Indian borders, and the Burmese in Arakan, excelling our political officers in diplomacy, baffled all their efforts in this direction, and caused thereby a deplorable loss of life and treasure.

More than half a century ago Pemberton pointed out that Yunnan had become of peculiar interest to us owing to its vicinity to the north-eastern borders of our Indian empire. He was also of opinion that if judicious efforts were made, there was every prospect of a hopeful trade between the industrious tribes of the Irrawadi basin and the people of Assam. During this interval, however, little has been done in furtherance of this idea. Excuse there may have been when an impracticable people like the Burmese had to be consulted; but none exists now, and it will be to our lasting reproach if we do not now prove equal to the occasion, by carrying out some definite policy—hitherto absolutely wanting—for the management of the Singphos and other tribes, as well as the encouragement of trade in this region. These Singphos seem to be identi-

cal with the Kakhyens, who, after the break-up of the Shan kingdom of Pong, began a career of aggression and conquest of the country lying between Assam and Bhamo. Crossing into Assam by the Patkoi pass, they were at first welcomed by the peasantry as deliverers, for they restored order in the territory devastated by their oppressors; but when they took to pillage and man-stealing, causing the country to be wellnigh depopulated, the too trustful husbandmen had not a little cause to modify their opinions.

During the progress of the Burmese war of 1825-26, we were either politically dishonest, or guilty of a lamentable want of foresight, when we induced the Singphos to release their captured slaves, on the strength of a promise of giving them a lion's share of the profit of a projected commerce between India and Burma. Arrangements were also made whereby the tribes, bearing this consideration in mind, were to guard the Patkoi pass, and prevent Burmese incursions into Assam. With inexcusable want of foresight, however, the British authorities failed to provide these rude people with the means of repelling invasion; and when the Burmese arrived, as anticipated, the Singphos—very naturally considering discretion the better part of valour—surrendered their stockades and fraternised with the invaders. Wise in their generation, they also sent a request to the English to come and rid them of their unwelcome visitors. Whether the English delayed in responding to the appeal, or the Singphos, on further acquaintance, were convinced of the superiority of the Burmese, does not appear; but when the English came they had to reckon

with both. The British troops, by a series of gallant assaults, expelled the Burmese. The Singphos shared in the discomfiture of the latter, their villages being destroyed, and their slaves, representing their only tangible property, set free. In the subsequent process of settling the country, pressure was also brought to bear on the people of neighbouring tribes who had remained passive during these disturbances, in order to make them also give up their slaves, in furtherance of our policy of cheap philanthropy. The Singpho or Chingpaw—man *par excellence* of that day, be it known—never condescended to manual labour, but esteeming himself a gentleman at large, made others work for him. He consented to part with his slaves, who were as much his property as cattle with other tribes, with the distinct understanding that he was to obtain due compensation for his loss; but it does not appear that the English have taken any active steps to fulfil their promises. An opportunity may soon offer for making amends, when we undertake our duty towards this neglected region, by opening it out by means of roads, and encouraging trade. In a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society, Mr Holt Hallett states that the pass to which we refer would suit admirably for carrying a railway from the Brahmaputra valley to the basin of the Irawadi, which could, without much difficulty, be connected, *via* Mandalay, with our Toungoo line, having its present terminus at the seaport of Rangoon.

Interlaced with the Shans, in the direct route from Bhamo to Yunnan, is a people belonging to the same family, whom we, imitat-

ing the Burmese, conveniently call Kakhyen. They have their habitat in the hilly regions north of Bhamo and as far south as the old city of Tagoung, while they extend to the Chinese frontiers on the east. They comprise several clans, each with its own chief, but recognise no common authority; and owing to blood-feuds, which often last for generations, this disintegration results in a rigid exclusiveness between members of the different tribes. It is noticeable that, in their patriarchal system, the chieftainship devolves on the youngest son, or failing sons, on the youngest brother of the chief. Like their congeners, whom we have been discussing, the men hardly ever work, while the women are condemned to lives of drudgery. With an evil reputation as cattle-lifters and man-stealers, they are regarded as outlaws by the Burmese, hence hostilities and reprisals are rife; and whether by the injustice of Chinese traders, or high-handed Burmese extortion, they are thievish, lazy, and untrustworthy. They are further alleged to be impracticable in the matter of opening out the trade routes, but would doubtless be perfectly amenable under firm and judicious treatment. The Burmese are notorious for their ill success in managing wild tribes, due to their natural arrogance, which superciliously disposes of them as brute beasts which must be ruled through fear. Thus on our first occupation of the frontier of Toungoo in 1852-53, we had, as already explained, to solve the problem of how to govern the hill Karens, who, under the Burmese régime, were quite as unmanageable as the Kakhyens. It is not too much to hope, then, that the policy which was so successful with the former

will be equally so with the latter, when they are thoroughly made to comprehend that they will be fairly and generously dealt with, but at the same time taught that any attempt to put obstacles in our way will be sternly repressed. They are quite alive to the fact that their profits depend on the amount of traffic that passes through their country, and they will be only too glad to offer all facilities for trade if it be made worth their while. In short, they will learn the essential difference between certain and regular receipts in acknowledgment of services rendered, and the fitful and very irregular assets depending on "black-mail."

A more than ordinary interest is attached to these wild caterans, simply because they dominate the trade routes between Bhamo and Momein, the frontier town of Yunnan, which were sufficiently practicable in days of yore for the passage of the Chinese armies which overran and conquered Burma, as well as for large trading caravans. As it is well known that within comparatively recent times Bhamo was an *entrepôt* of a very considerable trade between the south-western provinces of China and the Irawadi valley, the mercantile world, as well as Government officials, have been for some time most anxious that inquiry should be made as to the causes of its decline, and the probabilities or otherwise of its resuscitation. From the reports of two unsuccessful missions, under the leadership of Colonels Sladen and Browne respectively from Bhamo, as well as of other missions and independent travellers from the Chinese side, we learn that the trade collapse was undoubtedly due to the Panthay or Mohammedan revolution in Yun-

nan and its consequent anarchy, so pronounced that its complete recovery can only be anticipated in the distant future.

From a general consensus of opinion, it would appear that the physical difficulties to be encountered in running a railway to Talifu would involve enormous expense, while the line would have to pass through a region depopulated by grievous famine and pestilence consequent on a war which lasted two decades. Alternative lines, intended to tap the richer districts of southern Yunnan, and to run through the populous Siamese-Shan States, with termini at the seaport of Bangkok and Maulmain, advocated by Messrs Colquhoun and Hallett, and approved by several Chambers of Commerce, will probably be made in due course. But even if we be foiled for the present in running a railway into the heart of Yunnan, it by no means follows that we should not content ourselves with humbler ways for effecting our object. We were never tired of taunting King Mengdoon with apathetic indifference, and even charging him with obstruction. To be consistent, we should now prove by our acts that we were really justified in putting pressure on his late Majesty. A few remarks on our abortive attempt to show a good example to the Lord of the Rising Sun may now be not out of place. An expedition under Sladen, in 1868, penetrated to Momein, but being hampered with instructions to avoid "complications"—the bane of the official mind—had to return without having effected commercial results; and by entering into friendly relations with the Panthays, unwittingly hatched further complications, which resulted in serious

misunderstanding with the Chinese Government, and the complete discomfiture and ruin of its *quondam* friends. Another expedition was despatched in 1874, under the guidance of Colonel Horace Browne, which ended in a complete *fiasco*, after having proceeded only a short distance from Bhamo. This mission is also notable for the untoward fate of Augustus Raymond Margery, its capable and distinguished pioneer.

The accounts furnished by those who entered Burma from China, though fuller than those of the ill-starred missions from the Burmese side, were, to say the least, equally discouraging. The reiteration of remarks on the results of war, famine, and pestilence,—recording the fact of once populous towns and villages having been dismantled or become ruinous heaps; heretofore highly cultivated fields and gardens, wildernesses; the *quondam* robust and well-to-do inhabitants, veritable “scarecrows,”—is heart-rending; while the frequency of information detailing the trouble of ascending steep mountains, only to descend them on the other side, becomes, as one of the narrators confesses, somewhat monotonous.

We derive, however, some encouragement from the able and interesting report submitted by Mr Davenport on the capacity for trade of the country traversed by the Yunnan mission in 1875-76. Though Bhamo was handicapped, when he wrote, by being in the possession of the king of Burma, he was of opinion that in spite of the then dreary outlook in Yunnan, the Bhamo trade might be materially increased at no distant date.

After enumerating at length the various natural products, in-

cluding the enormous mineral wealth of Yunnan, he lays particular stress on the fact that the province furnishes the most delicate tea in the Chinese empire, the plants being found all over an extensive range of mountains. He further records that before the Mohammedan revolt a great deal of yellow silk and satin was exported to Burma, probably for priests' vestments; but in the reckless destruction which characterises civil wars in China, the mulberry-trees have been destroyed. That this trade will be vigorously resumed, Mr Davenport entertains no doubt, as the Chinese have a special aptitude for resuming ancient industries which have been abandoned under fortuitous circumstances. Suffice it to say, the south-western provinces of China have much to give for much required, and it therefore behoves us to do our very best to revive and develop the trade which formerly existed.

Although it would be beyond the scope of this paper to enter into a lengthened dissertation regarding the political matters involved in the question of opening out trade routes between British and Chinese possessions, a passing allusion to the recent friendly passage of arms between the representative diplomatists of both countries may not be out of place.

Lord Salisbury at the Guildhall banquet in 1885 informed his hearers that, in dealing with Upper Burma, we should act in the most complete recognition of the rights of China, who, convinced of the fact that she might have worse neighbours than the English, was looking, contrary to nature, to a sun in the West. This touching confidence in China's friendliness must have been rudely shaken when

shortly afterwards the representative of the Flowery Land essayed to keep his lordship to the strict letter of his after-dinner speech, by demanding that England should acknowledge her vassalage to China by the payment of decennial tribute, as (he alleged) did Burma, in whose place she stands.

Some of those who pose as interpreters of Chinese aspirations, say that he afterwards modified this demand by condescending to allow us to purchase exemption from the suggested indignity by territorial indemnity, in the shape of a huge slice of our territory. Others, again, declare that China will not be satisfied unless she receives both tribute and territory. The illogical absurdity of her claim is evidenced by her asking us to pay an exorbitant price for arrangements which will probably benefit her more than us, while she offers nothing in return.¹ As China and England are fortunately on the best of terms, a happier issue ought to have been found out of the diplomatic difficulty. For if we succumb to the superlative folly of weakly conceding all that China asks for, emboldened by our want of sagacity, she may possibly insist on the cession of the whole of Burma, to which she has just

as much right as to a part. It would be interesting to ascertain what interpretation will be given to Lord Rosebery's concession in the 'Pekin Gazette.' As the Chinese are fond of precedents, we herewith make the erudite editor a present of an apposite one from their standpoint. He need merely change Cymbeline for Rosebery:—

"Cymbeline. . . . Well,
My peace we will begin; and, Caius
Lucius,
Although the victor, we submit to
Cæsar,
And to the Roman empire; promising
To pay our wonted tribute."

Now, while on the one hand we should not allow ourselves to be influenced by purely chimerical ideas regarding China's rights, on the other let us frankly make any reasonable concessions which may tend to a cordial and stable alliance between the two countries. If we could reconcile to our conscience the propriety of handing over any of our new fellow-subjects to the tender mercies of the Chinese, it is open to grave doubt whether the result would be satisfactory. It is plausibly argued that the turbulent tribes dominating the trade routes, having Chinese affinities, would be more easily managed by

¹ In the discussions regarding the alleged suzerain rights of China in Burma, ventilated in the 'Times' last winter, the most obstinate advocates of Celestial pretensions scouted as intolerable the bare notion of paying tribute to China, though they considered her alternative demand equitable. The Chinese base their tribute claim on a convention made at the close of the war of 1769, whereby, they declare, the Burmese agreed to send them decennial presents; and argue that, in taking possession of Burma, we became responsible for her obligations. The Burmese, on the other hand, indignantly repudiate this idea, and retort that there was a reciprocal arrangement, by which both sides bound themselves to despatch presents in token of amity. With a happy instinct, Lord Salisbury accepted the situation, agreeing to send presents from Burma every ten years, and receive return gifts. His successor, Lord Rosebery, however, cajoled into consenting to the despatch of presents from the Burmese side only, and thereby unequivocally admitting China's claims to suzerainty, has gratuitously tendered a most abject submission to the Son of Heaven, without obtaining any tangible *quid pro quo*.

Chinamen than by us. It so happens, however, that it is almost certain that the Shans, who are the only people in this region to which this description can apply, would prefer our rule. The hitherto impracticable Kakhyens are aliens to the Chinese as to the English. Indeed, if the theory of affinity were pushed to its logical conclusion, these representatives of the archaic Mongoloid family ought to be readily amenable to the more civilised people of the same stock; whereas experience of Burmese rule proves the contrary. Hitherto the Chinese have been as unfortunate in dealing with turbulent border tribes as the English have been successful,—a fact that materially tends to demolish the arguments of those who favour the former. The people most affected, again, might reasonably object to be bandied from pillar to post, from ruler to ruler, without reference to their feelings; while the notion of surrendering an important *entrepôt* of trade and a strategic position like Bhamo, which not only controls the whole of the Upper Irawadi valley, but is also the natural centre for railway and telegraph lines between India, Burma, and China, seems absolutely preposterous.

The Chinese only recently have had the opportunity of trying to evolve order out of chaos, and it is hardly in accordance with the diplomacy of this eminently practical people that they should accept as *solatium*, in lieu of their supposed rights, a strip of country which at best would be of little value to them. It would be far more in accordance with Chinese ideas that we should grant them special advantages in the matter of land and building settlements, such as they have given us at their

seaport towns, do everything we can in the way of attracting merchants, and regulate the transit tariffs in their interests as much as possible. It is money, not territory, that China wants; and, as the 'Spectator' says, "our commerce through Burma should be felt at Peking, as the commerce at our treaty ports now is, to be a direct security for the solvency of the Chinese treasury." When Yunnan, Sechuen, and Kweichow have recovered themselves, the trade which is now pent up therein, owing to the difficulties attending transport to the very distant Chinese seaports, will gravitate towards its natural outlet on the Upper Irawadi, whoever be the rulers of that region. That the traders of these provinces would be incited to increased exertions for the development of commerce by the sentimental pleasure of having their countrymen at Bhamo, is an argument of little weight where matter-of-fact Celestials are concerned.

The interests of both England and China demand that they should mutually establish and maintain a good understanding, so as to counteract any malign influence that may be brought to bear on either or both by the insidious advances of their great rival in the Asian question. Single-handed we easily beat the French in the little game of diplomacy lately played in India beyond the Ganges, and in alliance with China we can easily checkmate Russia in the bigger game.

The Chinese, it is said, are ready to meet us half-way, and ought to be encouraged. Enlightened men among them have long ago come to the conclusion that, pressed as they are on the hitherto land-locked borders of their empire by powerful European nations, they

can no longer maintain with advantage their time-honoured policy of exclusiveness, so they are now prepared to welcome an alliance with the English. They are further as fully convinced of the necessity and importance of railways and telegraphs for military as well as mercantile purposes, as only a few years ago they were persuaded to the contrary. A remarkable proof of the wave of change which is passing over China is afforded in the 'Times' of 1st February, detailing the particulars of a curious political legacy left to the Chinese emperor and his people by the famous Viceroy Tso Tsung Tang—"a Chinese of the Chinese, a man in whom the characteristic virtues and defects of his race were magnified."

It seems, too, only but yesterday that Englishmen in China as much expected to be able to welcome the iron horse as to meet a Celestial without a pigtail; and yet now they often glibly talk of the possibility of running a railway at no distant date between China and India.

Apologists for Lord Rosebery's

surrender to China lay stress on her binding herself to provide trading facilities between Yunnan and Burma. She cannot, however, remove the physical obstacles which prevent the enterprising peoples of her south-western provinces from taking advantage of the comparatively near outlet for produce *vid* the Irawadi valley, in preference to sending it to their far-away seaports. Nor can she fulfil this obligation unless we brace ourselves to our reciprocal duty. A lamentable lack of sympathy—which, failing to realise and act on the real situation, considers military coercion inevitable in dealing with one of the most genial and easily governed peoples in the world—is mainly responsible for the present unsatisfactory state of affairs in Upper Burma, prevents us paying proper attention to the management of the border tribes, and postpones indefinitely the realisation of the great expectations indulged in with regard to the trade routes.

A. R. MACMAHON,
Major-General.

ORDER FOR IRELAND.

ENOUGH has been said and written about the political convulsion which has overthrown those only who brought it about. If there ever was a time when statesmen and their followers should come out from among the *débris* of the past and leave it behind them, that time is now. The study of what has happened is vain. It teaches only what to avoid; it gives no help to him who desires to know what to do. Its results plainly indicate the temper and determination of the country in regard to one scheme; they give no light on what is to follow. It is to this that Ministry, Parliament, and Nation must now address themselves. It will depend much on the spirit in which these three great powers do so whether the immediate future is to be big with good or evil for the empire. Never in the history of this country has it been more important that all three should do their duty, every feeling which is not of unselfish patriotism being purged out, every action being influenced by motives having their origin high above the regions of place, popularity, or party. None may think now of what newspapers shall write or partisans may shout. It is not the work of making things easy all round for to-day, but the work of securing a to-morrow of solid results regardless of faction and of clamour, that is the business of statesmen and of politicians, and the desire of those by whose suffrages they have power above their fellow-citizens. This is a time which must inevitably be fraught with tremendous conse-

quences. Whether for good or evil, great national events must be added to history within the next coming sessions of Parliament. It depends entirely upon the spirit which shall dominate the Constituencies, the Houses, and the Cabinet, what shall be the outcome to posterity of the greatest national crisis of the century. For since 1800 there has been no national crisis. Political crises have been many. Catholic Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform, Repeal of Corn Laws, Church Disestablishment, Land Law Revolution, have all in their turn produced political upheaval. But none of them have even in degree affected the citadel of nationality. A united kingdom and empire have been presented to the world as the true results of gradual constitutional development of free institutions in a monarchical state. Our early advance in liberty, without the throes of revolution, and our loyalty to the throne through all the progress of free institutions, have been the wonder and the envy of Europe. Free from fear of revolution at home, the energy of the nation has gone out in enterprise abroad. The flag of our sovereign has been raised in every part of the world, and those who have followed it carried with them the spirit of loyalty to the Crown and love to the mother country, which brings us even in our slightest national necessities the offer of arms and men, to strengthen the imperial resources. Since the great war of American Independence, brought about by political folly unparalleled in history, and conducted with such

fatuity and want of energy as never before or since have disgraced British generalship—since that discreditable epoch, no national time of trial has been ours.

But now the crisis is upon us. We are face to face with a stern problem, which must be solved now. No temporising, no tinkering, no changing the subject will avail. Within the next two or three years one or other of two chapters will certainly be added to history. In one event, such chapter will record that disaffection in Ireland has been rewarded by the concession of that which no British statesmen till 1886 ever dared to propound even in theory, and which all British statesmen, including its new apostle, have declared against in the strongest terms. In the other event, such chapter will record that a brave nation, uninfluenced by threats and violence, made it plain to a section of its citizens that every extension of liberty it sought for itself would be freely extended to all with no niggard hand, but that no separate Parliament, still less any separate Executive Government, would be conceded to seditious clamour; and that, above all things, interference with individual liberty and coercion of law-abiding citizens to compel obedience to laws made by irresponsible leagues, would be put down sternly and determinedly, at whatever cost.

It cannot be too strongly impressed upon the mind of the nation that the cause of the Union is the cause of liberty. Under that Union the liberties of the three nations which are bound up in it have been developed and extended. Free institutions have made steady and beneficial progress. In no country in the world until lately was the citizen better protected by

the law from all State, religious, social, or personal restraint on his liberty of action than here. The individual could be molested in the exercise of his freedom only when he went against the law, and then only by the duly appointed executive of the law. No self-constituted authority was able to bring him into bondage to laws which the Parliament of the country had not ratified, still less to make him the victim of a law which was contrary to that of the land, and subjected the citizen to lawless violence unless he would submit to the dictation of its self-constituted executive. The true issue which the next few years must bring to decision is not the issue of *Home Rule*—that conveniently flexible term, which may include everything from the mildest form of local government to the tyranny that makes men social outlaws, having no rights, unless they will bow their necks to the yoke and become slaves, unable to buy or sell, if they will not receive the mark of their slavery by becoming members of the brotherhood which demands their submission. No; it is not this which will be decided for weal or woe during the sinking of the sun of another century. The question which will be decided embraces all this, but also much more. It is whether the nation shall or shall not publish to the world that it is no longer a nation governed on principles taught by the wisdom of former genius modified by the light of experience, but has become a nation which can be coerced into submission to the dictation of unprincipled men “steeped to the lips in treason,” who have preached the doctrine of “public plunder and rapine,” and whose steps have been invariably “dogged by crime.”

The first thing which is essentially necessary, if those who desire that the decision of the country at the late general election shall be final, and that the Irish who are disaffected shall feel it to be so, is that the great party which now holds the executive government of the country should realise, as it has never yet done, the absolute necessity for work—continuous, persistent, unwearying work. There are fashions in politics as in other things, and there are people who, from their position and influence otherwise, get that hold on society which enables them to set the fashion. It may be consciously or it may be unconsciously done, on the part of the person by whom the fashion is set, but still it is personality which sets all fashion. Now, Mr Gladstone has been able to set the fashion in politics. He has, during the later years of his life, assumed the character of propagandist, one who preaches in the style of "*extra my fad of the moment nulla salus.*" With such earnestness and zest does he go about his work, with so much of appeal to heaven and lifting of hands, that men are swept away, and accept as their political gospel that which the same preacher denounced and ridiculed at a comparatively recent period. To point out his inconsistency is rude impiety. To prefer his views of yesterday to his opposite views of to-day is rank heresy. By the brilliancy of his powers in pursuing this course, the mind of a great mass of the people is sometimes debauched, and they sink into the self-gratifying rôle of raising clouds of incense to the preacher whom they worship.

People are thus unconsciously permeated by a spirit of intolerance of

opposite opinion; and intolerance, ecclesiastical and civil alike, produces propagandism without principle. Accordingly, there is every ground for expecting that those who suffered so severe a defeat at the last election will strain every nerve to spread their doctrines and make their proselytes. Although it is true that, in the present mind of the country, statesmen have a right to hold the decision just given as indeed final, finality in politics does not depend entirely on reason or logic. Democracies, as Mr Bryce said in the Separation Bill debate, have short memories, and the temper of to-morrow may sweep away the logic and the resolution of to-day. The propagandists must be countered vigorously. The deliberate judgment of the nation on a question of paramount importance, must be upheld by effort. Every effort of political cajolery and of propagandist thunder will be used to seduce or frighten the nation into a reversal of its verdict. The irrevocability of the decision come to at the last election depends upon those who, by their arguments and work, brought the decision about. They must not hang the sword in the hall, but rather overhaul both hilt and blade, and guard with the same energy they showed in capturing. If the watchmen on the citadel fall asleep, it will not avail them that the nation is now content to have them for a garrison. It is by having all in perfect order and ready for action, and by enlisting new recruits and keeping up zeal and discipline, that opposition will lose heart, and the fickle part of the nation be kept from yielding to the insidious doctrines or craven counsels of the garrison which has been dismissed with dis-

credit. But it must not be forgotten that it is just because it has been dismissed that it is more free to expend its energies in endeavours to undermine and blow up the fort, which, but for the determination of the nation, it would have weakly surrendered. We have been taught once the lesson that certain statesmen consider themselves in a position of "greater freedom and less responsibility" when they are out of office,—in other words, that duty has not the same claims, and conscience not the same right, to obedience, when there is no loaf-and-fish inducement to use only words that the speaker can manfully stand to. Let it not be forgotten that once more the "earnest" statesman has in his own belief a right to greater freedom and incurs less responsibility.

It is true of our time, more than it has ever been, that, in political affairs, it is he who leads while appearing to follow who wins. But it is also true that the opponents of the party now in power have a great and a double advantage. It is consistent with their political creed to flatter the uneducated and ignorant masses, and to turn them into followers, by asking them to be leaders. To announce that you are prepared to be a delegate, whose principles are regulated by the dictation of those who elect him, is a very easy road to popularity with a large proportion of the electorate. And it must be admitted to be a perfectly allowable course in the case of those who conscientiously believe that the least instructed and politically trained portion of the community is the depository of true political discernment. There are occasions when such fulsome flattery of the masses is too trans-

parent not to be seen through by them. This was notably the case at the recent election, when Mr Gladstone, with a disregard for truth that is only palliated by the evident certainty that excitement had overmastered reason, declared that the election was "the people's election." He used every power of his great intellect to stir up the passions of class against class, and showed his zeal for a real union of the nation instead of a "paper" union, by holding up the possessors of property and education to the execration of those less fortunate, by denouncing them as persons actuated only by selfish class motives, and incapable of any honest political action. The answer which he received from the great majority of those populous places where these "masses" which he tried to flatter "most do congregate," was emphatic and conclusive. The flattery was too barefaced, the injustice of the accusation too palpable. But Mr Gladstone did not fail because he adopted the tactics of flattery of one class and denunciation of another. It was not the rôle, but the overdone character of the performance, that brought on him from the great centres of population

"One dismal hiss, the voice of public scorn."

The part was a good one, but overplayed. But it is one which he and his numerous under-studies have often played with success, and may again, when the lesson of their being hissed from the stage has taught them more cunning in their part. Now this is a line on which the Tory party cannot enter. It is a fixed principle in the politics of those now in power, that a representative cannot hon-

estly be a mere delegate ; that he is not to accept as wisdom whatever the mass of voters may at the moment be led to embrace, but must, as one by education and training raised above the fickleness which affects all aggregates of people, conscientiously act for the good of the nation according to his own convictions, after giving due weight to all legitimate arguments and opinions, including those of his constituents. It is thus evident that Liberalism has a great advantage in its endeavours to obtain popularity. Liberals use so often the expression "trust in the people" as an abstraction, and not as something dependent on the people being wisely led, and coming to a deliberate judgment without fanatical excitement or craven panic, that it amounts to flattery, and nothing else. When they say "the people," they do not mean all the people, but the people that cheer them. Liberals are the people in their opinion ; everybody else is excluded. Mr Gladstone put the matter with cynical frankness from the Radical point of view. All who do not bow down before the idol of Gladstonian Liberalism are not of the people. They consist of persons who belong to privileged "classes," and the "henchmen" of such persons. By this reasoning, none of "the people" had any share in the proceedings which placed Gladstonian politics in a minority of one to five in London, and shut them out altogether from Birmingham, towns which formerly were the strongholds of the Liberal party. That such arguments should be put forward is proof positive of the want of principle of their propounders, and the confidence they have in the gullibility

of the "people," in whose infallibility as political guides they profess on platforms to entertain such unbounded confidence. Tories who cannot thus shamelessly misrepresent facts may be excused for feeling some satisfaction that the nation should have for this time shown its appreciation of such tactics in the emphatic decision just given. But let it not be supposed that the same tactics must always fail, or that present failure will bring about a cessation of effort on the part of Mr Gladstone and his followers. Failure in the case of Mr Gladstone is never accepted in humility. In his view, he is always the martyr to evil machinations, not the sufferer for his own *lâches*. His zeal for that which has been condemned by judges of his own choosing will increase all the more, and instead of thinking that he overdid his part of flattery, he will consider that it must be worked up still more, and that with his *claque* well distributed he may bring down the house yet.

The Radicals have, further, a great advantage over their opponents in their efforts at propagandism. They can always pose as those who desire to give, and denounce their opponents as those who desire to withhold. All caution and steady action by which time is taken to mature and make complete what has to be done, is denounced as obstruction ; all rejection of crude and ill-timed legislation, by which responsibility is often bartered for popularity, is declared to proceed from a desire to deprive the people of valuable privileges. This is a weapon which every Liberal can wield with effect, unless those who are Conservatives will exert themselves to keep in touch with the people, and to give

them the opportunity of seeing and learning that Conservative politicians have true and unselfish motives for their action. It is in the political world as in the family. The one who flatters and indulges the children may be more popular for a time than the one who withholds what it is unwise at the time to give. But as reason grows, the firm and conscientious one will have his or her reward if only, *by constant intercourse*, the truth is brought home that what is done, though it keeps back from gratification at the moment, is intended to confer real and lasting benefit on the child. It is by constant personal association with those who regulate its life, that it learns to know restraint as well as liberty to be for happiness and development of the power to exercise more extended liberty wisely, to its own increase in happiness, and in the power of conferring happiness on others.

It is this, then, which it is especially desired to urge on all who take, or are able to take part in the work of commending sound principles to the community. The thing which is most of all needed among Conservatives, particularly of the classes who are well off, is a spirit of work,—a spirit which may lead them to make intercourse with the mass of the electorate a duty—which shall be so diligently done, that it shall first become a second nature, and then become a pleasure. This is a time for work—earnest, close, organised work. Never since 1874 has the Conservative party had more in its power; never during the century has there been such need that what lies within its power should be done by its members with all their might. They must overcome the

disadvantages under which they labour, by being among the people, known by them as untiring servants of the cause of the Union. They must by their earnestness bring the people to see that the stake that is being fought for is no common or party stake. Above all things, they must not trust to the Separatist tendency subsiding. Mr Gladstone, they must know, is not a man to leave public life while his flag is in the mire. He will use superhuman efforts to recover his position once more. He will not, and he could not if he would, be stopped from going on with his Parnellite plans. He and his followers in England and Scotland are now members of the Parnellite party, and are committed to share its dangers. They, as well as the Irish Parnellites, must do the work for which the dollars are sent from America, or face the consequences. It was very plainly indicated in Mr John Morley's frank speeches, and Mr Campbell Bannerman's indiscreet revelations, that British statesmanship was, during the last Government's tenure of office, affected in no inconsiderable degree by alarm at what Irish-Americans might do. For fear of this they became Parnellites, and for the same fear Parnellites they must remain. Mr Parnell has them in his power, and he will and must use his power unmercifully, if his own life is to be worth a week's purchase. The slightest wavering on his part would bring him under the dagger of the assassin; and he knows too well that any wavering on the part of Mr Gladstone or the other members of the late Parnellite administration would be held to be his. Nor let it be supposed that the defeat of Mr Gladstone will stop the American

flow of money, and thus cause Parnellism to die out. A great proportion of the American subscriptions comes from American politicians, who care nothing about Ireland, but have to secure the Irish vote by handsome bribes. This will not stop, but rather increase; for electoral corruption in the United States goes beyond anything that is generally conceivable in this country, and no vote is so open to purchase as the Irish. And those Irish-Americans who send the dollars are acute enough to see that they are spent in the cause for which they send them—hatred to this country. They have no objection to Mr Healy speaking of Mr Gladstone's feet as "beautiful upon the mountains," or to Mr Parnell saying that Mr Gladstone's bill is accepted as a final settlement. They take it as a settlement for breakfast-time, but not for dinner. They know very well that no such statement can be binding, and that when Mr Parnell becomes the executive chief of Ireland, and they will therefore be free to return there, all such declarations are absolutely worthless, and that Mr Parnell must either explain them away, or part with his official, if not his actual life. Nothing can be more certain than that the dollars which have come from America will be followed up by representation of the men who send them, the moment these men can land in Queenstown Harbour without being haled to Kilmainham. Therefore it is as certain as anything can be that a Parnellite Gladstone must go whither Mr Parnell leads, and that Mr Parnell's lead is controlled from the other side of the Atlantic. And thus it is also certain that no greater mistake could be made

than to suppose that Parnellism, either on the front Opposition bench or elsewhere, has been scotched, far less killed, by recent events.

Therefore, let it again be repeated, and emphatically, that never in this half-century has it been more important that all who have a regard for the maintenance of a United Kingdom should earnestly be at work, without delay, without ceasing, without wearying, until the struggle before the nation is decisively fought out. When Lord Salisbury at the Mansion House spoke of the decision of the country as "irrevocable," he meant "irrevocable" in its intention,—that it was given as a final decision. But he did not mean that it would remain irrevocable, if his party and the other Unionists were to fall into a drowsy condition, and abandon the work of strengthening the defences, and training and increasing the garrison. It was rather to stimulate this practical work, for which the nation expressed its desire. His words may be taken to mean, "The nation's will is irrevocable for the maintenance of the Union. Do you, who are the workers for the nation, see that her desire may not fail by loss of zeal and energy on your part. The irrevocability of a national decision must depend upon continuance of action. It is vain to assert it, unless we are seen to be ready, and always ready, to stand up for it."

This is a time for plain speaking. And truth compels to the assertion that it is in steady work that the average Conservative fails. We have not yet shaken ourselves free of two delusions, each of which is made the excuse for relaxation of effort. The one is the easy-going delusion that people are better left alone,

except when an election is impending. The other is the despondency delusion, which says, "What's the use?" Both delusions have often little original sincerity about them. They are begotten of laziness and want of self-sacrifice. To leave electors alone except when an election is not immediate, might be a very sensible policy if it were universal. But in our time, when the enemy is never at rest for a single day, it is absolutely suicidal. Most of all is it so at a time when the great propagandist has deliberately announced that the country has to "learn the lesson" that it must give the government of Ireland to Mr Parnell. This doctrine will be taught day by day, and it will require the constant exercise of energy beyond anything shown by the Tory party in this generation to provide an antidote. It is poison that works most rapidly, and requires the most prompt application of the antidote. To give it time to work, and to hope that its effects can be cured by a few platform speeches at a general election, is madness. Speech must be met by speech, pamphlet by pamphlet, placard by placard. The community must be made to know that the friends of the Union all over the country are prepared to make sacrifices for the work of its maintenance. It must not be fox-hunting, pheasant-shooting, yachting, cricket, lawn tennis, and golf, and after that, at a "convenient season," a little politics. "I have my house full of friends," or, "I have a *battue* on," is far too common an excuse for influential people being conspicuous by their absence when the work of politics is being done. The attention to voters is far too often left to the factor or the

bailiff, giving the character of something scarce worth considering to the votes that may turn an election. It is sincerely to be hoped that there will be less of this in future. In the old days a whole constituency could be worked up in a few days, and its general tendencies could be known without much trouble at any time. It is not so now; and if a party is to hold its own, the pulse of the constituency must be tested, and its political life stimulated, not occasionally, but persistently and vigorously. As regards the "What's the use" set of political pessimists, surely it must be sufficient to point out that if such a view had been allowed to dominate, we should not now see the spectacle of fifty-two London seats being held by the Constitutional party. What cause can there be for despair anywhere, when London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and Sheffield are returning Conservative members, and some of them returning scarcely any other colour? The Tories who have what is called "position" must meet the voters and their families, and get to know them in a public fashion, as their forefathers knew the limited circle of their political supporters individually. Those who are now the rank and file of the party must meet the leaders—local and national leaders—from time to time. The leaders must stimulate the energy of the followers by being among them, stirring their enthusiasm, and inspecting, and thus encouraging, their work. The people must feel that those who are by the turn of the wheel placed above them in the social scale are in sympathy with them in the work they have to do, which can be no longer the work of individuals, but must be

that of the many inspired by the few. Inactivity can no longer be masterly. To be inactive is to abandon the position. And there never was a time when the abandonment of the position meant such ignominy as now.

But that the rank and file, and those who directly lead the rank and file, may be active and untiring, it is further essential that they should see an untiring spirit in their representatives. It is for those who have been returned to Parliament at the most momentous election any man living has seen, to work diligently and to make sure that the defences of the Union are so complete, and her guards so watchful, that the enemy shall despair of finding a chance for a surprise, or a breach for an assault. Nothing was so characteristic of the six years of Lord Beaconsfield's Government from 1874 to 1880, than the unbroken and unbreakable phalanx which his followers presented to the Opposition. Such an impression did it make on Parliament, that the normal Conservative majority was always largely exceeded, and it was only by a fierce attack, not on his opponents but on Parliament itself, that Mr Gladstone succeeded in ousting Lord Beaconsfield's Government from power. It was not the Government of the day but the Parliament of the day that he held up to obloquy, and on that occasion with only too great success. The freedom from party spirit which was shown between 1875 and 1879 was exceptional, and highly creditable to the political reputation of the British people. It may be left for history to tell how honourable it was to that Parliament that it aroused Mr Gladstone's wildest passion, and was the object of his fiercest

denunciation. But, however this may be, it is quite certain that upon the self-sacrificing and diligent spirit of the majority of the new House depends the future of the United Kingdom. The determination of the House to carry out the mandate of the last election, and to suffer no tampering with the Union, depends upon the individual diligence of the members returned to uphold it. There must be diligent attendance that no Labouchertian snap-vote may be flourished before the country as an indication of "finding salvation" à la Campbell-Bannerman. There must be a spirit which rises above petty grievances, which often bulk so largely in the eye of the rank and file, and yet are so small in reality. The time is an anxious one, and in ordinary life it is when the head of the house is anxious that the members of the family are called on to show patience and forbearance. It is a time to restrain the tongue from injurious, even though it may be just criticism. There must be no grumbling where all does not go exactly as might be desired. It is a time for grand manœuvres, and the work of the army cannot be made to move at the rate which shall ensure exactly the right management of every corporal's guard.

It is positive that there must be a distinct line taken and adhered to. When the line is resolved on, individual fads must be made to give way. A line must be taken and held to, regardless of clamour and opposition. Above all, there must be no truckling for the Irish vote. There must be no suffering it to be supposed that this or that may be an open question. What the nation desires is certainty, and the disaffected part of the nation

will never be brought to reason by anything else.

All this applies to the whole Tory party, but it applies with special emphasis to the Government.

It is for her Majesty's Ministers to declare what they intend to do—what they reject, what they address themselves to. It is specially necessary that they should speak with no uncertain sound, in fairness to the Unionist Liberals, who are entitled, and indeed bound, to know what the Government purpose, before giving definite support. They cannot go with the Ministry, unless they know whither they are going. On the other hand, if the way is plain before them, they will have to reckon with the country if they refuse to walk in it.

It is with the greatest satisfaction that the words of her Majesty's Ministers at the opening of Parliament have been read by the country at large. They are exactly what the nation requires. Three things stand out prominently. First, that the Cabinet declines to adopt Mr Gladstone's pusillanimous doctrine; that the duty of the Government to maintain social order is inseparably mixed up with legislation on the land and local government questions. They take their stand firmly that they intend to restore social order as a first and a primary duty. Second, that they will listen to no compromise upon the question of maintaining in its integrity the supremacy of Parliament and the union of the kingdom. Third, that they are determined to investigate Irish affairs to the bottom, and to call upon Parliament when it meets in February to support or to condemn a distinct and clear Irish

policy then to be declared. They promise nothing to Irish disaffection. They promise their best efforts to Irish interests. They face the Parnellite party, now led by Mr Gladstone and recruited from his English followers, with a line of policy clear and unmistakable; and they do so with the distinct intimation that they will not try to obtain Parnellite favour for that policy by putting the maintenance of social order last, but that the first executive work of a Government, the upholding the liberty of the individual, that he may prosecute his affairs freely and in peace, shall be carried out at whatever cost. They do not at present believe that exceptional powers are required for this purpose, and therefore they propose, while doing this work, to take time to mature such legislative projects as may help towards a settlement of the land and government questions. At the same time, it will be a consolation to loyal subjects in Ireland to feel assured that the reign of lawlessness and crime must have ceased with the accession to office of the Conservative Ministry. In thus taking up the first duty of an executive, and refusing to allow its fulfilment to be made dependent on future legislative action, they have taken a manly course, which will produce a good effect on this side of St George's Channel; and if they carry out what they have laid down for themselves on the other side of that Channel firmly, judiciously, and humanely, there is every reason to believe the effect will be equally good there. The day of truckling to lawlessness and treason is over. The Irish leaders are clever enough to know that violence and intimidation are weapons

of controversy that, if used too often, will rouse a spirit in this part of the United Kingdom which once roused will not be easily laid. For it is clear, from the languid interest shown in the debate on the Address, that any attempt to force on the Government will be futile. Sir William Vernon Harcourt can shout in terms which condemn his own past if he pleases, but he can rouse no enthusiasm, and produce no substantial effect. His most vigorous denunciation of the Ministry is based on the fact that they are not following the traditional principles of the Liberal party. He will perhaps be surprised to discover that the course chosen by the Government is not the less acceptable to the country on that account. It may take the Parnellites—both Right Honourable and otherwise—some time to learn that Mr Gladstone and the Glad-

stonian section of the Liberal party are not "the country," but everything indicates that the lesson is likely to be taught with emphasis. The Government by being distinct will lead the country, if the country will be led; and if not, they can leave their places with honour. Not being in a majority of the House, they can only remain in office by the support of the Unionists who do not belong to their party. These, on the other hand, can have no hope of seeing their patriotic desires fulfilled, except through Lord Salisbury's Administration. But their patriotic action called for perfect candour on the part of those to whom they gave an independent support. The Ministry have done wisely in stating distinctly the course they intend to take, and the country will freely give them the time they require to follow it out.

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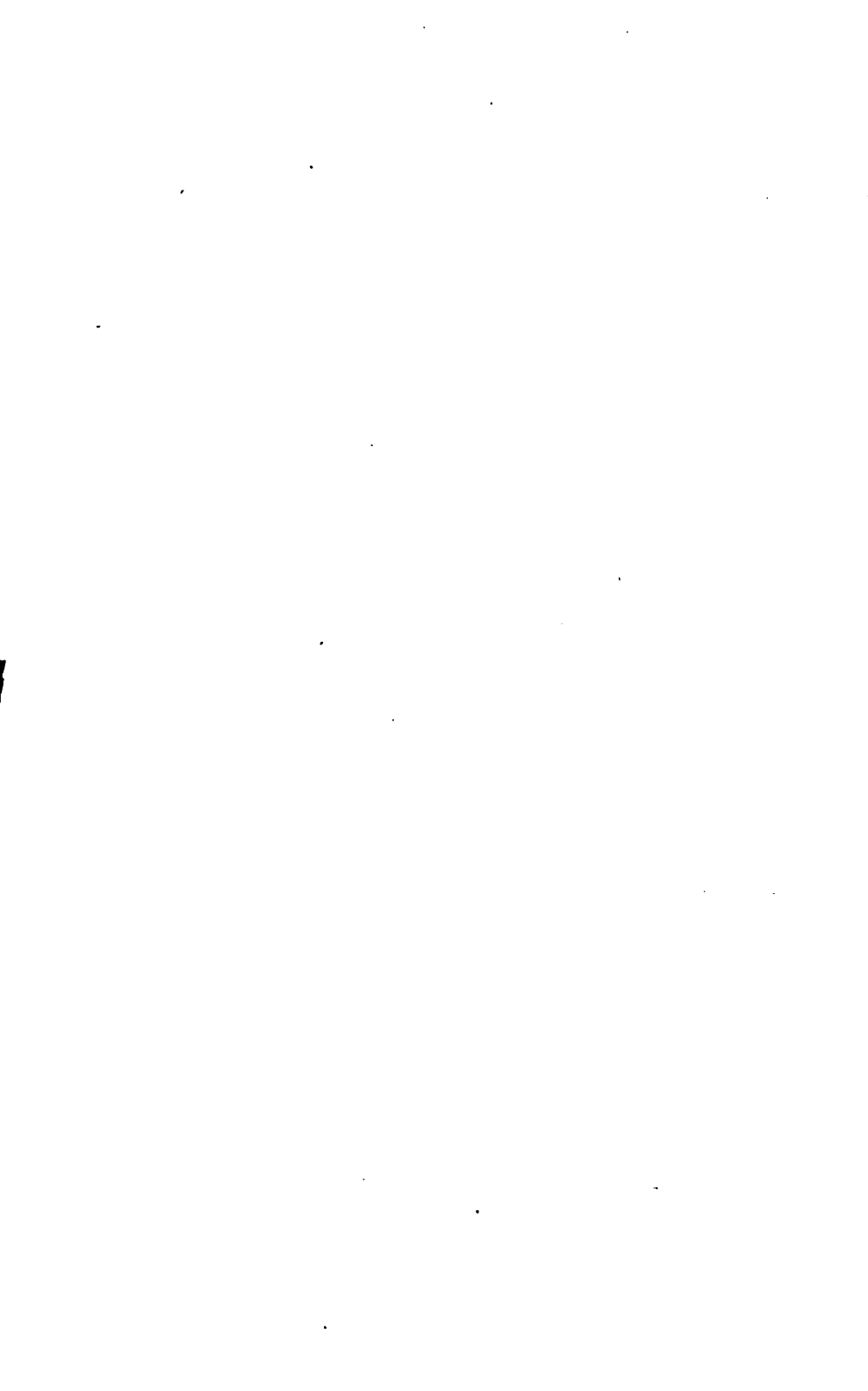


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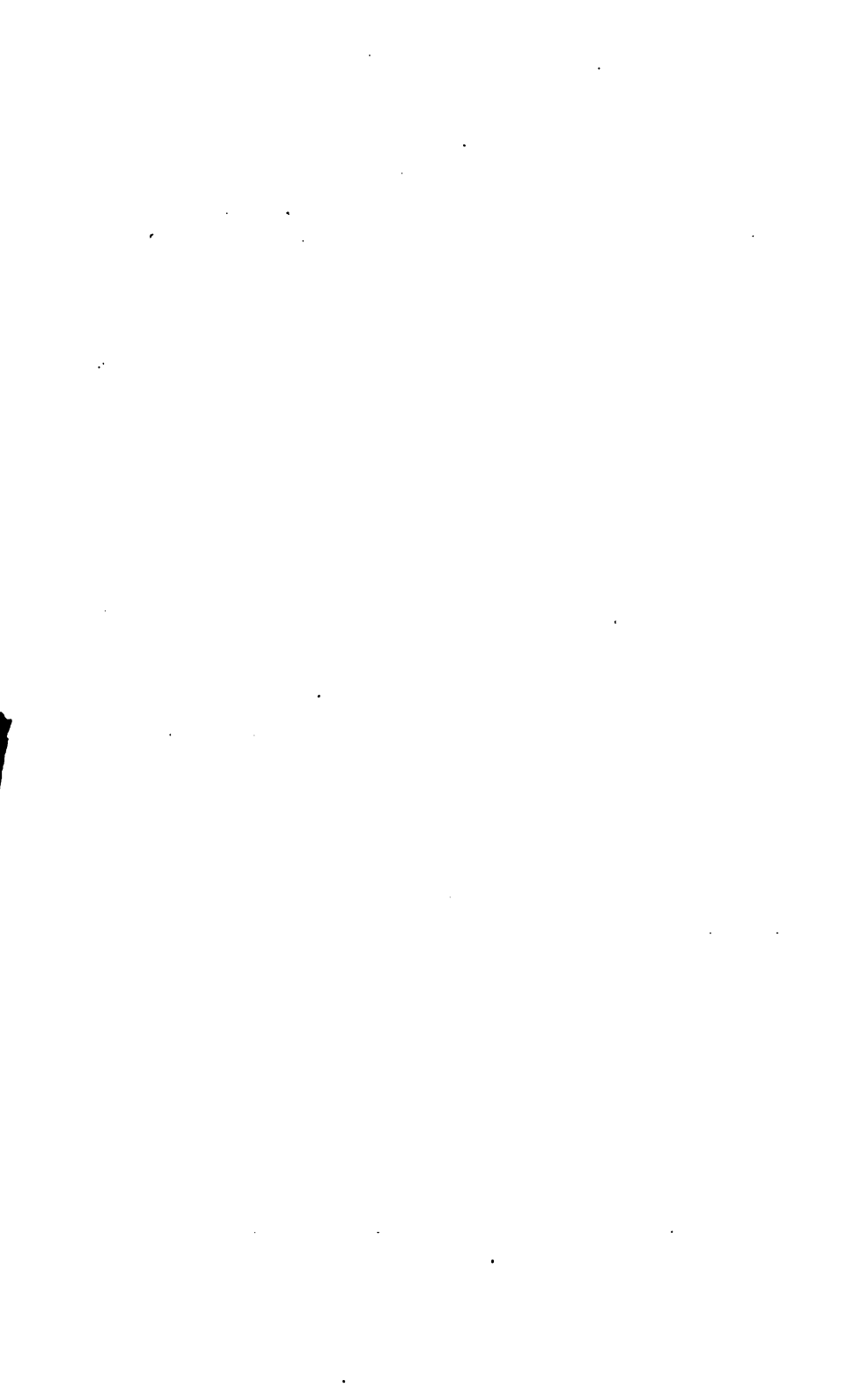
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EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.



OCT 12 1836

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCLII.

OCTOBER 1836.

VOL. CXL.

FACTS AND FICTIONS IN IRISH HISTORY.

THE history of Ireland, like the character of her inhabitants, is full of romance. From the earliest legend, which tells us that, at a period anterior to the Deluge, a niece of Noah, accompanied by a numerous retinue, established herself in Ireland, down to the latest oratorical description of past events in that country, all is tinged with an exaggeration and unreality more attractive than satisfactory to the mind of the student who is seeking after truth. It is, moreover, greatly to be deplored that, in times subsequent to those early periods which in the history of every country are naturally shrouded in mystery, whatever has been written with regard to Ireland and her past has been constantly dictated by the bitterness of party spirit, and the desire to wrest the events of history into the weapons by which some political object might be advanced. So that in attempting to arrive at the truth by means of a careful study of the works of those who have written on the subject, it is not only desir-

able but necessary to compare one with the other, and to exercise considerable discretion in accepting or rejecting statements which are made by writers of a particular bias. Nothing is more easy than to make out a case for a political theory, if we only read those books and documents which tend to the conclusion at which we desire to arrive. On the other hand, if it be our object really to ascertain historical truth upon which to found our own opinions and to guide the opinions of others, the advocates of different theories must be consulted and heard, their statements compared, and the probabilities of their truth duly considered.

These remarks are suggested by occurrences which have taken place within the last few months, and which are of too much importance to be lightly passed over or forgotten.

Mr Gladstone recently proposed certain legislation for Ireland, which, whether right or wrong, involved, distinctly and certainly, a departure from those principles

which have been held by every British Minister since the days of William Pitt, and the practical reversal of the policy of that great statesman. Without entering into any argument upon the abstract merits or demerits of the legislation proposed, we are bound to allow that its wisdom or unwisdom, its justice or injustice, the probability or improbability of its success, depended to a very large extent upon the accurate reading of the history of the past. For if the historical statements made by Mr Gladstone and some of his adherents are to be accepted as absolutely and literally true, Ireland had enjoyed in bygone days privileges and advantages of which she was deprived at and by the passing of the Act of Union; that Act itself was passed by the most nefarious means, and in defiance of the wishes and feelings of the whole people of Ireland; and Great Britain owes to that people a debt which honour, justice, and care for her own reputation should all impel her to discharge in the fullest and most ample manner, and in a spirit of combined repentance and generosity. If, on the other hand, the statements to which I allude are either historically doubtful or positively inaccurate, too much blame can hardly be thrown upon those who have advanced them. They are statements which cast shame upon our country, which is also the country of those who have made them; they throw the greatest discredit upon men who lived and died in the service of that country, and whose memories are still revered and honoured amongst their fellow-countrymen; and, moreover, they disparage the reputation of all those British statesmen who for eighty-six years past have been content to administer the government of these islands without any attempt to redress the grievances of which complaint is made, or to revise that legislation which, according to Mr Gladstone, has wronged Ireland in so cruel a manner, and has been inflicted upon her against the almost unanimous voice of her people. The object of this article is to investigate, with as much impartiality as may be, the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statements to which I refer. For this purpose I have ransacked the pages of Irish historians from a remote period down to the present day.¹ I have carefully studied the principal parliamentary debates upon Irish subjects, and have also availed myself of the side light which several writers upon portions of English or Irish history have thrown upon the subject.

Within the limits of an article in a magazine, it is impossible to deal fully and completely with questions the elucidation of which requires many references and much research. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the attempt ought to be made, and specially with regard to three points which are of material interest in the Irish con-

¹ The principal authorities which I have consulted before and during the writing of this article have been Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland,' Campion, Hanmer's 'Chronicle of Ireland,' 'Pacata Hibernia,' Keating, Leland, Wright, Plowden, Sir J. Davies's 'Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued nor brought under obedience of the Crowne of England untill the beginning of His Majesties happie Raigne,' Parliamentary debates, 'Earl Clare's Speeches,' Massey's History of England, Montgomery Martin's 'Ireland before and after the Union,' Stanhope's 'Life of William Pitt,' Froude's 'English in Ireland,' Barry O'Brien's 'Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland,' &c. &c.

troversy. First, the statements concerning the Parliament of Ireland in early times and up to the year 1782. Secondly, those as to the character of "Grattan's Parliament," established that year, and the history of the times during its existence. Thirdly, the assertions respecting the Act of Union, and the manner in which it was carried. With respect to all these points I shall quote the published words of Mr Gladstone just previous to and during the late elections; and without for a moment imputing any unworthy motive or intentional deception, I shall humbly submit that those words do not convey the historical truth of the matters with which they deal, but are calculated to impart to the minds of those who have heard or read them, impressions and opinions the reverse and opposite of those to which that truth would lead. It is the more necessary to deal carefully with these questions, because Mr Gladstone has made it a special charge against those who have ventured to differ from his Irish policy that they avoid those references to history which I desire to make. Speaking at Glasgow on the 22d of June last, he declared that his opponents had "made among themselves a kind of threefold self-denying ordinance," and that "the first point of that ordinance" was "never to have any regard for history at all." Again, at Manchester, on the 25th of June, he said: "Our opponents will not refer to history, or learn anything by experience from other nations of the world and the history of our own country. I think they are very wise in not touching history. At every point it condemns them."

A statesman who speaks thus of his political opponents, and

appeals to history as a sure witness in his favour, must undoubtedly have fully and carefully studied the historical records of the questions under discussion. Let me state his own views in his own words, and then proceed to test them by the light of that history to which he appeals. In his second speech at Edinburgh during the late election, delivered upon the 21st of June last, Mr Gladstone spoke of "the old original National Parliament of Ireland, that independent legislative authority,—a Parliament which claimed the exclusive title to make laws which were for the people of Ireland." In his speech at Liverpool he declared that "the Parliament of Ireland when it was extinguished was 500 years old. *It was not a gift to Ireland; it had sprung from the soil;*" and in his letter to the Liberal agent for East Denbighshire, dated "Hawarden Castle, 1st July," he asserts that "Ireland had a Parliament of her own for 500 years or more," and then "had it taken away by a mixture of violence and corruption." Unless these words were intended to mislead those to whom they were addressed (which I cannot for a moment suppose to have been the case), we must undoubtedly understand them as conveying the statement that Ireland had in past times a Parliament possessed of legislative powers independent of England. I am unable to find any historical authority for such a statement.

Whatever form of government may have prevailed in Ireland at periods antecedent to the interference of Henry II. with her affairs, and whatever traditions of national assemblies may have been handed down, it can scarcely be seriously contended that anything approximating to our ideas

of a representative Parliament can have existed. Leland, in his "Preliminary Discourse," mentions the monarch "Ollam-Fodla," who, according to tradition, "established a regular form of government, erected a grand seminary of learning, and instituted the Fes, or triennial convention of kings, priests, and poets, at Teamor, or Tarah, in Meath, for the establishment of laws and regulation of government." He observes, however, that "Keating, the Irish historian, who transcribed his accounts from poetical records, mentions little more of this boasted assembly than that its great object was to *introduce civility*, and to guard against those crimes which predominate in days of rudeness and violence. The magnificent detail of its grandeur and solemnity, the scrupulous attention paid by its members to the national history, annals, and genealogies, are nothing more (as I am assured) than the interpolations of an ignorant and presumptuous translator."

Whatever the amount of credit to be attached to the traditions relative to the convention to which reference is thus made, I can hardly suppose it to be the "old independent legislative authority" to which Mr Gladstone refers. So far as we can judge from the records which have come down to us, the kings or chieftains of the earlier part of Irish history exercised a somewhat despotic rule over their followers, and were little likely to have submitted to the control of any representative body. They appear, indeed, to have been principally occupied, not in framing laws for the benefit of their people, but in constant warfare against each other; and however great may

have been their glory, however heroic their deeds, that glory was gained and those deeds were performed on the field of battle, and not in the peaceful arena of Parliament. King Henry certainly found no parliamentary institutions existing in Ireland. Torn by contending factions, oppressed by Danish invasion on one side, and the tyranny of their own chieftains on the other, the unhappy people had sunk into a state of semi-barbarism. Order and good government were unknown; plunder, robbery, and rapine prevailed throughout the land; and Sir John Davies, writing of those times in 1612, thus sums up the condition of the country: "As for oppression, extortion, and other trespasses, the weaker had never anie remedy against the stronger: whereby it came to passe, that no man could enjoy his life, his wife, his lands, or goodes in safety, if a mightier man than himselfe had an appetite to take the same from him." As to King Henry himself, it was to Synods and not to Parliaments that he directed his attention. He relied upon the bulls of two successive Popes to establish his authority; and at the Synod of Cashel, in the year 1172, succeeded in conciliating the Church of Rome, and binding the Irish clergy to his interests. King Henry and his successors, recognised as "Lords of Ireland" (the title of "King" having been assumed first by Henry VIII.), never had more than a limited portion of Ireland actually under their authority, being satisfied with their nominal recognition by the great chieftains beyond the Pale. "The Pale," says Plowden, "comprised the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Uriel,"¹

¹ "Uriel" was the ancient name for Louth. "Ergallia" or "Argallie" included Louth and Monaghan.

with the cities of Waterford, Cork, and Limerick, and the lands immediately surrounding them. Over the other parts of the kingdom, which were without the Pale, neither Henry II. nor any of his successors until the reign of James I. either had or even pretended to claim more than a naked sovereignty, marked by nothing else than a formal homage, an inconsiderable tribute, and an empty title." It is with reference to this condition of affairs that the boast is sometimes made that Ireland was "never conquered" by the Anglo-Normans. The more truth that there is in this boast, the less can there be in any claim on the part of the "unconquered" race to a share in those "Parliaments" which existed in the times of which I write. For, as a matter of fact, those "Parliaments" were neither more nor less than conventions of British settlers within the Pale. In his famous speech upon the Union, delivered in the Irish House of Lords upon the 10th February 1800, Lord Clare states the case with perfect accuracy:—

"But what," he says, "is the fact which stands recorded and authenticated beyond doubt or controversy? That Ireland, before the accession of James I., *never had anything like a regular government or parliamentary constitution.* In the reign of Edward II. the descendants of the first English settlers had a provincial assembly which was called the Parliament of the Pale. The same sort of assembly was occasionally summoned during several successive reigns; and any man who will take the trouble to read the statute-book will find that the principal business of them all was to pass ordinances of outlawry against the native Irish, and inhabitants of English blood connected with them. But such was the contempt in which these assemblies were held, that even the colonists of the Pale considered it an insult to be summoned to attend

them. And I repeat, without incurring the hazard of contradiction, that Ireland never had any assembly which could be called a Parliament until the reign of James I. The legislative assemblies before his accession were composed only of the few persons who could be prevailed upon to attend from obedient shires and towns within the Pale, or immediately adjacent to it, and from a few scattered English settlements on the coast of Munster."

I may remark, in passing, that this speech of Lord Clare, as well as the great Union speech of Pitt in January 1799, should be read by those who desire to learn the real feelings by which the statesmen of that day were inspired in their dealings with the Irish question; and to these should be added Sir Robert Peel's speech in the debate of 1834 in the House of Commons. The whole of this latter debate, indeed, is very instructive; and with respect to the particular point with which I am now dealing, I may remark that those (if any) who dispute the testimony of Lord Clare, will find that, upon this occasion, a very different witness, the late Mr O'Connell, gives similar evidence. In his speech, in moving for a committee upon the subject of the Union, on April 22, 1834, he says (speaking of the period after the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland): "In the period of which I now speak, Ireland had a *separate Parliament.* The *Parliament of the Pale* was formed, in which British subjects were represented." It is hardly necessary to call further evidence in order to establish the fact that these early Parliaments of Ireland, such as they were, were not the products of Irish soil, but of that Anglo-Norman invasion without which it is probable that they would never have existed. Indeed, in the same speech to which I have already alluded, Mr O'Connell declared

that "down to the year 1614, two distinct independent nations were recognised in Ireland;" and that in that year, for the first time, the "power of the King of Great Britain was generally recognised in Ireland." It appears, then, tolerably certain that no claim to a "free" and "independent" Parliament, or in fact to any Parliament at all, can be advanced, except such as is founded upon the assemblies of English settlers to which I have alluded. But in what sense can these assemblies be called free and independent? How can they be said to be "not a gift to Ireland," but something which "sprang from the soil"? In 1295, Sir John Wogan had called a "Parliament" of the English subjects, principally for the purpose of regulating their relations with the native Irish and composing their own internal dissensions.

It was not until 1356 that Edward III. published an ordinance, in which he authorised the Parliament of Ireland to "take cognisance" of public matters. Leland (vol. i. p. 213) gives a quotation from Lord Coke, which it may be well to insert here, as showing the origin of the power of the Irish Parliament to transact business: "By this ordinance the Parliaments of Ireland are regu-

lated according to the institution of England, for before this time the conventions in Ireland were not so properly Parliaments as assemblies of great men." It was under the powers conferred by this ordinance that the Parliament of Kilkenny was held in 1367. It will therefore be seen to be beyond question that, instead of having sprung from Irish soil, these Irish Parliaments were an article of English importation. They were confined to English subjects, and composed of representatives only from the districts absolutely under British authority. They were summoned from time to time, at the will and pleasure of the English sovereign or his representative. Not only so, but it will be found that they were summoned at different places and at different intervals of time; and that, even at a much later period than that to which Mr O'Connell alludes, an interval of no less than twenty-five years was allowed to elapse without the convening of an Irish Parliament. Moreover, the number of persons summoned varied, according to the will of the King. Thus I find that in the March of the year 1374 only twenty members were summoned, all from constituencies within the Pale, and that in subsequent years the numbers constantly varied.

In Nov.	1374	there were summoned	54 persons.
"	1380	" "	58 "
"	1397	" "	62 "
"	1559	" "	76 "
"	1585	" "	122 "
"	1613	" "	232 "
"	1634	" "	254 "
"	1639	" "	274 "

And in 1692 the number seems to have been fixed at 300, at which it remained until the Union.

Surely, then, if it be certain that the authority of the English sover-

eign was necessary to the meeting of this body, and that he was never under any restraint as to the time at which it should be summoned, the place at which it should meet,

or the number of which it should be composed, it seems on the face of it somewhat preposterous to allege that any "right," such as that now advanced, can have a real and substantial foundation. Those who desire that Ireland should be separated from Great Britain, and who are bold and honest enough to openly avow such sentiments, are of course at liberty to appeal to any real or fancied greatness and prosperity of their country which existed in what are practically prehistoric times, and to date the history of her decline from the period of the Anglo-Norman invasion. But it is as absurd as unreasonable to seize upon an institution which (in whatever form it existed) was undoubtedly the creation of those very Anglo-Norman invaders, and to claim it against them and their descendants as a proof of Irish independence. It may, however, be alleged by those who adopt Mr Gladstone's view of the subject, that, whatever the origin of the Irish Parliament, and however complete its subjection to the English sovereign in the earlier times after the reign of Henry II. it afterwards achieved a practical independence of England. In support of this view may be quoted the mission of Sir E. Poynings in the reign of King Henry VII., and the proceedings of his Parliament, held at Drogheda in 1495. This Parliament passed the famous measure known as "Poynings' Act," by which it was provided that in future no Parliament should be held in Ireland until the King's Lieutenant and Council had first certified, under the Great Seal of England,

"The causes and considerations thereof, and all such Acts as to them seemeth should pass in the same Parliament; and such causes, considerations, and Acts, affirmed by the King

and his Council to be good and expedient for that land, and his licence thereupon, as well in affirmation of the said causes and Acts, as to summon the said Parliament under his Great Seal of England had and obtained; that done, a Parliament to be had and holden after the form and effect afore-rehearsed; and if any Parliament be holden in that land hereafter, contrary to the form and provision aforesaid, it shall be deemed void and of none effect in law."

It may be contended that this Act, which gave to the Lord Lieutenant or to the King in Council the whole initiative of legislation in the Irish Parliament, would have been wholly unnecessary if that Parliament had not previously possessed and exercised the powers of which it was thus deprived. But all that is really proved is that the Irish Parliament had assumed a greater power than that to which it was entitled, and than that which the sovereign upon whose will its existence depended was disposed to allow. I doubt whether any historical transaction has been more misrepresented and misunderstood than the cause and action of this Parliament of Drogheda, which is commonly represented as having violently invaded the constitutional rights of Irishmen, and basely surrendered the rights of an Irish Parliament. Those who take the trouble to investigate history for themselves, will find that neither charge can be sustained; and Mr Flood, speaking of "Poynings' law" in 1781, admitted that, at the time of its passing, it was considered by the people "as a boon and a favour." The Irish people had from the first warmly espoused the cause of the house of York; and in 1452 the Irish Parliament had, in supporting it, declared that "Ireland is, and always has been, incorporated within itself by ancient laws, &c.,

and is only to be governed by *laws made by its own Parliament*.”—(Leland, vol. ii. p. 42.) The mission of Sir Edward Poynings was caused principally by this unwarranted assumption of power by the Irish Parliament. It had been followed first by the coronation of the Pretender “Lambert Simnel” (“the Priest’s Boy,” as Sir John Davies calls him) in 1486, and then by the encouragement given to Perkin Warbeck. The Irish Parliament had fallen completely under the control of the great lords, who used it for their own purposes, and grievously oppressed the people. The Parliament of Drogheda was called in order to strengthen the Crown by breaking down their undue influence, exercised through the native Parliament. At the same time that it placed that Parliament in its original position of entire subservience to the English Crown, it abolished many irregular taxes, instituted a small land-tax, payable only to the King, and in several other ways diminished the power of the great lords. Not to multiply quotations upon this question, it will perhaps suffice to give the words of Sir John Davies, Attorney-General in the time of James I., whom Mr Gladstone himself quoted in his last Manchester speech as “a most able authority.” Speaking of “Poynings’ Act,” he says:—

“This Act, though it seemed *prima facie* to restrain the liberty of the subjects of Ireland, yet was it made at the prayer of the Commons, upon just and important cause. For the governors of that realm, *specially such as were of that Country Birth*, had layd many oppressions upon the commons: and amongst the rest, they had imposed Lawes upon them, not tending to the general good, but to serve private turnes, and to strengthen their particular factions. This moved

them to referre all Lawes, that were to be passed in Ireland, to be considered, corrected, and allowed first by the State of England.”

Those who still maintain that Ireland has had a “national” Parliament for the last 500 years, appear to be placed in this dilemma: either the Irish Parliament up to the year 1495 had been, as I have endeavoured to show, nothing more than a convention of British settlers, entirely dependent upon the will of the English sovereign; or else, being independent as they allege, it solemnly and formally relinquished its independence at the Parliament of Drogheda. The moral which I think we may fairly draw from the proceedings of this celebrated Parliament of Drogheda is that, even in the days of King Henry VII., it had become evident that the existence of two bodies claiming to be “independent” Parliaments, in contiguous countries governed by the same monarch, was inconsistent with the harmonious working of the constitution. If space permitted, there are several Irish Parliaments to which it would be interesting to allude, and several events in Irish history which throw light upon the question of “independence.” Mr O’Connell, indeed, tells us, in the same speech which I have already quoted, that “the parliamentary principle, first confined to the Pale, was extending throughout Ireland in the reign of James I., *subjected still to unjust control*, but working out the entire principle of legislative and judicial independence.” He calls to mind, moreover, that the Irish Parliament “four times repealed Poynings’ law, and as many times re-enacted it.” It was, he says, “a Parliament sometimes *considerably checked*—sometimes acting more freely.” I have pre-

ferred to quote Mr O'Connell upon this point, rather than to call witnesses more favourable to my own views, because it appears to me that, "reading between the lines" of the speech of that eminent man, those views are strongly corroborated. What is the real meaning of this "repealing and re-enacting Poynings' law," being "considerably checked," and "subjected to unjust control"? Simply this, that from time to time the Irish Parliament attempted to exercise greater powers than really belonged to it, and that as often as the attempt was made it was checked and defeated. Such would probably—nay, undoubtedly—be the case if the Irish Parliament, in any shape or form, should be reconstituted to-morrow; and those who doubt it can have given but little time to the study of human nature in general, or that of Irishmen in particular. It would be beyond the scope of this article to do more than glance at a few points in the history of the Irish Parliament from the time of the enactment of Poynings' law. Its continued and entire subserviency to the English monarch is evinced by its behaviour in the next reign, when it passed a law declaring the inheritance of the Crown to be in King Henry VIII. and his heirs by Anne Boleyn; and on receiving intelligence of her condemnation and death, immediately repealed its own Act, and resolved that it was in the issue of the King by Jane Seymour. The statute of the 13 of Henry VIII. c. 3, "recites that at that time the King's laws were obeyed and executed in the four shires only" (Sir J. Davies, p. 236); and the majority of historians appear to concur in the statement that Ireland was reconquered—or more completely conquered than before

—by Queen Elizabeth. "For the arms of this queen," says Leland (vol. ii. p. 410), "was reserved the honour of completely reducing all the enemies of the Crown of England in this island, after a perpetual contest of 440 years." The first semblance of anything approximating to a real Parliament in Ireland was that summoned by James I., with the intention of consolidating his power in that country. No better summary of the transactions of this and the succeeding period will be found than in Lord Clare's great Union speech in 1800; nor is it necessary to refer to the Irish Parliaments held under the Stewarts, or the summoning of forty Irish representatives to Westminster by Oliver Cromwell. It was in 1698, in the reign of William III., that Mr Molyneux, member for the University of Dublin, published his book—"The case of Ireland's being bound by Acts of Parliament in England stated"—which claimed independence for the Irish Parliament. This book was emphatically condemned by the English Parliament, as "of dangerous tendency to the Crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the King and Parliament of England to bind the kingdom and people of Ireland." The only effect of this claim to independence seems to have been to irritate the English Parliament, whose legislation during this and the succeeding reign was in many respects unjust and injurious to Ireland, and whose discouragement of her woollen manufacture, and enactments of penal laws against the Catholics, cannot be regarded without disapproval and regret. The Irish Parliament, meanwhile, being all the while exclusively Protestant, and representing only the English settlers,

which have been held by every British Minister since the days of William Pitt, and the practical reversal of the policy of that great statesman. Without entering into any argument upon the abstract merits or demerits of the legislation proposed, we are bound to allow that its wisdom or unwisdom, its justice or injustice, the probability or improbability of its success, depended to a very large extent upon the accurate reading of the history of the past. For if the historical statements made by Mr Gladstone and some of his adherents are to be accepted as absolutely and literally true, Ireland had enjoyed in bygone days privileges and advantages of which she was deprived at and by the passing of the Act of Union; that Act itself was passed by the most nefarious means, and in defiance of the wishes and feelings of the whole people of Ireland; and Great Britain owes to that people a debt which honour, justice, and care for her own reputation should all impel her to discharge in the fullest and most ample manner, and in a spirit of combined repentance and generosity. If, on the other hand, the statements to which I allude are either historically doubtful or positively inaccurate, too much blame can hardly be thrown upon those who have advanced them. They are statements which cast shame upon our country, which is also the country of those who have made them; they throw the greatest discredit

upon men who lived and died in the service of that country, and whose memories are still revered and honoured amongst their fellow-countrymen; and, moreover, they disparage the reputation of all those British statesmen who for eighty-six years past have been content to administer the government of these islands without any attempt to redress the grievances of which complaint is made, or to revise that legislation which, according to Mr Gladstone, has wronged Ireland in so cruel a manner, and has been inflicted upon her against the almost unanimous voice of her people. The object of this article is to investigate, with as much impartiality as may be, the accuracy or inaccuracy of the statements to which I refer. For this purpose I have ransacked the pages of Irish historians from a remote period down to the present day.¹ I have carefully studied the principal parliamentary debates upon Irish subjects, and have also availed myself of the side light which several writers upon portions of English or Irish history have thrown upon the subject.

Within the limits of an article in a magazine, it is impossible to deal fully and completely with questions the elucidation of which requires many references and much research. Nevertheless, it seems to me that the attempt ought to be made, and specially with regard to three points which are of material interest in the Irish con-

¹ The principal authorities which I have consulted before and during the writing of this article have been Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland,' Campion, Hanmer's 'Chronicle of Ireland,' 'Pacata Hibernia,' Keating, Leland, Wright, Plowden, Sir J. Davies's 'Discoverie of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued nor brought under obedience of the Crowne of England untill the beginning of His Majesties happie Raigne,' Parliamentary debates, 'Earl Clare's Speeches,' Massey's History of England, Montgomery Martin's 'Ireland before and after the Union,' Stanhope's 'Life of William Pitt,' Froude's 'English in Ireland,' Barry O'Brien's 'Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland,' &c. &c.

troversy. First, the statements concerning the Parliament of Ireland in early times and up to the year 1782. Secondly, those as to the character of "Grattan's Parliament," established that year, and the history of the times during its existence. Thirdly, the assertions respecting the Act of Union, and the manner in which it was carried. With respect to all these points I shall quote the published words of Mr Gladstone just previous to and during the late elections; and without for a moment imputing any unworthy motive or intentional deception, I shall humbly submit that those words do not convey the historical truth of the matters with which they deal, but are calculated to impart to the minds of those who have heard or read them, impressions and opinions the reverse and opposite of those to which that truth would lead. It is the more necessary to deal carefully with these questions, because Mr Gladstone has made it a special charge against those who have ventured to differ from his Irish policy that they avoid those references to history which I desire to make. Speaking at Glasgow on the 22d of June last, he declared that his opponents had "made among themselves a kind of threefold self-denying ordinance," and that "the first point of that ordinance" was "never to have any regard for history at all." Again, at Manchester, on the 25th of June, he said: "Our opponents will not refer to history, or learn anything by experience from other nations of the world and the history of our own country. I think they are very wise in not touching history. At every point it condemns them."

A statesman who speaks thus of his political opponents, and

appeals to history as a sure witness in his favour, must undoubtedly have fully and carefully studied the historical records of the questions under discussion. Let me state his own views in his own words, and then proceed to test them by the light of that history to which he appeals. In his second speech at Edinburgh during the late election, delivered upon the 21st of June last, Mr Gladstone spoke of "the old original National Parliament of Ireland, that independent legislative authority, — a Parliament which claimed the exclusive title to make laws which were for the people of Ireland." In his speech at Liverpool he declared that "the Parliament of Ireland when it was extinguished was 500 years old. *It was not a gift to Ireland; it had sprung from the soil;*" and in his letter to the Liberal agent for East Denbighshire, dated "Hawarden Castle, 1st July," he asserts that "Ireland had a Parliament of her own for 500 years or more," and then "had it taken away by a mixture of violence and corruption." Unless these words were intended to mislead those to whom they were addressed (which I cannot for a moment suppose to have been the case), we must undoubtedly understand them as conveying the statement that Ireland had in past times a Parliament possessed of legislative powers independent of England. I am unable to find any historical authority for such a statement.

Whatever form of government may have prevailed in Ireland at periods antecedent to the interference of Henry II. with her affairs, and whatever traditions of national assemblies may have been handed down, it can scarcely be seriously contended that anything approximating to our ideas

statesmen who desired the harmonious working of the constitution resolved to put an end to that system which so greatly impeded it. But the main point with which we have now to deal is, whether the description of this Parliament given by Mr Gladstone is a true and just description, and whether the British Government deserves the complete and withering condemnation which he deals out to it with such an unsparing hand. Upon such a point I must appeal to authority, and would venture, in the first place, respectfully to remind Mr Gladstone that at Glasgow he himself described the Irish Parliament which passed the Union, and which was a Parliament elected under the "constitution" of 1782, as "a miserably constituted Parliament—a Parliament of 300, in which there were 116 placemen, and in which a large number of the remaining members were returned by nomination boroughs." This "miserably constituted free Parliament" does not seem to have possessed the entire confidence of the Irish people even after it had received the gift of independence. It would have been strange if such had been the case, for it was a Parliament of an exclusively Protestant character—the Catholics, who formed the majority of the population, being still refused political rights. But even the Protestants did not place implicit reliance upon the powers and good intentions of this "regenerating" Parliament. The volunteers were composed of Protestants, and they assumed a totally unconstitutional position, appointing delegates, who sat in convention simultaneously with the Parliament, for no other apparent purpose than to guide, control, and overawe that august body. Speaking of the Irish House of Commons

in 1782, Mr Froude (vol. ii. p. 396) terms it, "undoubtedly an absurd caricature." Absurd or not, it had the spirit to refuse the Reform Bill which Flood presented, as the mouthpiece of the convention; but this was done by the initiative and in support of the British Government.

With regard to the "independence" of the Parliament of 1782-1800, it may be well to recall the fact, that "the assent of the sovereign under the Great Seal of England (not of Ireland) was still required to any Act passed by both Houses of the Irish Parliament, and that no Parliament could be held without licence under the Great Seal of Great Britain. There was still, therefore, virtual control by England over the proceedings of the Irish Parliament, which, moreover, had no power whatever over the executive administration. The old complaint of Irishmen had been that they were legislated for by a Parliament in which they were not represented; and Molyneux, in his book, had declared that "the people of Ireland ought to have their representatives in the Parliament of England; and *this, I believe, we should be willing enough to embrace, but this is a happiness we can hardly hope for.*" It was well remarked by Mr Emerson Tennent, in the debate of 1834, that, during the period of which we speak, Ireland, "without enjoying the dignity of a separate State, suffered all the inconveniences of being a separate people." The very language in which her parliamentary constitution was given her in 1782 stated that it was "indispensable to the interest and happiness of the kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland that *the connection between them should be established by mutual consent on a solid and permanent*

basis;" and during the time that Ireland possessed a separate Parliament, nominally independent, but unable to take any step without the concurrence and assent of the Parliament of Great Britain, how could the connection be so described?

The only "solid and permanent basis" was one into which the element of equality should enter; and the reason given to Lord Charlemont by Montesquieu is one which an Irishman might well accept as decisive in favour of a single legislature for the two countries—namely, that "an inferior country connected with one much superior in force can never be certain of the permanent enjoyment of constitutional freedom, unless she has, by her representatives, a proportional share in the representation of the superior kingdom." The character of this Parliament, however, as given by Plowden, is hardly in accordance with the eulogy of Mr. Gladstone. Speaking of its acceptance of the "constitution" given by Lord Rockingham, he says:—

"Although the short space of six weeks had scarcely elapsed since the House of Commons had triumphantly boasted of their steady adherence to the dictates of the Castle in rejecting every effort of the patriots to attain that constitutional liberty which they had been labouring at for years, . . . the ductile and instantaneous versatility of that very majority in supporting the propositions which they had before rejected, is a political phenomenon worthy of the most serious observation. All the ministerial members of independent fortune started up in rapid succession to purify their past conduct by disclaiming the influence of place or emolument: the chastest motives of patriotism had induced them hitherto to oppose that very system on which, by the magic of new appointments, they now discovered the salvation of

their country depended"—(vol. i. p. 596).

Whether or not the above is an accurate description of the Irish Parliament of 1782-1800 is a matter of little moment compared with the question whether their proceedings during that period really entitle them to be spoken of as a Parliament which was all the time "patiently and steadily working out the regeneration of their country." The record of their transactions will occupy no great space, either of time or paper. In 1783 they were almost entirely occupied in defending their position against the attempted dictation of the volunteers, whose moral defeat and eventual collapse, though creditable to the majority who brought it about by their support of the Government, can hardly be termed a work of "regeneration." In 1784, houghing, tarring and feathering, and other outrages, were practised to a serious extent; the "Whiteboys" came into notice, and no great social benefits can be said to have accrued from the recent "independence" of the Parliament; their chief sessional work was the rejection of Flood's reiterated motion for reform, for which they were subjected in June to an address from a meeting in Dublin, over which the high sheriffs presided. In the resolutions adopted at this meeting, a description of the Parliament is given in terms little more flattering than those which I have quoted from Plowden. One of the resolutions ran as follows:—

"Resolved unanimously, that the venality and corruption of the present House of Commons, evinced by the many arbitrary Acts passed in the last session, and the contempt and indignity with which they treated the applications and petitions of the constituent body, oblige us now to re-

quest the people at large to unite with us in the attainment of a more adequate representation, and in petitions to the throne for a dissolution of the present Parliament."

The address itself, founded upon these resolutions, is too long to insert here, but it condemns in the strongest terms the character and conduct of the Parliament. The Irish people do not seem to have been much enamoured of their "free Parliament" at this period, for mobs frequently invaded the sittings of the House, whilst the continued prevalence of "tarring and feathering," "houghing," and other malpractices, gave no proof that the "regenerating" process was at work.

In 1785 the principal business of the Irish House of Commons was the discussion of Mr Pitt's commercial proposals, which were eventually withdrawn owing to the narrowness of the majority (19) which the Minister could command. The bill for the revival of the militia, which dealt a death-blow to the volunteers, was carried, but carried by the "Castle" majority against the "Patriots." Riots and confusion again prevailed in Dublin during this year. In 1786 the "Right-boys" caused disturbances in the southern province, and gross outrages were committed upon the Protestant clergy. In Parliament, the pension-list was attacked by Grattan and his friends, but the attack was defeated; and their violent opposition to the bill for regulating the police (the only important bill of the session) shared the same fate. In 1787 the turbulent state of the southern province was mentioned in the King's speech. The subject occupied much of the attention of Parliament, and the principal legislation consisted of a bill "to prevent tumultuous risings and

assemblies," opposed by some of Grattan's friends, though only partially by himself. He mooted the question of tithes in this session, but his motion was negatived without a division. In 1788 he renewed this motion, which was lost by 121 to 49. The pension-list and the hearth-tax were both attacked, but the House refused to entertain either question, and the session terminated in April. This year witnessed the riots and fighting of the "Peep o' Day Boys" and "Defenders" in the north. In 1789 the Irish Parliament was chiefly occupied with discussions upon the Regency, which arose in consequence of the King's illness. In this session Grattan had some success in his attack upon pensions; but as soon as the King's recovery was announced, the majority immediately veered round again and supported the "Castle," so that he failed in this and in other attempted reforms. The shameless conduct of the "time-servers" in the Irish Parliament at this period, and the notorious corruption which prevailed, probably led to the motion in which Grattan attacked the whole system of "Castle" government in the beginning of the year 1790. In the same session, Ponsonby again assailed the pension-list, and Curran also took up the subject, but all three failed to impress the Parliament. The same thing occurred in 1791; and in that year came more disturbances in the north, savage murders of Protestants, and the formation of the "United Irishmen," whose main principle was hatred of England, and admiration of the republican doctrines of the French Revolution. In 1792 Grattan made his famous attack upon the administration of Lord Westmorland, and once more exposed the corruption of the system of government. He

emphatically denounced the subserviency of the House of Commons, and their "sale of their votes" to the Government. In this session the Government supported a very partial measure of relief to the Catholics, introduced by Sir Hercules Langrishe, which was carried; but the great Catholic petition, praying for the franchise, was rejected by 208 to 23 votes. In 1793 discontent and disturbance were still rife, and the "Convention Bill," vehemently opposed by Grattan, was carried. Ministers also made some further concessions to the Catholics, but the attempt to introduce Reform again failed. The session of 1794 was remarkably short, the only important debate being upon Mr Ponsonby's Reform Bill, which was defeated by a large majority; and the session terminated upon the 25th of March.

This closes the record of the proceedings of the Irish Parliament up to the period of Lord Fitzwilliam's appointment to the viceroyalty. Surely it is "a farce and something more" to speak of this Parliament as having been engaged in the "beneficent undertaking" of "patiently and steadily working out the regeneration of their country." During the whole of its career since 1782, it was the obedient slave of the British Government, "patiently and steadily" supporting the "Castle," and resisting every proposal in the shape of Reform or "regeneration" made by the independent party. Save and except the legislation initiated by the Government, its legislative work was practically nothing. It refused Reform—it only meted out relief to its Catholic fellow-subjects in such miserable dribblets as the British Govern-

ment permitted and suggested. The "many and great improvements" which it made of its own motion are absolutely chimerical, and most of its more important measures were such as would in the present day be bitterly denounced as savouring of "coercion." Whilst corruption and venality were again and again imputed to it in the most open manner and the most outspoken language, it cannot for a moment be pretended that this "free Parliament" was one with which "Ireland was satisfied." During the whole period from 1782 to 1795, discontent, disloyalty, riots, murders, tumultuous meetings, and illegal societies prevailed and increased in number; the Parliament was held in the greatest contempt by the people, and the description now given of it by those who accept Mr Gladstone's views is utterly at variance with that given by the Irish "Patriots" of the time, as well as with the historical facts of the case. Mr Barry O'Brien, indeed, expressly excepts the concession of independence to this Parliament from his list of British concessions to Ireland, on the ground that "it was a concession to the English colonists only."¹ The truth is, that such a Parliament could not have existed so long if it had not been subservient to the British Government; and this very body, even as things were, whenever it evinced any "independence" at all, proved at once the immense difficulty which must always attend the coexistence of two parliaments in the same kingdom. Perhaps the clearest and most conclusive statement upon this point is to be found in the speech of Sir Robert Peel, on the 25th April 1834, whose words, on account of

¹ Fifty Years of Concession to Ireland, vol. ii. p. 419.

their extreme importance, I venture to quote at length:—

"The history of Ireland herself," says Sir Robert, "between the year 1782 and the period of the Union, is pregnant with evidence fatal to the re-establishment of the system under which her affairs were then administered—conclusive as to the fact, that under such a system the *connection between the two countries is in perpetual danger*. The annals of Irish history for that short period—a period of only eighteen years—present, first, an address to the Crown from the Irish Parliament on the subject of the special relations of Ireland to Portugal; which address—considered by Mr Grattan a spiritless and languid address, because it did not demand instant reparation for the insult offered to Ireland—implied a right on the part of the Irish Parliament to resent the injury Ireland had sustained, and to take such effectual means as the honour and indispensable rights of Ireland might demand. Thus, one of two events might have occurred from the decision of the Irish Parliament: either the foreign relations of Great Britain with a friendly Power might have been disturbed, contrary to the wish of the British Parliament and the British Minister; or Ireland might have been involved in a war, to which Great Britain refused to be a party. The affair of Portugal occurred in 1782. In 1785, the propositions adopted by the Parliament of Great Britain for regulating the commercial intercourse of Ireland with Great Britain and her colonies, were necessarily abandoned in consequence of the opposition of the Irish Parliament. In 1788, upon the great question of Regency, it is perfectly notorious that the Parliaments of the two countries pursued a different course, acting upon principles at complete variance. . . . There have been only two occasions, in modern times, in which a difference between the two countries, as to the rights of sovereignty, could by possibility have occurred, and on both it did occur. The first was in respect of the title of William III. to the crown of Ireland; the second, the right of the Prince of Wales to the office of Regent. . . .

Within the short period of six years from the establishment of what is called the independence of the Irish Parliament—from the year 1782 to the year 1788—the foreign relations of the two countries, the commercial intercourse of the two countries, the sovereign exercise of authority in the two countries, were the subjects of litigation and dispute; and it was owing more to accident than to any other cause that they did not produce actual alienation and rupture. Add to these sources of discord and misfortune a foreign invasion in 1796 and a savage rebellion in 1798, and what becomes of the boasted prosperity and happiness which Ireland is said to have enjoyed under the government of the independent Parliament?"

I think it will be admitted that the above passage affords a striking commentary upon Mr Gladstone's laudation of the Irish Parliament at the period of which we are treating. But what shall we say of his description of what Mr Froude calls "the Fitzwilliam crisis"? I prefer to take my account of this episode, not from Mr Froude, but mainly from the historian to whose "liberal and most impartial mind," as well as to his "loyalty to truth and equity," Mr Gladstone has himself borne willing testimony. Lord Stanhope gives us, in his 'Life of William Pitt,' a full account of the whole transaction, which is rendered still more reliable by his access to the private as well as public documents from which his knowledge was derived. But, in the first place, let me again call attention to Mr Gladstone's words, that the Irish Parliament "was beginning to make more and greater improvements when, in 1795, the Tory Government of England *stopped the work by recalling Lord Fitzwilliam*, to the horror of every Liberal statesman of the day, and of the whole Irish people."

The impression left upon the minds of those unacquainted, or only partially acquainted, with Irish history, would undoubtedly be that Lord Fitzwilliam, in conjunction with the Irish Parliament, had for some time entered upon and was actively engaged in the "beneficent undertaking" of "regeneration," and that to his recall is to be attributed all the unhappy events of the succeeding years. "The Irish Parliament," said Mr Gladstone at Liverpool, "in 1795, under Lord Fitzwilliam, had been *gallantly and patriotically exercised in amending* the condition of the country." Now it should be at once stated and remembered, that, as a matter of fact, Lord Fitzwilliam arrived in Ireland upon the 4th January 1795, that his resignation of the office of Viceroy was given upon the 25th of February, and that consequently, although he did not actually leave Ireland until the following month, he was only Viceroy for a period of some seven or eight weeks, and remained in the country less than three months altogether. I have already summarised the proceedings of the Irish Parliament up to the close of its session in 1794, from which may be gathered the real amount and extent of its "regenerating" action. It will be remembered that Lord Fitzwilliam—who had become President of the Council in the Government formed in July 1794, upon the coalition of Pitt and a section of the Whigs—went to Ireland as the successor of the Earl of Westmorland. It must be fully and fairly admitted that his appointment was hailed with delight by all Irishmen who shared Grattan's feelings with regard to "Castle" corruption, and by the Catholics, who believed that it boded good to their claims for emancipation. I write without

prejudice upon this point, because I believe that these claims were just, and that the long delay in their recognition was morally wrong and politically unwise. But it is impossible, upon the evidence, to believe the assertion made by Mr Plowden (vol. ii. p. 471), and frequently made elsewhere, that "Lord Fitzwilliam went over with a plenitude of power from the British Government to carry every measure which he proposed, amongst which was Catholic emancipation." Mr Plowden says that this was "roundly asserted by that nobleman himself, by Lord Milton, by Mr Ponsonby, and Mr Grattan, who was sent for to England and consulted upon the subject." Mr Massey, in his 'History of England' (vol. iv. p. 284), quotes Grattan's son and biographer, who says that Grattan was informed (by Mr Pitt) that "while the Government were desirous of postponing the Catholic question, and would not bring it forward at present on their own responsibility, they would not oppose it, if brought forward by others." This is very much what Lord Fitzwilliam asserts in his 'Letters to Lord Carlisle' upon the subject, and in support of this view must be borne in mind Mr Pitt's well-known feeling in favour of the Catholic claims. Lord Stanhope, however, explicitly denies the statement. He tells us, touching the interview with Grattan, that Pitt was "fully determined not to pledge himself or the Cabinet as to their future course." Moreover, in the debate of 17th March 1800 upon the Union, Lord Fitzwilliam himself alluded to the subject, and admitted that he had assumed the government of Ireland "under orders, clearly understood by me, not to give rise to or bring forward the question of

Catholic emancipation on the part of Government." It is true that he declared in the same speech that he had at the same time entered his "protest against resisting the question if it should be brought forward from any other quarter," and had distinctly declared that in that case it should receive his "full support." Lord Grenville, however, who followed him in the debate, had "no recollection of any such protest," which Lord Fitzwilliam then stated to have been only verbal.—(Flowden, vol. iii. pp. 928, 929.) Some little light is thrown upon the matter by a reference to Lord Fitzwilliam's speech upon this occasion, wherein he alleges as a reason for his accepting such "orders," that he "yielded to the argument of *not wishing to entangle Government in difficulties upon the subject at that period.*" It is probable that the objections of the Government were not so much to the abstract merits of Catholic emancipation itself, as to the inexpediency of entering upon a question sure to excite so much of religious animosity—in a country where religious animosities are of an exaggerated kind—at a moment when the whole attention and energies of Government and people were concentrated upon a foreign war. Pitt had at that time the "Act of Union" in view, and the great probability is that his hope and intention was to smooth the way for that union which he believed to be so desirable for both Great Britain and Ireland, by accompanying it with concessions which should conciliate and satisfy the Catholics. But he was not prepared to enter upon the question at a moment which, rightly or wrongly, he judged to be inopportune, for reasons wholly outside the ques-

tion itself. Lord Fitzwilliam had no sooner arrived in Ireland than he seems to have forgotten the wish not to "entangle Government in difficulties upon the subject," for he gave such encouragement to the supporters of Catholic emancipation that Grattan promptly introduced his bill, and then ensued the "tyranny" of the British Government of which Mr Gladstone complains. It consisted in their adherence to their determination *not* to entertain the Catholic question at that moment, and their recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, who had practically forced it upon them.

Be it observed, moreover, that the Cabinet were entirely unanimous in their action, and, as Lord Stanhope observes, "the Duke of Portland, Lord Spenser, and Mr Windham were men of high feeling and unblemished honour. They had long been the friends and allies of Lord Fitzwilliam, yet they, with whatever reluctance, *concurred in the necessity of his recall, and remained in office as the colleagues of Mr Pitt.*" An attempt has been made by several historians of these events to show that the Catholic question had nothing to do with this recall, and that it is to be attributed to the Beresford influence, and that of other officials connected with the old and corrupt system, whom Lord Fitzwilliam had dismissed. As Lord Fitzwilliam has himself endorsed this view, it is perhaps worth while to record the fact stated by Lord Stanhope (vol. ii. p. 291), and taken from Pitt's own memorandum, that the Minister had made several conditions which were to be indispensable in the event of Lord Fitzwilliam's assumption of the Irish viceroyalty. Among these were: 1st, "A full explanation that all idea of a new system

of measures or of new principles of government in Ireland is disclaimed and abandoned; 2d, Complete security that Lord Fitzgibbon and *all the supporters of Government in Ireland shall not be displaced*; 3d, That a place shall be found for Lord Westmorland, the then Viceroy, so that it might be evident that the new appointment was not intended as a slight to that nobleman." Lord Fitzwilliam landed on a Sunday evening, was ill all the next day, and on Wednesday sent notice of dismissal to Beresford and Cooke, two of the "supporters" to whom Pitt had alluded. Pitt may have been wrong in making the condition; but there can be no doubt that Lord Fitzwilliam acted with precipitate indiscretion in this matter, and it is very possible that this action, and the offence given to the Protestants by his conduct upon the Catholic question, may have both had their weight in determining the decision of the Cabinet. The continuance in office of Portland and his friends disproves the assertion that Lord Fitzwilliam's recall was "regarded with horror by every Liberal statesman in the country." It is beyond dispute that it was received with indignation by the Irish Catholics and their sympathisers. But it is a misuse of words to call it a "tyranny." Mr Pitt had determined that emancipation could not be given at this moment; and to retain a Viceroy who desired to give it his "full support," would have been as impossible as for Mr Gladstone to have retained in his Cabinet Mr Chamberlain and Sir George Trevelyan, when he had resolved to give to Ireland that "Home Rule" in which they could not concur. It is worse than a misuse of words to pretend and to allege that all

the troubles of subsequent years sprang from the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. There were, after all, two sides to the Catholic claims. Mr Froude (vol. iii. p. 145) well observes, that "the first argument for admitting the Catholics to the constitution had been their approved loyalty. Now, the argument was their disloyalty, which no other remedy would remove." But whether or not it would have been right, wise, and politic to have conceded Catholic emancipation in 1795, and whether or not, in the then state of feeling between Catholic and Protestant in Ireland, and in a moment of national trial and national peril, it could have been fairly considered, and so great a change between the relative positions of the two religions effected without danger, it is beyond all question a complete and unwarrantable perversion of history to attribute to its refusal the unhappy events which occurred between 1795 and 1799.

I say nothing of the cruel imputation upon the Catholics, that they became rebels because the consideration of their claims was postponed, which is what Mr Gladstone's words appear to imply. What I do say is, that no impartial man can read the history of the period between 1790 and 1798 without perceiving that the episode of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall (however important in itself at the moment), was a very small portion of that history. During that period the French Revolution shook the whole framework of European government. Kings trembled upon their thrones — strong Governments were alarmed — religion itself was assailed — revolutionary doctrines were everywhere preached, and under the attractive name of Liberty, the wildest theories of republican socialism were pro-

mulgated and adopted, alike by honest enthusiasts and dishonest schemers.

Ireland, filled with an impulsive and excitable people, was not likely to escape the general infection; unhappily, it fell upon a soil already predisposed to receive the noxious seeds. Long before the days of Lord Fitzwilliam, secret societies and illegal clubs had been the favourite pastime of disaffected Irishmen. I have already alluded to the "United Irishmen," who sprang into existence after the French Revolution, and were inspired by its principles. It was in 1791 that this body commenced operations, and Wolfe Tone (prompted, as he has told us, by "hatred to England") had been successfully preaching treason long before 1795.

Ireland was in fact a hotbed of sedition when Lord Fitzwilliam arrived. It may be that his policy of concession would have postponed the rebellion. It may even be, and probably is, the truth that his recall hastened it, and strengthened the disaffected party, by enabling them to appeal to the Catholics to join in the attack upon a Government which refused them equal rights of citizenship. But it is not true that the "discontent" of which Mr Gladstone speaks was "begotten" by the "tyranny" of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall. It is not true that loyal men, Catholic or Protestant, became disloyal on that account; nor is it either just or patriotic to accuse the Ministry of Mr Pitt of "arbitrary government" because they took the necessary steps to repress and subdue a rebellious and incendiary spirit, which threatened the very existence of their country. If other statesmen in more recent times had been equally firm and courageous in their determination to put down

illegal societies and protect those who obeyed from those who defied the law, it might have been better for Ireland to-day. I have already called attention to some of the treasonable and mischievous societies which troubled the peace of Ireland subsequently to 1782. Those who still doubt will do well to read the speech delivered by the Attorney-General on the 20th May 1796, wherein he gave an historical detail of the outrageous proceedings of the "Defenders," commencing with the year 1790; and as regards the fact that treason was rife long before 1795, indubitable proof is afforded by the Report of the Secret Committee, both of the Irish Lords and Commons, which sat upon the subject in 1798. In confirming the Report of the Commons, the Lords unanimously resolved that "they were fully satisfied and convinced, from the evidence laid before them, that a traitorous and alarming conspiracy has been formed for the subversion of the established laws and constitution, and the introduction of a system of anarchy, plunder, and confusion similar to that which had fatally prevailed in France." They went on to state that "it appeared distinctly to them that such a system was *the first and fundamental object* of these societies, *at their original institution in the summer of 1791*; and that the attainment of what were called Parliamentary Reform and Catholic Emancipation were and continued to be holden out by them *merely as a pretence* for their associations, and with a view to seduce persons who were not apprised of their traitorous designs to unite with them." In his speech upon the Union, Lord Clare said that he could "state with perfect confidence that the seditious and treasonable conspiracies which have

brought this country to the verge of ruin, *are the natural offspring of the adjustment of 1782.*" This is one extreme, of which Mr Gladstone's extravagant praise of the same "adjustment" is the other. As usual, the truth is probably to be found between the two. It is absolutely certain that the conspiracies in question were not prevented by the gift of "independence" to the Parliament of 1782. It is not so certain that they would not have existed, at least to the same extent, without that gift. What I take to be shown by the facts beyond the possibility of a doubt, may be summed up thus: 1st, That Mr Gladstone's description of the Parliament from 1782 to 1800 as a "regenerating" Parliament, engaged in a "beneficent undertaking," is an absolutely erroneous and inaccurate description, except upon the supposition that Grattan and the "patriots," who were always defeated in that Parliament, were invariably wrong, and the British Government, who initiated all the legislation which that Parliament passed, invariably right. 2d, That whatever the merits of the Fitzwilliam controversy, the recall of that nobleman, though it may have aggravated, did not cause the discontent which had existed long before it, and which would have culminated in a rebellion, whether or not Lord Fitzwilliam had been recalled. 3d, That the "arbitrary government" of the British Ministry was absolutely necessary in the perilous times with which they had to deal, and should be looked upon with at least as much leniency as Mr Gladstone's own "coercion" policy between 1880 and 1885.

It is not necessary to particularise the events of the unhappy years 1796-98, save by a brief reference to the conduct of the Parlia-

ment which has been held up to our admiration. In 1795, as soon as the Government had declared against Catholic emancipation, they negatived Grattan's bill by a large majority. They defeated by 158 to 48 his motion for a committee to inquire into the state of the country; and in their subsequent sessions they still resisted every proposal for Reform, whilst in the last division upon the Catholic claims, only 19 members were found to support them.

Mr Plowden, who wrote in 1803, thus describes this Parliament:—

"The ready adoption and support which the majority in Parliament had, in the first days of Lord Fitzwilliam's administration, given to his proposed system of measures, and their unsteadiness and instant tergiversation upon the change of men, filled the people of Ireland with mistrust and jealousies that have never completely subsided to the present hour. They looked up no longer with any degree of confidence to the persons who were ready to barter their rights and interests to every set of men that could reward their ductility and subservience."

I cannot leave the evidence as to the character of this Irish Parliament without two quotations from Mr Grattan, which I respectfully recommend to Mr Gladstone's consideration. Upon one occasion he described it as "an assembly whose restricted constitution excluded freedom, and whose servile compliances had collected upon the country an accumulation of calamities." And, on the 26th of February 1790—ten years before the Union—he spoke thus:—

"What has our renewed constitution as yet produced? A Place Bill? No. A Pension Bill? No. *Any great or good measures?* No. But a City Police Bill, a Press Bill, a Riot Act; great increase of pensions; fourteen new places for members of Par-

liament, and a most notorious and corrupt sale of peerages. Where will this end?"

I might accumulate evidence upon the same subject, but I think I have said enough to prove to any impartial mind that the Irish Parliament of 1782-1800 is hardly deserving of Mr Gladstone's extravagant eulogium, and cannot be said to have been one with which "Ireland was satisfied."

The third series of statements to which I wish to call attention are those respecting the passing of the Act of Union in 1800. It is due to Mr Gladstone to chronicle the fact that in his second Edinburgh speech he used the following words: "Gentlemen, I tell you frankly that I am not prepared to consent to the repeal of the Union;" and went on to say that "the repeal of the Union means the permitted revival of the old original National Parliament of Ireland," &c. It may well be contended that, as the principal effect of the Act of Union was to put an end to the separate Parliament of Ireland, and that Mr Gladstone's proposed legislation was accepted by the Nationalists as about to revive, in some shape or other, a separate Parliament, it came within measurable distance of the repeal of an Act the chief provision of which it would have abrogated. This, indeed, was the opinion of no less a personage than Mr Gladstone's Lord Chancellor in 1885, Lord Selborne, who, in a letter addressed to the 'Times' upon the 1st May in the present year, remarked that "Mr Gladstone's scheme is really a repeal of the Union." But having given Mr Gladstone fair-play in quoting his denial of this fact, let us go on to see how he speaks of that Act of

Union which he will *not* consent to repeal.

He tells the people of Glasgow that—

"We took the Parliament of Ireland from her in 1800 by fraud and force—by a mixture of fraud and force as disgraceful as has ever been recorded in history. . . . Through the executive government of England," he adds, "the foulest and most monstrous corruption, joined with the grossest intimidation, was exercised to defile the minds and to purchase the votes" of the Irish Parliament.

At Edinburgh he says that—

"The Act of Union left Ireland in a state of burning indignation from one end of the country to the other; but the mass of the population, the Roman Catholic population, at that time were without organisation, and had no power to make their sentiments effective."

At Liverpool we have the same story—

"I know of no blacker or fouler transaction in the history of man than the making of the Union. Fraud is bad, and force—violence as against right—is bad; but if there is one thing more detestable than another, it is the careful, artful combination of force and fraud applied in the basest manner to the attainment of an end which all Ireland—for the exceptions might almost be counted on your fingers—detested, the Protestants even more than the Roman Catholics. In the Irish Parliament there were 300 seats, and out of these there were 116 placemen and pensioners. The Government of Mr Pitt rewarded with places those who voted for them, and took away the pensions of those who were disposed to vote against them. . . . That the detestable Union of fraud and force might be consummated, the bribe was held out to the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy, in the hope of at any rate slackening their opposition, that if only they would consent to the Union it should be followed by full admis-

sion to civil privileges, and by endowments, &c., &c. Well, I have heard of more bloody proceedings, — the Massacre of St Bartholomew was a more cruel proceeding,—but a more base proceeding, a more vile proceeding, is not recorded, in my judgment, upon the page of history, than the process by which the Tory Government of that period brought about the Union with Ireland."

In his letter to Mr Philip Stanhope, Mr Gladstone declares his conviction that, as the late Earl Stanhope was "a man of liberal and impartial mind, he would have stigmatised as it deserved the infamous history of the Union had it fallen within his period," and "truth and equity would have placed him on our side;" whilst in his letter to Mr George Leveson-Gower he still further improves upon his vocabulary of abuse. Forgetting the opinion which he had expressed at Liverpool that in nine out of ten recent subjects of legislation "the masses had been right," or perhaps taking the view that the exception in the present case "proves the rule," Mr Gladstone writes, "I am amazed at the deadness of *vulgar opinion* to the *blackguardism and baseness*—no words are strong enough—which befoul the whole history of the Union."

"Force," "fraud," "baseness," "blackguardism," are the terms which Mr Gladstone thinks it fitting to employ with respect to the legislation of one of the greatest of his predecessors, and one, too, who in his dealings with Ireland never displayed other than a liberal and conciliatory spirit. The use of such terms can only be explained by the supposition that the eminent man who employs them has confined his studies of Irish history to the writings of a particular school of Irish politicians, and the speeches of those whose object seems to have been to paint Eng-

land and her statesmen in the darkest possible colours. It is impossible to surpass the violence of the language in which the conduct of our country and her Government has been described by such speakers and writers. Of its justice Mr Gladstone might have judged by comparing it with some of the attacks of the "Nationalist" press upon himself, and more especially upon Lord Spencer, within the last two years. Great allowance is to be made for men who write under the influence of a strong belief that wrongs have been inflicted upon their country. It would be unfair to accuse such writers of wilful misstatements or exaggeration. Nevertheless, it is absolutely necessary to check their narrations by reference to other and more impartial accounts of the same transactions. It may be generous towards Ireland, but it is certainly not just towards England, nor conducive to the discovery of the truth, to accept without question all the accusations of anti-Unionist writers, and to assume (as Mr Gladstone appears to have done) the worst against our own country and the statesmen who directed her policy.

Let me, in the first place, dispel the illusion that the late Earl Stanhope, had he now been alive, would have been on Mr Gladstone's side, and would have endorsed his abuse of the conduct of those who passed the Act of Union. In his history of the year A.D. 1707, Lord Stanhope speaks of the Union with Scotland as "a great and healing measure;" and with regard to the allegation of bribery against the members of the Scottish Parliament, remarks that "exactly the same allegation, and *on just as flimsy grounds*, was, on occasion of the Irish Union, a century afterwards, brought

against the members of the Irish Parliament." But this is not all. Although it is true that the "history of the Union" was not written by Lord Stanhope, it seems to have escaped Mr Gladstone's memory that the same noble historian has given to the world the 'Life of William Pitt,' in which much of that history of necessity came before him. Is there anything to justify the belief that he considered the term "infamous" as one which could fairly be applied to that history? Not one line. Lord Stanhope describes Mr Pitt's endeavours to remove the shackles and restrictions upon the trade of Ireland, and the Protectionist opposition which he encountered from Fox and his followers. He relates in detail the episode of Lord Fitzwilliam's mission and recall (with which I have already dealt), and he tells us that Pitt thought that "a new and comprehensive and healing measure must be tried—an Act of Union, which should raise the minds of Irishmen from local to imperial aims, which should blend the two legislatures, and if possible also the two nations, into one." Then, speaking of the change in Irish public opinion upon the subject in 1800, Lord Stanhope says: "Meanwhile the Irish people became better informed as to the project, and the *strong arguments in its support* began in various quarters to prevail." From one end of his history to the other there is nothing which affords the least justification for the assumption that he would have joined Mr Gladstone in his vehement denunciation of the manner in which the Union was carried. Of course it cannot be for one moment denied that honours and places were promised and given to no inconsiderable extent. This is really the one foundation upon

which rests the huge superstructure of "fraud, force, baseness, and blackguardism," which Mr Gladstone has built up before our wondering eyes.

But even this crime of "bribery and corruption" has been not a little exaggerated, and must be judged with a fair consideration of all the facts of the case. To some people it may seem a little hard that a British Minister should vent all his wrath upon his countrymen for their misbehaviour in giving, and none upon the immaculate patriots who received, the honours and places for which their votes are said to have been bartered. It argues a low state of public morals, a want of patriotism, and a grievous laxity of principle, if, for the sake of such considerations, a majority of Irish representatives were ready to sacrifice the best interests of their country, and to support a measure which robbed her of her "old National Parliament," and inflicted upon her such injuries as are now alleged. I am inclined to take a more favourable view of Irish nature. As to the statement that money payments were made for votes, Lord Stanhope tells us that "to any large extent the allegation does not seem true. There were certainly some payments of money *on both sides*. There was a stock-purse of the Opposition chiefs furnished by subscription, also a demand from time to time of secret supplies from the Treasury. But these secret supplies, as confidential notes have since disclosed, were on no considerable scale," and this fund, as Lord Stanhope reminds us, was not applicable only to bribes to members of Parliament (if such were given), but "there were conspiracies to trace, and, in a lower class of life, runners and informers to pay." As of bribes, so of in-

timidation, we must always bear in mind that, however it may be altered at the present day, the Irish nature and the Irish language of 1799-1800 was somewhat prone to exaggeration.

"He had good reason to believe," said Mr Barrington, in the Irish House of Commons, "that corrupt and unconstitutional means had been used by the noble lord to individuals of the Irish Parliament. Some of those means were open and avowed: two of the oldest, most respectable, and most beloved officers of the Crown had been displaced, because they presumed to hint an opinion adverse to the stripling's dictates, on a subject where their country was at stake."

Mr Plunket was even more vehement in his language in denouncing the "black corruption" of the Castle. He alluded to men who had been dismissed "because they dared to express a sentiment in favour of the freedom of their country," and because they "refused to co-operate in the dirty job of a dirty administration."

But what was the cause and foundation of this outbreak of indignant patriotism? Sir John Parnell, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Mr Fitzgerald, the Puisne Sergeant, could not conscientiously support the Union proposed by the Government of which they were members, and consequently had to leave the Government. We have had instances of the same kind in modern times, and no one, as far as I am aware, has charged a Prime Minister with the practice of "intimidation" or "black corruption" because he has not felt able to retain as members of his Government persons who objected to its policy. Lord Castlereagh justly observed, in reply to these infuriated patriots, that "if the Minister must re-

tain those persons who are hostile to his measure, because such is the will of a faction, the constitutional power of the Crown, and with it the constitution itself, were at an end."

But what with regard to the bestowal of places and honours? Lord Castlereagh, Sir J. Blaquier, Lord Hawkesley, and others, in their places in Parliament, strongly denied the charges of corruption. Still there can be no doubt that peerages and places were promised and given which would not have been bestowed if the recipients had not supported the measure of the Government. We must endeavour to look fairly at the question from every point of view. We must bear in mind that the abolition of the Irish Parliament would of necessity diminish the importance, and, in some other respects, prejudicially affect the position, of those members of both Houses of the Irish Parliament who would not find places in the United Legislature. Moreover, there must be taken into account the abolition of places in connection with the Irish Parliament, which would of necessity follow its disappearance; and, beyond these considerations is to be remembered the desire on the part of English statesmen to show that, in the furtherance of a measure which the Government believed to be for the great and substantial benefit of both countries, there was every wish and intention to conciliate Irish national feeling, and to meet with a liberal response every individual claim that might be advanced. Some allowance, therefore, may be made for those who yielded to the earnest solicitations of Irish patriots for recognition; nor is it necessary, in judging of the behaviour of the latter, to endorse, absolutely and

completely, the saying of Charles Fox as to the propensity of Irishmen to desire jobs either for themselves or for their country. It may have been, and probably was, the case, that many Irishmen, believing the Union to be desirable, and being therefore willing to support it, deemed it at the same time allowable to make the best bargain they could for themselves, and obtain as high a "compensation" as possible for their loss of place or position. Their conduct is, of course, to be condemned; but it is a very different thing from the charge of having believed the Union to be injurious to their country, and to have sacrificed her interests by the sale of their votes. I am not attempting to deny that bargains were made and corruption practised in order to secure the passing of the Union; but I maintain that there has been an immense amount of exaggeration upon the subject, and that the British Government of the day found so much corruption in the system previously existing in Ireland, that they were in fact almost forced to "fight fire by fire." Certainly, if we are to believe Grattan, Curran, and the Irish "patriots" of the day, the practice of corruption did not commence with the introduction of the Union measure, but had been part and parcel of the system of "Castle" government ever since and long anterior to the "constitution" of 1782. It is better to look facts calmly in the face, and to admit that there is very little doubt of the fact. "Corruption"—that is to say, the retention of a parliamentary majority by means of Government patronage and the return of "placemen" to Parliament—must and will always prevail in such circumstances as those which sur-

rounded the misnamed "National Parliament" in Ireland.

Given two countries, one of which is the larger and stronger, but both of which are subject to the sovereignty of one king, and if a separate Parliament is to exist in each, that of the weaker country must, in some shape or other, be subservient to the stronger. Either it must exist, as was the case in the earlier history of Irish Parliaments, solely as a convenient machine for registering the edicts of the sovereign and his Government, or the latter must possess a majority in the Parliament itself sufficiently strong to prevent the clashing of the two assemblies. It argues no exceptional weakness or depravity in Irish nature, that in the Parliaments of that country Ministerial majorities were obtained by the bestowal of patronage for that purpose. This was undoubtedly the case; and although the system furnished a fruitful topic for patriotic declamation, it is difficult to imagine how Government could have been carried on without it.

But as regards the Union, Mr Gladstone's vehement language makes it desirable to institute a more particular investigation. One part of the charge of wholesale bribery rests upon the "compensations" paid to the proprietors of boroughs. These compensations may have been right or wrong; but it must be remembered that they were indiscriminately paid to the opponents and supporters of the Act of Union, and cannot therefore be described as bribes for support. Lord Downshire, who was the proprietor of seven seats, received £52,500—at the rate of £7500 per seat. But Lord Downshire was one of the most strenuous opponents of the Union. Lord Ely, who supported it, re-

ceived at the same rate £45,000 for his six seats ; and other proprietors in the same proportion.

Then, as regards pensions, it will be found that the great majority, if not the whole, of the pensions given were in respect of places in connection with the Parliament—of which there were a very large number—which, of course, perished with the Parliament, but the holders of which were held to have a claim to be pensioned. The names of these persons—between 200 and 300 in number—will be found in a return ordered by the House of Commons, and dated 28th June 1842. It is clear, that whilst, on the one hand, those who think with Mr Gladstone may denounce as bribery, corruption, and “base-ness” this granting of pensions and payment of “compensations” to the proprietors of boroughs, it is open to the friends of the Act of Union, on the other hand, to speak of these transactions as an instance of the desire of British statesmen that all Irishmen who had personal interests which would be prejudicially affected by the proposed legislation, should be treated with liberal generosity. The lavish bestowal of peerages and other honours may, of course, be censured by the one, and palliated, if not defended, by the other party, upon much the same principle. After all—and this should be borne in mind in judging of the wisdom and patriotism of Mr Gladstone’s invective—much depends upon the motives and intentions of those who were concerned in the passing of the Act of Union. They had undoubtedly to deal with men who, themselves part and parcel of a corrupt system, were bound to the maintenance of that system by strong ties of self-interest. If the authors of the Act of Union honestly believed

that it was the only solution of the questions by which Ireland had so long been convulsed ; if, recognising the absurdity of terming that a “national” Parliament from which the vast majority of the nation were excluded on account of their religion, they deemed it better for Ireland as well as Great Britain that there should be but one United Parliament, in which eventually men of each nation should sit together without any such exclusion ; and if they felt that the position of Irishmen would be raised rather than lowered by an alteration which gave them a more direct share in the representative government of the empire,—there is surely some excuse for them if they used all the means at their command to bring to the same way of thinking men of pliable disposition and easy political consciences, whose personal interest would otherwise have caused them to oppose the measure. That such opinions were held and professed by the advocates of the Union can hardly be contested. I have quoted Mr Pitt’s views as described by Lord Stanhope. It is worth while to record the words of Lord Clare in his speech of February 10, 1800 :—

“We are told, by giving up a separate Government, and separate Parliament, we sacrifice national dignity and independence. . . . Is the dignity and independence of Ireland to consist in the continued depression and unredeemed barbarism of the great majority of the people, and the factious contentions of a puny and rapacious oligarchy, who consider the Irish nation as their political inheritance, and are ready to sacrifice the public peace and happiness to their insatiate love of patronage and power? I hope I feel as becomes a true Irishman, for the dignity and independence of my country, and therefore I would elevate her to her proper sta-

tion in the rank of civilised nations. I wish to advance her from the degraded post of a mercenary province to the proud station of an integral and governing member of the greatest empire in the world. I wish to withdraw the higher orders of my countrymen from the narrow and corrupted sphere of Irish politics, and to direct their attention to objects of national importance."

Lord Clare has been much abused by Irish "patriots," but I question whether more sensible and patriotic words have ever been uttered by an Irish statesman. It is idle to conceal the fact, that the experience of eighteen years, since the "adjustment" of 1782, had shown, first, that the difficulties of government were enormously increased by the coexistence of two Parliaments; and secondly, that no concession to Catholic claims was to be expected from that Irish Parliament, which, by its continual refusal of the same, had given another proof of the truth of Mr Froude's opinion (vol. iii. p. 551), that it had become "the most mischievous parody of a representative legislature which the world has ever seen." Mr Gladstone speaks of "the bribe held out to the Roman Catholic bishops and clergy" for the purpose of "slackening their opposition." This is another instance of severe and unjust judgment passed upon very insufficient evidence. So far as I can discover, the only foundation for this imputation lies in the fact that Mr Pitt, being in favour of concessions to the Catholics, doubtless believed, and probably intimated his belief, that those concessions were more likely to be obtained from a United Parliament than from that which sat in Dublin. Lord Castlereagh also explicitly stated that "it was known that an arrangement for

the clergy, both Catholic and Protestant dissenters, had been long in the contemplation of his Majesty's Ministers." That this intention was not carried out in the manner which Mr Pitt desired, and that Catholic emancipation was not obtained until twenty-nine years after the Act of Union, arose from circumstances into which I need not here enter; but they were such as cast no discredit upon Mr Pitt, and entirely fail to sustain the charge of broken promises.

Upon the general charge of bribery, it may be well to quote the words of Lord Castlereagh on the 15th February 1800:—

"As to the insinuation that the measure of Union was a measure of bribery; if bribery and public advantage were synonymous, he readily admitted it to be a measure of the most comprehensive bribery that ever was produced. It bribed all the inhabitants of Ireland, by offering to embrace them within the pale of the British constitution, and to communicate to them all the advantage of British commerce. *But perhaps there was one class in the community to which our Union would not act as a bribe.* He alluded to those who called themselves lovers of liberty and independence; of *that liberty which consisted in the abdication of the British constitution; that independence which consisted in the abandonment of British connection.* He acknowledged that those WERE BRIBES HE WAS NOT PREPARED TO OFFER: there were many with whom he was not prepared to make any treaty but the treaty of the law."

With this quotation, which may perhaps be considered not inapplicable to the circumstances of the present moment, I pass from the question of bribery to the allegations that the Act of Union was "detested by all Ireland, the Protestants even more than the Roman Catholics."

Let us examine a little into the evidence upon this point. Plowden informs us that, at the time of the first introduction of the measure, "*never was there so strong an opposition* of conviction to any proposal of government in that kingdom, never so transcendent a necessity for carrying it." He goes on to mention the celebrated pamphlet of Mr Cooke in favour of the Union, and tells us that as many as thirty pamphlets were published upon the subject before the end of December 1798. Public attention was thus called to the question, and there can be no doubt that, during the following year, it underwent ample discussion, and received the fullest consideration, both by Parliament and people, before it became law in 1800. Plowden further informs us that, before Parliament met in 1799, "so great indeed was the clamour excited by the idea of Union, that the general voice seemed to reject it with indignation." But he subsequently tells us that, before the meeting of Parliament in the following year, "if the Union had not become popular, it had ceased at least to be generally unpopular" (vol. iii. p. 983); and he records a meeting at Galway (p. 919) at which "the Archbishop of Tuam and other respectable individuals warmly declared in favour of Union;" and a speech of Hely Hutchinson, in which he spoke of a similar feeling in the counties of Cork and Kerry.

It is not only to such reports, or to the opinion of one historian, that we can refer in order to show that the allegations as to the universal unpopularity of the Union, so freely made by the "Separatists" of to-day, and so readily endorsed by Mr Gladstone, are by no means to be accepted as unquestioned

facts. Common-sense tells us that it was very unlikely to be so, when one of the effects of the retention of a separate Parliament would have been the continued exclusion from political rights of the majority of the Irish people. It is doubtless correct to say that it was the Protestants rather than the Catholics from whom came the most bitter opposition to the Union, and for a very excellent reason. The Parliament which was to be taken away was composed exclusively of Protestants, and was one of the means by which "Protestant ascendancy" in Ireland was maintained. One of the main arguments for the abolition of that Parliament was, that in it only a minority of the Irish people was represented, and that it was impossible to expect from it any such concession to the religion of the majority as would give them a share in the representation. It required no bribe or corrupt promise to show this to the Catholics; and although Plowden states that in 1799 "the great body of Roman Catholics had rather kept themselves back upon the question," he goes on to say that, somewhat later, "it may, indeed, be said that a very great preponderancy in favour of the Union existed in the Catholic body, particularly in their nobility, gentry, and clergy." Those in Dublin, indeed, joined in the opposition; but it must be remembered that Dublin, more than any other place, would lose by the removal of the Parliament, and was naturally anxious for its retention. But, away from Dublin, the facts of the case do not seem to justify Mr Gladstone's sweeping assertions. Nothing is so easy as to make such assertions, and doubtless many quotations might be brought to sustain them, because the party which was opposed to

the Union was active and powerful, and spared no pains to arouse popular enthusiasm by appeals to national feelings. When we come to weigh the evidence, we shall find that there was a considerable change in public opinion, when, as Lord Stanhope says, "the Irish people became better acquainted with the subject." Lord Cornwallis wrote on March 28th: "From everything that I can learn, the opinion of the loyal part of the public is changing fast in favour of the Union." Again, on August 13th, he says of the south: "In general, there is good disposition towards the Government, and cordial approbation of the measure of Union. This sentiment is confined to no particular class of men, but equally pervades both the Catholic and Protestant bodies." Massey tells us (vol. iv. p. 390) that the result of the tour which the Lord Lieutenant took through the island was "a confirmation of the opinion which he had always expressed, that the opponents of the Union were chiefly those who had an immediate interest in the maintenance of a local Parliament." It is quite true that petitions were presented against the Act from a majority of the counties; but Lord Castle-reagh was able to state, in February 1800, that "the great body of the landed property in Ireland had become friendly to the principle; for the property of those who had declared in favour of it in the two Houses of Parliament was, in comparison with that of its opponents, nearly in the proportion of three to one. Nineteen counties, whose superficial contents formed five-sevenths of the island, had come forward in its support," and seventy-four declarations had been presented to the same effect. Lord Castle-reagh spoke of the organisation and

active exertions of its leading opponent to obtain signatures to petitions against the Union, facts which are abundantly proved by documentary evidence. He admitted that the counties of which he had spoken were not unanimous, but maintained that "a very great proportion of the property in those counties decidedly favoured the Union, and that most of the commercial towns in the kingdom had also declared in its favour." Addresses in support of the measure, with many hundreds of signatures, were also presented from the Catholics of Waterford, Wexford, Cork, Leitrim, Longford, Tipperary, Kilkenny, Roscommon, and a number of other places. (See Appendix to Plowden, vol. iii.) A reference to the division-list of February 6, 1800, will be a useful commentary upon these statements. The minority of 112 against the Union included the pith and strength of the Orange party, and many representatives of small boroughs. The majority of 159 comprised the representatives of the cities and counties of Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Galway, Kerry, Clare, Mayo, Longford, Leitrim, Carlow, Roscommon, Wexford, Queen's County, Down, Londonderry, Antrim, Armagh, Belfast, and other important places. With these lists before us, and considering the other facts to which I have called attention, it is idle to pretend that there was no considerable party in Ireland favourable to the Union. There can be little doubt that this party existed, and increased in numbers and strength as people came to comprehend the strong arguments which could be adduced to show the benefits which Ireland might expect from the measure. These arguments had been well and fully set forth in Mr Pitt's speech on

January 23 and 31, 1799, which were widely circulated throughout the country, and probably aided to bring about a change in public opinion. But perhaps no better summary of the expected benefits and of the general position of the question can be found than that contained in the speech of Chief Baron Yelverton in the Irish House of Lords on the 22d March 1800 :—

“The great value,” he said, “of the arrangement of 1782, which he had assisted in forming, was, that it placed the Irish on a proud footing of legislative independence, and enabled them to say on what terms they were willing to unite; whereas, if that adjustment had not occurred, they would perhaps before this time have yielded to an union of subjection, not an union of equality. Their independence had never since been violated, and they were not now desired to give up their legislative rights, but to perpetuate them by union: their liberties would not be annihilated, but would be rendered immortal, by being placed on the same broad base with those of Great Britain. The Hibernian Parliament would so far be annihilated as to be no longer a distinct legislature, and so would that of Great Britain be extinguished; but out of the two a third would arise, neither British nor Irish, but a compound body, more competent than either to promote and secure the freedom, the prosperity, and the happiness of the whole. If an idle fondness for independence had prevailed from the beginning, no political association could ever have been framed, and mankind must have remained in a state of nature. But prudence and policy taught two or more families to form a society, societies to form a nation, and small nations to form a great one, by sacrificing distinct independence to common security.”

These words really go to the root of the matter, and show the wise and sound principles upon which the advocates of the Union rested their case. After all, there are two questions which we ought

to ask ourselves with regard to the Act of 1800. First, has it or has it not improved the position and condition of Ireland? Secondly, even if it has in some respects failed to fulfil all the anticipations of its authors, would it be either desirable or possible to return to the state of things which it replaced? If not, is it well to denounce, in the unmeasured terms of Mr Gladstone, the manner and morality of the passing of a measure which we are not willing to repeal? I commend to my readers the brave words of the Duke of Argyll, spoken on the night of the meeting of the present Parliament :—

“The question of the morality of the Union of 1800 cannot be affected by the addition of forty or forty-five members to the Parnellite party in the House of Commons. Morality does not depend on party exigencies, and I repudiate the whole argument. In the first place, even if it were true, nothing would be more childish than to condemn the Government on that ground. How was the reformation of the Church affected? Will Mr Gladstone contend that the atrocities of Henry VIII. afford reason for pulling down the Church. I deny altogether the immorality of the Union. I say that it was impossible to get the government of Ireland out of the hands of the Irish Parliament except by paying the price which the existing law enabled the members to demand. The money then paid was much more a ransom than a price; and let me tell the leaders of the Liberal party, whoever they may be, that there is no man, and there is no party in this country, who can with impunity revile the character of Mr Pitt. Look at his speeches in 1800, and compare them with the shrieking speeches we have heard at this day. Look at the magnanimity of his tone towards Ireland, and the manifest desire he had to raise Ireland, to make her perfectly equal with England in a united Parliament, and to induce her to take an equal part in the manage-

ment of imperial affairs. I take exception to the whole argument, and I maintain that the conduct of Mr Pitt was pure and elevated conduct with a pure and elevated purpose."

If I am not greatly mistaken, there are thousands of Englishmen—and of loyal Irishmen too—who will thank the Duke of Argyll for this defence of the character of Mr Pitt and his Government from the attacks of a successor whose own attempts to deal with Irish questions have not hitherto been attended with conspicuous success. But has the Union altogether failed of its purpose? It would be easy to quote statistics to show how much, since its accomplishment, Ireland has increased in material prosperity. It would be easy, moreover, to point out other improvements. Speaking in Dublin, in the year 1841, Mr O'Connell recalled the fact that, when he was born, "a Catholic could not purchase land, could not rent a house or farm for more than thirty years, could not own a horse of the value of more than £5," and was subject to numerous other disabilities and disqualifications which had been removed. Mr O'Connell forgot to add that this removal had taken place under the United Parliament, and might have been hopelessly demanded from the Irish Parliament which it replaced. Another eminent Catholic has very recently given similar evidence of the improvement which has taken place in the condition of his co-religionists. In a letter which appeared a few weeks ago in the newspapers, Archbishop Manning says:—

"Ireland was never so united as it is now. The Catholics of Ireland, since their three confiscations, have never held so much land as they hold to-day. There was never so much money in Ireland. With all its in-

equalities and vexatious restrictions, the primary, falsely called the national, education, was never so widespread. Ireland had never so powerful a public opinion, or so vigorous a press, or so great a hold upon the chief centres of England, or upon the public opinion of Great Britain, or upon the Imperial Parliament, as it has at this time."

In the face of these statements, it can hardly be denied that the Union has at least done something for Ireland, and we are able to understand why it is that Mr Gladstone is "not prepared to consent" to its repeal.

But if so, what is to be gained by his vehement denunciation of the manner in which it was passed? Surely the more useful and logical course would have been to say boldly that the means taken to pass the Act of Union, however objectionable, do not affect the merits of the measure itself; and that, if we admit those merits and intend to preserve the Union, it is more than idle to rake up the records of 1799-1800 in order to show that those means were not such as we should approve to-day. The only result of the abuse which Mr Gladstone has so lavishly poured upon the Union and its authors is to throw discredit upon the measure which, he tells us, he still desires to maintain, and to encourage those who desire its repeal. They will probably be still further encouraged by those words in his letter to Mr Leveson-Gower which tell us that if "this folly" of the "vulgar opinion" of England lasts, it is "an open question" in Mr Gladstone's mind "whether the thing may not in the end contribute to repeal, which he would "greatly regret." After all, the "folly of vulgar opinion" has only consisted in the rejection of a measure which to this hour nobody completely understands. If it was intended to give to Ire-

land a Parliament with the status and position, and with equal, though not identical, powers with those possessed by Grattan's Parliament, then, conceal it as we please, it was a virtual repeal of the main principle and provision of the Act of Union. If it was anything less, it would have given Ireland no real Parliament at all, and would not have existed for a month without giving occasion to a new and powerful agitation. The Irish people would have complained, and not without reason, that they had been deceived, and would have quoted Mr Gladstone's extravagant praise of their "independent" Parliament of 1782, and his denunciation of the "fraud, force, and blackguardism" by which it was destroyed, as affording ample justification of their hopes that he had intended to revive and restore that immaculate institution.

It is not easy to discover what the partial restoration of such a Parliament could effect for Ireland. "The right of managing her own affairs" is a mere phrase, useful in the mouth of a candidate seeking parliamentary honours, but exceedingly difficult of explanation. What practical grievance has Ireland at this moment for which she is unable to obtain redress from the United Parliament in which she has so full and fair a representation? It cannot be said that there has been any unwillingness to entertain Irish questions, or that sufficient of the public time is not given to their discussion. In his recent speech at Manchester, Mr Gladstone indignantly called attention to the circumstance, which he believed to be true, that out of sixty-seven or seventy-seven magistrates in the county of Fermanagh, all but one were Protestants. But Mr Glad-

stone forgot to tell his audience that, although the Lords Lieutenant of counties recommend persons for the magistracy, it is the Lord Chancellor who appoints; and that if there have been persons fit to be appointed in Fermanagh, whom the Lord Lieutenant of that county has passed over on account of their religion, at any time during his own administrations, his Lord Chancellor could have set matters right. No separate Parliament and no new legislation was required for the purpose.

It is sometimes urged, indeed, as a grievance from which Ireland suffers, that she is not put upon the footing of those of our distant colonies which have Parliaments of their own. "Is there," sarcastically asked Lord Rosebery at Glasgow, "a geographical limit to representative institutions?" Of course there is, otherwise we might have a separate Parliament for Lancashire and another for Yorkshire. It is not only well but necessary to have such institutions in colonies many thousand miles away from us, whose internal affairs we cannot possibly manage from home. But, in the first place, Ireland is not a colony, but practically a limb of our own island separated from us by a narrow strip of sea; and, in the second place, her propinquity causes constant interchange of traffic, and intimate relations between the inhabitants on either side the Channel, which make highly inconvenient the separation of the management of their domestic affairs. I am not speaking of strictly local business, but of all matters of sufficient general importance to be worthy of the attention of a Parliament.

I think I have said enough to prove my three points, and to show that Mr Gladstone's state-

ments—as to Ireland having possessed a free Parliament for more than 500 years, as to the character and history of the Parliament of 1782, and as to the passing of the Act of Union—cannot be accepted as a fair and accurate description of historical facts. I do not desire to dispute for one moment that in the history of the past Ireland has suffered wrong, once and again, at the hands of England. There is certainly something also to be said on the other side; but, for the moment, let us admit that the wrongs perpetrated by England upon Ireland in the old days have outweighed the benefits which she has conferred upon her by the establishment of a settled government, the introduction of better laws than those of the old Brehon code, and the general advantages of contact with a richer and more progressive nation. However this may be, it appears to me to be not only unpatriotic, but contrary to common-sense, to revive the memory of old and obsolete transactions in which England may have oppressed Ireland, and on account of these to ignore the fact that, for more than half a century past, there has been a uniform desire and attempt on the part of England to treat Ireland as a sister country, and Irishmen as fellow-countrymen. Events which occurred eighty-six years ago are not to be judged by exactly the same standard as we should judge the occurrences of to-day. Whatever we may find to question or to condemn in the manner of passing the Act of Union, it is impossible to deny that, on the part of Great Britain at least, every desire has been shown to carry out its provisions in a manner friendly to Ireland. The English people have been ready and anxious to draw nearer and closer

to their Irish brethren; and there is no Englishman worthy of the name who does not desire the welfare and happiness of Ireland. But all this kindly feeling—all the sympathy which, as in the time of the terrible potato famine, Great Britain has evinced for Ireland and her people—is to count for nothing, because to establish a separate nationality and to effect an impossible independence is an idea which, skilfully manipulated by those “popular” leaders who are too often the curse of a free people, flatters national vanity and excites national prejudice against the only course which can lead to real and permanent prosperity. That course is easy to discern. It is, to blend together the peoples of the three countries in such a manner as to inspire alike in all the feeling that their interests are identical and their nationality practically the same. And is it not so in reality? Mr Froude is not far from the truth when he tells us that “the modern Irishman is of no race, so blended now is the blood of Celt and Dane, Saxon and Norman, Scot and Frenchman.” It is probable that of all the “Nationalist” leaders of the present day, there are an infinitesimally small number who, if it were possible to trace their pedigrees, would not be found to have at least as much “alien” as Celtic blood in their veins; and the words which Sir John Davies used (p. 7) in 1612 are certainly more true than at that time—namely, “there have been so many English colonies planted in Ireland, as that, if the people were numbered at this day by the poll, such as are descended of English race would be found more in number than the ancient natives.”

Indeed it may be said of England with equal truth, that the

intermixture of races since the Norman conquest has been such that it is almost an absurdity for any family to pretend to be able to trace its descent to one particular nationality as distinct and apart from all other of those which, during the lapse of more than 800 years, have built up our nation. If the attempt is difficult, neither can it be said to be profitable; and the strength of the British empire owes not a little to the fact that the citizenship of that empire has been considered by the inhabitants of this island as a greater subject of pride than the descent from any single and separate nationality.

Unfortunately for Ireland, it has not been so with her; and although the glories of her past are in many respects doubtful, and the traditions of her early history wrapped in an obscurity which it is difficult if not impossible to penetrate, yet to a large portion of her inhabitants those traditions possess a value which cannot be ignored, and the shadowy memories of power and prosperity which, if they ever really existed, are in all probability mightily exaggerated, have greater charms than the more substantial advantages of an equal share and portion in the glories of the British empire. It is the duty of patriot statesmen to show to Ireland the reality of these advantages, rather than to encourage them in ideas and feelings which foster discontent, and can only result in misfortune.

Instead of dwelling upon events which occurred at periods when civilisation had not reached its present development; instead of miserable criticisms upon the events which happened eighty-six years ago, during a period of transition attended with enormous difficulty, surely the wiser and more

statesmanlike course is to judge of those events by their results, and if we are not prepared to reverse the decision then deliberately adopted, to abstain from reviling those who were responsible for that decision. It is not my duty to-day to criticise minutely the legislative proposals recently made to Parliament by Mr Gladstone. I only desire, and have endeavoured to point out, that if they have been based upon the reading of Irish history which he has given us in the speeches and letters which I have quoted, they rest upon a most insecure foundation.

The truth is, that we have only the choice before us of entire separation between Great Britain and Ireland or entire unity. The former would entail the abandonment of those who have settled in Ireland upon the faith of British Acts of Parliament, and with the practical assurance of the support of the British Government and the security of British law. Such a separation would, without doubt, bring about a state of civil war in Ireland, which would be little likely to lead to any improvement in her material prosperity or the happiness of her people. Unity with Great Britain, on the other side, has everything which should recommend it to Irishmen who really love their country, and to Englishmen who love Ireland. It is difficult to imagine how men can persuade themselves that this unity can be promoted by separation—how “separate Parliaments” can promote united interests, and Irishmen can be drawn nearer to Englishmen by being kept apart in their transaction of parliamentary business.

If we are to remain united—as is unquestionably for the interests of both countries—loyal men on both sides of the Channel must

agree to maintain the Union in a practical manner. Whilst every concession is made to the legitimate demands of Irish public opinion, the law must be firmly upheld in Ireland as well as in England, and an end put to that intolerable system of coercion which, inflicted by the miserable dupes of the teachers of "Nationalist" doctrines, is all the more detestable because carried on in the name of Liberty. And whilst we are ready and anxious to remove every grievance of which Irishmen can legitimately complain, let us take care, in justice to Ireland as well as to England, that those grievances, past or present, are not magnified and exaggerated by the misreading and perverting of historical truths in such a manner as to increase irritation which it would be wiser and kinder to allay, and excite national and religious animosities which every true patriot, whether English or Irish, would desire to assuage and remove.

BRABOURNE.

P.S.—The above article was written before the appearance of the pamphlet in which Mr Gladstone has given us his "History of an Idea" and "Lessons of the Election." I cannot refrain from adding three allusions to the contents of this pamphlet.

The first of these is strictly germane to my article. At page 11, Mr Gladstone, in speaking of the Act of Union (which he does not want to repeal), uses these words—"Unspeakably criminal, I own, were the means by which the Union was brought about; and utterly insufficient were the reasons for its adoption." So far as I am aware, Mr Gladstone has gone further than in any of his previous

utterances in the latter part of this sentence. The "reasons for the adoption" of the Union in 1800 are pretty much the same as those which exist for its retention to-day; and therefore we must understand Mr Gladstone to hold that the retention of the Union cannot be upheld excepting upon the additional ground that "a measure vast in itself and in its consequential arrangements" cannot be lightly or easily upset. This seems a clear advance upon the road to repeal; and if that repeal should hereafter be directly proposed by Mr Gladstone, these words will be quoted by him as evidence that the "idea" was in his mind at the time of his writing this pamphlet, just as other words from former speeches are quoted in the pamphlet itself, to show that the "idea" of Home Rule was cherished by him long since, although the ignorant and careless world never discovered it.

The second allusion I desire to make, is to the fact that Mr Gladstone throws over the Land Bill, which at one time he declared to be inseparable from his Home Rule Bill. I only wish to remark that whilst he considers the verdict of the country at the general election as "irresistible" in its severance of the two measures, and consequently holds himself at liberty to press forward a "Home Rule Bill," if opportunity should offer, without accompanying it with the Land Bill which Lord Spencer and Mr Morley have declared to be indispensable in honour and justice, he does not at all accept the same verdict as "irresistible" in its effect upon the Home Rule Bill against which it was undoubtedly aimed. Why should it not be equally conclusive upon one point as upon the other?

My third allusion is to the fact that Mr Gladstone's pamphlet, beyond all question, establishes the fitness of the term "separatist" as applied to him and his followers. At page 36 he distinctly encourages the assertion of "special national interests or feelings" on behalf of Scotland and Wales as well as Ireland. This may be denied, but the suggestion of such ideas by Mr Gladstone at this moment is distinctly their encouragement. He speaks of "the sense of nationality, both in Scotland and in Wales, set astir by this controversy." Yes; and who has set it astir? Unionists may thank Mr Gladstone for having now at last set forth clearly what is the real difference between himself and them. He contemplates and evidently favours the assertion of separate "nationalities," separate "interests," and separate "feelings" in the United King-

dom. We, on the contrary, desire that separate nationalities should be forgotten wherever their remembrance would create or suggest a separation of "feeling" or of interest—we wish to take nothing from the just pride with which the inhabitants of each of the four countries may cherish their own descent and love their own race; but we desire that each and all should regard with a still greater pride their common right of citizenship in the greatest empire which the world has ever seen, and should be bound together by a community of interest and of sentiment which will maintain that unity to which English and Scotch, Irish and Welsh, may all alike look as the outcome of the patriotism of all, and the means by which the happiness and prosperity of each separate race may be most certainly secured and most permanently preserved.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CORONA was fast coming to a state of mind in which a kind of passive expectation—a sort of blind submission to fate—was the chief feature. She had shed tears when her husband spoke of his approaching end, because her gentle heart was grateful to him, and by its own sacrifices had grown used to his presence, and because she suddenly felt that she had comprehended the depth of his love for her, as she had never understood it before. In the five years of married life she had spent with him, she had not allowed herself to think of his selfishness, of his small daily egotism; for, though it was at no great expense to himself, he had been uniformly generous and considerate to her. But she had been conscious that if she should ever remove from her conscience the pressure of a self-imposed censorship, so that her judgment might speak boldly, the verdict of her heart would not have been so indulgent to her husband as was that formal opinion of him which she forced herself to hold. Now, however, it seemed as though the best things she had desired to believe of him were true; and with the conviction that he was not only not selfish, but absolutely devoted to herself, there had come upon her a fear of desolation, a dread of being left alone—of finding herself abandoned by this strange companion, the only person in the world with whom she had the habit of familiarity and the bond of a common past. Astrardente had thought, and had told her too, that the

knowledge of his impending death might lighten her burden—might make the days of self-sacrifice that yet remained seem shorter; he had spoken kindly of her marrying again when he should be dead, deeming perhaps, in his sudden burst of generosity, that she would be capable of looking beyond the unhappy present to the possibilities of a more brilliant future, or at least that the certainty of his consent to such a second union would momentarily please her. It was hard to say why he had spoken. It had been an impulse such as the most selfish people sometimes yield to when their failing strength brings upon them suddenly the sense of their inability to resist any longer the course of events. The vanity of man is so amazing, that when he is past arrogating to himself the attention which is necessary to him as his daily bread, he is capable of so demeaning his manhood as to excite interest in his weaknesses rather than that he should cease to be the object of any interest whatever. The analysis of the feelings of old and selfish persons is the most difficult of all studies; for in proportion as the strength of the dominant passion or passions is quenched in the bitter still waters of the harbour of superannuation, the small influences of life grow in importance. As when, from the breaking surge of an angry ocean, the water is dashed high among the re-echoing rocks, leaving little pools of limpid clearness in the hollows of the storm-beaten cliffs; and as when

the anger of the tossing waves has subsided, the hot sun shines upon the mimic seas, and the clear waters that were so transparent grow thick and foul with the motion of a tiny and insignificant insect-life undreamed of before in such crystal purity: so also the clear strong sea of youth is left to dry in the pools and puddles of old age, and in the motionless calm of the still places where the ocean of life has washed it, it is dried up and consumed by myriads of tiny parasites—lives within lives, passions within passions—tiny efforts at mimic greatness,—a restless little world, the very parody and infinitesimal reproduction of the mighty flood whence it came, wherein great monsters have their being, and things of unspeakable beauty grow free in the large depths of an unfathomed ocean.

To Corona d'Astrardente in the freshness of her youth the study of her husband's strange littleness had grown to be a second nature from the habit of her devotion to him. But she could not understand him; she could not explain to herself the sudden confession of old age, the quiet anticipation of death, the inexplicable generosity towards herself. She only knew that he must be at heart a man more kindly and of better impulse than he had generally been considered, and she resolved to do her utmost to repay him, and to soothe the misery of his last years.

Since he had told her so plainly, it must be true. It was natural, perhaps—for he was growing more feeble every day—but it was very sad. Five years ago, when she choked down her loathing for the old man to whom she had sold herself for her father's sake, she would not have believed that she should one day feel the tears rise fast at the thought of his dying and leav-

ing her free. He had said it; she would be free. They say that men who have been long confined in a dungeon become indifferent, and when turned out upon the world would at first gladly return to their prison walls. Liberty is in the first place an instinct, but it will easily grow to be a habit. Corona had renounced all thought of freedom five years ago, and in the patient bowing of her noble nature to the path she had chosen, she had attained to a state of renunciation like that of a man who has buried himself for ever in an order of Trappists, and neither dreams of the freedom of the outer world, nor desires to dream of it. And she had grown fond of the aged dandy and his foolish ways—ways which seemed foolish because they were those of youth grafted upon senility. She had not known that she was fond of him, it is true; but now that he spoke of dying, she felt that she would weep his loss. He was her only companion, her only friend. In the loyal determination to be faithful to him, she had so shut herself from all intimacy with the world that she had not a friend. She kept women at a distance from her, instinctively dreading lest in their careless talk some hint or comment should remind her that she had married a man ridiculous in their eyes; and with men she could have but little intercourse, for their society was dangerous. No man save Giovanni Sarracinesca had for years put himself in the light of a mere acquaintance, always ready to talk to her upon general subjects, studiously avoiding himself in all discussions, and delicately flattering her vanity by his deference to her judgment. The other men had generally spoken of love at the second meeting, and declared themselves devoted to her for life at the end of a

week: she had quietly repulsed them, and they had dropped back into the position of indifferent acquaintances, going in search of other game, after the manner of young gentlemen of leisure. Giovanni alone had sternly maintained his air of calmness, had never offended her simple pride of loyalty to Astrardente by word or deed; so that, although she felt and dreaded her growing interest in him, she had actually believed that he was nothing in her life, until at last she had been undeceived and awakened to the knowledge of his fierce passion, and being taken unawares, had nearly been carried off her feet by the tempest his words had roused in her own breast. But her strength had not utterly deserted her. Years of supreme devotion to the right, of honest and unwavering loyalty, neither deceiving her conscience on the one hand with the morbid food of a fictitious religious exaltation, nor, upon the other, sinking to a cynical indifference to inevitable misery; days of quiet and constant effort; long hours of thoughtful meditation upon the one resolution of her life,—all this had strengthened the natural force of her character, so that, when at last the great trial came, she had not yielded, but had conquered once and for ever, in the very moment of sorest temptation. And with her there would be no return of the danger. Having found strength to resist, she knew that there would be no more weakness: her love for Giovanni was deep and sincere, but it had become now the chief cause of suffering in her life; it had utterly ceased to be the chief element of joy, as it had been for a few short days. It was one thing more to be borne, and it outweighed all other cares.

The news of the duel had given her great distress. She believed

honestly that she was in no way concerned in it, and she had bitterly resented old Sarracinesca's imputation. In the hot words that had passed between them, she had felt her anger rise justly against the old Prince; but when he appealed to her on account of his son, her love for Giovanni had vanquished her wrath against the old man. Come what might, she would do what was best for him. If possible, she would induce him to leave Rome at once, and thus free herself from the pain of constantly meeting him. Perhaps she could make him marry—anything would be better than to allow things to go on in their present course, to have to face him at every turn, and to know that at any moment he might be quarrelling with somebody and fighting duels on her account.

She went boldly into the world that night, not knowing whether she should meet Giovanni or not, but resolved upon her course if he appeared. Many people looked curiously at her, and smiled cunningly as they thought they detected traces of care upon her proud face; but though they studied her, and lost no opportunity of talking to her upon the one topic which absorbed the general conversation, no one had the satisfaction of moving her even so much as to blush a little, or to lower the gaze of her eyes that looked them all indifferently through and through.

Giovanni, however, did not appear, and people told her he would not leave his room for several days, so that she returned to her home without having accomplished anything in the matter. Her husband was very silent, but looked at her with an expression of uncertainty, as though hesitating to speak to her upon some subject

that absorbed his interest. Neither of them referred to the strange interview of the previous night. They went home early, as has been already recorded, seeing it was only a great and formal reception to which the world went that night; and even the toughest old society jades were weary from the ball of the day before, which had not broken up until half-past six in the morning.

On the next day, at about twelve o'clock, Corona was sitting in her boudoir writing a number of invitations which were to be distributed in the afternoon, when the door opened and her husband entered the room.

"My dear," he cried in great excitement, "it is perfectly horrible! Have you heard?"

"What?" asked Corona, laying down her pen.

"Spicca has killed Casalverde—the man who seconded Del Ferice yesterday,—killed him on the spot——"

Corona uttered an exclamation of horror.

"And they say Del Ferice is dead, or just dying"—his cracked voice rose at every word; "and they say," he almost screamed, laying his withered hand roughly upon his wife's shoulder,— "they say that the duel was about you—you, do you understand?"

"That is not true," said Corona, firmly. "Calm yourself—I beseech you to be calm. Tell me connectedly what has happened—who told you this story."

"What right has any man to drag your name into a quarrel?" cried the old man, hoarsely. "Everybody is saying it—it is outrageous, abominable——"

Corona quietly pushed her husband into a chair, and sat down beside him.

"You are excited—you will

harm yourself,—remember your health," she said, endeavouring to soothe him. "Tell me, in the first place, who told you that it was about me."

"Valdarno told me; he told me that every one was saying it—that it was the talk of the town."

"But why?" insisted Corona. "You allow yourself to be furious for the sake of a piece of gossip which has no foundation whatever. What is the story they tell?"

"Some nonsense about Giovanni Sarracinesca's going away last week. Del Ferice proposed to call him before you, and Giovanni was angry."

"That is absurd," said Corona. "Don Giovanni was not the least annoyed. He was with me afterwards——"

"Always Giovanni! Always Giovanni! Wherever you go, it is Giovanni!" cried the old man, in unreasonable petulance—unreasonable from his point of view, reasonable enough had he known the truth. But he struck unconsciously upon the key-note of all Corona's troubles, and she turned pale to the lips.

"You say it is not true," he began again. "How do you know? How can you tell what may have been said? How can you guess it? Giovanni Sarracinesca is about you in society more than any one. He has quarrelled about you, and two men have lost their lives in consequence. He is in love with you, I tell you. Can you not see it? You must be blind!"

Corona leaned back in her chair, utterly overcome by the suddenness of the situation, unable to answer, her hands folded tightly together, her pale lips compressed. Angry at her silence, old Astrardente continued, his rage gradually getting the mastery of his sense,

and his passion working itself up to the pitch of madness.

"Blind—yes—positively blind!" he cried. "Do you think that I am blind too? Do you think I will overlook all this? Do you not see that your reputation is injured—that people associate your name with his—that no woman can be mentioned in the same breath with Giovanni Sarracinesca and hope to maintain a fair fame? A fellow whose adventures are in everybody's mouth, whose doings are notorious; who has but to look at a woman to destroy her; who is a duellist, a libertine——"

"That is not true," interrupted Corona, unable to listen calmly to the abuse thus heaped upon the man she so dearly loved. "You are mad——"

"You defend him!" screamed Astrardente, leaning far forward in his chair and clenching his hands. "You dare to support him—you acknowledge that you care for him! Does he not pursue you everywhere, so that the town rings with it? You ought to long to be rid of him, to wish he were dead, rather than allow his name to be breathed with yours; and instead, you defend him to me—you say he is right, that you prefer his odious devotion to your good name, to my good name! Oh, it is not to be believed! If you loved him yourself you could not do worse!"

"If half you say were true——" said Corona, in terrible distress.

"True?" cried Astrardente, who would not brook interruption. "It is all true—and more also. It is true that he loves you, true that all the world says it, true—by all that is holy, from your face I would almost believe that you do love him! Why do you not deny it? Miserable woman!" he screamed, springing towards her and seizing her roughly by the

arm, as she hid her face in her hands. "Miserable woman! you have betrayed me——"

In the paroxysm of his rage the feeble old man became almost strong; his grip tightened upon his wife's wrist, and he dragged her violently from her seat.

"Betrayed! And by you!" he cried again, shaking with passion. "You whom I have loved! This is your gratitude, your sanctified devotion, your cunning pretence at patience! All to hide your love for such a man as that! You hypocrite, you——"

By a sudden effort Corona shook off his grasp, and drew herself up to her full height in magnificent anger.

"You shall hear me," she said, in deep commanding tones. "I have deserved much, but I have not deserved this."

"Ha!" he hissed, standing back from her a step, "you can speak now—I have touched you! You have found words. It was time!"

Corona was as white as death, and her black eyes shone like coals of fire. Her words came slowly, every accent clear and strong with concentrated passion.

"I have not betrayed you. I have spoken no word of love to any man alive, and you know that I speak the truth. If any one has said to me what should not be said, I have rebuked him to silence. You know, while you accuse me, that I have done my best to honour and love you; you know well that I would die by my own hand, your loyal and true wife, rather than let my lips utter one syllable of love for any other man."

Corona possessed a supreme power over her husband. She was so true a woman that the truth blazed visibly from her clear eyes; and what she said was no-

thing but the truth. She had doubted it herself for one dreadful moment; she knew it now beyond all doubting. In a moment the old man's wrath broke and vanished before the strong assertion of her perfect innocence. He turned pale under his paint, and his limbs trembled. He made a step forward, and fell upon his knees before her, and tried to take her hands.

"Oh, Corona, forgive me," he moaned—"forgive me! I so love you!"

Suddenly his grasp relaxed from her hands, and with a groan he fell forward against her knees.

"God knows I forgive you!" cried Corona, the tears starting to her eyes in sudden pity. She bent down to support him; but as she moved, he fell prostrate upon his face before her. With a cry of terror she kneeled beside him; with her strong arms she turned his body and raised his head upon her knees. His face was ghastly white, save where the tinges of paint made a hideous mockery of colour upon his livid skin. His parted lips were faintly purple, and his hollow eyes stared wide-open at his wife's face, while the curled wig was thrust far back upon his bald and wrinkled forehead.

Corona supported his weight upon one knee, and took his nerveless hand in hers. An agony of terror seized her.

"Onofrio!" she cried—she rarely called him by his name—"Onofrio! speak to me! My husband!" She clasped him wildly in her arms. "O God, have mercy!"

Onofrio d'Astrardente was dead. The poor old dandy, in his paint and his wig and his padding, had died at his wife's feet, protesting his love for her to the last. The long-averted blow had fallen. For years he had guarded himself

against sudden emotions, for he was warned of the disease at his heart and knew his danger; but his anger had killed him. He might have lived another hour while his rage lasted; but the revulsion of feeling, the sudden repentance for the violence he had done his wife, had sent the blood back to its source too quickly, and with his last cry of love upon his lips he was dead.

Corona had hardly ever seen death. She gently lowered the dead man's weight till he lay at full length upon the floor. Then she started to her feet, and drew back against the fireplace, and gazed at the body of her husband.

For fully five minutes she stood motionless, scarcely daring to draw breath, dazed and stupefied with horror, trying to realise what had happened. There he lay, her only friend, the companion of her life since she had known life; the man who in that very room, but two nights since, had spoken such kind words to her that her tears had flowed—the tears that would not flow now; the man who but a moment since was railing at her in a paroxysm of rage—whose anger had melted at her first word of defence, who had fallen at her feet to ask forgiveness, and to declare once more, for the last time, that he loved her! Her friend, her companion, her husband—had he heard her answer, that she forgave him freely? He could not be dead—it was impossible. A moment ago he had been speaking to her. She went forward again and kneeled beside him.

"Onofrio," she said very gently, "you are not dead—you heard me?"

She gazed down for a moment at the motionless features. Womanly thoughtful, she moved his head a little and straightened the

wig upon his poor forehead. Then, in an instant, she realised all, and with a wild cry of despair fell prostrate upon his body in an agony of passionate weeping. How long she lay, she knew not. A knock at the door did not reach her ears, nor another and another, at short intervals; and then some one entered. It was the butler, who had come to announce the mid-day breakfast. He uttered an exclamation and started back, holding the handle of the door in his hand.

Corona raised herself slowly to her knees, gazing down once more upon the dead man's face. Then she lifted her streaming eyes and saw the servant.

"Your master is dead," she said, solemnly.

The man grew pale and trembled, hesitated, and then turned and fled down the hall without, after the manner of Italian servants, who fear death, and even the sight of it, as they fear nothing else in the world.

Corona rose to her feet and brushed the tears from her eyes. Then she turned and rang the bell. No one answered the summons for some time. The news had spread all over the house in an instant, and everything was disorganised. At last a woman came, and stood timidly at the door. She was a lower servant, a simple strong creature from the mountains. Seeing the others terrified and paralysed, it had struck her common-sense that her mistress was alone. Corona understood.

"Help me to carry him," she said, quietly; and the peasant and the noble lady stooped and lifted the dead duke, and bore him to his chamber without a word, and laid him tenderly upon his bed.

"Send for the doctor," said Corona; "I will watch beside him."

"But, Excellency, are you not afraid?" asked the woman.

Corona's lip curled a little.

"I am not afraid," she answered.

"Send at once." When the woman was gone, she sat down by the bedside and waited. Her tears were dry now, but she could not think. She waited motionless for an hour. Then the old physician entered softly, while a crowd of servants stood without, peering timidly through the open door. Corona crossed the room and quietly shut it. The physician stood by the bedside.

"It is simple enough, Signora Duchessa," he said, gently. "He is quite dead. It was only the day before yesterday that I warned him that the heart disease was worse. Can you tell me how it happened?"

"Yes, exactly," answered Corona, in a low voice. She was calm enough now. "He came into my room two hours ago, and suddenly, in conversation, he became very angry. Then his anger subsided in a moment, and he fell at my feet."

"It is just as I expected," answered the physician, quietly. "They always die in this way. I entreat you to be calm—to consider that all men are mortal——"

"I am calm now," interrupted Corona. "I am alone. Will you see that what is necessary is done quickly? I will leave you for a moment. There are people outside."

As she opened the door the gaping crowd of servants slunk out of her way. With bent head she passed between them, and went out into the great reception-rooms, and sat down alone in her grief.

It was genuine, of its kind. The poor man's soul might rest in peace, for she felt the real sorrow at his death which he had longed for,

had perhaps scarcely dared to hope she would feel. Had it not been real, in those first moments some thought would have crossed her mind—some faint, repressed satisfaction at being free at last—free to marry Giovanni Sarracinesca. But it was not so. She did not feel free—she felt alone, intensely alone. She longed for the familiar sound of his querulous voice—for the expression of his thousand little wants and interests; she remembered tenderly his harmless little vanities. She thought of his wig, and she wept. So true it is that what is most ridiculous in life is most sorrowfully pathetic in death. There was not one of the small things about him she did not recall with a pang of regret. It was all over now. His vanity was dead with him; his tender love for her was dead too. It was the only love she had known, until that other love—that dark and stirring passion—had been roused in her. But that did not trouble her now. Perhaps the unconscious sense that henceforth she was free to love whom she pleased had suddenly made insignificant a feeling which had before borne in her mind the terrible name of crime. The struggle for loyalty was no more, but the memory of what she had borne for the dead man made him dearer than before. The follies of his life had been many, but many of them had been for her, and there was the true ring in his last words. “To be young for your sake, Corona—for your sake!” The phrase echoed again and again in her remembrance, and her tears flowed afresh silently. The follies of his life had been many, but to her he had been true. The very violence of his last moments, the tenderness of his passionate appeal for forgiveness, spoke for the honesty of his heart, even though

his heart had never been honest before.

She needed never to think again of pleasing him, of helping him, of foregoing for his sake any intimacy with the world which she might desire. But the thought brought no relief. He had become so much a part of her life that she could not conceive of living without him, and she would miss him at every turn. The new existence before her seemed dismal and empty beyond all expression. She wondered vaguely what she should do with her time. For one moment a strange longing came over her to return to the dear old convent, to lay aside for ever her coronet and state, and in a simple garb to do simple and good things to the honour of God.

She roused herself at last, and went to her own rooms, dragging her steps slowly as though weighed down by a heavy burden. She entered the room where he had died, and a cold shudder passed over her. The afternoon sun was streaming through the window upon the writing-table where yet lay the unfinished invitation she had been writing, and upon the plants and the rich ornaments, upon the heavy carpet—the very spot where he had breathed his last word of love and died at her feet.

Upon that spot Corona d’Astrardente knelt down reverently and prayed,—prayed that she might be forgiven for all her shortcomings to the dear dead man; that she might have strength to bear her sorrow and to honour his memory; above all, that his soul might rest in peace and find forgiveness, and that he might know that she had been truly innocent—she prayed for that too, for she had a dreadful doubt. But surely he knew all now: how she had striven to be loyal, and how truly—

yes, how truly—she mourned his death.

At last she rose to her feet, and lingered still a moment, her hands clasped as they had been in her prayer. Glancing down, something glistened on the carpet. She stooped and picked it up. It was a seal-ring, engraven with the

ancient arms of the Astrardente. She looked long at the jewel, and then put it upon her finger.

"God give me grace to honour his memory as he would have me honour it," she said, solemnly.

Truly, she had deserved the love the poor old dandy had so truly felt for her.

CHAPTER XVII.

That night Giovanni insisted on going out. His wound no longer pained him, he said; there was no danger whatever, and he was tired of staying at home. But he would dine with his father as usual. He loved his father's company, and when the two omitted to quarrel over trifles they were very congenial. To tell the truth, the differences between them arose generally from the petulant quickness of the Prince; for in his son his own irascible character was joined with the melancholy gravity which Giovanni inherited from his mother, and in virtue of which, being taciturn, he was sometimes thought long-suffering.

As usual, they sat opposite each other, and the ancient butler Pasquale served them. As he deposited Giovanni's soup before him, he spoke: a certain liberty was always granted to Pasquale. Italian servants are members of the family, even in princely houses. Never assuming that confidence implies familiarity, they enjoy the one without ever approaching the latter. Nevertheless it was very rarely that Pasquale spoke to his masters when they were at table.

"I beg your Excellency's pardon——" he began, as he put down the soup-plate.

"Well, Pasquale?" asked old Sarracinesca, looking sharply at the

old servant from under his heavy brows.

"Have your Excellencies heard the news?"

"What news? No," returned the Prince.

"The Duca d'Astrardente——"

"Well, what of him?"

"Is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Giovanni in a loud voice, that echoed to the vaulted roof of the dining-room.

"It is not true," said old Sarracinesca; "I saw him in the street this morning."

"Nevertheless, your Excellency," replied Pasquale, "it is quite true. The gates of the palace were already draped with black before the Ave Maria this evening; and the porter, who is a nephew of mine, had *crêpe* upon his hat and arm. He told me that the Duca fell down dead of a stroke in the Signora Duchessa's room at half-past twelve to-day."

"Is that all you could learn?" asked the Prince.

"Except that the Signora Duchessa was overcome with grief," returned the servant, gravely.

"I should think so—her husband dead of an apoplexy! It is natural," said the Prince, looking at Giovanni. The latter was silent, and tried to eat as though nothing had happened—inwardly endeavouring not to rejoice too

madly at the terrible catastrophe. In his effort to control his features, the blood rushed to his forehead, and his hand trembled violently. His father saw it, but made no remark.

"Poor Astrardente!" he said. "He was not so bad as people thought him."

"No," replied Giovanni, with a great effort; "he was a very good man."

"I should hardly say that," returned his father, with a grim smile of amusement. "I do not think that by the greatest stretch of indulgence he could be called good."

"And why not?" asked the younger man, sharply snatching at any possible discussion in order to conceal his embarrassment.

"Why not, indeed! Why, because he had a goodly share of original sin, to which he added others of his own originating but having an equal claim to originality."

"I say I think he was a very good man," repeated Giovanni, maintaining his point with an air of conviction.

"If that is your conception of goodness, it is not to be wondered at if you have not attained to sanctity," said the old man, with a sneer.

"It pleases you to be witty," answered his son. "Astrardente did not gamble; he had no vices of late. He was kind to his wife."

"No vices—no. He did not steal like a fraudulent bank-clerk, nor try to do murder like Del Ferice. He did not deceive his wife, nor starve her to death. He had therefore no vices. He was a good man."

"Let us leave poor Del Ferice alone," said Giovanni.

"I suppose you will pity him

now," replied the Prince, sarcastically. "You will talk differently if he dies and you have to leave the country at a moment's notice, like Spicca this morning."

"I should be very sorry if Del Ferice died. I should never recover from it. I am not a professional duellist like Spicca. And yet Casalverde deserved his death. I can quite understand that Del Ferice might in the excitement of the moment have lunged at me after the halt was cried, but I cannot understand how Casalverde could be so infamous as not to cross his sword when he himself called. It looked very much like a preconcerted arrangement. Casalverde deserved to die, for the safety of society. I should think that Rome had had enough of duelling for a while."

"Yes; but after all, Casalverde did not count for much. I am not sure I ever saw the fellow before in my life. And I suppose Del Ferice will recover. There was a story this morning that he was dead; but I went and inquired myself, and found that he was better. People are much shocked at this second duel. Well, it could not be helped. Poor old Astrardente! So we shall never see his wig again at every ball and theatre and supper-party! There was a man who enjoyed his life to the very end!"

"I should not call it enjoyment to be built up every day by one's valet, like a card-house, and tumble to pieces again when the pins are taken out," said Giovanni.

"You do not seem so enthusiastic in his defence as you were a few minutes ago," said the Prince, with a smile.

Giovanni was so much disturbed at the surprising news that he hardly knew what he said. He made a desperate attempt to be sensible.

"It appears to me that moral goodness and personal appearance are two things," he said, oracularly. The Prince burst into a loud laugh.

"Most people would say that! Eat your dinner, Giovanni, and do not talk such arrant nonsense."

"Why is it nonsense? Because you do not agree with me?"

"Because you are too much excited to talk sensibly," said his father. "Do you think I cannot see it?"

Giovanni was silent for a time. He was angry at his father for detecting the cause of his vagueness, but he supposed there was no help for it. At last Pasquale left the room. Old Sarracinesca gave a sigh of relief.

"And now, Giovannino," he said familiarly, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

"I?" asked his son, in some surprise.

"You! What are you going to do?"

"I will stay at home," said Giovanni, shortly.

"That is not the question. You are wise to stay at home, because you ought to get yourself healed of that scratch. Giovanni, the Astrardente is now a widow."

"Seeing that her husband is dead—of course. There is vast ingenuity in your deduction," returned the younger man, eyeing his father suspiciously.

"Do not be an idiot, Giovannino. I mean, that as she is a widow, I have no objection to your marrying her."

"Good God, sir!" cried Giovanni, "what do you mean?"

"What I say. She is the most beautiful woman in Rome. She is one of the best women I know. She will have a sufficient jointure. Marry her. You will never be happy with a silly little girl just

out of a convent. You are not that sort of man. The Astrardente is not three-and-twenty, but she has had five years of the world, and she has stood the test well. I shall be proud to call her my daughter."

In his excitement Giovanni sprang from his seat, and rushing to his father's side, threw his arms round his neck and embraced him. He had never done such a thing in his life. Then he remained standing, and grew suddenly thoughtful.

"It is heartless of us to talk in this way," he said. "The poor man is not buried yet."

"My dear boy," said the old Prince, "Astrardente is dead. He hated me, and was beginning to hate you, I fancy. We were neither of us his friends, at any rate. We do not rejoice at his death; we merely regard it in the light of an event which modifies our immediate future. He is dead, and his wife is free. So long as he was alive, the fact of your loving her was exceedingly unfortunate: it was injuring you and doing a wrong to her. Now, on the contrary, the greatest good fortune that can happen to you both is to marry each other."

"That is true," returned Giovanni. In the suddenness of the news, it had not struck him that his father would ever look favourably upon the match, although the immediate possibility of the marriage had burst upon him as a great light suddenly rising in a thick darkness. But his nature, as strong as his father's, was a little more delicate, a shade less rough; and even in the midst of his great joy, it struck him as heartless to be discussing the chances of marrying a woman whose husband was not yet buried. No such scruple disturbed the geniality of the old Prince. He

was an honest and straightforward man—a man easily possessed by a single idea—and he was capable of profound affections. He had loved his Spanish wife strongly in his own fashion, and she had loved him; but there was no one left to him now but his son, whom he delighted in, and the rest of the world he regarded merely as pawns to be moved into position for the honour and glory of the *Sarracinesca*. He thought no more of a man's life than of the end of a cigar, smoked out and fit to be thrown away. Astrardente had been nothing to him but an obstacle. It had not struck him that he could ever be removed; but since it had pleased Providence to take him out of the way, there was no earthly reason for mourning his death. All men must die—it was better that death should come to those who stood in the way of their fellow-creatures.

"I am not at all sure that she will consent," said Giovanni, beginning to walk up and down the room.

"Bah!" ejaculated his father. "You are the best match in Italy. Why should any woman refuse you?"

"I am not so sure. She is not like other women. Let us not talk of it now. It will not be possible to do anything for a year, I suppose. A year is a long time. Meanwhile I will go to that poor man's funeral."

"Of course. So will I."

And they both went, and found themselves in a vast crowd of acquaintances. No one had believed that Astrardente could ever die, that the day would ever come when society would know his place no more; and with one consent everybody sent their carriages to the funeral, and went themselves a day or two later to the great

requiem Mass in the parish church. There was nothing to be seen but the great black catafalque, with Corona's household of servants in deep mourning liveries kneeling behind it. Relations she had none, and the dead man was the last of his race—she was utterly alone.

"She need not have made it so terribly impressive," said Madame Mayer to Valdarno when the Mass was over. Madame Mayer paused by the holy-water basin, and dipping one gloved finger, she presented it to Valdarno with an engaging smile. Both crossed themselves.

"She need not have got it up so terribly impressively, after all," she repeated.

"I daresay she will miss him at first," returned Valdarno, who was a kind-hearted fellow enough, and was very far from realising how much he had contributed to the sudden death of the old dandy. "She is a strange woman. I believe she had grown fond of him."

"Oh, I know all that," said Donna Tullia, as they left the church.

"Yes," answered her companion, with a significant smile, "I presume you do." Donna Tullia laughed harshly as she got into her carriage.

"You are detestable, Valdarno—you always misunderstand me. Are you going to the ball to-night?"

"Of course. May I have the pleasure of the cotillon?"

"If you are very good—if you will go and ask the news of Del Ferice."

"I sent this morning. He is quite out of danger, they believe."

"Is he? Oh, I am very glad—I felt so very badly, you know. Ah, Don Giovanni, are you recovered?" she asked coldly, as

Sarracinesca approached the other side of the carriage. Valdarno retired to a distance, and pretended to be buttoning his great-coat; he wanted to see what would happen.

"Thank you, yes; I was not much hurt. This is the first time I have been out, and I am glad to find an opportunity of speaking to you. Let me say again how profoundly I regret my forgetfulness at the ball the other night——"

Donna Tullia was a clever woman, and though she had been very angry at the time, she was in love with Giovanni. She therefore looked at him suddenly with a gentle smile, and just for one moment touched with her fingers his hand as it rested upon the side of the carriage.

"Do you think it was kind?" she asked, in a low voice.

"It was abominable. I shall never forgive myself," answered Giovanni.

"I will forgive you," answered Donna Tullia, softly. She really loved him. It was the best thing in her nature, but it was more than balanced by the jealousy she had conceived for the Duchessa d'Astrardente.

"Was it on that account that you quarrelled with poor Del Ferice?" she asked, after a moment's pause. "I have feared it——"

"Certainly not," answered Giovanni, quickly. "Pray set your mind at rest. Del Ferice or any other man would have been quite justified in calling me out for it—but it was not for that. It was not on account of you."

It would have been hard to say whether Donna Tullia's face most expressed surprise or disappointment at the intelligence. Perhaps she had both really believed herself the cause of the duel, and had

been flattered at the thought that men would fight for her.

"Oh, I am very glad—it is a great relief," she said, rather coldly. "Are you going to the ball to-night?"

"No; I cannot dance. My right arm is bound up in a sling, as you see."

"I am sorry you are not coming. Good-bye, then."

"Good-bye; I am very grateful for your forgiveness." Giovanni bowed low, and Donna Tullia's brilliant equipage dashed away.

Giovanni was well satisfied at having made his peace so easily, but he nevertheless apprehended danger from Donna Tullia.

The next thing which interested Roman society was Astrardente's will, but no one was much surprised when the terms of it were known. As there were no relations, everything was left to his wife. The palace in Rome, the town and castle in the Sabines, the broad lands in the low hill-country towards Ceprano, and what surprised even the family lawyer, a goodly sum in solid English securities,—a splendid fortune in all. Astrardente abhorred the name of money in his conversation—it had been one of his affectations; but he had an excellent understanding of business, and was exceedingly methodical in the management of his affairs. The inheritance, the lawyer thought, might be estimated at ten millions of francs.

"Is all this wealth mine, then?" asked Corona, when the solicitor had explained the situation.

"All, Signora Duchessa. You are enormously rich."

Enormously rich! And alone in the world. Corona asked herself if she was the same woman, the same Corona del Carmine who five years before had suffered

in the old convent the humiliation of having no pocket-money, whose wedding-gown had been provided from the proceeds of a little sale of the last relics of her father's once splendid collection of old china and pictures. She had never thought of money since she had been married; her husband was generous, but methodical; she never bought anything without consulting him, and the bills all went through his hands. Now and then she had rather timidly asked for a small sum for some charity; she had lacked nothing that money could buy, but she never remembered to have had more than a hundred francs in her purse. Astrardente had once offered to give her an allowance, and had seemed pleased that she refused it. He liked to manage things himself, being a man of detail.

And now she was enormously rich, and alone. It was a strange sensation. She felt it to be so new that she innocently said so to the lawyer.

"What shall I do with it all?"

"Signora Duchessa," returned the old man, "with regard to money the question is, not what to do with it, but how to do without it. You are very young, Signora Duchessa."

"I shall be twenty-three in August," said Corona, simply.

"Precisely. I would beg to be allowed to observe that by the terms of the will, and by the laws of this country, you are not the dowager-duchess, but you are in your own right and person the sole and only feudal mistress and holder of the title."

"Am I?"

"Certainly, with all the privileges thereto attached. It may be—I beg pardon for being so bold as to suggest it—it may be that in years to come, when time has

soothed your sorrow, you may wish, you may consent, to renew the marriage tie."

"I doubt it—but the thing is possible," said Corona, quietly.

"In that case, and should you prefer to contract a marriage of inclination, you will have no difficulty in conferring your title upon your husband, with any reservations you please. Your children will then inherit from you, and become in their turn Dukes of Astrardente. This I conceive to have been the purpose and spirit of the late Duke's will. The estate, magnificent as it is, will not be too large for the foundation of a new race. If you desire any distinctive title, you can call yourself Duchessa del Carmine d'Astrardente—it would sound very well," remarked the lawyer, contemplating the beautiful woman before him.

"It is of little importance what I call myself," said Corona. "At present I shall certainly make no change. It is very unlikely that I shall ever marry."

"I trust, Signora Duchessa, that in any case you will always command my most humble services."

With this protestation of fidelity the lawyer left the Palazzo Astrardente, and Corona remained in her boudoir in meditation of what it would be like to be the feudal mistress of a great title and estate. She was very sad, but she was growing used to her solitude. The liberty she enjoyed was strange to her, but little by little she was beginning to enjoy it. At first she had missed the constant care of the poor man who for five years had been her companion; she had missed his presence and the burden of thinking for him at every turn of the day. But it was not for long. Her memory of him was kind and tender, and for

months after his death the occasional sight of some object associated with him brought the tears to her eyes. She often wished he could walk into the room in his old way, and begin talking of the thousand and one bits of town gossip that interested him. But the first feeling of desolation soon passed, for he had not been more than a companion; she could analyse every memory she had of him to its source and reason. There was not in her that passionate unformulated yearning for him that comes upon a loving heart when its fellow is taken away, and which alone is a proof that love has been real and true. She soon grew accustomed to his absence.

To marry again—every one would say she would be right—to marry and to be the mother of children, of brave sons and noble girls,—ah yes! that was a new thought, a wonderful thought, one of many that were wonderful.

Then, again, her strong nature suddenly rose in a new sense of strength, and she paced the room slowly with a strange expression of sternness upon her beautiful features.

"I am a power in the world," she said to herself, almost starting at the truth of the thought, and yet taking delight in it. "I am what men call rich and powerful; I have money, estates, castles, and palaces; I am young, I am strong. What shall I do with it all?"

As she walked, she dreamed of raising some great institution of charity; she knew not for what precise object, but there was room enough for charity in Rome. The great Torlonia had built churches, and hospitals, and asylums. She would do likewise; she would make for herself an interest in doing good, a satisfaction in the exercise of her power to combat evil. It

would be magnificent to feel that she had done it herself, alone and unaided; built the walls from the foundation, and the corner-stone to the eaves; entered herself into the study of each detail, and herself peopled the great institution with such as most needed help in the world—with little children, perhaps. She would visit them every day, and herself provide for their wants and care for their sufferings. She would give the place her husband's name, and the good she would accomplish with his earthly portion might perhaps profit his soul. She would go to Padre Filippo and ask his advice. He would know what was best to be done, for he knew more of the misery in Rome than any one, and had a greater mind to relieve it. She had seen him since her husband's death, but she had not yet conceived this scheme.

And Giovanni—she thought of him too; but the habit of putting him out of her heart was strong. She dimly fancied that in the far future a day might come when she would be justified in thinking of him if she so pleased; but for the present, her loyalty to her dead husband seemed more than ever a sacred duty. She would not permit herself to think of Giovanni, even though she might contemplate the possibility of a second marriage from a general point of view. She would go to Padre Filippo and talk over everything with him; he would advise her well.

Then a wild longing seized her to leave Rome for a while, to breathe the air of the sea, to get away from the scene of all her troubles, of all the terrible emotions that had swept over her life in the last three weeks, to be alone in the country or by the sea. It seemed dreadful to be tied to her great house in the city, in her mourning, shut off suddenly from the world,

and bound down by the chain of conventionality to a fixed method of existence. She would give anything to go away. Why not? She suddenly realised what was so hard to understand, that she was free to go where she pleased—if only,

by accident, she could chance to meet Giovanni Sarracinesca before she left. No—the thought was unworthy. She would leave town at once—surely she could have nothing to say to Giovanni—she would leave to-morrow morning.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Corona found it impossible to leave town so soon as she had wished. She had indeed sent out great cart-loads of furniture, servants, horses, and all the paraphernalia of an establishment in the country, and she believed herself ready to move at once, when she received an exceedingly courteous note from Cardinal Antonelli requesting the honour of being received by her the next day at twelve o'clock. It was impossible to refuse, and to her great annoyance she was obliged to postpone her departure another twenty-four hours. She guessed that the great man was the bearer of some message from the Holy Father himself; and in her present frame of mind, any such words of comfort from one whom she revered and loved, as all who knew Pius IX. did sincerely revere and love him, could not fail to be acceptable. She did not like the Cardinal, it is true; but she did not confound the ambassador with him who sent the embassy. The Cardinal was a most courteous and accomplished man of the world, and Corona could not easily have explained the aversion she felt for him. It is very likely that if she could have understood the part he was sustaining in the great European struggle of those days, she would have accorded him at least the admiration he deserved as a statesman. He had his faults, and they were faults little becoming a cardinal of the

Holy Roman Church. But few are willing to consider that, though a cardinal, he was not a priest—that he was practically a layman who, by his own unaided genius, had attained to great power, and that those faults which have been charged against him with such virulence would have passed, nay, actually pass, unnoticed and uncensured in many a great statesman of those days and of these. He was a brave man, who fought a desperate and hopeless fight to his last breath, and who fought almost alone—a man most bitterly hated by many, at whose death many rejoiced loudly and few mourned; and to the shame of many be it said, that his most obstinate adversaries, those who unsparingly heaped abuse upon him during his lifetime, and most unseemingly exulted over his end, were the very men among whom he should have found the most willing supporters and the firmest friends. But in 1865 he was feared, and those who reckoned without him in the game of politics reckoned badly.

But Corona was a woman, and very young. She had not the knowledge or the experience to understand his value, and she had taken a personal dislike to him when she first appeared in society. He was too smooth for her; she thought him false. She preferred a rougher type. Her husband, on the other hand, had a boundless admiration for the cardinal-states-

man; and perhaps the way in which Astrardente constantly tried to impress his wife with a sense of the great man's virtues, indirectly contributed to increase her aversion. Nevertheless, when he sent word that he desired to be received by her, she did not hesitate a moment, but expressed her willingness at once. Punctually as the gun of Sant Angelo roared out the news that the sun was on the meridian, Cardinal Antonelli entered Corona's house. She received him in the great drawing-room. There was an air of solemnity about the meeting. The room itself, divested of a thousand trifles which had already been sent into the country, looked desolate and formal; the heavy curtains admitted but little light; there was no fire on the hearth; Corona stood all in black—a very incarnation of mourning—as her visitor trod softly across the dark carpet towards her.

The Cardinal's expressive face was softened by a look of gentle sympathy, as he came forward and took her hand in both of his, and gazed for a moment into her beautiful eyes.

"I am an ambassador, Duchessa," he said, softly. "I come to tell you how deeply our Holy Father sympathises in your great sorrow."

Corona bent her head respectfully, and motioned to the Cardinal to be seated.

"I beg that your Eminence will convey to his Holiness my most sincere gratitude for this expression of his paternal kindness to one so unhappy."

"Indeed I will not fail to deliver your message, Duchessa," answered the Cardinal, seating himself by her side in one of the great arm-chairs which had been placed together in the middle of the room.

"His Holiness has promised to remember you in his august prayers; and I also, for my own part, entreat you to believe that my poor sympathy is wholly with you in your distress."

"Your Eminence is most kind," replied Corona, gravely.

It seemed as though there were little to be said in such a case. There was no friendship between the two, no bond of union or fellowship: it was simply a formal visit of condolence, entailed as a necessity by Corona's high position. The Pope had sent her a gift at her wedding; he sent her a message of sympathy at her husband's death. Half-a-dozen phrases would be exchanged, and the Cardinal would take his leave, accompanied by a file of the Duchessa's lackeys—and so it would all be over. But the Cardinal was a statesman, a diplomatist, and one of the best talkers in Europe; moreover, he never allowed an opportunity of pursuing his ends to pass unimproved.

"Ah, Duchessa!" he said, folding his hands upon his knee and looking down, "there is but one Consoler in sorrow such as yours. It is vain for us mortals to talk of any such thing as alleviating real mental suffering. There are consolations—many of them—for some people, but they are not for you. To many the accidents of wealth, of youth, of beauty, seem to open the perspective of a brilliant future at the very moment when all the present would seem shrouded in darkness; but if you will permit me, who know you so little, to say it frankly, I do not believe that any of these things which you possess in such plentiful abundance will lessen the measure of your grief. It is not right that they should, I suppose. It is not fitting that noble minds should

even possess the faculty of forgetting real suffering in the unreal trifles of a great worldly possession, which so easily restore the weak to courage, and flatter the vulgar into the forgetfulness of honourable sorrow. I am no moraliser, no pedantic philosopher. The stoic may have shrugged his heavy shoulders in sullen indifference to fate; the epicurean may have found such bodily ease in his excessive refinement of moderate enjoyment as to overlook the deepest afflictions in anticipating the animal pleasure of the next meal. I cannot conceive of such men as those philosophising diners; nor can I imagine by what arguments the wisest of mankind could induce a fellow-creature in distress to forget his sufferings. Sorrow is sorrow still to all finely organised natures. The capacity for feeling sorrow is one of the highest tests of nobility—a nobility of nature not found always in those of high blood and birth, but existing in the people, wherever the people are good."

The Cardinal's voice became even more gentle as he spoke. He was himself of very humble origin, and spoke feelingly. Corona listened, though she only heard half of what he said; but his soft tone soothed her almost unconsciously.

"There is little consolation for me—I am quite alone," she said.

"You are not of those who find relief in worldly greatness," continued the Cardinal. "But I have seen women, young, rich, and beautiful, wear their mourning with wonderful composure. Youth is so much, wealth is so much more, beauty is such a power in the world—all three together are resistless. Many a young widow is not ashamed to think of mar-

riage before her husband has been dead a month. Indeed they do not always make bad wives. A woman who has been married young and is early deprived of her husband, has great experience, great knowledge of the world. Many feel that they have no right to waste the goods given them in a life of solitary mourning. Wealth is given to be used, and perhaps many a rich young widow thinks she can use it more wisely in the company of a husband young as herself. It may be; I cannot tell. These are days when power of any sort should be used, and perhaps no one should even for a moment think of withdrawing from the scene where such great battles are being fought. But one may choose wisely a way of using power, or one may choose unwisely. There is much to be done."

"How?" asked Corona, catching at his expression of an idea which pursued her. "Here am I, rich, alone, idle—above all, very unhappy. What can I do? I wish I knew, for I would try and do it."

"Ah! I was not speaking of you, Duchessa," answered the statesman. "You are too noble a woman to be easily consoled. And yet, though you may not find relief from your great sorrow, there are many things within your reach which you might do, and feel that in your mourning you have done honour to your departed husband as well as to yourself. You have great estates—you can improve them, and especially you can improve the condition of your peasants, and strengthen their loyalty to you and to the State. You can find many a village on your lands where a school might be established, an asylum built, a road opened—anything which will give employment to the poor, and

which, when finished, will benefit their condition. Especially about Astrardente they are very poor; I know the country well. In six months you might change many things; and then you might return to Rome next winter. If it pleases you, you can do anything with society. You can make your house a centre for a new party—the oldest of all parties it is, but it would now be thought new here. We have no centre. There is no *salon* in the good old sense of the word—no house where all that is intelligent, all that is powerful, all that is influential, is irresistibly drawn. To make a centre of that kind would be a worthy object, it seems to me. You would surround yourself with men of genius; you would bring those together who cannot meet elsewhere; you would give a vigorous tone to a society which is fast falling to decay from inanition; you could become a power, a real power, not only in Rome, but in Europe; you could make your house famous as the point from which, in Rome, all that is good and great should radiate to the very ends of the earth. You could do all this in your young widowhood, and you would not dishonour the memory of him you loved so dearly.”

Corona looked earnestly at the Cardinal as he enlarged upon the possibilities of her life. What he said seemed true and good. It opened to her a larger field than she had dreamed of half an hour ago. Especially the plan of working for the improvement of her estates and people attracted her. She wanted to do something at once—something good, and something worth doing.

“I believe you are right,” she said. “I shall die if I am idle.”

“I know I am right,” returned

the Cardinal in a tone of conviction. “Not that I propose all this as an unalterable plan for you. I would not have you think I mean to lay down any system, or even to advise you at all. I was merely thinking aloud. I am too happy if my thoughts please you—if anything I can say can even for a moment relieve your mind from the pressure of this sudden grief. It is not consolation I offer you. I am not a priest, but a man of action; and it is action I propose to you, not as an anodyne for sorrow, but simply because it is right that in these days we should all strive with a good will. Your peasants are many of them in an evil case: you can save them and make them happy, even though you find no happiness for yourself. Our social world here is falling to pieces, going astray after strange gods, and especially after Madame Mayer and her *lares* and *penates*, young Valdarno and Del Ferice: it is in your power to create a new life here, or at least to contribute greatly towards re-establishing the social balance. I say, do this thing, if you will, for it is a good thing to do. At all events, while you are building roads—and perhaps schools—at Astrardente, you can think over the course you will afterwards pursue. And now, my dear Duchessa, I have detained you far too long. Forgive me if I have wearied you, for I have great things at heart, and must sometimes speak of them, though I speak feebly. Count on me always for any assistance you may require. Bear with me if I weary you, for I was a good friend of him we both mourn.”

“Thank you—you have given me good thoughts,” said Corona, simply.

So the courtly Cardinal rose and took his leave, and once more Co-

rona was left alone. It was a strange thing that, while he disclaimed all power to comfort her, and denied that consolation was possible in her case, she had nevertheless listened to him with interest, and now found herself thinking seriously of what he had said. He seemed to have put her thoughts into shape, and to have given direction to that sense of power she had already begun to feel. For the first time in her life she felt something like sympathy for the Cardinal, and she lingered for some minutes alone in the great reception-room, wondering whether she could accomplish any of the things he had proposed to her. At all events, there was nothing now to hinder her departure; and she thought with something like pleasure of the rocky Sabines, the solitude of the mountains, the simple faces of the people about her place, and of the quiet life she intended to lead there during the next six months.

But the Cardinal went on his way, rolling along through the narrow streets in his great coach. Leaning far back in his cushioned seat, he could just catch a glimpse of the people as he passed, and his quick eyes recognised many, both high and low. But he did not care to show himself, for he felt himself disliked, and deep in his finely organised nature there lay a sensitiveness which was wounded by the popular hatred. It hurt him to see the lowering glances of the poor man, and to return the forced bow of the rich man who feared him. He often longed to be able to explain many things to them both, to the rich and to the poor; and then, knowing how impossible it was that he should be understood by either, he sighed somewhat bitterly, and hid himself still deeper in his carriage. Few

men in the midst of the world have stood so wholly alone as Cardinal Antonelli.

To-day, however, he had an appointment which he anticipated with a sort of interest quite new to him. Anastase Gouache was coming to begin his portrait, and Anastase was an object of curiosity to him. It would have surprised the young Frenchman had he guessed how carefully he was watched, for he was a modest fellow, and did not think himself of very much importance. He allowed Donna Tullia and her friends to come to his studio whenever they pleased, and he listened to their shallow talk, and joined occasionally in the conversation, letting them believe that he sympathised with them, simply because his own ideas were unsettled. It was a good thing for him to paint a portrait of Donna Tullia, for it made him the fashion, and he had small scruple in agreeing with her views so long as he had no fixed convictions of his own. She and her set regarded him as a harmless boy, and looked upon his little studio as a convenience, in payment whereof they pushed him into society, and spread abroad the rumour that he was the rising artist of the day. But the great Cardinal had seen him more than once, and had conceived a liking for his delicate intellectual face and unobtrusive manner. He had watched him and caused him to be watched, and his interest had increased, and finally he had taken a fancy to have a portrait of himself painted by the young fellow. This was the day appointed for the first sitting; and when the Cardinal reached his lodgings, high up in the Vatican pile, he found Anastase Gouache waiting for him in the small ante-chamber.

The prime minister was not lux-

uriously lodged. Four rooms sufficed him—to wit, the said ante-chamber, bare and uncarpeted, and furnished with three wooden box benches; a comfortable study lined throughout with shelves and lockers, furnished with half-a-dozen large chairs and a single writing-table, whereon stood a crucifix and an inkstand; beyond this a bedroom and a small dining-room: that was all. The drawers of the locker and bookcases contained a correspondence which would have astonished Europe, and a collection of gems and precious stones unrivalled in the world; but there was nothing in the shape of ornament visible to the eye, unless we were to class under that head a fairly good bust of Pius IX., which stood upon a plain marble pedestal in one corner. Gouache followed the great man into this study. He was surprised by the simplicity of the apartment; but he felt in sympathy with it, and with the Cardinal himself; and with the intuitive knowledge of a true artist, he foresaw that he was to paint a successful portrait.

The Cardinal busied himself with some papers while the painter silently made his preparations.

"If your Eminence is ready?" suggested Gouache.

"At your service, my friend," replied the Cardinal, blandly. "How shall I sit? The portrait must be taken in full face, I think."

"By all means. Here, I think—so; the light is very good at this hour, but a little later we shall have the sun. If your Eminence will look at me—a little more to the left—I think that will do. I will draw it in in charcoal, and your Eminence can judge."

"Precisely," returned the Cardinal. "You will paint the devil even blacker than he is."

"The devil?" repeated Gouache,

raising his eyebrows with a slight smile. "I was not aware——"

"And yet you have been in Rome four years!"

"I am very careful," returned Gouache. "I never by any chance hear any evil of those whom I am to paint."

"You have very well-bred ears, Monsieur Gouache. I fear that if I had attended some of the meetings in your studio while Donna Tullia was having her portrait painted, I should have heard strange things. Have they all escaped you?"

Gouache was silent for a moment. It did not surprise him to learn that the omniscient Cardinal was fully acquainted with the doings in his studio, but he looked curiously at the great man before he answered. The Cardinal's small gleaming eyes met his with the fearlessness of superiority.

"I remember nothing but good of your Eminence," he replied at last, with a laugh; and applying himself to his work, he began to draw in the outline of the Cardinal's head. The words he had just heard, implying as they did a thorough knowledge of the minutest details of social life, would have terrified Madame Mayer, and would perhaps have driven Del Ferice out of the Papal States in fear of his life. Even the good-natured and foolish Valdarno might reasonably have been startled; but Anastase was made of different stuff. His grandfather had helped to storm the Bastille, his father had been among the men of 1848; there was revolutionary blood in his veins, and he distinguished between real and imaginary conspiracy with the unerring certainty of instinct, as the bloodhound knows the track of man from the trail of meaner game. He laughed

at Donna Tullia, he distrusted Del Ferice, and to some extent he understood the Cardinal. And the statesman understood him, too, and was interested by him.

"You may as well forget their chatter. It does me no harm, and it amuses them. It does not seem to surprise you that I should know all about it, however. You have good nerves, Monsieur Gouache."

"Of course your Eminence can send me out of Rome to-morrow, if you please," answered Gouache, with perfect unconcern. "But the portrait will not be finished so soon."

"No—that would be a pity. You shall stay. But the others—what would you advise me to do with them?" asked the Cardinal, his bright eyes twinkling with amusement.

"If by the others your Eminence means my friends," replied Gouache, quietly, "I can assure you that none of them will ever cause you the slightest inconvenience."

"I believe you are right—their ability to annoy me is considerably inferior to their inclination. Is it not so?"

"If your Eminence will allow me," said Gouache, rising suddenly and laying down his charcoal pencil, "I will pin this curtain across the window. The sun is beginning to come in."

He had no intention of answering any questions. If the Cardinal knew of the meetings in the Via San Basilio, that was not Gouache's fault; Gouache would certainly not give any further information. The statesman had expected as much, and was not at all surprised at the young man's silence.

"One of those young gentlemen seems to have met his match, at all events," he remarked, presently. "I am sorry it should have come about in that way."

"Your Eminence might easily have prevented the duel."

"I knew nothing about it," answered the Cardinal, glancing keenly at Anastase.

"Nor I," said the artist, simply.

"You see my information is not always so good as people imagine, my friend."

"It is a pity," remarked Gouache. "It would have been better had poor Del Ferice been killed outright. The matter would have terminated there."

"Whereas——"

"Whereas Del Ferice will naturally seek an occasion for revenge."

"You speak as though you were a friend of Don Giovanni's," said the Cardinal.

"No; I have a very slight acquaintance with him. I admire him, he has such a fine head. I should be sorry if anything happened to him."

"Do you think Del Ferice is capable of murdering him?"

"Oh no! He might annoy him a great deal."

"I think not," answered the Cardinal, thoughtfully. "Del Ferice was afraid that Don Giovanni would marry Donna Tullia and spoil his own projects. But Giovanni will not think of that again."

"No; I suppose Don Giovanni will marry the Duchessa d'Astradente."

"Of course," replied the Cardinal. For some minutes there was silence. Gouache, while busy with his pencil, was wondering at the interest the great man took in such details of the Roman social life. The Cardinal was thinking of Corona, whom he had seen but half an hour ago, and was revolving in his mind the advantages that might be got by allying her to Giovanni. He had in view for

her a certain Serene Highness whom he wished to conciliate, and whose circumstances were not so splendid as to make Corona's fortune seem insignificant to him. But on the other hand, the Cardinal had no Serene Highness ready for Giovanni, and feared lest he should after all marry Donna Tullia, and get into the opposite camp.

"You are from Paris, Monsieur Gouache, I believe," said the Cardinal at last.

"Parisian of the Parisians, your Eminence."

"How can you bear to live in exile so long? You have not been to your home these four years, I think."

"I would rather live in Rome for the present. I will go to Paris some day. It will always be a pleasant recollection to have seen Rome in these days. My friends write me that Paris is gay, but not pleasant."

"You think there will soon be nothing of this time left but the recollection of it?" suggested the Cardinal.

"I do not know what to think. The times seem unsettled, and so are my ideas. I was told that your Eminence would help me to decide what to believe." Gouache smiled pleasantly, and looked up.

"And who told you that?"

"Don Giovanni Sarracinesca."

"But I must have some clue to what your ideas are," said the Cardinal. "When did Don Giovanni say that?"

"At Prince Frangipani's. He had been talking with your Eminence—perhaps he had come to some conclusion in consequence," suggested Gouache.

"Perhaps so," answered the great man, with a look of considerable satisfaction. "At all events I am flattered by the opinion he gave

you of me. Perhaps I may help you to decide. What are your opinions? or rather, what would you like your opinions to be?"

"I am an ardent republican," said Gouache, boldly. It needed no ordinary courage to make such a statement to the incarnate chief of reactionary politics in those days—within the walls of the Vatican, not a hundred yards from the private apartments of the Holy Father. But Cardinal Antonelli smiled blandly, and seemed not in the least surprised nor offended.

"Republicanism is an exceedingly vague term, Monsieur Gouache," he said. "But with what other opinions do you wish to reconcile your republicanism?"

"With those held by the Church. I am a good Catholic, and I desire to remain one—indecide I cannot help remaining one."

"Christianity is not vague, at all events," answered the Cardinal, who, to tell the truth, was somewhat astonished at the artist's juxtaposition of two such principles. "In the first place, allow me to observe, my friend, that Christianity is the purest form of a republic which the world has ever seen, and that it therefore only depends upon your good sense to reconcile in your own mind two ideas which from the first have been indissolubly bound together."

It was Gouache's turn to be startled at the Cardinal's confidence.

"I am afraid I must ask your Eminence for some further explanation," he said. "I had no idea that Christianity and republicanism were the same thing."

"Republicanism," returned the statesman, "is a vague term, invented in an abortive attempt to define by one word the mass of inextricable confusion arising in our times from the fusion of socialistic ideas with ideas purely republican.

If you mean to speak of this kind of thing, you must define precisely your position in regard to socialism, and in regard to the pure theory of a commonwealth. If you mean to speak of a real republic in any known form, such as the ancient Roman, the Dutch, or the American, I understand you without further explanation."

"I certainly mean to speak of the pure republic. I believe that under a pure republic the partition of wealth would take care of itself."

"Very good, my friend. Now, with regard to the early Christians, should you say that their communities were monarchic, or aristocratic, or oligarchic?"

"None of those three, I should think," said Gouache.

"There are only two systems left, then—democracy and hierarchy. You will probably say that the government of the early Christians was of the latter kind—that they were governed by priests, in fact. But on the other hand, there is no doubt that both those who governed, and those who were governed by them, had all things in common, regarded no man as naturally superior to another, and preached a fraternity and equality at least as sincere as those inculcated by the first French Republic. I do not see how you can avoid calling such community a republic, seeing that there was an equal partition of wealth; and defining it as a democratic one, seeing that they all called each other brethren."

"But the hierarchy—what became of it?" inquired Gouache.

"The hierarchy existed within the democracy, by common consent and for the public good, and formed a second democracy of smaller extent but greater power. Any man might become a priest,

any priest might become a bishop, any bishop might become pope, as surely as any born citizen of Rome could become consul, or any native of New York may be elected President of the United States. Now in theory this was beautiful, and in practice the democratic spirit of the hierarchy, the smaller republic, has survived in undiminished vigour to the present day. In the original Christian theory the whole world should now be one vast republic, in which all Christians should call each other brothers, and support each other in worldly as well as spiritual matters. Within this should exist the smaller republic of the hierarchy, by common consent,—an elective body, recruiting its numbers from the larger, as it does now; choosing its head, the sovereign Pontiff, as it does now, to be the head of both Church and State; eminently fitted for that position, for the very simple reason that in a community organised and maintained upon such principles, in which, by virtue of the real and universal love of religion, the best men would find their way into the Church, and would ultimately find their way to the papal throne."

"Your Eminence states the case very convincingly," answered Gouache. "But why has the larger republic, which was to contain the smaller one, ceased to exist? or rather, why did it never come into existence?"

"Because man has not yet fulfilled his part in the great contract. The matter lies in a nutshell. The men who enter the Church are sufficiently intelligent and well educated to appreciate the advantages of Christian democracy, fellowship, solidarity, and brotherly love. The republic of the Church has therefore survived, and will survive for ever. The men who

form the majority, on the other hand, have never had either the intelligence or the education to understand that democracy is the ultimate form of government: instead of forming themselves into a federation, they have divided themselves into hostile factions, calling themselves nations, and seeking every occasion for destroying and plundering each other, frequently even turning against the Church herself. The Church has committed faults in history, without doubt, but on the whole she has nobly fulfilled her contract, and reaps the fruits of fidelity in the vigour and unity she displays after eighteen centuries. Man, on the other, has failed to do his duty, and all races of men are consequently suffering for their misdeeds; the nations are divided against each other, and every nation is a house divided against itself, which sooner or later shall fall."

"But," objected Gouache, "allowing, as one easily may, that all this is true, your Eminence is always called reactionary in politics. Does that accord with these views?"

Gouache believed the question unanswerable, but as he put it he worked calmly on with his pencil, labouring hard to catch something of the Cardinal's striking expression in the rough drawing he was making.

"Nothing is easier, my friend," replied the statesman. "The re-

public of the Church is driven to bay. We are on a war footing. For the sake of strength we are obliged to hold together so firmly that for the time we can only think of maintaining old traditions without dreaming of progress or spending time in experiments. When we have weathered the storm we shall have leisure for improving much that needs improvement. Do not think that if I am alive twenty years hence I shall advise what I advise now. We are fighting now, and we have no time to think of the arts of peace. We shall have peace some day. We shall lose an ornament or two from our garments in the struggle, but our body will not be injured, and in time of peace our ornaments will be restored to us fourfold. But now there is war and rumour of war. There is a vast difference between the ideal republic which I was speaking of, and the real anarchy and confusion which would be brought about by what is called republicanism."

"In other words, if the attack upon the Church were suddenly abandoned, your Eminence would immediately abandon your reactionary policy," said Gouache, "and adopt progressive views?"

"Immediately," replied the Cardinal.

"I see," said Gouache. "A little more towards me—just so that I can catch that eye. Thank you—that will do."

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

XII.—ADVENTURES IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

I HAD not been many months back from Circassia, and, Micawber-like, was waiting for something to turn up—not anxiously, however, for the London season of 1856 was not without its attractions—when, towards the close of it, I found myself once more starting for Liverpool on another trip across the Atlantic, my fellow-traveller on this occasion being my much-valued and lamented friend Mr Delane of the ‘Times,’ to whom I was able to act as cicerone on our arrival at New York, where we underwent a round of festivities and enjoyed an amount of hospitality which, I used to think afterwards, on perusing the columns of the Thunderer, had not been altogether without their effect. The pressure of my companion’s editorial duties unfortunately obliged us to part all too soon—he to return to England, and I to visit each one of the British North American colonies in turn, on some business with which I had been intrusted; but I cannot neglect this opportunity of paying the tribute of a grateful memory to one of the best and truest men I have ever known.

My intimacy with Delane extended over nearly twenty years, during which I had frequent business as well as uninterrupted private relations with him. I had thus abundant opportunities of testing alike the power of his intellect and the warmth of his affections, and found in him a man who, with everything to spoil him, was never spoilt—who never allowed his social or public position to paralyse in the slightest

degree that generosity of nature which was constantly prompting him to extend his strong arm to help those in trouble, and to perform acts of kindness which were never known except to the recipients of them. As an instance, I remember on one occasion bringing to his notice the case of a widow whose husband, an officer who had been severely wounded in the Crimea, was refused her pension because, although it was not denied that he died of his wound, he lingered a day or two beyond the allotted time within which he ought to have succumbed, the plea of the War Office being that an awkward question might be asked in the House of Commons if an exception were made in his favour. On my showing him the correspondence, Delane immediately took up the cudgels for the widow, and a leading article appeared in the old slashing style, which concluded with the following stinging epigram, in allusion to the possibility of an objection being taken in Parliament: “The House of Commons is never stingy, except when it suspects a job; the War Office is always stingy, except when it commits one.” But the question was never allowed to come before the House; for two days after the appearance of this article, the widow got her pension.

We made at New York the acquaintance of all the leading members of the press of that city at an entertainment given by them to Mr Delane; and the occasion was doubly interesting, because the Presidential election was going on at the time, which resulted in

Buchanan being sent to the White House at Washington. How little did any of us, in the political discussions in which we took part, foresee how pregnant with disastrous results that Presidentship was destined to be,—that it would involve the most bloody civil war of modern times, and that nearly thirty years would elapse before a Democratic administration would again be formed in the United States! Among the eminent men whose acquaintance we made, and whom it is interesting to recall to memory—for they have all, I think, passed away—were General Scott, then Commander-in-Chief of the army; Commodore Perry; Mr Grinnell, who fitted out the first American Arctic expedition; and Bancroft, the historian. We fraternised much with a most agreeable group of Southerners, from whom I was glad to accept invitations to visit them on their plantations,—an experience I the less regret, as I was thus able to form an independent judgment of the practical working of the “peculiar institution” which was destined so soon to be abolished; to see the South in the palmy days of its prosperity, under conditions which can never recur again; and to enjoy a hospitality which possessed a charm of its own, however much one might regret the surroundings amid which it was exercised, or condemn the abuses to which the system of slavery gave rise. I put the result of my observations on record at the time in an article in this Magazine; and from what I saw and heard, it was not difficult to predict in it the cataclysm which took place four years later, though the idea of the South resorting to violence was scouted in the North; and when, upon more than one occasion, I ventured to suggest the

possibility to Republicans, I was invariably met by the reply that I had not been long enough in the country to understand the temper of the people, and attached an importance it did not deserve to Southern “bounce.” When, three months after the close of the war, I again traversed the same States which I was now visiting during a period of peace and plenty, the contrast was heartrending. Homesteads which then were rich and flourishing, were now masses of charred ruins; whole towns had been swept away. This, I remember, was conspicuously the case at Atlanta, where only a few wooden shanties—where I found it very difficult to get accommodation for the night—indicated the site of the former town. It is now again a flourishing city. Ruin and devastation marked the track of invading armies over vast tracts of country, and testified alike to the severity of the struggle and the obstinacy of the resistance. In this respect the country exhibited a very striking contrast to France after the German campaign. As it was my fortune to accompany the German armies through a great part of the war, and to march with them through several provinces of France, I could compare the conditions of the theatre of military operations with that of the Southern States immediately after the war, and judge of the nature of the conflict by the traces which it left. In the latter case, one may say that, except immediately round Paris and in one or two isolated localities like Châteaudun, it left no traces at all, and enabled one to estimate at its proper value, even if one had not been present at the battles, the flimsy nature of the resistance which had been offered.

Perhaps one of the best evidences of the different character of

the fighting which took place between the Northern and Southern armies in America, and that which occurred in France, is to be found in the fact that the Franco-German battles were essentially artillery combats; and that, with the exception of one or two of the earlier battles, such as Spicheren and Gravelotte, the opposing forces never came to close quarters at all. In fact, during the Loire campaign, which I made with the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, both sides played at such long bowls that it was very difficult, even with the aid of a field-glass, to see a Frenchman; whereas, towards the close of the American war, both sides almost abandoned artillery as a useless arm, and a source of weakness rather than of strength, when men, not to be deterred by noise, rushed in on the guns. Modern inventions and machine-guns may make this more difficult, but certainly the artillery of even fifteen years ago, mitrailleuse included, required an amount of protection when opposed by a resolute foe, which scarcely compensated for the relatively small extent of injury it could inflict; and I have often thought that if the German armies had found themselves confronted with the comparatively raw and untrained levies of the American rebellion, they would have discovered that there is another art of war altogether from that in which they have perfected themselves—of which they have had as yet no experience—and which consists in an invincible determination to get at close quarters with the enemy as quickly as possible, and, if necessary, to die there rather than come away.

In no Southern city, perhaps, was the stress of war more severely felt than in New Orleans, though it was never devastated by shot

and shell. At the time of my first visit in the winter of 1856-57, it was socially the most delightful city in the Union; and as I was fortunate in the possession of many friends, and of an age to appreciate gaiety, my stay there was one of unqualified enjoyment. In the autumn of 1865 it was the saddest place I ever entered,—sadder to me, perhaps, from the contrast as I had known it in happier days. Some of my friends had been killed, others were totally ruined, others in self-imposed exile. A new and not a pleasant class had taken their place, trade was at a stand-still, enterprise of all sorts was languishing, and a feeling of gloom and despondency reigned supreme. My last visit there was made during the last days of 1881, when it seemed like a city rising from the dead: hope and joy beamed from every countenance; and though, after the lapse of so many years, I scarcely found a soul I knew, there was a life and animation which augured well for the recovery of the place from its long torpor. Still it has undergone a change which will prevent it ever becoming the New Orleans I first remember. Then its charm lay in its French-Creole society—an element which has given way to the inroad from the North—and, if I may venture to confess it, in a certain lawlessness, which made it what, in local parlance, was called the “jumping-off place” for harebrained expeditions of a filibustering character to Cuba, Central America, or any other tempting locality. Among the most hospitable houses on the occasion of my first visit, was that of M^r Pierre Soulé, formerly United States Minister to Madrid, and whose son—at whose wedding I assisted—fought a duel with the Duke of Alva, which made some

noise at the time. At this juncture Walker was endeavouring to establish himself as President of Nicaragua, and engaged in a war with the Costa Ricans, who were being aided in their resistance to his attempt by money and men supplied by Commodore Vanderbilt, with whom Walker had foolishly quarrelled upon the subject of the transit route through Nicaragua, of which the American capitalist desired to retain the control. Mr Soulé was acting in New Orleans as Walker's agent, and he explained to me that Walker's intention was not, as erroneously supposed by the British Government, to conquer the small republics of Central America, with the view of annexing them to the United States, but for the purpose of welding them into a new Anglo-Saxon republic—a project which it seemed to me, though it was undertaken by a single man, was not more immoral than similar enterprises are when undertaken by Governments, and one which was calculated to benefit not only the Central American States themselves, but the cause of civilisation generally. Subsequent observation confirmed me in this view, which has been further illustrated by the history of the country during the thirty years which have elapsed since this time, during which it has been the prey to constant revolutions, while it has made absolutely no advance in the arts of peace. I therefore listened with a favourable ear to Mr Soulé's offer of a free passage to Nicaragua in a ship conveying a reinforcement of 300 men to Walker's army, and of carrying strong personal recommendations to that noted filibuster, who was requested by Mr Soulé to explain the political situation to me, in the hope that on my return to England I might induce

the British Government to regard his operations with a more favourable eye than they had hitherto done. The fact that if I succeeded I was to be allowed to take my pick out of a list of confiscated *haciendas*, or estates, certainly did not influence my decision to go, though it may possibly have acted as a gentle stimulant; but I remember at the time having some doubts on the subject from a moral point of view. Had I been brought up in the city, or been familiar with the processes of promoting joint-stock companies, these probably would not have occurred to me. As it was, I remember spending Christmas-day in high spirits at the novelty of the adventure upon which I was entering; and here I may remark, as an illustration of the rapidity with which, in my capacity of a moss-gathering stone, I was rolling about the world, that my Christmas-days during these years were passed in very varied localities.

On Christmas-day 1854 I was in Quebec; on the same day 1855 I was in Trebizond; in 1856 at New Orleans; and in 1857 in the Canton River.

It was on the last day of the year that the good ship *Texas* cleared out of New Orleans with 300 emigrants on board. At least we called ourselves emigrants—a misnomer which did not prevent the civic authorities, with the city marshal at their head, trying to stop us; but we had the sympathies of the populace with us, and under their ægis laughed the law to scorn. It would have been quite clear to the most simple-minded observer what kind of emigrants we were the day after we got out to sea and the men were put through their squad-drill on deck. There were Englishmen who had been private soldiers in

the Crimea, Poles who had fought in the last Polish insurrection, Hungarians who had fought under Kossuth, Italians who had struggled through the revolutions of '48, Western "boys" who had just had six months' fighting in Kansas, while of the "balance" the majority had been in one or other of the Lopez expeditions to Cuba. Many could exhibit bullet-wounds and sword-cuts, and scars from manacles, which they considered no less honourable—notwithstanding all which, the strictest order prevailed. No arms were allowed to be carried. There were always two officers of the day who walked about with swords buckled over their shooting-jackets, and sixteen men told off as a guard to maintain discipline. Alas! the good behaviour and fine fighting qualities of these amiable emigrants were destined to be of no avail; for on our arrival at the mouth of the San Juan river we found a British squadron lying at anchor to keep the peace, and the steamer by which we hoped to ascend the river in the hands of our enemies, the Costa Ricans. Our first feeling was that we were not to be deterred by such trifles. The men were all drawn up below, each had received his rifle, revolver, and bowie, with the necessary ammunition, and all the arrangements were made for cutting out our prize, which was lying about 300 yards off, in the night. As a compliment, which I could not refuse but did not appreciate, I was given command of a boat (I think it was the dingy), and I costumed myself accordingly. Just before sunset we observed to our dismay a British man-of-war's boat pulling towards us; and a moment later, Captain Cockburn, of H.M.S. *Cossack*, was in the captain's cabin, making most indiscreet inquiries

as to the kind of emigrants we were. It did not require long to satisfy him; and as I incautiously hazarded a remark which betrayed my nationality, I was incontinently ordered into his boat as a British subject, being where a British subject had no right to be. As he further announced that he was about to moor his ship in such a position as would enable him, should fighting occur in the course of the night, to fire into both combatants with entire impartiality, I the less regretted this abrupt parting from my late companions, the more especially as, on asking him who commanded the squadron, I found it was a distant cousin. This announcement on my part was received with some incredulity, and I was taken on board the *Orion*, an 80-gun ship, carrying the flag of Admiral Erskine, to test its veracity, while Captain Cockburn made his report of the *Texas* and her passengers. As soon as the Admiral recovered from his amazement at my appearance, he most kindly made me his guest; and I spent a very agreeable time for some days, watching the "emigrants" disconsolately pacing the deck, for the Costa Ricans gave them the slip in the night and went up the river, and their opponents found their occupation gone. The question they now had to consider was how to get to Walker. Few ever succeeded in doing so; and the non-arrival of this reinforcement was the immediate cause of the disaster which obliged "the blue-eyed man of destiny," as his friends called him, not long after to escape from the country. Poor Walker! he owed all his misfortunes, and finally his own untimely end, to British interference; for on his return to Central America, where he intended to make Honduras the base of his operations, he

was captured at Truxillo by Captain Salmon, and handed over to the Honduras Government, who incontinently hung him. This was the usual fate which followed failure in this country; and those who fought in it knew they were doing so with a rope round their necks—which doubtless improved their fighting qualities. I did not know, however, until my return to England, that rumour had accredited me with so tragic an end, when at the first party I went to, my partner, a very charming young person, whom I was very glad to see again after my various adventures, put out two fingers by way of greeting, raised her eyebrows with an air of mild surprise, and said in the most silvery and unmoved voice, "Oh, how d'ye do? I thought you were hung!" I think it was rather a disappointment to her that I was not. There is a novelty in the sensation of an old and esteemed dancing partner being hanged, and it forms a pleasing topic of conversation with the other ones. Eight years after this escapade, Admiral Erskine and I used to meet under very different circumstances: he was member for the county of Stirling, and I for the Stirling burghs, and he used laughingly to maintain that he had rescued me from a gang of desperadoes, and restored me to respectable society—a view which I attribute to narrow prejudice; for if you come to sheer respectability, there can be no doubt in the mind of any one who has tried both, that the life of a filibuster is infinitely superior in its aims and methods to that of a politician: a conclusion which was forcibly impressed upon my mind by one of my earliest experiences in the House of Commons, when a Reform Bill was passed by the Conservatives, which they would vehemently have opposed had it been

brought in by the Liberals, and which the latter, in defiance of their political convictions, opposed because it was brought in by the Conservatives—a piece of political filibustering on the one side, as immoral to my unsophisticated mind as the tactics by which it was met on the other, but which, by voting steadily against the party to which I had the honour to belong, I contributed my mite to thwart. It did not take me long after this to discover that I was not cut out for a party man, and I entered into the repose of the Chiltern Hundreds.

To return to the purer atmosphere of Greytown: there was no inducement to go ashore, as there was absolutely nothing to see in the sleepy little *mestizo* town; so I took leave of my hospitable naval entertainers, and embarked in a passing steamer for Aspinwall, and crossed the Isthmus to Panama, where I found a mild revolution in progress, which had for the time handed over the town to the tender mercies of the negro part of its population.

It had always occurred to me that if one wanted to connect the two seas by a ship canal, the first part of the Isthmus to examine was the narrowest. Yet so far as I am aware, this route has never, even to this day, been surveyed. While at Panama, I thought I would make the attempt, and indeed reached a point by the Bayanos river within seventeen miles of the Gulf of Mexico. It is true that I was confronted by a high range of hills, which the hostility of the Darien Indians—who obstruct the progress of the explorer by shooting little poisoned arrows at him through blow-pipes—prevented my traversing; but I heard that at one place there was a low pass, across which the Indians were in the habit of dragging their canoes; and I still

think Monsieur Lesseps, before deciding to make the canal by the side of the railway, and thus encountering the almost insuperable obstacle of the Chagres river—which it may be predicted with tolerable certainty will prevent the work from ever being completed—would have done well to examine the country between the Bayanos river and Manzanilla Bay. I urged these considerations in an account of my expedition which I published in this Magazine at the time. Upon returning from it, I recrossed the Isthmus, and proceeded to Carthage, meeting on the steamer an interesting priest, who, on discovering my filibustering propensities, proposed to me to enter into a conspiracy for making a revolution in Honduras and upsetting the Government. This was to be done in the interest of the Church to which he belonged, the president for the time being having so far emancipated himself from spiritual guidance as—in the opinion of the highest ecclesiastical authorities—to render a change desirable. My informant assured me, under a solemn pledge of secrecy, that the whole matter was arranged; that the revolution would probably be bloodless or nearly so; that he was on his way to Europe in search of funds—for just in proportion as you had money, could you save the shedding of blood; but that, in order to be prepared for all contingencies, a few resolute men were required. These he would prefer to obtain, if possible, from England,—the importation of Americans for such purposes not having proved satisfactory—witness Walker, who was invited to help in a revolution, and who, when he had gained the day for the presidential candidate he came to assist, deliberately ousted him, and put himself in his place.

I expressed my sense of the

compliment paid to the more disinterested character of my countrymen, and asked the holy father how many of them he wanted. To my astonishment he said twenty would be enough. They were only required as leaders when fighting was to be done; and if there were more, it would be difficult to provide for them afterwards. In fact I was to bring out from England twenty of the biggest dare-devils I could find, land them at a time and place which would be appointed, and obey orders, which I should receive from a bishop! My spiritual tempter was rather disappointed to learn that I was not a Romanist, as then I should have been supported by the high moral consciousness that I was fighting in the cause of the Church; and was obliged to rest satisfied with my assurances that I was free from theological bigotry of any kind. Men, he said, derived great spiritual benefit by fighting on the right side, even though, to begin with, the motives by which they were actuated were low ones. This naturally suggested the question, What temporal advantage was to accrue to me for the service I was rendering the Church? He was not in a position, he replied, to make me any definite promises in this respect; but I might count on high office, probably the head of the War Department, if I developed strong clerical sympathies. What a vista of conquest and greatness did this suggestion open to my youthful and ardent imagination! To be War Minister of Honduras at seven or eight and twenty, with Costa Rica, Guatemala, San Salvador, and Nicaragua, all waiting to be gobbled up. I would out-Walker Walker. Of course we did not get to this climax till after several days of secret confabulation, for I had to inspire the holy father with con-

fidence. Meantime my moral sense was getting more and more confused. Decidedly there was something in the atmosphere of Central America which had a tendency to mix things up. Possibly it is still haunted by the shades of Pizarro and Kidd and Morgan, and free-booting and buccaneering influences hang round the lovely land to tempt the lonely wanderer disgusted with the prosaic tendencies of modern civilisation. I went so far as to learn a secret sign from this pious conspirator, so that on my return with my twenty men I should know how to find a friend in case of need. After all, he was only proposing to me to do on a small scale in Honduras what a clerical deputation five years afterwards proposed to the brother of the Emperor of Austria to do in Mexico on a larger one, and which that unhappy prince accepted as a religious duty.

I had a long talk with the Emperor Maximilian at Trieste just before he started for Mexico, and gave him the benefit of some of my Central American experiences; for when I heard the noble and lofty ambitions by which his soul was fired, I foresaw the bitter disappointment in store for him, though I could not anticipate his tragic end.

"It is the paradise of adventurers, sir," I remember saying, "but not a country for any man to go to who has a position to lose or a conscience to obey." In my small way I felt, after I had escaped from the influence of my ghostly tempter, that I had both, and dismissed him and his proposals from my mind. I watched, however, the fortunes of Honduras in the papers; and sure enough, not many months elapsed before the Government was overthrown by a peaceful revolution, as the father had predicted, and a new president and

administration were installed in its place, where the name of the priest himself figured more than once as an important character in the politics of the country.

Almost immediately on my arrival in England, a dissolution of Parliament, followed by a general election, took place, and I was actively engaged for a fortnight endeavouring to filibuster a constituency. I failed in the attempt; but I was more than consoled by the fact that during the contest a special embassy to China was decided upon, with Lord Elgin as ambassador, who offered, if I did not get into Parliament, to take me out with him as his secretary. As special embassies to China are rarer events than general elections, I accepted my defeat with a light heart, more especially as I knew I had made the seat sure for next time, and a month afterwards was steaming down the Bay of Biscay on my way to far Cathay, with my dreams of empire in Central America relegated to the limbo of the past.

At Singapore we transferred ourselves from the P. & O. Company's steamer in which we had made the journey thus far, to H.M.S. Shannon, a 50-gun frigate commanded by Sir William Peel. She was a magnificent specimen of the naval architecture of those days; and her captain, who was justly proud of her, was, I think, not altogether satisfied with the prospect, during war-time, of the peaceful duty of carrying about an ambassador which had been allotted to him. Poor fellow! his fighting propensities were destined all too soon to be gratified, and the brilliant professional career which seemed in store for him to be abruptly and fatally terminated. I have never met a naval officer who so completely realised one's *beau idéal* of a sailor, or in whom a

thorough knowledge of and devotion to his profession was combined with such a sound judgment, such gentle and amiable qualities, and such chivalrous daring. In some points there was a marked similarity in his character to that of General Gordon. There was the same high principle, stern sense of duty, lofty aspiration of aim, unbounded self-reliance, and intolerance of what seemed unworthy or ignoble, whether in governments or individuals.

It was at Galle that we heard the first news of the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny; but the appalling details reached us here, and determined Lord Elgin, on his own responsibility, to divert the destination of the China expeditionary force from Hong Kong to Calcutta. Meantime we proceeded ourselves to the former place; and after staying there a few weeks to transact some necessary business, Lord Elgin determined to proceed him-

self to Calcutta, with the view of affording Lord Canning all the moral support in his power. On our return to Singapore in company with H.M.S. *Pearl*, commanded by Captain Sotheby, we found the 90th Regiment, together with some other troops, waiting for transport to Calcutta. These were embarked in the two ships, and we proceeded with them to India.

The transport which had conveyed the 90th Regiment had been wrecked in the Straits of Sunda, and one young officer had particularly distinguished himself in the confusion attendant upon getting the men safely ashore and putting them under canvas. This was the junior captain; and as he took passage with us in the *Shannon*, I was so fortunate as to make his acquaintance. I little suspected, however, when we parted at Calcutta, that the next time I was destined to meet him it would be as Lord Wolseley.

XIII.—CALCUTTA DURING THE MUTINY.

The extraordinary sensation produced by our arrival at Calcutta, and the relief which the appearance of a large body of British troops at so critical a juncture afforded the foreign population, I alluded to in a book published two years later;¹ but as this narrative had reference more especially to war and diplomacy in China, I may be permitted to recall the impressions which Calcutta made upon me at the time, and which are omitted in it. Certainly at the moment of our arrival the prevailing sentiment was panic. Each day witnessed the appearance of refugees from up country, with tales of fresh horrors. The whole country seemed slipping from our

grasp: Delhi and Agra were in the hands of the mutineers; an English garrison, with a numerous party of civilians, with ladies and children, were besieged in Lucknow, which Havelock had not yet succeeded in relieving; the solitary survivor of the Cawnpore massacre had only arrived two or three days before. He was pointed out to me one afternoon in awe-stricken tones by a friend. Almost every private house was an asylum for refugees. I was the guest of my old friend Sir Arthur Buller, and shared his hospitality, with two ladies who had both been obliged to fly for their lives. One of them in particular had a very narrow escape. She left the station at which she

¹ Narrative of Lord Elgin's Embassy to China and Japan.

was staying at nine P.M., fearing an outbreak, but scarcely anticipating it so soon. By six o'clock the next morning every man, woman, and child in the place had been murdered. For two nights and a day she rode or drove with a double-barrelled gun across her knees. Although she was robbed of this and of all the money she possessed, her life was spared by the natives she encountered; but during these thirty-six hours she tasted no food, and I remember being deeply impressed by the narrative of her adventures, though these are all the particulars I can recall. As everybody one met had lost some dear relative or friend, or was in feverish anxiety as to the fate of those from whom no news had been received, a fearful gloom pervaded the community; and this was heightened by the suspense attaching to Lucknow, where so many officials in both branches of the service, with delicate women and children, were collected. Every day we expected to hear the news of its fall; and with the experience of Cawnpore fresh in our memories, we knew that this meant the massacre, under the most revolting conditions, of every soul. It was no wonder, under these circumstances, that every soldier we brought was hurried up to Havelock, and that a naval brigade formed from the Shannon and Pearl, and placed under the command of Sir William Peel, was organised without delay. The whole force was drawn up on the morning of its despatch to the front, and addressed in a stirring speech by Lord Elgin, when we parted from our shipmates, many of whom we should never see again. There can be little doubt that these reinforcements, arriving when they did, enabled Havelock to relieve

Lucknow, and that the salvation of that place by the English was the turning-point of the Mutiny. The China force thus diverted by Lord Elgin without waiting for instructions from home, thereby indefinitely postponing his own mission, amounted to 5000 men; and these just turned the scale at the critical moment. As a testimony to this, I cannot do better than quote a letter addressed by Sir Henry Ward, whose position as Governor of Ceylon enabled him to judge of the situation as well as any man, to Lord Elgin:—

"You may think me impertinent," he says, "in volunteering an opinion upon what, in the first instance, only concerns you and the Queen and Lord Canning. But having seen something of public life during a great part of my own, which is now fast verging into the 'sear and yellow leaf,' I may venture to say that I never knew a nobler thing than that which you have done, in preferring the safety of India to the success of your Chinese negotiations. If I know anything of English public opinion, this single act will place you higher in general estimation as a statesman than your whole past career, honourable and fortunate as it has been. For it is not every man who would venture to alter the destination of a force upon the despatch of which a Parliament has been dissolved, and a Government might have been superseded. It is not every man who would consign himself for many months to political inaction in order simply to serve the interests of his country. You have set a bright example at a moment of darkness and calamity; and if India can be saved, it is to you that we shall owe its redemption, for nothing short of the Chinese expedition would have supplied the means of holding our ground until further reinforcements are received."¹

I have ventured to introduce this quotation, because I do not

¹ Extracts from Letters of Lord Elgin. Privately printed.

think that either in public estimation, or in the accounts of the Indian Mutiny which have been published, the important bearing of this act on the part of Lord Elgin upon the destiny of our Indian empire has ever been sufficiently recognised and appreciated. The ambassador was at this time staying as the guest of Lord and Lady Canning, with his brother Sir Frederick Bruce, and Mr (now Sir Henry) Loch, at Government House. Here I used constantly to dine, and here I remember meeting Lord Clyde on the evening of his arrival in India to take the command of the army. It gave one a curious sensation to pass the native sentries at the gates and in the corridors of the Governor-General's residence, and see them all keeping guard with ramrods in their hands, instead of the muskets of which they had been deprived; and I was much struck, amid the universal exasperation, mingled with panic and gloom, which prevailed, at the perfectly calm and even unemotional attitude both of Lord and Lady Canning. For not only was the Governor-General overwhelmed with the cares and anxieties arising out of the formidable progress which the Mutiny was making, but he was exposed to the severest censure on the part of the English community at Calcutta, by whom he was nicknamed Clemency Canning, and who accused him of a forbearance in his conduct of affairs and treatment of the natives which had brought matters to their present pass, and which they believed imperilled not only the Indian empire, but their own lives. As nothing has a tendency to destroy the faculty of calm judgment so completely as panic, the violence of the language employed was usually in proportion to the degree of alarm that was felt—a sentiment

no doubt exaggerated by the fact that it was mingled with contempt for the race from whose cruelty so much was feared.

"I have seldom," says Lord Elgin, in his diary during this episode, "from man or woman since I came to the East, heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house (Government House). When one first passes by their salaaming, one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy. Of course those who can speak the language are somewhat more *en rapport* with the natives; but very slightly so, I take it. When the passions of fear and hatred are grafted on this indifference, the result is frightful, an absolute callousness as to the sufferings of those passions, which must be witnessed to be understood or believed."

I remember meeting one clergyman who contrasted, in my mind, very unfavourably with the filibustering friends with whom I had lately been associating, in the ferocious vindictiveness of his language, and the fury with which he expressed his indignation with Lord Canning because the latter had removed some commissioners who, not content with hanging all the rebels they could lay their hands on, had been insulting them by destroying their caste, and thus interfering, in their belief, with their prospects in a future state of existence. Alluding to this conversation, Lord Elgin remarks: "The reverend gentleman could not understand the conduct of the Government; could not see that there was any impropriety in torturing men's souls; seemed to

think that a good deal might be said in favour of bodily torture as well. These are your teachers, O Israel! Imagine what the pupils become under such a leading!" The poor man was evidently utterly demoralised by fear. The holy father who offered to make me War Minister of Honduras was, I think, a better specimen of the Church militant here upon earth than he. Perhaps if, during my early experiences, I had not met such a singular variety of ecclesiastical specimens in different parts of the world, instead of remaining a rolling stone to this day, they might have builded me into one of their temples.

At the same time, I must admit that the treatment of such a rebellion as that with which Lord Canning had to deal, involves very difficult and complicated considerations, as well from a moral as from an expediency point of view. I think there can be little doubt that if, when the first regiment mutinied at Barrackpore, the Governor-General had ordered them to be blown from the guns, instead of treating them with the leniency he did, the Mutiny would have been nipped in the bud, while he would have been handed down to posterity as a butcher of the most ferocious description, and his name branded with universal execration. No one would have known what thousands of lives and untold horrors might thus have been spared, and how merciful this act would have been, judged by the light of events which only transpired because it was not consummated; for had the Mutiny been thus checked, there would have been no apparent justification for an act of such barbarity. An illustration of an opposite kind occurred some years later in the case of the late Governor Eyre of Jamaica. It is impossible to say, now, what massa-

ces by the negroes his timely severity may not have prevented: it is easy for those ensconced comfortably by their own firesides to sit in judgment upon men who have this tremendous responsibility to bear, and who feel that the lives of thousands of their country men and women depend upon the promptitude and vigour of their action; and it would be well that these arm-chair humanitarians should remember that the very spirit which prompts them to show no mercy to an unfortunate governor who may, under this terrific pressure, commit an error of judgment, is just the tendency which would lead them, if they were put in the place of their victim, to act as he did. Another very interesting instance of the same kind was brought under my immediate notice in Ceylon. I was in that island when a native rising occurred in the Kandyan province in the year 1849. Lord Torrington was Governor at the time, and my father was the Chief-Justice. It was soon apparent that the movement was not dangerous; not a European life was taken, and beyond the gathering on one or two occasions of some hundreds of natives, and the robbing of one or two planters' bungalows, nothing of importance occurred. Nevertheless, martial law was proclaimed, continued over a long period—I forget how long—but from first to last some two hundred natives were shot or hung. The sentiments of the English community became divided; so strong a current of public opinion set in condemnatory of the acts of the Government, that it was thought best at last to invoke the action of the civil tribunals, and a few acres were exempted from the operation of martial law in Kandy, in order that my father might try some of the leading rebels who had been cap-

tured, for high treason. This was a manifest blunder on the part of the Governor; either the country was too disturbed for the civil courts to sit, or it was sufficiently peaceable to render the action of the courts-martial unnecessary. As it was, while sitting in court listening to the tedious formalities of the ordinary legal processes, I actually on one occasion heard the distant reverberation of the volley which was terminating the existence of a man who had been tried the same day for the same crime by a drum-head court-martial. This was an insult alike to the majesty of the law and the common-sense of the community, and excited so strong a feeling of resentment on the part of the latter, that it ultimately led to Lord Torrington's recall. At the same time I have always felt that if Lord Torrington committed an error in judgment, which he undoubtedly did, it was one for which he was not to be judged too hardly, considering the pressure which at the first moment of panic was brought to bear upon him from certain quarters, though it was difficult to realise the state of mind which, after the insignificant character of the movement became evident, led him to prolong the state of martial law, and intrust the lives of men to the judgment of two or three young military officers, when there was no reason why they should not have the advantage of a trial in a legally constituted court. It may generally be assumed that when the British community cease to feel that danger exists, it has passed away some time before. A governor may often have to resist their demand for severity; he is safe in acceding to their appeal for clemency—and this was made by the majority of the Europeans in Ceylon for some time before the

pressure of public opinion became so strong as finally to put an end to summary executions. Under no circumstances have the public in England any right to work themselves up to a state of excitement upon a subject upon which their remoteness from the scene of action and ignorance of local conditions absolutely disqualify them from passing a judgment. By so doing they run the risk of committing grave injustice and of blasting the career of conscientious and painstaking public servants, who, if they have blundered, are certainly not likely to have done so wilfully, and whose action, which they so loudly condemn, may have averted a very grave catastrophe.

The only excitement during our month's stay in Calcutta, beyond that attendant upon the arrival of news and refugees from the interior, was the anticipation of a riot—happily falsified—during the great Mohammedan festival of the Mohurrum. Some of the more timid residents adopted all sorts of precautions for escape in case of a general massacre; indeed there was a universal sense of living on a volcano, which imparted some piquancy to an existence that during the heats of August would otherwise have been decidedly dull.

By this time we had felt enough of what India during the Mutiny was like, not to care to prolong our experience, especially as there was no possibility of active co-operation; so we were not sorry to hear that a P. & O. steamer, which had been expressly chartered and fitted up for the accommodation of the embassy, was ready; and in it we bade adieu to Calcutta on the 3d of September, and shortly after found ourselves once more at anchor in the harbour of Hong Kong, within two months after we had left it.

THE WIT, WISDOM, AND FOLLY OF THE LAST FIVE YEARS.

WHILE the present Index was going through the press, one copy of the "proof" containing the heading "Ireland" was carried off from the compiler by a Unionist ex-Cabinet Minister; another copy was impounded by a department of State; and the third was borrowed, and never returned, by a prominent member of the Upper House. These facts illustrate the importance of this newest publication of the Trustees of the British Museum, and testify to the value it will prove to students of any one out of the many thousands of subjects which are tabulated in its pages. But to those whose fate it has been to explore the pathless wastes of the British Museum general catalogue, no such facts are necessary to prove the inestimable boon which a classified index will be primarily to the frequenters of the Reading-room, and more generally to the public at large. And this we say without any disparagement of the general catalogue, which is as perfect a catalogue as it is possible to have of so huge and so rapidly growing a library. A library which contains nearly two million volumes, and which is increasing at the rate of more than a hundred volumes daily, cannot be catalogued in the same free-and-easy way that a small collection of books can be. Even while it was yet in its infancy, the idea of making a classified catalogue appeared to Sir A. Panizzi so difficult and dangerous a task that he preferred the less practically useful but easier method of entering every book under the

name of its author; and in the case of anonymous books, under the first proper name in the title—or, failing a proper name, the first substantive.

The weak point of this system is that it presupposes a knowledge on the part of students of the names of the authors of the works which they wish to consult. Without this knowledge the catalogue becomes, as we have said, a pathless waste, and the reader may as well hope to find his book "by thinking on the frosty Caucasus" as by turning over its leaves. But after all, the difficulty of finding a book bearing an author's name is plain sailing compared with the obstacles in the way of unearthing anonymous works, for with a subtlety of mind which rejoiced in fine distinctions, Sir A. Panizzi surrounded the cataloguing of such books with a maze of technicalities. One rule laid down was that an alternative title was to be considered on a par with the first title,—a typical result of which was that Surtee's anonymous novel, 'Ask Mama; or, The Richest Commoner in England,' was catalogued by a law-abiding librarian under "England." And so it remained for years, until an independently minded official, recognising the incongruity of this *reductio ad absurdum*, put it under "Mama."

But in spite of all the faults which it was possible to find with Panizzi's alphabetical system, it held the field in default of any attempt being made to form a classified catalogue. The failure which had attended attempts made towards classification by

some of the foreign national librarians was disheartening, and so long as the catalogue was in manuscript the difficulties in the way were enormous. But with the adoption of printing, the formation of a classified catalogue came within the bounds of possibility. Printed titles are much more easily handled than the flimsy carbon-paper slips which were necessarily employed in MS., and the number of the copies being practically unlimited, they can readily be arranged in any number of combinations which may be considered advisable. It would be possible, therefore, that so soon as the catalogue is printed, the work of classifying the entries might be begun in earnest. This most desirable consummation depends, however, on the liberality of the Treasury; and at the present somewhat stingy rate of allowance, the next generation will be happy if it be permitted to see a printed catalogue of the whole Museum library.

As, however, this ideal work is at present impossible, the authorities determined to be satisfied for the moment with the formation of a subject-index of the new works recently added to the library. Just five years ago the system of printing the Accession Catalogue—that is, the catalogue of new books—was commenced, and each month separate parts are issued to subscribers containing the titles of the latest acquisitions. It is on these parts that Mr Fortescue has based his present work, which is a monument of careful research and untiring energy. It is not so easy a matter as might be supposed to classify titles. Titles are often misleading, and it requires the exercise of constant caution, as well as the application of a wide literary knowledge, to avoid mistakes. It is within our knowledge

that in a certain public library Mr Edmund Gosse's volume of poems entitled 'On Viol and Flute' was placed on the shelves among the musical publications, and 'King Solomon's Mines' among works on mineralogy. These are instances of the mistakes which might readily arise from accepting the superficial meanings of titles without inquiry. So far as our observation goes—and we have been carefully through the volume—the present Index is singularly free from any such errors, and, on the contrary, shows on every page the results of discriminating care and watchful accuracy. Not that the catalogue is free from faults of omission and commission—no catalogue of any size can be; but those we have noted are mainly confined to literal mistakes, and to erroneous forms of proper names. Some few omissions we should also like to see corrected in future editions. For instance, there is no cross-reference to the important heading of "Anglo-Israelism"—consisting of thirty-two entries—from the heading "Jews." This is the more remarkable, since cross-references abound on every page, and titles are repeated under every heading under which the most exacting Museum reader could possibly look for them. Indeed we consider that Mr Fortescue has rather erred by excess in this direction. We think, for example, that it was unnecessary to enter works on English Admiralty law under both "Law" and "England." But this—if it be a fault—is a fault on the right side, and one which will certainly not be generally complained of.

On the other hand, students who may have overlooked the somewhat meagre Preface will perhaps be disappointed not to find the Index fuller than it is. It should, however, be borne in mind that it was "designed to supplement, not in

any way to supersede, the General Catalogue;" consequently Bibles, and all works such as individual biographies, which would naturally appear under personal names, have been omitted. In the interest also of harassed students, to whom it is all-important to have books of reference kept within reasonable limits, no place has been given to Novels, Tales, Plays, Poems, Sermons, and Religious Tracts, so that a reader might look in vain under "Finchley" for the latest edition of the 'Washerwoman of Finchley Common.' The subject-headings are arranged in strictly alphabetical order, and under each precedence is given to the larger and what would appear to be the more important works; pamphlets come last. So far as possible, all books are "grouped together according to their language in the following order: English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Spanish, and Portuguese."

But we venture to think that the majority of those who have studied Mr Fortescue's catalogue will turn with us with pleasure from the technicalities of the work to the more general interest which its contents are calculated to excite. We have laid before us in its pages a complete view of contemporary European thought as illustrated in the literature of Europe during the last five years: we have, as it were, reflected in a mirror the various phases of political life, of religious tendencies, and of social progress which have agitated the minds of men since the beginning of 1880; and we have a complete record of the historical events which have made and unmade kings and have dissolved empires during the same period. Questions which five years ago had never been raised, social problems which were then in the embryo state, in-

dustrial pursuits which were in their infancy, the triumphs and mistakes of statesmen, the wanderings of visionaries, and the follies of the unwise, all find expression in its pages.

Here, as elsewhere, the Irish question looms large, and is discussed in works which are represented by 209 entries. In these we trace the agitation which led up to the Land Bill, the passing of that Bill, the "Boycotting" and misrule that followed, and the general disorder, produced by five years of Radical government, which induced Mr Gladstone to make his latest and most iniquitous bid for Mr Parnell's alliance. His other bargain with the traitors who were "steeped up to their lips in treason," is significantly referred to in the suggestive title of 'The Kilmainham ——.' The views of the writers on the causes of Irish discontent are numerous and widely different: each professes to have a specific by which it might be at once remedied, and many consider it to be of so simple a nature that it may be conclusively dealt with in pamphlets of forty or fifty pages. But not all the works on Ireland are occupied with politics and land-tenure. The interest excited in Ireland generally, probably induced a certain anonymous writer to expound his views on 'The Ancient History of Ireland in so far as it concerns the Origin of the Scots.' From this title alone it would be unsafe to conjecture what the ideas of the author on the subject are, though some clue is afforded to them by a second pamphlet entitled 'Ireland not the Hibernia of the Ancients.' Sir John Pope Hennessy also has found time, amid the almost Irish discontent he has stirred up in Mauritius, and his differences with Mr Clifford Lloyd, to give us a sketch of 'Sir Walter Raleigh in Ireland,' of whose house and

original potato-ground he is the present owner.

The Egyptian war is another subject which has largely occupied the attention of authors; and on this as on every other misadventure which has overtaken the country during the last five years, the irrepressible late Prime Minister comes forward with a pamphlet to defend the "policy" of his Government by amazing assumptions, and to explain away the disastrous results attributable to it by disguising them in a cloud of words. Under the heading "Egypt, Modern History and Politics," we have a complete record of the events which discovered Arabi, the absurd agitation which was heralded by the cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians," and the miserable war—which was not a war, according to Mr Gladstone—which succeeded it; but we do not find here nor anywhere else in the catalogue any notice of books bearing on the final catastrophe at Khartoum.

The Afghan war fills less space, but we rejoice to see that the splendid march of General Roberts's brigade from Cabul to Kandahar finds due record. Of course there are those who cavil at the expedition, among whom we imagine to be the author of 'Who took Shem's Common?' Why Shem's, does not appear on the face of it, unless it may be that the prominent noses of the Afghans have suggested to "H. E. C.," as they have to others, that the owners thereof are the "lost tribes." The "lost tribes" have been found so often in Nepal, in China, in Afghanistan, in England, and elsewhere, that some other adjective descriptive of their perennial appearances should be substituted for "lost." To a number of authors (page 31) it appears beyond question that Englishmen are the "lost tribes." 'England the

remnant of Judah,' 'The distribution of Shem' (in England)—who was therefore only taking his own when he took "Shem's Common" in Afghanistan—and 'England's identity with Israel proved,' are specimens of the titles of the 32 works which have been published during the last five years on Anglo-Israelism.

Turning for a moment to the social questions which have become burning since 1880, we trace the marks of the Beast in the extraordinary activity which has been developed in the production of works on Capital and Labour, and Socialism. Eighty works on the first of these subjects, and 124 on the last, testify to the energy with which the rights of labour are proclaimed by those who are the first to infringe them, and the demands of the Have-nots are made in defiance of right on the property of the Haves. It is satisfactory to find, however, that out of the 124 works on Socialism, 20 only are English, 20 being French, 64 German, and 14 Italian; and to the credit of our countrymen be it said, that such titles as 'Ouvrier, prends la machine! Prends ta terre, paysan!' or 'Chacun pour soi, Dieu pour tous,' find no counterparts in the English list. Twenty-two works on the Nationalisation of Land are evidences of another branch of the same agitation. These are all in English, and more than half of them consist of Mr George's poison, and the powerful antidotes to the doctrines of the "Prophet of San Francisco" supplied by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Bramwell, and others.

The different phases of religious thought which have disturbed the minds of men find expression in one direction in 72 works on Christianity and Science, including the religious aspect of evolution; and in another in 120 publications

on Missions, 29 on the Salvation Army, and 78 on Spiritualism. By far the majority of all these are English; and the Salvation Army literature is entirely so, with the exception of one title in Welsh. It will always be a matter of controversy whether the works issued by Mr Booth and his companions supply a want, or whether they create and stir up an unwholesome craving after religious excitement. Certainly such titles as 'The Up-line to Heaven,' 'The Life of J. J., the Champion Drunkard, captured by the Salvation Army;' 'The Salvation Paper-Mill,' &c., do not commend themselves to sober-minded persons. Eschatology also furnishes a subject for 92 works, 30 of which are concerned entirely with Canon Farrar's views on everlasting punishment; and Ritualism is discussed in 50 publications. The interest in the "Old Catholics" which was excited by the schism of Dr Döllinger and others a few years ago, appears for the moment to have died out. Between 1880 and 1883, 20 works were published on the subject; but since then nothing has appeared, and in this, though certainly in nothing else, it has shared the fate of Madame Blavatsky's esoteric theosophy, which lately received so cruel an exposure at the hands of her friends.

Recollecting the excitement caused last year by Mr Gladstone's attack upon the English Church, it is almost surprising to find a record of only 100 works upon the Establishment published since 1880. But it is plain that the shoal of books and pamphlets issued in its defence towards the end of last year, had not reached the Museum in time for insertion in the Index. That they take such matters more quietly in France is shown by the fact that only 10 publications appear to have been

issued on the subject of the expulsion of the religious orders by the decrees of 1880.

It is satisfactory to find that "Education" is one of the longest headings in the catalogue, 550 works being noted on that subject. The entries embrace works on every branch of education, as well as the education of all countries. We even find a publication on the 'Progress of Western Education in China and Siam;' and education in India forms the theme of a long list of books. Judging from the titles of these last publications, educational matters do not go smoothly in our Eastern empire. 'The Missionary Crusade against State Education' suggests visions of similar bygone controversies in the Old World, the results of which make us augur ill for the cause of religion, as well as of education, from the outbreak of this new conflict between religion and the State.

With a certain contemptuous indifference, Mr Fortescue declines to consider the 28 works on the Kindergarten system as bearing on education, and relegates them to a separate heading. We are of opinion that this is unjust to a system which is doing such excellent educational work as the Kindergarten system is. It is, by opening the understandings and awakening the intelligences of infants, laying a good foundation for the more advanced work to follow. Already the teachers in the elementary schools are recognising the value of the training previously received by those children who have passed through Kindergarten schools; and as our experience of the educational (*pace* Mr Fortescue) results of the system extends, there can be no doubt that it will fully justify the expectations which have been raised by the effects already attained.

But while regretting the exclu-

sion of Kindergarten literature from the heading "Education," we cordially agree in considering that works on examinations should not find a place there. On this subject there are 119 entries, many of which are suggestive of "cram" pure and simple, and of the highly wrought mechanical condition to which open competition has been brought. If it were possible to publish an annual list of the failures among those who pass highest into the public service, the faith of even the most ardent supporters of the competitive system would be shaken; and already there is a tendency on the part of heads of departments to claim for themselves, in the interests of the public, the right of exercising some selection in the choice of candidates.

Not altogether unconnected with the examination system is the subject-matter of the 54 works under the heading "Nerves." It is no slight matter that the exigencies of modern life are tending to the promotion of nervous complaints; and the constant references in the titles to "nervous prostration," "nervous derangement," &c., point to a possible future danger to the empire even more destructive than a separate Parliament for Ireland.

Among the curiosities of the catalogue may be noted that Swedenborgianism is the most productive in a literary sense of all the Nonconformist creeds, and that the temperance literature is entirely in English. This fact must not be accepted as evidence that we are more intemperate than other people—which is far from being the case—but that we are the first to arrive at a grave sense of the evil; and the efforts which we have so successfully made of late years to check drunkenness are enough to show that we have still sufficient nerve left to grapple with a na-

tional habit when it becomes an absorbing vice. Among social questions the subject of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill receives the largest attention, the numerous works published on it by all sorts and conditions of men, from bishops downwards, testifying to the deep interest felt both for and against the Bill in all ranks of society.

During the last five years many subjects have been forced on public attention or have come into existence. Zululand, Madagascar, and Tungking have each gained unfortunate prominence in the minds of men; and the Brahmo Somaj shares with Ensilage, the Electric Light, and Bicycling, an existence scarcely advanced beyond infancy. We have also the history of failures, and none more complete than that which overtook Mr T. Hughes's romantic scheme for the establishment of a New Rugby in Tennessee. But on every page of the catalogue there are subjects of interest, and to students the work already is of paramount importance. Our only fear is that Mr Fortescue has in his zeal created a Nemesis which will bring ten thousand griefs upon his attendants. Hitherto readers at the Museum have been dependent on their own knowledge of literature and authors for their ability to ask for books. This limitation has had the effect of keeping their demands within reasonable bounds. But thanks to Mr Fortescue, a very complete list of modern books on every subject has been placed within their reach; and it is much to be feared that the example of a certain lady-reader interested in Jewish history, who of her own knowledge had prepared a modest list of three works, and who, on discovering the present Index, wrote for the whole thirty-one under that heading, will be largely followed.

A WEEK IN THE PINE-REGION.

"WHEN I was young our mountains were still locked up"—I was told by a native of these parts, who accompanied me on my very first mountain excursion in Transylvania. "Whoever then wanted to climb hills, or to shoot chamois, had to travel to Switzerland to do so."

It is, in fact, only within the last five or six years that some attempt has been made to unlock the long range of lofty mountains that tower so tantalisingly over the Transylvanian plains, and render practicable the access to many a wild rocky gorge and secluded lake, hitherto unknown save to wandering Wallachian shepherds. A most praiseworthy institution, somewhat on the principle of the Alpine Club, has been formed of late, thanks to whose energy suitable guides have been secured, and rough shelter-houses erected at favourable points.

All this, however, is still in a very primitive state, and the difficulties and inconvenience attending a Transylvanian mountain excursion are yet such as will deter any but very ardent enthusiasts from making the attempt. It is not here a question, as in Switzerland, of more or less hard walking and clambering before one can reach a good supper and a comfortable bed. Here the walking is often hard enough, but with this essential difference, that there is no supper, whether good, bad, or indifferent, to be obtained by any amount of effort; and that the bed, if by rare good luck you happen to find one, consists at best of a few rough boards, with a meagre sprinkling of straw. You must not expect to find so much as

a single crust of bread on your way; and the crystal water which gurgles in each mountain ravine is the only beverage you will come across.

Everything in the way of food and drink, as well as cooking utensils, knives and forks, plates and glasses, along with rugs and blankets for the night, must you carry about wherever you go, packed upon baggage-horses. Therefore, when a party consists of above three or four members, and when the projected expedition is of eight days or upwards, the caravan is apt to assume somewhat imposing dimensions.

Luckily the prices here are still moderate in the extreme, and without rank extravagance one can indulge in the luxury of two baggage-horses and one guide apiece. One florin (about 1s. 8d.) is the usual tax for a horse *per diem*, and the same for a man, so that the daily outlay only amounts to about five shillings per head—a very small expenditure for the large measure of enjoyment to be derived from a peregrination across the mountainous parts of this country. I have no doubt that all true lovers of nature will agree with me in thinking that precisely the rough and gipsy-like fashion on which these excursions are conducted form their greatest charm; and that beautiful scenery is more thoroughly appreciated unadulterated by any seasoning of *table-d'hôte* dinners, French-speaking waiters, or wire-rope tramways.

This way of travelling has moreover the inestimable advantage of being thoroughly select, as there are not the inevitable discords which continually jar upon us when moving in a tourist-frequented

country. What beautiful view does not lose half its charm, if the foreground be marred by a group of figures savouring of second-rate gentility? What echoes do not become vulgar when awakened by the shrieking chorus of a band of German students? Does not even a crumpled sheet of newspaper, or a broken champagne-bottle, betraying the recent presence of another picnicking party, suffice to ruin miles of the finest landscape, to an eye at all fastidious?

Here you may walk from sunrise to sunset without meeting other living being than some huge bird of prey, hovering in mid-air above a lonely valley; and once accustomed to the daily companionship of eagles, you are apt to become very exclusive indeed, and to regard most other society as commonplace and uninteresting.

From the moment you set foot on the wild hillside, you have left behind you all the mean and petty conditions of commonplace daily life. At least you have no other littlenesses to bear with than those you bring with you ready made—your own stock-in-trade, and that of your chosen companions. Therefore—if I may offer a friendly piece of counsel to any would-be mountaineer—let him look at his comrades, not twice, but full twenty times at least, before he proposes to cultivate their uninterrupted society at an altitude of 8000 feet above the sea. Indeed a Transylvanian mountain excursion is not a thing to be lightly entered upon, out of simple *gaieté de cœur*, like any other pleasure-trip; it is a serious and a solemn undertaking, almost a sort of marriage bond, when you engage to put up, for better for worse, with any given half-dozen individuals during an equal number of days and nights. Like gold, they must have been

previously tried by fire; and there are very few people, even among your dearest acquaintances, who, when weighed in the balance, will not be found wanting in one or other of the qualifications which go towards making up a thoroughly congenial companion.

The pure ozone of these upper regions seems to act like the crystal lens of a microscope, bringing out into strong relief whatever is paltry or vulgar. Sweetly feminine airs and graces which have so entranced you in a ball-room, develop to positive monstrosities when transplanted to a mountain-top; an intellect which amply sufficed for the requirements of daily intercourse on the promenade or at morning calls, shows pitifully small when brought face to face with the majesty of nature; and a stock of amiability always hitherto found equal to the needs of conventional politeness, may very soon run dry under the unwonted strain of a genuine demand. Like in the palace of truth of Madame de Genlis's fairy tale, nothing artificial can here remain undiscovered for long. You can as little hope to hide your false chignon as to conceal the exact quality of your temper; and defects of breeding will as surely lurk out as the involuntary exclamation of pain which escapes your lips whenever your favourite corn comes in unexpected contact with a merciless point of rock.

On the other hand, however, be it said, that many people who in town life have appeared dull and uninteresting, now gain in value when brought under the action of this powerful microscope. Sterling qualities, whose existence you had never suspected, now come to light, and hidden delicacies of thought, which have had no room for expansion in the muggy atmo-

sphere of conventionality, now put forth unexpected shoots.

All this, however, is pointless digression from the subject in hand, having nothing whatever to do with my own individual experiences, when in the second week of September last autumn, in company with two ladies and four gentlemen, I first started on one of these mountain excursions—a long-cherished wish, whose execution had been hitherto baffled by the difficulty of finding the necessary companionship.

Innate sense of veracity compels me at this point of my narrative to make the humiliating confession that I am *not* a gentleman; but, lest my ancestors should be made uncomfortable in their graves by this seeming slight to their memory, I hasten to restore them to rest by explaining that my admission refers to sex, not to pedigree; and that I have merely thought necessary to define my position at the outset, lest inquisitive readers may be wondering as I go along why I do not shoot bears or otherwise distinguish myself, and erroneously conclude that I must be a muff, whereas my sole misfortune is that of being a woman.

A six-hours drive had taken us from Hermanstadt to the foot of the hills, where horses and guides awaited us—an imposing retinue of over a dozen steeds and as many men,—the former, starved and bony-looking animals, weak and spiritless at first sight, but surefooted as goats, and with endless power of resistance; the latter, uncouth, wild fellows, with large rolling eyes, and unkempt elf-locks, attired in coarse linen shirts, monstrous leather belts, and with feet curiously swaddled and sandalled in the customary *opintschen*, the national *chaussure* of the Roumanian peasant.

Our provisions were packed according to the habit of the country, in double sacks or panniers, made of a coarse black and white woollen stuff, and, along with our bundles of wraps, secured to the backs of the pack-horses—a somewhat complicated business, as the weight requires to be extremely nicely balanced on either side. It was surprising to see how much could be piled up on one small animal, which wellnigh disappeared under its bulky freight.

While this packing was going on, we rested by the river-side, already enjoying a foretaste of the beauties in store for us. Dense beech-woods clothed the sides of the valley, almost down to the water's edge, terminating by a golden fringe of wild sunflowers, standing out in broad relief from the dark background; massive clumps of sapphire-blue gentian were sprouting between the stones, and here and there the luxuriant trails of the wild hop hung over till they touched the water; a pair of ousels perched on opposite banks were making eyes at each other across the roaring torrent; and the deep calm pools were sometimes stirred by the occasional leap of a silvery trout.

At last we were told that all was ready, so mounting our riding-horses, we commenced the ascent. The saddles were of the usual rough Hungarian wooden construction, with only a plaid or rug strapped over. Here everybody, men and women, have to ride astride; and though the idea be somewhat startling at first, you soon convince yourself that it is the only thing to be done if you would ride with either comfort or safety, the horses not being accustomed to a one-sided burden, nor able to bear the pressure of a tight girth when clambering. I found the unwonted

position rather trying at first, and sought occasional relief by sitting sidewise, using the high wooden prominence in front as the pommel of a side-saddle; but I was subsequently compelled to relinquish these experiments, as I very nearly came to serious grief, from the saddle abruptly turning, which would undoubtedly have landed me on my head, had I not succeeded in extricating myself by a frenzied evolution. After this experience, I thought it wiser to tempt fate no further, but meekly to resign myself to the degradation of a temporary change of sex.

On this particular occasion, however, I did not for long task the powers of my steed; it was so much pleasanter to walk up the mountain-path, and enjoy at close quarters all the wonders of the forest. For upwards of two hours our way led us through splendid beech-woods, richly carpeted with ivy and mosses, and every variety of juicy green ferns—an endless vista of soft grey satin and emerald velvet; then by-and-by the first shy irresolute fir-tree appears on the scene, like a bashful rustic, who has strayed unawares into the presence of royalty. The tall majestic beeches look down contemptuously on the puny intruder; for, like ancient monarchs fallen asleep on their thrones, they do not conceive it possible that their reign should ever come to an end.

“What means this vulgar interloper?” they seem to ask disdainfully, as they nod in the evening breeze. “Are not we the sole lords in these realms? What seeks this upstart in our royal presence?”

But scarcely have we gone a hundred yards further than again we meet the intruding pine, larger and stronger this time; nor is he alone, for he has brought with him a notable group of his prickly

brethren. Onward they grow from all sides, impudently sprouting up at the very feet of the indignant beeches, their rough green arms ruthlessly brushing against the grey satin of the shining stems, trampling over the green velvet carpet, like revolutionary peasants broken into a palace.

The lordly beeches make a last effort to assert their supremacy, but the limits of their kingdom are reached: the sharp wind which sweeps over the mountain-top, making them shake with impotent rage, is too keen for their delicate constitutions; they dwindle away, perish, and—die, leaving the field to their hardier foe.

And now King Pine has it all his own way—“*Le roi est mort, vive le roi!*” A minute ago we had been revelling in the beauties of the beech-forest, and now, courtier-like, we find ourselves thinking that the pine-woods are more beautiful yet by far. What can be more exquisite than those feathery branches trailing down to the mossy carpet? What more glorious than those straight-grown stems, each one erect and strong, like the mast of a mighty ship? What fragrance more intoxicating than the perfume they breathe forth?

Then at last the forest walls unclose, and we stand on a space of short-tufted grass, where is built the primitive hut which is to give us shelter. To the right and the left of this open meadow the pine-woods slope upwards, their shadowy black outlines losing themselves in the fast-gathering twilight; and in front, at a distance of some five hundred yards, is a wall of rock over which tumbles a foaming cascade, whose voice has been gradually growing upon our ears during the last ten minutes.

The horses are relieved of their respective burdens, and set loose to graze: neither hay nor oats have been provided, nor do they expect or require it. Our Wallachian attendants busy themselves in collecting firewood, and lighting a large camp-fire, for the triple purpose of cooking the supper, keeping themselves warm, and frightening off possible bears or wolves, that may come prowling about at night in quest of a horse. There is here no difficulty in providing fuel enough for a splendid bonfire; and no wood burns with such spirit as a dead fir-tree.

It is my duty here to forestall possible anticipation by frankly acknowledging that no bear ever did come to disturb us in the night. Yet the thought of the shaggy visitor, who might at any moment be expected to drop in upon us, went a long way towards enhancing the romance of the situation. During all our stay in the mountains, Bruin was like a vague intangible presence, hovering around, and causing us delicious thrills of horror at every step. If we plucked a bunch of late raspberries on our path, it was with a hand trembling with fear lest a furry paw should appear at the other side of the bush to claim his rightful property; and we always lay down to sleep half expecting to be awakened by an angry growl close at hand. Consequently, the raspberries we ate and the sleep we snatched were sweeter far than common sleep and everyday raspberries, feeling, as we almost did, as though each had been wrung from a furious bear in a hand-to-hand fight.

Our shelter-hut, roughly constructed of boards, consisted of a small entrance-lobby with stamped earthy floor, and of one moderate-sized room about eight paces long.

All down one side of it, occupying fully half the depth of the apartment, ran a sort of shelf covered with straw, and supposed to act as bed; a long deal table and a wooden bench, with a row of pegs for hanging up the clothes, completed the furniture. Besides the wooden shutters there were likewise removable glass windows, which are regularly deposited in a hiding-place under the flooring, lest they should be stolen or wantonly broken by the all-destroying Wallachians. Each authorised guide only is apprised of these places of concealment, to which he is careful to restore them whenever the party breaks up.

This particular shelter-hut is an exceptionally well-built and luxurious one, for most of these are devoid of windows or shutters, and often closed on one side only.

By the time we had prepared our supper, and cheered ourselves with numerous cups of tea, it had grown quite dark, and we were thankful to seek our hard couches. A railway rug spread over the straw which covered the boards made them quite endurable, and all superfluous skirts and coats were pressed into service as pillows. We all lay down in our clothes, merely removing our boots, for it is hardly possible to dress too warmly for a night passed in one of these Carpathian shelter-huts; and though the day had been so warm as to render the thinnest summer clothing necessary for walking, up here the nights are piercingly cold, and even a heavy fur sledging-cloak was not found to be *de trop*.

Though the splash of the waterfall and the tinkling bell of a grazing horse were the only sounds which broke the stillness of the valley, yet these unwonted surroundings did not allow of much

consecutive slumber. It is, however, surprising to note to what a minimum the necessary dose of sleep can be reduced on such occasions. The body, renovated as by a magic potion, seems unaccountably delivered from all physical weaknesses; even the obstinate sore throat we had brought with us from the world below, had inexplicably disappeared in the pure atmosphere of the pine-woods.

Next morning we proceeded to the real object of our excursion, the Bulea See, a lake lying further up in the mountains, at a height of 2050 metres (6662 English feet), and situated about three hours distant from our shelter-hut. There was a steep clamber till we had reached the top of the waterfall, and then we found ourselves in a second valley, wider and larger than the former, and of a totally different character. Here were neither moss nor ferns, neither beech nor pine woods, only a deep and capacious vale, shut in by pointed rocks on either side, and thickly strewn throughout with massive boulder-stones, each of which would seem to mark the resting-place of a giant. The only form of vegetation here visible, besides the short-tufted grass sprouting in detached patches between the stones, are the stunted irregular fir-bushes (called in German *Krummholz*), which, blown by the gales into all sorts of fantastic shapes, resemble as many misshapen goblins, playing at hide-and-seek among the giant tomb-stones, crawling and creeping into every hollow which can afford them shelter from the inclemency of the winter storm—for now we have entered a third kingdom, and the reign of King Pine is at an end. Having depassed the height of 1800 metres (5905½ English feet), above which fir-trees do not thrive, these

once stalwart and overbearing giants have now dwindled down to the deformed and crooked goblins we see.

Yet here again are we forced to acknowledge this new metamorphosis to be but another step in the scale of loveliness. We had been enchanted by the beech-woods, ravished by the pine-forest; yet now, all at once, we feel that with the desolate wildness of this upper valley a yet higher note of beauty has been struck.

Here Nature, seeming to disdain such toilet artifices as are represented by trees, ferns, or mosses, like a classical statue boldly reveals herself in all the grandeur of her glorious nudity, with nothing to detract the eye from the perfection of her sublime curves.

Something of the charm of this desolate stony valley lay, perhaps, for me, in its marked resemblance to Scottish scenery, irresistibly reminding me of some of the wilder parts of Arran, the upper half of Glen Rosa, or portions of Glen Sannox, seen long, long ago, but never forgotten; and for a moment I experienced the welcome sensation of recognising the portrait of a beloved old friend in a strange picture-gallery.

The fierce barking of dogs aroused me from my comparisons, and now for the first time I perceived that in one place the large loose stones had been piled together so as to form a rude sort of hovel or cavern—the headquarters of some shepherds who had come hither to find pasture for their flocks during the short-lived mountain summer.

We approached the *stina*, as these Roumanian *bergeries* are called, and cross-questioned the shepherd as to his habits and occupation. He was ready enough to enter into conversation with us and our guides, seemingly rejoiced

at the sight of other human beings after a long period of isolation. From him we learnt that the shepherds are in the habit of coming up here each summer, about the end of June, to remain till the middle of September, after which date snow may be expected to set in, and it is not practicable to remain. The flocks are not the property of one individual, but each village inhabitant has his particular sheep marked with his own sign. All the mountain pasturage about these parts belongs to a Count T—, who receives 45 kreutzers (about 9d.) per sheep for its summer pasturage. This particular flock consisted of 800 sheep, herded by four shepherds only, and five or six large wolf-dogs. The men receive thirty florins for the time of their service, as well as a pair of sandals and a certain proportion of food—chiefly maize corn-flour, to be cooked into *mamalgia*. These wages (about £2, 10s.) are considered high in these parts, but the work expected is hard and fatiguing. The whole day the shepherd creeps along the crags with his flocks at places where scarcely a goat would obtain footing; and at night he must sleep in the open air, whatever be the weather, ready to spring up on the slightest alarm of bear or wolf.

"When did you last see a bear?" we inquired of the solitary shepherd.

"This very night, *dommu* (master)," he said. "The *ursu* came prowling about the camp, and had to be driven away by the dogs. Most nights he does come, and not one of my dogs but what has been scratched or wounded by him in turn, and already four sheep have been carried away by him this summer."

"And where are your sheep at present?" we asked, looking round at the deserted camp.

The man pointed upwards, and uttered a shrill unearthly cry, which presently was repeated as by an echo from the topmost ledges of the crags overhead. And there, looking up to where the jagged peaks were sharply defined against the blue sky, we could see the white sheep clinging all over the face of the precipitous cliffs like patches of new-fallen snow. It was wonderful to see how these seemingly senseless creatures obey the slightest call of their shepherd, who by the inflections of his voice alone guides them in whatever direction he pleases; and it seems almost incredible that these men should be able to recognise and identify each single animal out of a flock of several hundred.

When we came to see those sheep at close quarters, we were surprised at the whiteness and fine quality of their wool—each animal looking as though it had been freshly washed and carefully combed out like the favourite poodle of some fine lady, presenting a striking contrast to the flocks down below on the plains, whose appearance in general is dirty and unkempt. The superior toilet of the mountain sheep would seem owing to the constant mists and vapours ever fitting to and fro in these higher regions, and which thus enact the parts of cleansing spirits.

Besides the dogs, there is usually a donkey attached to each shepherd's establishment. It carries the packs of cheese and milk, or the heavy *bunda* (fur coat) of its master, and follows the sheep about wherever its legs permit. On this occasion, we came upon the inevitable ass some few hundred yards further on, standing on a giant tombstone, and with head thrown back, loudly braying up in the direction of the mountain heights. He, too, had caught sight

of his beloved sheep scrambling so far out of reach up there, and, weary of his loneliness, was thus passionately entreating his eight hundred sweethearts to return to his faithful side.

Two hours more up the lonely valley brought us to our destination. There was one last rocky wall to be overcome, and having scaled it, we stood with panting breath before the Bulea See,—a curiously suggestive little loch, dark-greenish blue in colour, which nestles in the stony chalice formed by the rocks around.

Nothing but grey boulder-stones lying here; no plant but the deadly monk's-hood growing everywhere, in thick short tufts of rich sapphire hue; no sign of animal life but one solitary falcon soaring overhead, and some scattered feathers lying strewn at the water's edge.¹

The brooding melancholy of this solitary spot has a charm all its own. This would be the place, indeed, for a life-sick man to come and end his days; and if there be such a thing as a voluptuous suicide, methinks these were the proper surroundings for it. Death must come so swiftly and so surely in those cold blue waters which have such an insinuating glitter. No danger here of being saved, and brought back to unwellcome life, by a meddlesome log of floating wood, or the officious arm of an outstretched branch! Everything here breathes of the very spirit of suicide—the cold blue waters, the deadly monk's-hood, the gloomy falcon, all seem to agree, "This is the end of life; come here and die!"

But let the hapless wretch bent

on leaving this world beware of looking round once more before executing his resolve; for if he but turn and gaze again at the magnificent panorama at his feet, assuredly he will be violently recalled to life.

I do not recollect having seen any single view which, in its glorious variety, ever impressed me as much as what I saw looking from the platform beside the Bulea See. Neither a framed-in picture, nor yet a bird's-eye view, it rather gave me the impression as though I were standing at the top of a giant staircase, whose balustrades are formed by the jagged peaks of the crags on either side, and whose separate steps present as many gradations of variegated beauty. Close to our feet there lay the stony valley we had just been traversing, with its giant tombstones and stunted dwarf bushes, and the flashing crest of the snowy waterfall just visible like a silver thread at the furthest point. Then after a sudden drop of some hundred yards, our eye lighted upon the pine-valley with the shelter-hut, where we had passed the previous night. With a telescope we could just make out the site of the camp-fire, and the figures of some grazing horses. Of the third step of this giant ladder—namely, the beech-forest, one could only distinguish the billowy tops of the close-grown trees, a road of waving green, touched here and there by the hand of autumn into russet and golden tints; then far, far below lay stretched the smiling plain, streaked with occasional dark patches we knew to be forests,

¹ These feathers, of a bluish-green colour, we identified as those of the garrulous roller (*Coracias garrula*); and as this bird is never found at the height afore-mentioned (8662 feet), apparently it had been crossing the mountain to migrate southwards when its plans were disturbed by the watchful falcon.

and sundry white dots we guessed at as villages.

A long bank of clouds which had been hovering over the plain now sank down, gradually obscuring that part of the view—but not for long. This was but another freak of nature, one more turn in the kaleidoscope,—for now the mist has sunk so low that the plain itself appears above it, and we behold the landscape thus fantastically framed in the clouds, like a delusive *Fata Morgana*.

This is indeed a tableau never to weary of; and after gazing at it for ten ecstatic minutes, I defy the life-sick man to turn away and carry out his suicidal intentions.

The cruel green waters have lost their attraction for him, and the spell of the deadly monk's-hood is broken, for another's voice whispers in his ear, and it tells him of life and of hope. A minute ago he had felt like a condemned criminal standing within sight of his grave; but now, with the world at his feet, he is fain to think himself monarch of all he beholds.

The giant's ladder contains one more step; for by scrambling up the rocks at one side of the loch, one can reach the jagged crest of the mountain, and walking there for hours on the confines of Roumania, gain an extensive view into both countries.

This is what did some of the gentlemen of our party in hopes of coming across chamois; while the rest of us remained at the water's edge, content with what we had achieved, and settled down, not to suicide, but to such healthier, if more commonplace pursuits, as luncheon and sketching. At least the luncheon was eaten, and the sketch was begun; but beginning and finishing are two very different things, and one

cannot here reckon without the mountain-sprites, who were this day mischievously inclined.

A tiny white cloudlet, snowy and innocent, looking like a puff of swan's-down, had meanwhile detached itself from the bank of clouds below the plain, and was speeding aloft in our direction. Incredibly fast this mountain-sprite ascended the giant staircase, gliding over the space it had taken us three hours to traverse in scarce a quarter of that time; jumping two steps at once, it seemed, in its malicious haste, to spoil our pleasure. Now it has reached the terrace where we are sitting, we feel its cold breath on our cheek, and in another minute it has flung its moist filmy veil over the scene. The lake at our side has disappeared, we cannot see ten paces in front, and we shiver under the warm wraps we just now despised.

The mist, which feels at first like a soft invisible rain, gradually becomes harder and more prickly. There is a sharp rattling sound in the air, and we realise that we are sitting in a hailstorm, from which we vainly try to escape by dodging under overhanging rocks.

As quickly as it came it is gone again; for scarce ten minutes later the sun shone out triumphant, dispersing the ill-natured vapours. Yet a little longer will the sun lord it up here as master, and come victorious out of all such combats; but these impish cloudlets are the outrunners of the army of the dread Ice-King, and will return again day by day in greater force, soon to be no more driven away from these regions.

Our quarters at the shelter-hut in the pine-valley were so satisfactory, that instead of remaining there only two nights as had been originally intended, we stayed a

whole week, exploring the valley in all directions, making sketches of the principal points, and collecting stocks of the rare ferns and mosses with which the neighbourhood abounded, along with the *Alpenrose*, which we often found still flowering at sheltered spots.

A thorough dose of nature enjoyed in this way acts like a regenerating medicine on a mind and body wearied or weakened by a long strain of conventionalities. It is refreshing merely to gaze at a beautiful scene, untainted as yet by the so-called civilising breath of man, who, too often attempting to paint the lily, invariably vulgarises when he thinks to improve the work of the Creator. If, for instance, this exquisite valley were transported on to Austrian ground,—say, for instance, within the well-known precincts of the lovely Wienerwald,¹ how much of its charm must inevitably have been spoilt ere now by some terrible *Verschönerungs Verein* (Beautifying Association), as are called those loathsome institutions, noisome abortions of a diseased German brain, which have the object of teaching unfortunate mankind to appreciate the beauties of nature, in the only correct fashion authorised by science? Viewed in the abstract, an ignorant person, unacquainted with the country, might be prone to imagine taking a walk up any of those beautiful wooded hills to be a comparatively simple affair, provided his lungs and his *chaussure* be in adequate walking trim. Ridiculous error! to be speedily rectified by painful experience, before you have spent many days in the neighbourhood. It is there not a question of boots, but of books—of science, not of

soles. Your lungs are useless, unless your mind be rightly adjusted; and the latest edition of 'Mayer's Conversations Lexicon' will be far more necessary to fit you for a walk in the Wienerwald, than a pair of patent Euknemida walking-boots! To go into a civilised Austrian forest, requires at least as much preparation as to enter a fashionable ball-room; and unless you have been thoroughly grounded in contemporary literature, general history, and the biographies of celebrated men, you had far better stay at home.

There you are not left to yourself to make acquaintance with trees and flowers, as your ignorant rustic fashion has hitherto been, but your exact relations to the botanical world around you are precisely defined from the very outset. At every step you make you are overwhelmed with alternate doses of advice, admonition, entreaty, or threat; but never, never by any chance are you left to your own devices! You cannot ever feel as if you were alone, even in the most hidden depths of the forest; for the tormenting spirit of the *Verschönerungs Verein* insists on following you about step by step, its jarring voice ever breaking in upon your most secret reveries. It *warns* you not to tread on the grass; it *entreats* you to spare the pine-cones; it *instructs* you to avoid meddling with the toadstools; it *recommends* the flowers to your special protection; it *advises* you to be careful with your cigar-ashes; it *commands* you to muzzle your unfortunate terrier; it weighs you down with a crushing sense of your own unworthiness, by appealing to your sense of honour, of probity, of re-

¹ The wooded hills to the west and south of Vienna go by the name of the Wienerwald, and are renowned for their beauty.

finement, of patriotism, and to a hundred other noble qualities you are acutely conscious of *not* possessing; and finally, adding insult to injury, it mutters dark threats against your purse or your liberty, should you remain deaf to its hateful voice, and presume to have overstepped the limits of familiarity prescribed towards an oak-tree or a bush of wild rose.

If, chafing in spirit at these reiterated pin-pricks, you would take some rest by sitting down on one of the numerous benches placed there for the convenience of exhausted (but perfectly educated) individuals, you are abruptly called upon to choose between Goethe and Schiller, Kant or Hegel, Lessing or Wieland, each of which celebrities have had the proud monument of six feet of white painted board erected to his immortal memory. A harmless enough looking little bridge is designated as *Custozza* bridge; and a delicious opening in the forest, redolent of wild cyclamen, desecrated by the base appellation of *Philosophen Wiese*. Even the trickling spring where you stop to slake your thirst has been christened by some such preposterous title as the Fountain of Friendship, or the Spring of Gratitude. In fact you cannot move a hundred yards in any given direction without the names of celebrated men, national victories, or cardinal virtues, being forced down your throat *ad nauseam*; and what, to my thinking, is the cruelest grievance of all, you are debarred the simple satisfaction of losing your way in a natural and unsophisticated manner, every second tree having been converted into a sign-post, which persists in giving information you would much rather be without.

Latitude and longitude are dinned into your ears with merci-

less precision; staring patches of blue and scarlet paint, arranged to express a whole alphabet of cabalistic signs, disfigure the ruddy bronze of noble pine-stems; gaunt pointing fingers, multiplied as in a delirious nightmare, meet you at every turn, informing you of your exact bearings with regard to any given point of the landscape within a radius of ten miles,—two hours from *Bürgersruhe*, five from *Wienerlust*, an hour and a half from *Philisterberg*—and oh, how many weary hours away from anything resembling nature and freedom, poetry and eagles!

You long to be gone from the mournful spectacle of nature profaned and debased; your independent spirit chafes and frets under the oppressive tyranny of a vulgar despot, who, not content with directing your movements and restraining your actions, would further extend his odious interference to the inmost regions of your thoughts and feelings. Why should I be confronted with Hegel, when I happen to be deeply engrossed in the far more congenial society of an interesting stag-beetle? Wherefore disturb the luxurious sense of gloomy revenge which my soul may be brooding, by any sentiment so fabulous and sickly as gratitude or friendship? Why dishonour the intoxicating fragrance of pale cyclamen by a bookworm odour of mistiness and mildew? Why, oh cruel *Verschönerungs Verein*, skillful annihilator of all that is beautiful and sublime, have you left no margin for poetry or imagination, romance or accident, conjecture or hope, in visiting those regions? "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate*"—or rather, if you be wise and will take my advice, refrain from entering these hopeless regions, but, turning your back on all such, go right through to Tran-

sylvania, where you will find in abundance all the conditions elsewhere so plentifully wanting.

What unmixed delight to see here everything unspoilt and unadulterated! each tree and flower living out its natural life, and falling into beautiful decay, without having been turned aside from its original vocation, to minister to some imaginary want of sensual, greedy, rapacious man!—to find one little spot where nature yet reigns supreme!—to be able to gaze around and say that those splendid firsts will *not* be defiled by vulgar paint, nor yet sliced up in a noisy sawmill; those late scarlet strawberries hanging in coral fringes from pearl-grey rocks will *not* be sold at so much a pint, and boiled up into sickly jams; those prickly cones will *not* be abstracted from their rightful owners, the red-coated squirrels, in order to adorn the tasteless verandah of some popular beer-house or noisy skittle-ground; the swelling outlines of those glorious blue gentians will be flattened in no improved herbarium, nor those gorgeous butterflies invited to join any biological museum to further the interests of science; those brown leaping trout will, thank heaven, never, never figure on an illuminated *menu card* as *truites à la Perigord*, to flatter the palate of some dissipated sybarite. Neither Kant nor Hegel will think of rising from their graves to torment me here; and no vulgarising *Verein* has attempted to mar the effect of this beautiful wilderness!

It is wonderful how soon one gets accustomed to roughing it, and doing without the comforts and luxuries of daily life. After the first morning it seemed no hardship to perform one's toilet at a mountain-spring, shrouded in a boudoir of pine-trees. Empty

bottles are very worthy substitutes for silver candlesticks; and for cleaning your boots or brushing your dress, a wild Wallachian peasant will be found to be quite as serviceable as a trained *femme de chambre*.

Dress and fashion, uniforms and coffee-houses, the wearisome chit-chat of a little country town, as well as the intricacies of European politics, had all passed out of our lives as totally as though they had never had a place there, leaving no regret, hardly even a memory. We were as virtually isolated as though cast on a desert island in the Pacific; and but for one messenger, despatched to assure us of the welfare of our respective families, we had no communication with the world we had left.

Here we had a hundred other causes of interest of a more absorbing and healthier kind than the so-called pleasures we had left below. First, there was the waterfall, a never-failing source of delight. It was delicious to sketch it, sitting on a moss-grown stone at the edge of the torrent; it was yet more delicious to clamber up to its base, and, clinging on to a rock, receive the breath of the spray full on one's face, and enjoy at close quarters the musical thunder of its voice.

Not far from this was the place where, four years previously, the great avalanche had swept over the valley, felling prostrate every tree which came in its passage. All across one side of the glen, and half-way up the opposite hill, can one trace the ravaging march of the destroying forces; for here the woodman never comes with his axe, and each tree still lies prostrate just where it was stricken down, like giant ninepins overthrown; and here they will lie undisturbed till they rot away and

turn to soft red dust, mute vouchers to the terrible power of unchained nature. One felt inclined to envy the bears and eagles for this glorious sight, of which they alone can have been the fortunate spectators.

Another place of interest pointed out by our guides was the bridge of fir-stems over a deep ravine, where, years ago, a terrified flock of sheep, pursued by a bear in broad daylight, had leapt down over the precipice,—upwards of three hundred of them breaking their legs in their frenzied efforts to escape.

The shepherds who lived in the stony valley above came frequently down to our establishment, and we used to find them comfortably ensconced at our camp-fire in deep conversation with the Wallachian guides. In their lonely existence it must have been a pleasant experience to have neighbours at all within reach, and our hospitable camp-fire was no doubt equal to a fashionable club in their simple minds. They brought us cheese and sheep's milk to taste. The cheese was very palatable, and the milk much richer than cows' milk, but of a peculiar taste, which I failed to appreciate.

There was a shepherdess, too, belonging to the establishment; but let no one, misled by the appellation, instinctively recall visions of dainty pastel paintings, and coquettish porcelain figures,—for anything more utterly at variance with the associations suggested by Watteau or *Vieux Saxe*, than the uncouth, swarthy, one-eyed damsel inhabiting the *bergerie*, cannot well be conceived. The male shepherds were four in number—two of them of nondescript unremarkable appearance; the third, a boy of perhaps fourteen, with large senseless eyes, and a fixed idiotic grin, looked no more than semi-human. The most

agreeable member of the party, and, as we ladies unanimously agreed, incontestably the flower of the flock, was a good-looking young man of about twenty-two, with straight-cut regular features, a high brown fur cap, and a wooden flute, on which he played in a queer monotonous fashion, resembling the droning tones of a bagpipe. He had come from Roumania, he told us, and had been for a while in Turkey tending flocks, where he had picked up something of the language. It was a curious country, he observed, and the people there had curious habits, as that, for instance, of keeping several wives; the richer a man was over there, the more wives he treated himself to. He shrugged his shoulders, as he made this remark in a supercilious manner, evidently of opinion that women were an evil which should not be multiplied unnecessarily; and certainly, judging from the solitary specimen of female beauty which the stony valley contained, no man could feel tempted to embark in a very extensive harem.

We subsequently ascertained that the interesting shepherd with the fur cap and the wooden flute had committed a murder over in Roumania, and had been obliged to fly the country on that account. This discovery made us somewhat more reserved with our romantic neighbour; and though we could not exactly put a stop to his visits, yet we never felt quite at ease in his society unless there happened to be a gun or revolver within handy reach.

We had no complaint to make of our Wallachian guides, who proved to be active, obliging, and full of inventive resources. They were very particular about keeping their fast-days, as prescribed by the Greek Church, and would

refuse all offers of food at such times. When not fasting they were easily made happy by any stray morsel of cheese or bacon, and by a glassful of spirits of wine judiciously adulterated with water. On one occasion a parcel containing ten or twelve hard-boiled eggs grown stale (to put it mildly) from having been overlooked, were received with positive rapture by one of these unsophisticated beings, who devoured them on the spot, every one of them, with an expression of heartfelt relish not to be mistaken.

The Roumanians have, like the Poles, a certain inbred sense of courtesy totally wanting in their Saxon neighbours. It shows itself in many trifling acts: in the manner they rise and uncover in the presence of a superior, and the way they offer their assistance over the obstacles on the path. One day that I had hurt my foot, and was much distressed at being unable to join a longer walk, I found in the evening a large bouquet of ripe bilberries, surrounded by red autumn leaves, lying at the foot of my sleeping-place,—a delicate attention on the part of our principal guide, who wished thereby to console me for the pleasure I had lost.

The disadvantage of our *chaussure* was a constant source of compassion in the eyes of the peasants. How could we be so foolish as to submit to the torture and inconvenience of shoes and stockings, instead of adopting the comfortable *opintschen* they wore? And they almost succeeded in persuading me to make the attempt on some future occasion; although I confess to feeling doubts as to how far a civilised foot could be brought to adapt itself to this unwonted covering.

We celebrated the last evening in the pine-valley by ordering an extra

large bonfire to be made; so, accordingly, three good-sized fir-trees were felled and bound together to form a sort of pyramid. A glorious sight indeed, when the flames had scaled the heights; every branch was turned into a golden brand, each little twig sent forth a profusion of rockets and a rain of fiery sparks, far more beautiful than any fireworks I had ever seen. One of our guides called Nicolaia—the tallest and wildest-looking of the group—especially distinguished himself on this occasion: he must have had something of the salamander nature in him, for he seemed to be absolutely impervious to heat, and to feel, in fact, quite as comfortable inside the fire as out of it. To him, by common consent, was ascribed the part of the cat's-paw—the office of taking a boiling pot off the fire, or picking the roasted potatoes from out of the red embers, being invariably delegated to him. To look at him now, almost in the centre of the glowing pile, supporting the blazing fir-trees with his sinewy arms, while a dense shower of sparks rained thickly down all over his ragged shirt and brown tawny skin, made it difficult to believe that he was not a figure designed by Doré, and had stepped straight out of Dante's Inferno.

Our last morning came, and with heartfelt regret we prepared to leave the lovely valley where we had spent such a truly delicious week. An additional horse having been required for the baggage, we were somewhat surprised to see the animal in question make its appearance, led by the Roumanian *curé* of the nearest village, who, hearing that a horse was wanted, bethought himself of turning an honest penny by hiring out his beast and enacting the part of driver.

Anywhere else it would be a strange anomaly to see a clergyman putting himself on a level with a common peasant, attired in coarse linen shirt, and meekly carrying our bundles; but such things are here of everyday occurrence. The Roumanian peasant, however rigorously he may adhere to the forms of his Church, has no sort of inordinate respect for the person of his clergyman, whose infallibility is only considered to last as long as he is standing before the altar. Once outside the church walls, he becomes an ordinary man to his congregation, and is not necessarily a much respected or respectable individual.

Our path to the foot of the hills, where our carriages were to await us, was a walk of about three hours; but soon after starting, our sacerdotal guide volunteered to show us a short cut, which should take us down in two-thirds of that time. We gladly grasped at this proposition; and our other men being on ahead with the horses, we blindly intrusted ourselves to the guidance of the holy man, who forthwith began to lead us through the very thickest forest mazes, over rocks and torrents, through bogs and briers, up hill and down dale, till our clothes were torn and our hands were bleeding. "The way must be very short indeed if it is so bad," was the reflection which kept up our spirits under these trying circumstances; but we had yet to learn that brevity and badness do not always go hand in hand. Whether the priest had honestly lost his way and did not wish to acknowledge it, or whether, as I rather suspect, he had never been in the forest before, remains an unsolved mystery: the result was, however, that after about seven hours of remarkably hard walking, we were still lost in the

depths of the forest, and apparently no nearer our destination than when we had set out.

At this juncture one of the ladies lay down on the ground, declaring herself incapable of proceeding a step further. She was nearly fainting with hunger and fatigue, for all our provisions had been sent on with the horses. The predicament was a most unpleasant one; for though the Popa swore for at least the twentieth time that in less than half an hour we should arrive, our confidence in him was gone: we had been too cruelly imposed upon. Half an hour might just as well mean three or four hours further; and even if he spoke the truth, our unfortunate companion was far too much exhausted to go even that distance.

After a short consultation we determined that some of us should go on with the miscreant priest as guide, and send back a horse and some restoratives to the spot, leaving two of the gentlemen in charge of the invalid.

This plan proved successful; for after another half-hour of climbing and scrambling, we reached the edge of the forest, and found our guides waiting and wondering at our non-appearance.

"The devil take the Popa!" was their unanimous exclamation when we had related our adventure. "Who could be fool enough to follow the priest? Did we not know that it was bad luck even to meet a Popa?" they asked us pityingly; and certainly, under the circumstances, we felt more than half inclined, for once, to attach some weight to popular superstition, and inwardly resolve never again to trust ourselves to the guidance of a Roumanian Popa.

An hour later our party was again assembled, none the worse

for the slight *contretemps*, and we returned to our homes well-satisfied with the experience of the last week.

In fact, this first taste of the delights of a Transylvanian mountain excursion had but stimulated our desire for more enjoyment of the same kind. After revelling so unrestrainedly in the pure mountain air, it was not possible to settle down at once to the monotony of everyday life. Some touch of the restless roving spirit of the gipsies had come over me, and I began to realise that the life they lead might have a fascination nowhere else to be found. I positively hungered for more air, more sunshine, for deeper draughts of the pine-wood fragrance, further revelation of the mountain wonders. I could not afford to waste the very last days of this glorious summer weather cooped up in narrow streets; and as some of my late companions were of the same way of thinking, a second expedition had speedily been resolved upon.

This excursion was to be conducted on a somewhat different principle from the first one; for instead of taking up our quarters at one given point, we proposed to proceed over the mountain in true gipsy fashion, sleeping wherever we happened to find shelter in shepherds' huts or foresters' lodges, or in the absence of these, bivouacking under a sail-cloth tent we carried with us. It had been planned that we were to remain out fully ten days this time, returning by a different route and making a short dip into Roumania.

We set out, accordingly, on the 23d of September, a smaller party than before—two ladies and two gentlemen, with the requisite number of guides and baggage-horses.

We commenced our ascent from

a large Roumanian village, where the white-veiled women, plying the distaff in front of their houses, sent us courteous salutations as we passed. The weather was radiantly beautiful, the atmosphere of a faultless transparency, without a breath of air to hasten the falling leaves, or a cloud on the horizon to mar the effect of the deep blue vault. There were still wild flowers enough—blue-bells, gentians, and wild carnations growing on the steep grassy slopes—to make us fancy ourselves in midsummer; and the gaudy insects which disported themselves thereon—butterflies blue and purple, gold and scarlet grasshoppers and shining bronze beetles—were as many brilliant impostors, luring us to the belief that winter was yet far away.

But the furry caterpillars knew better, for they were scuttling across our path at headlong speed, in their hurry to wrap themselves up in warm winter cocoons; and so did the ring-doves and martins, who, with other tribes of migratory birds, were all winging it swiftly towards the south, making dark streaks in the blue sky above our heads.

For our part we felt it almost too hot for walking up hill in the sun, and were thankful to gain the shade of the dense pine-forests, which, without intermixture of beech, clothe all this part of the country.

There is no sense of monotony in these beautiful pine-woods, though one may walk in them for many days without reaching the end of the forest, the eye being continually fascinated, and the attention kept awake by ever varied effects of light and colouring. Thus one region is distinguished by a profusion of coral ornaments; the large red toadstools sprouting everywhere on the

velvety moss, looking like monster sugar-plums which have fallen from these gigantic Christmas-trees; then suddenly a new transformation takes place, and we are walking in a mermaid's grove far under the sea, for are not here the trees all adorned with tremulous hangings of palest green sea-weed? Yet this is no other than a lichen, the *Usnea barbata*, or bearded moss, also called Rübzahl's hair, which, with such strange perversity, will sometimes seize upon a whole forest district, thus fantastically decking it out in this long wavy fluff, hanging from each branch and twig in pointed bunches and fringes, like a profusion of grey-green icicles; while elsewhere, under apparently the self-same conditions of soil and vegetation, you will seek for it in vain.

Further on, we come upon a scene still more weird and suggestive, and we seem to have stepped unawares into a land of ghosts. Hundreds of dead fir-trees, dry and bleached to an ashy whiteness, are standing here upright and motionless. Unbroken by the storms, and untouched by old age, with every branch and twig intact, they have been stricken to the heart's core by a treacherous enemy, the *Bostrichus typographus* (*Borken käfer*), a small but baneful insect, which for years past has been stealthily plying its deadly craft, and vampire-like sapping their life away.

Our first halt was made at a small group of huts, inhabited in summer by Hungarian *gensdarmes*, stationed there for the purpose of keeping a look-out on possible military deserters, who may hope to evade service by concealing themselves among the shepherds, or by going over the frontier into Roumania. The immediate surroundings of this little establishment are

rather bleak and desolate, the forest having been much cleared out of late at this spot. A tiny cemetery behind the houses seems to act the part of pleasure-ground as well; for right in its centre, separating the eight or nine graves into two rows, is a rustic skittle-ground,—a curious arrangement, only to be explained by the supposition that the skittles had here the right of priority, while the dead men were but dissipated interlopers, who, having loved to play at skittles during their lifetime, desired to be united to them even in death. The remains of a camp-fire I observed in one corner, was another sign of the peculiar way the defunct are treated in this obscure churchyard; on nearer investigation, the ashes disclosing the charred remains of the mortuary crosses and railings which were missing from several of the graves.

In a wooden *chalet*, reserved for the occasional visits of inspection of a head-forester, we obtained night quarters, proceeding on our journey next morning. The following day's march led us again through pine-woods, reaching this time a comfortable gamekeeper's lodge lying deep in the forest, where we were received by a hospitable Roumanian forester, and four or five remarkably affectionate pointers.

The weather had now begun to change, and a small driving rain had already surprised us on the way. We began now reluctantly to acknowledge that the caterpillars were not so entirely devoid of sense as had appeared at first sight; and the migrating birds, that had seemed so unreasonably anxious to start for Italy, were slowly rising in our estimation. Our quarters at the forester's cottage were, moreover, so comfortable, and its situation so delight-

ful, that we resolved to stay here two nights, and give the weather time to improve before venturing on to higher ground.

This intervening day of rest we spent pleasantly enough in walking and sketching, despite occasional showers of rain, while the gentlemen proceeded to shoot *Hasselhihner* in the surrounding forest. For the benefit of those unacquainted with these delicious little birds, whose technical name is *Tetrao bonasia*, I must here mention that they are about the size of a partridge, but of far superior flavour. They are mostly to be found in fir-woods, where they nourish themselves with the delicate young pine-shoots, along with juniper-berries, sloes, and heather nibs, which give them (in a fainter degree) something of the sharp aromatic taste of the grouse.

Close to the forester's cottage there was a river, or rather a dashing mountain torrent, and this point had been selected for the construction of a *klause* (literally, cloister), or to put it more clearly, a monster dam across the torrent-bed, with movable sluices. By means of the body of water obtained in this manner the forest-wood is conveyed to the lower world. The river-banks are here enlarged till they form a small lake; and the dam, built up securely of massive boulder-stones, is, for greater security and preservation against wind and weather, walled and roofed in with wooden planking, which gives it the appearance of a roomy habitation. In connection with this lake are numerous wooden slides or troughs, which, slanting down from the adjacent hills, deposit entire trunks at the water's edge, there to be hewn up into convenient logs and thrown into the water.

When a sufficient quantity of

wood has been thus collected, the sluices are opened, and with a noise like thunder the cataract breaks forth, easily sweeping its wooden burden along.

Even greater loads sometimes reach the town by this watery road; and occasionally twenty to twenty-five stems, roughly hewn out into beams for building purposes, are fastened together to form a sort of raft, firmly connected at one end by cross-boards and wooden bands, but left loose at the opposite side to admit of the beams separating fan-like according to the exigencies of the encountered obstacles as they are whirled along. Two men, furnished with lengthy poles, act as steersmen; and it requires no little skill to guide this unwieldy craft successfully through the labyrinth of rocks and whirlpools which beset the river's bed. The perils of such a cruise are considerable, and used to be greater still before some of the worst rocks were blasted away. Sometimes the whole craft goes to pieces, dashed against the stones, or else a fallen tree-stem across the river may crush the sailors as they are swept underneath. From this fate the navigators may sometimes barely escape by throwing themselves prostrate, or by leaping over the obstacle at the critical moment; or else, when the barrier is not otherwise to be evaded, and seems too formidable to surmount, they find it necessary to make voluntary shipwreck by steering on to the nearest rock. The thunder-like noise of the rush of water renders speech unavailable, so it is only by signs that the men can communicate with each other.

This particular *klause* is not in use at present, as there are other similar ones in the neighbouring valleys; and the little colony of

log-huts, built for the accommodation of workmen engaged in the business, is now standing empty, and single huts can be rented at a moderate price by any one who wishes to enjoy some weeks of a delightful solitude in the midst of exquisite pine-forests.

As on the second morning after our arrival the rain had stopped, we thought we might venture to proceed on our way. The next station we had in view being the Gäeser See—a mysterious lake of which weird tales are related. This *Meeresauge* (eye of the sea)—as all such high mountain-lakes are called by the people—is the source of the river Oibin, and believed by the country-folk to be directly connected with the sea by subterraneous passages. The bones of drowned seamen, and the remains of wrecked ships, are said to have been here washed ashore; and popular superstition warns the stranger to beware of disturbing its gloomy depths by throwing the least stone, or a terrible thunder-storm must be the inevitable result of such sacrilege.

No wonder we were anxious to visit such an interesting spot, and that we pressed onwards without heeding the driving mists which every now and then obscured our view. We had now reached the extremity of the pine-region, and were walking along a mountain-shoulder, where short stunted bushes of fir and juniper afforded shelter for countless *krammetzvögel* (a sort of fieldfare), which flew up in numbers, startled at our approach, uttering shrill piercing cries. Several of these were shot as we went along; but having no dog to seek them out, they were usually lost in the thick undergrowth where they had fallen.

The sun had now hidden itself, and a sharp, piping wind was

blowing full in our faces. We struggled on manfully notwithstanding, for some time, in face of discouragement; but when at last the mist had turned to a driving snowstorm, catching our breath and blinding our eyes, we were forced to come to a standstill, and consider what next was to be done. There was no shelter to be gained by going on, our guides explained; even if we succeeded in reaching the lake, which was doubtful in this weather, there was neither hut nor hovel near it, nor for many miles around, and the sail-cloth tent, which was all we had to rely upon, would prove but scanty protection against such a storm as was evidently coming on. It was too late to think of returning to the forester's lodge, being near four o'clock in the afternoon, and darkness would set in soon after six. By good luck, as we happened to remember, we had passed a seemingly deserted shepherd's hut about half an hour previously—the only habitation we had seen that day. By retracing our steps, we might at least hope to pass the night under a roof.

It proved no such easy matter, however, to find the place in question; for the heavy mist which accompanied the snowstorm enveloped us on all sides as with a veil, and we could not distinguish objects twenty paces off. Although the hut stood out on an open slope of meadow, we twice passed it close by without suspecting; till at last despatching a guide to find out the bearings, his welcome shout informed us that he had discovered our place of refuge, and a few minutes later we had reached the *stina*.

This primitive hut, very roughly put together of logs and beams, had been evacuated by the shepherds some ten days previously.

Its walls were very low, the roof disproportionately high; there were no windows, and none were required, for there were as many chinks as boards, and fully more holes than nails about the building, and these, in freely admitting the wind and the snow, furnished enough daylight to see by as well; yet such as it was, it was far superior to our flimsy sail-cloth tent, and we felt heartily thankful for what shelter it afforded.

Inside the hut was divided off into two compartments—one for living and sleeping, the other a sort of storeroom where the shepherds are in the habit of keeping milk and cheeses. Some rude attempt at furnishing had also been made: one or two very primitive benches, some slanting boards, to serve doubtless as beds, and in the storeroom a very uneven and rickety table, weighted down by heavy stones to keep it together. Bunches of dried juniper-twigs were stuck at regular intervals by way of decoration along the eaves of the roof inside; and some knives and spoons, roughly carved out of wood, came likewise to light in our course of investigation.

There was no such thing as a fireplace or chimney, but the heap of grey ashes in the centre of the stamped earth floor testified that a fire had recently been made; and only the patient smoke of many years could have polished those beams inside the hut into that shining surface of rich brown hue.

We took the hint, and presently the cheery sight of dancing flames lit up the scene. At first a dense smoke filled the building, and there seemed to be no choice between freezing and suffocation, when some bright spirit bethought himself of knocking out a portion of the roof by means of a long pole, and so making an *improvisé* chimney. The

current of air thus effected instantaneously carried off the dense smoke-clouds, leaving the atmosphere comparatively clear. Like a swarm of fire-flies, the sparks flew upwards, probing the mysterious darkness of the cavernous roof; and now as the blast swept by outside, shaking the walls and fanning the flames to an angry growl, the grey wood-ashes were likewise stirred to life, and, wafted aloft in the guise of fluttering white moths, they joined in a whirling dance with the golden fire-flies.

We had suspended our drenched clothing from the cross-beams near the fire, and begun to prepare our evening meal, when a startling interruption gave a new current to our thoughts. One of the guides who had been collecting firewood outside rushed in exclaiming, "A bear! a bear! There is a young bear up there among the rocks!"

Breathless we hurried to the door, and our sportsman seized his gun, trembling with joyful anticipation, and almost too much agitated to load. The snowstorm had momentarily relaxed its violence; and there sure enough, on the rising ground a little above the hut, we espied a black and shaggy creature gazing at us furtively from over a large boulder-stone. It could be nothing else but a bear.

With palpitating hearts we watched the huntsman steal upwards till within shot, terrified lest the bear should take alarm too soon. But no—this was not the sort of disappointment in store for us! The animal let himself be approached till within fifty yards. It was a perfectly ideal bear in all respects, coming as it seemed with such obliging readiness to be shot at our very threshold.

Delusive dream! too beautiful

to last! One moment more and the shot would be fired. We held our breath to listen, and then—oh, woful disappointment!—the gun was lowered, and the expectant huntsman called out in heart-broken accents, "It is only a dog!"

Only a poor famished dog, forgotten by the shepherds on their descent into the valley, and which probably had been prowling round the hut ever since in hopes of seeing its masters return. The animal was shaggy and uncouth in the extreme, gaunt and wild-looking from hunger, with glaring yellow eyes, which gazed at us piteously from out its bushy hair. Even at a very short distance the resemblance to a bear was striking.

We called the poor outcast, and would fain have given him food and shelter; but he was wild and scared, and could not be persuaded to approach within reach, so we had to content ourselves with throwing him food from a distance, which he stealthily devoured whenever he thought himself unobserved.

After this bitter disappointment we returned to the hut, and there made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would permit, completing our cooking operations not without a sigh of regret for the delicate bear's paws we had just now been expecting to sup upon, though a brace of the *Haselhühner* shot the previous day in the Bistra forest, and now roasted on a spit, gave us no right to complain of the quality of our food. Our next care was to prepare the sleeping-couches, for here there was not even a bundle of straw to soften the hard boards. Luckily these forests contain an endless supply of patent spring mattresses; and a few armfuls of freshly cut fir-

branches, with a rug spread over them, make as good a bed as any one need wish for.

A Scotch plaid, hung along the wall, kept off the worst draughts; and a roaring fire, sustained the whole night, prevented us from perishing with cold. Our resting-places were close alongside of this improvised hearth, with barely enough room to pass between without singeing one's clothes; yet when our faces were roasting, our backbones felt often as cold as ice, so it became necessary to turn one's self round from time to time, when in evident danger of getting overdone at one side. Our guides slumbered at the other side of the hearth, taking turns to sit up and tend the fire. Many a massive log was burnt that night, and not only trunks and branches, but much of the rustic furniture as well, was pressed into service as firewood. The shepherds next summer will require to furnish their house anew.

It was late before sleep came to any of us that night; and when at last we closed our eyes, our slumber was disturbed and fitful. Visions of ghosts and sorcerers, of bears and bandits, flitted successively through our brain; and scarcely less strange than dream-land was the reality to which we were often aroused by alternate twinges of cold and heat. The smouldering fire at our elbow, the slumbering guides, and the white moths and fire-flies whirling overhead in the frenzied mazes of a wild Sabbath dance, to which the moaning wind, like the wailing voice of some unquiet spirit, played a mournful accompaniment.

When morning came we reviewed our situation dispassionately. The storm was over, and the day, though dull, was fair as yet; but the horizon was clouded,

and some peasants who came by told us of snow lying deep on the mountains we were bound for. We could no longer blind ourselves to the fact that summer was over, and that the troublesome mists which but a fortnight ago could easily be dispersed by the sun's disdainful smile, were now the masters up here.

It was clearly impossible to proceed further under the circumstances; so remembering that discretion is often the best part of valour, we resolved to cut short our expedition, postponing all further exploration to a more favourable season.

When our little caravan was set in motion, I turned round to take a last look at the hut which had sheltered us, and which most likely I shall never see again. There, motionless on a neighbouring rock, was crouched the gaunt figure of the hungry dog, gazing intently before him. Then as I watched, he crept stealthily down till he

had reached the half-open door of the empty *stina*, where, after a cautious investigation to assure himself that the coast was really clear, he entered and was lost to my sight within. Doubtless he thought to warm himself at the fire we had left, and find some food-scrap remaining over from our meals.

Poor famished dog, abandoned in this mountain wilderness, what will be your fate? Long before sunset the dying embers will have turned cold, and where then can you turn for warmth? Will you die of thirst and hunger, or will it be your lot to fall a prey to the wild beasts of the forest? Yesterday you unconsciously enacted the part of the bear, and to-morrow perhaps Bruin himself will come and fetch you.

Surely it had been a more merciful fate, if the deception had lasted a little longer, and a kindly bullet been lodged in your unsuspecting heart!

CANKERS OF A CALM WORLD.

THE WORLD'S DEAD-LOCK.

MOST of us know by heart the maxim that that people is happy whose annals are uneventful. According to this, when many peoples have but commonplace annals there must be widespread happiness; and if the whole world should fall into a jog-trot pace, felicity must be wellnigh universal. The sentiment or doctrine underlying the axiom no doubt is, that when nations have nothing to leave on record, they have been enjoying an even sunshine of prosperity; because sorrows or quarrels would certainly have led to events, and events would have furnished striking annals.

Now these ideas concerning recordless peoples, looked at in the light of passing events, would seem to have been formed at times when the world was much disturbed, and thoughtful persons were sighing after quiet days which should yield only blank registers of their passage, not at times which were unchecked by incident. In proof of what is here said, we have only to look around, at our own land, at neighbouring countries, at the world, to regard the widespread dearth of events that obtains, and to take stock of the amount of happiness as demonstrated by prevailing contentment. We are not particularly happy in Great Britain. We have a good deal of political friction. Beyond politics proper there is a deplorable prevalence of envy and jealousy, and of coveting and desiring other men's goods, and there is an already low and a decreasing demand for labour, skilled and unskilled. If we look across St George's Channel we find

simply a pandemonium—a fearful blot upon the age. Across the English Channel, though there certainly may not be much to record, there is not happiness, not contentment. The present distribution of property does not appear to give satisfaction in France, or the Low Countries, or in Switzerland; and we hear from many points of turbulence and pitiful poverty. Looking eastward at the European empires, we find no evidence of tranquillity or satisfied well-doing. We know only too sensibly the trouble, likely to become chronic, which buzzes like a hornet in the north-west of India. Possibly things may be more promising in Japan and the Celestial Empire; but if we look to the setting instead of the rising sun, we find trouble showing itself among the people of the United States in a form quite new to them. They have been accustomed to look at contentions between capital and labour as peculiarities of the Old—the besotted Old—World. They do not half welcome the struggle among themselves, nor the extensive ravages, out-harassing by much the contracted European ebullitions, which promise to become naturalised on that side of the Atlantic. So then, although the world may not be making history, mankind scarcely appear to have found very real contentment.

The truth is, that the population of the world is continually increasing; and when a generation may happen to do little besides sustain itself on the ancient ways, the additional mouths find some difficulty in getting filled. The mouths not

being filled, the owners of them are apt to become troublesome. In former days, the supernumeraries would certainly have put in their claim to a share of the world's goods. They would have joined in some war which they found going on ready for their needs; or they would perhaps have originated a war, seizing on something to satisfy their requirements, or perishing in the attempt to do so—such methods having been considered legitimate as well as natural till recently. We have cried down war now; but it so happened that just when we began to accept the doctrine of the wickedness of arms, we found enough, and more than enough, of peaceful work for all our hands. Forty years ago we began to dig, not without success, for gold; we began the construction of railways; we built ships innumerable; we laid cables and stretched telegraph wires; and we made—that is, Europeans (chiefly Frenchmen) and Egyptians made—a canal, one of the wonders of the age, which revolutionised commerce and intercommunication. There were a big war or two also to occupy the wilder spirits, notwithstanding the discredit which began to be attached to strifes; and so the mouths, increase as they might, hardly came in excess.

Now all is different. We have pretty nearly done with constructing railways and telegraphs; the digging for gold and emigration appear to have got out of favour; there are ships enough and sailors too many for our needs. A projected large work, the Manchester Ship-Canal, has been postponed, because the public will not heartily promote it. The Panama Canal seems likely to come to a standstill for a similar reason. The world, in fact, is doing nothing. It may be doubted whether or not this is a subject

for congratulation, although it may be, for the present, a cause of our having nothing to record.

All conditions of communities, when they become excessive in degree, have the tendency to correct themselves: calms as well as disturbances carry their remedies with them. Without doubt, the world will get to work again sooner or later, and do more than recover its equilibrium. But there are signs that the recovery may be long delayed. For the world would seem to be poorer than it was ten or twelve years ago. It does not fancy the investment of money in great enterprises; add to this that there is a tired aspect in most quarters—a disposition to hold back from extensive undertakings. And somehow opinion has run into grooves which are decidedly opposed to invasions, wars, and other heroic methods of dispelling stagnation; so that these, although they may be eventually forced upon us in spite of opinion, will probably be long retarded. What, then, is likely to be the fortunes of our race if the torpor which has begun should be long drawn out?

Although we probably do enough for the supply of our daily needs, yet we are putting nothing to the exchangers,—a state of things which generally argues loss of substance, and which, regard being had to the additional mouths appearing every year upon the globe, must indicate that we grow poorer. We have a lively idea of growing rich, because the time is not so long past when we were attaining to prosperity by leaps and bounds; but to conceive a general impoverishment requires an effort of the imagination. The downward slide, though it will not depress each individual in regular proportion—nay, though some exceptional smart men may

contrive to acquire wealth while their fellows are declining—must affect communities according to some rule. Rich men, rich companies, land-owners, ship-owners, will all feel the change; but the wealthier classes will, in the early years of the calm, have to give up little more than luxuries and indulgences. A decline, however, in these things, must lead to a fearful falling off in many industries, and must throw thousands out of work. We have heard already the bitter cry of the unemployed; and if we have no other annals to write, *that* will be the leading entry in our coming registers.

In old days, as we know, tribes or peoples whose daily bread ran short, overran countries where sustenance was more abundant, and changed the face of the world. Invasions and raids on smaller scales were continually being made all over the globe, urged on by the great *Venter*, the master of arts: the history of our own islands depicts plenty of these. After migratory invasions became somewhat inconvenient, and therefore ceased to be the fashion and were pronounced to be immoral, a good deal of redistribution of property was effected by wars more or less justifiable. The wars of the first French Republic were made chiefly for plunder. They are set down now to the greed and ambition of wicked men. No doubt the leaders in those transactions were very unscrupulous and very covetous; but for all that, were not the wars a necessity? The wealth of France had been exhausted by the extravagance of monarchs; and the Republic, which began by proclaiming universal fraternity and goodwill towards men, soon found it necessary to

lay the greater part of Europe under contribution.

As long as we held that the big wars could "make ambition virtue," things took their natural course, and the equipoise of the world maintained itself through the instrumentality of invasions and hostilities which men were so far from condemning, that they pronounced the leaders in them to be illustrious, and allowed his share of honour and praise to the humblest soldier. "What! a young knave and beg!" says Sir John Falstaff. "Is there not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than rebellion can tell how to make it." This speech, as we fancy, gives a fair idea of the estimation in which fighting, as a business, was held by a large portion of the civilised world in the days of Shakespeare. There were then no "peace at any price" men; and a dinner seized at the sword's-point was not considered a dishonourable meal. But it is by no means in accordance with the taste of these present times that men should resort to violence and robbery, whether to get their dinners or to supply any other natural want. Our disposition is an excellent one so far as it regards plunder and wrong; but before it can ward off these evils it must take a practical shape, and find some work for idle hands to do. Honest occupation must be found, or we shall have incision as Pistol put it—we shall imbrue.

Evidently what we are striving for is to keep what little wealth we have left wrapped carefully in napkins, and at the same time to

preach down all encouragement of the robber and adventurer. We may as well attempt to serve God and Mammon. To quote Falstaff again, "Young men must live;" and at present we believe they are inclined to live honestly and peaceably if they can. But those who have got capital in hand must give them something to do: the world must rouse itself to a little enterprise.

It may be replied to us that this call upon capital is all very fine, but that capital does not keep itself locked up without pressing reason. The tendency of money to turn itself and to collect more money in its revolutions is proverbial. When, therefore, its wheels become locked, it is not likely to be from idleness or indifference; it is more probably because the circumstances of the time are unfavourable to its free rotation. The spirit of Socialism which is abroad, and which leads workmen to oppose their employers and impede business, is a leading obstacle to enterprise. Of course the Socialists do not see this, or they would not resort to practices calculated to paralyse and starve their own order. They are only for screwing more out of employers, while in effect they seriously contract employment itself. Capitalists cannot choose but be cautious and backward when they know that the very hands by which their work must be done are banded together to injure and impoverish them. Again, it is not Socialist workmen only who thus depress their calling. Men in a position to know better than they—men really philanthropic, or else quick to avail themselves of patent follies—assist most banefully the efforts of the workman to hurt himself. Legislators and leading men do not tire of shackling and

weighting employers in the apparent interests of the workmen, but certainly not in their real interests. For, if the law shows itself to be the oppressor rather than the protector of the employer of labour, it unquestionably furnishes an inducement for reducing employment to its lowest terms. "Even if that be so," says the humanitarian—"even if the sky is to fall, justice must be done. We must see to the protection of those who are unable to protect themselves; we *must* interfere. Can we stand by and see poor workmen's lives, limbs, or health sacrificed in the service of rich employers, and not insist on penalties or compensations? Forbid it, heaven!" This benevolent argument, however, contains two very important errors. The first is, that the dangers and hardships of a service are not entirely understood and considered when the bargain is made between employer and employed; the second, that to make his service safe, easy, and pleasant to the employed, should be the first thing aimed at.

If we consider for a while, we must be convinced that the labourers and servants in any calling know the risks of that calling quite as well as the employers. There may be exceptions to this when some new agent—as electricity—has to be dealt with; or when large systems—such as those of railways—have first to be organised. Inexperience or want of prevision on the part of superintendents may in such cases lead to accidents such as no one expected. But in the established callings the risks are perfectly well understood, and workmen make their bargains in full view of the dangers to which they may be exposed. To burden a large employer with the prospect of damages for any accident which

may befall a person in his employ while on duty, is to seriously discourage the embarkation of capital in industrial undertakings. Again, all daring, all enterprise will be taken out of our ventures if before all things we are bound to secure perfect immunity for the workman, and to make his duty pleasant to him. The absurdity of attempting this may be apparent if we regard a well-known profession where the danger is extreme. Suppose that in making regulations for an army it were laid down as a first postulate that the men must be exposed to no risk, and must suffer no inconvenience or privation. The absurdity of such a rule is apparent at once. The end for which an army is put into the field cannot possibly be attained except by soldiers undergoing dangers, privations, and sufferings. But the attainment of this end is accepted by the community as compensation for all the casualties of campaigns. Now, if not in degree yet in principle, the same regardlessness of danger must enter into all our enterprises if we are to maintain the character of a high-spirited and progressive people. The end—that is to say, the advancement of the whole community—is so great a gain, that the dangers, or the lives even of individuals, may be hazarded in attaining it. We may rely on it that, once we English begin to make avoidance of hazard our chief study, we shall decline and give place to other races who may believe that success shall cover the multitude of dangers.

It is quite true that there is such a thing as wanton or negligent carelessness, entirely distinct from the generous daring which contributes so largely to success. But this carelessness or foolhardiness is said to be at least as much

a fault of workmen as of employers. Study the accounts of appalling accidents, and observe how frequently the evil is due to the men not taking the trouble to use the safeguards which have been provided for them. Converse with foremen and overseers, and learn with what difficulty artificers and labourers are induced to take well-known precautions on which their lives may depend. No doubt employers, too, may often be in fault; and where this is plainly the case, there is justice in making them responsible. But surely all such imposition of responsibility should be impartially made; employers should not be treated as criminals whose nature and delight it is to harass, endanger, and destroy the unfortunate beings who may enter their service and take their wages. Treat them in this way, and, instead of really befriending workmen, you inflict on them a deadly injury, inasmuch as you discourage the employment of capital, from which alone the working class at large can obtain occupation.

We do not undertake to decide the great and burning questions which at the present agitate and alienate employers and employed. We merely state the arguments that come to us from either side, and on the sound answers (argumentative or practical) to which the tranquillity of the world would seem to depend. To come back to the proposition with which we set out, our race cannot remain much longer inert. Either we must find peaceful occupation for our surplus hands, or the said hands will make work that is not peaceful for themselves. It appears to us to be of the utmost importance that some works involving extensive labour should be undertaken with little delay. The way for

these would be smoothed if the jealousy with which labour regards capital could be appeased, and if rich men's hoards could be employed in the prosecution of useful and remunerative work. If our view be right, those men must be public enemies (though perhaps not consciously) who foment the bitter feeling which is already too pronounced between class and class. The present interest of the world demands that there be peace, or at least a truce, between capital and labour, in order that wages and profits may be forthcoming once more. Let us recover the

old faculty of creating wealth. Till that has been done, the time will hardly have come for disputing about the wealth's distribution.

We cannot get on long without having something to note; but it may, and must, rest in great measure with ourselves whether we may record the conquest of natural difficulties and the advancement of our kind, or the ferocity and ingenuity with which a portion of us may seize upon the good things of the world, and directly or indirectly make an end of competitors for these prizes.

COST OF PEACE AND WELL-DOING.

From what was said in the foregoing section, it may be seen that to have an entirely quiet world may be a very expensive thing for society, although it is the *summum bonum* of the peace party. Though we do not, when such a calm prevails, require the people's money to maintain ships and armies and munitions of war, we may pay by having multitudes without the means of earning subsistence. We do not say this as wishing in any way to underrate the blessing of peace, but to call attention to the truth that long and profound peace, blissful as it undoubtedly is, may have to be paid for as dearly as war, unless proper steps be taken for giving employment to the population. It is the duty of those who lead opinion to recognise this danger, and on entering upon a time of calm, to advocate zealously such legislative measures and such a condition of public feeling as may best conduce to honest and peaceful enterprise. The commencement of a peace which we desire to render lasting is no time for inflaming jealousies and emula-

tions, nor to let our eye be evil towards our brethren because we have not a foreign enemy to engage our attention.

To take a slight review of the payments which we have to make for doing what is undoubtedly right, let us note the falling off of the public revenue through decrease in the consumption of wine and spirits. It is a distinct moral and physical gain that ebriety and careless living should be less and less prevalent. Our teachers, orators, and writers have been urgent enough, and have to a great extent succeeded, in detaching us from these baneful practices. But they have never, that we know of, even considered the question, What is to be done to create a revenue after we shall have made the body of the community sober? The question is a harder one than may at first sight appear, and ought to have received earnest attention ere this. The duties in question have (simply a) sources of revenue very peculiar advantages. They are indirect taxes, and yet popular rather than otherwise. The tee-

total people inflict them as vindictively as an Indian buries his tomahawk in an enemy's skull, and we all feel a shamefacedness about seeking to reduce the impost. These duties stand, therefore, in the position of fair game; and all the world, sincerely or otherwise, aids and abets the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his exactions through them. There is scarcely any other taxable commodity sufficiently discredited to be readily given up to taxation in place of wines and spirits. On the contrary, attempt to lay a tax on what other commodity we may, the public will rise in indignation and refuse to submit to it. We remember the fate of the match-tax and the sorrows of Mr Lowe, and cannot imagine that any substitute of the kind for the alcohol duties would be tolerated.

Hitherto the great expedient, when the revenue has fallen short, has been to augment the income-tax; but it is questionable how far beyond the present point the augmentation of it will be permitted. There is already much murmuring against the impost. However true it may be that, though levied upon only some classes of the community, it really presses upon the whole body, such even pressure is certainly not apparent. The popular view is, that this is a most partial tax, that a very large portion of the community escape payment of it altogether, and that other portions escape payment of their fair quota. We have entirely shot past the old doctrine that representation and taxation should coexist in our electors. It was thought to be admirable and incontrovertible when taxation was more extensive than representation; but it seems to have quite lost its force now that representation falls to thou-

sands who are not tax-payers. Besides the evil which lies in the unfairness of this method, there is the further ill effect that the masses may force the nation into heavy expenses, to the payment of which they do not directly contribute a farthing; and this must tend to make them reckless. It would certainly be a good thing if we had a Chancellor of the Exchequer gifted with invention and address sufficient to impose a sensible indirect tax. But, if that may not be done, the next best expedient is to make the income-tax a fair and equal burden, and to do away with the privileges now enjoyed by persons with small incomes; or, not to push the change to an extreme, to do away with these privileges where incomes suffice for anything beyond the mere necessities of life. So would the tax be made very much more productive; all would be equally interested in restricting expenditure, and there would be far fewer *sound* arguments against its imposition. A poll-tax, graduated or equal (probably the former would be preferred), might also produce a good return without being severely burdensome. Many minds must have been exercised during the last twelve years by the endeavour to divine how it has happened that Mr Gladstone, who in 1874 offered to readjust taxation on a sound basis and to dispense with the income-tax, has never, since he returned to power in 1880, made any move in this direction. Though the times may not have been propitious for carrying out his whole scheme, he certainly ought to have done something for our relief after raising expectation so high. His offer cannot be said to have been wholly without result; because he has placed it on record that a

minister, conversant with finance, has once seen his way to discontinuing the income-tax, and compensating for it by a readjustment of the general system of imposition. What a minister has once conceived a minister may conceive again; and the attempt to rediscover Mr Gladstone's design, or to devise something like it, ought not to be given up.

Another instance of our having to pay roundly for new ideas which all men will allow to be philanthropic as well as wise and prudent, is to be found in the new education charges. However desirable it may be that these should be met, the money for meeting them must come from somewhere, and it seems an untoward stroke of fate that the new demand should come at a time when nothing is being done to make money multiply. The school-rate has been made, as we believe, unnecessarily odious by false methods and extreme recklessness on the part of the boards. These faults it is to be hoped that the rate-payers may find means of correcting; meanwhile they intensify the demonstration that the best and most peaceful public institutions cost money, and they call upon us not to go to sleep, but to be up and doing.

Half a century ago our fathers, most generously and humanely disposed, decided to set free all the slaves on our plantations. It was fairly and clearly shown them that this could not be done for nothing. We had not yet advanced to the teaching that the State may honestly deprive any class of citizens of their property without awarding to them compensation; and it was admitted that, if we desired to enjoy the luxury of decreeing emancipation, we must pay a stiff price. To this the United Kingdom con-

sent; the House of Commons came down with its millions, and the benevolent work was carried out. In this case the cost was counted, or thought to have been counted, beforehand; and the nation went about its charitable design with its eyes open. Why we said that the cost was "thought to have been counted" is that the real cost, the ruin of the colonies, was never anticipated or seen to be possible as a consequence of the great act. It was fondly believed that as soon as planters and others should be supplied with a money capital in place of a property in human bodies, they would get labour for wages instead of by coercion, and the work of their estates or businesses would go on the same as before. But if the British Legislature meant this, the negroes meant nothing of the sort. The wants, natural and artificial, which force white men to work in cold and temperate climates, did not operate upon blacks in the tropics; they could supply all the wants that they felt without labouring, or by labouring very little; and so it came to pass that the estimated cost was by far below the real cost, that for years our colonies were in large proportion unproductive, and the national wealth proved to have been immensely and for long decreased through the emancipation of the slaves. We cite this instance, not to take from the greatness of the sentiment which effected the liberation, but to show that even well-doing may be very costly, and that a nation zealous of good works must in no wise neglect the national substance which forms the sinews of good works as well as of war.

It need scarcely be said that, if measures which manifestly are righteous and beneficent cost much, and tend (especially in bad

times) to depress us, we ought to be strictly careful about doing sentimental acts, the virtue of which is disputable, while the cost is certainly great. We have of late years indulged ourselves without much caution in acts no doubt intended to be beneficent and generous, but which have proved to be very costly without doing any good. These are without question among the causes of the present hard times. We have not availed ourselves of the opportunities which wise policy or fortune put in our way, and we have in very reckless fashion thrown away our rights and our dependencies. A most miserable retrospect comes into view when we turn back towards our proceedings with regard to the Transvaal. We had acquired, certainly without fraud or injustice, this territory, and might most undoubtedly have kept it. Had we kept it, it would have furnished at once an outlet for a certain number of our increasing population, and established valuable trading stations and a theatre for the employment of British capital, while at the same time we should have acquired the power of protecting and improving the condition of those whom we take to be the original inhabitants. We chose to forego those advantages and to make away with the territory. Can we wonder, if we do such ill-advised things, that we have to submit to their natural consequence—a sad array of unemployed workmen at home?

Moreover, it was not only that we parted with a valuable possession which we might fairly and profitably have kept; we suffered ourselves to be dispossessed under circumstances the most humiliating and discreditable to us. We tamely accepted defeat, we allowed our troops and our settlers to be

murdered without taking any vengeance for their deaths, and we endured the almost immediate breach of the convention which was manufactured to be paraded as some result of our poltroonery; while the Boers at their meetings for business of State publicly insulted us. By this unwise conduct, we, a nation who subsist and have hitherto prospered on our reputation, suffered our reputation to be tarnished, and underwent degradation in the opinion of those who had been accustomed to respect us, and to value our friendship and commercial intercourse. It was not long before we were forced to see the mischiefs which we had created by debasing ourselves; and the pressure which our people are feeling to-day is no doubt traceable to evils which grew out of that folly.

There can hardly be a dispute as to what animated Arabi Pacha to contend with us on Egyptian soil. It was clearly our pusillanimous behaviour in the Transvaal. He calculated on our behaving with equal recreancy in face of his rebellious troops, and opposed us in a manner which has resulted in the heavy expenses which we have had to pay and are still paying for Egyptian wars. The expenses, in fact, resulted from this temerity of Arabi's which we had so unwisely cultivated; but all of them did not *necessarily* result from Arabi's attitude. The conduct of our affairs in Egypt was marked by as conspicuous a lack of prudence, and as damning an incapacity, as ever sullied the good name of a nation claiming to be great. Whatever the character or object of our intervention in Egypt may have been—and we declare ourselves utterly unable to say what they were—that intervention cost us millions of money, and is the main cause why we are paying war-

taxes to-day in a time of profound peace. Though it be contended that our Egyptian expeditions, however disastrous they may have been, or whatever slaughter they may have involved, were undertaken in the interests of justice and peace, that argument only helps the demonstration which we are trying to establish—namely, that philanthropic undertakings cost money directly and indirectly.

It is a fair question, when we are discussing our condition, and the many symptoms which seem to point towards change, What ought our Government or our people to do or to refrain from doing under the circumstances? The answer can be given in only general terms, but with sufficient clearness to be in most cases applicable. Our want is that peaceful occupation should be found for our population, so that they may be contented and prosperous, while keeping on good terms with their neighbours; also that, until we may have passed the crisis of the inertia which now prevails, we have a care how we impoverish ourselves either by good deeds or bad. To acquire the right to do romantic, even though benevolent, exploits on a large scale, we must first get ourselves above the world—we must have means to spare. And, as a method of bringing back some of our vanished wealth, we should leave no stone unturned to restore confidence between employers and employed; and we should certainly promote the undertaking of needful and useful works. Our reputa-

tion abroad ought to be carefully upheld, and must not be suffered to decline through any mistaken fancies about self-effacement. With a constantly increasing population, we cannot afford to give away territory or to refuse to utilise acquisitions which may have been honestly made. We ought, while the world is quiet, to stimulate emigration to our plantations, and to cultivate a friendly intercourse with all the colonies that we have established. The tendency of the great wave of education which we have set so energetically flowing, is to unsettle the minds of those classes which have hitherto been uneducated, and to create among them a repugnance to manual labour: this tendency, which is a ruinous and absurd one, ought to be counteracted. It is worth some pains to put this right, because the world will never be able to dispense with hard work; and the object of education, in a general sense, is to inform and elevate the mind, not to pamper and emasculate the body.

Before the fact nobody would have pronounced a calm world as likely to produce widespread discontent; nevertheless, now that the world is calm, the sounds of discontent come from every quarter. A great deal of this discontent is artificial, and fomented by people who hope to gain thereby. He who wishes well to the commonwealth will at such a time as the present do his best to discountenance unreasonable repining.

PERPLEXING FACTS REGARDING EMPLOYMENT.

We can imagine two schools of antiquaries having, a century or two hence, some brisk disputing about the condition of British sea-

men towards the end of this nineteenth century. One side may maintain that sailors were subjected to much suffering through

loss of employment, the consequence of the decline of commerce, the proof of which will be obtained from the fact that they were wandering in crowds about the streets of seaport towns, appealing to the authorities against their enforced idleness and their straitened circumstances, holding meetings to protest, claiming the help of the press, and endeavouring to interest philanthropic individuals in their case. On the other hand, it may be maintained, and demonstrated from documents, that so far was the British seaman from adversity at the time stated, that he allowed foreigners to man some of our finest ships, rather than abate one fraction of the wages which he thought to be his due, or than submit himself to the discipline so necessary to be observed on shipboard.

The disputants on both sides would be right. They would probably be quite unable to conceive how they could both be so; and no marvel either, since we who are living among the circumstances to which they must refer, cannot understand how such contradictory revelations can both be true.

We give to foreigners employment while we let our countrymen starve, is the reproach that is levelled at us; but when inquiry is made into the matter, it appears that the employer is driven, against his inclination, to seek for mariners in foreign markets, because Britons, 1st, demand higher wages than can profitably be paid; 2d, are tiresome and unmanageable. But exorbitant demands and wilful conduct are generally the effects of steady prosperity. "Fat and saucy" is a proverbial expression. How can we reconcile sauciness with such misery as not long since our sailors were said to be groaning under?

The answer is, that our starving seamen would probably be only too glad, while under the pressure of adversity, to take reasonable, or even low wages, and to be obedient, if only on any terms they could get work. But vacant places cannot be found for them in the moment when they find that they must yield to necessity. During a previous state of things foreigners found their way into our vessels, and these cannot be displaced on a sudden. English sailors, blind to the sad consequences of their conduct, persisted in behaving themselves frowardly, until the owners were constrained to look abroad for help; now that they would be willing to mend their ways, the door is for a time shut against them. Their view of the state of things, no doubt, is that ship-owners are encouraging foreigners to come and take the bread out of their (the sailors') mouths—and this as if the owners' resort to the foreign hands were a mere wanton, malignant practice, adopted to wrong the hard-working, honest, highly skilled British tar. But it is certainly no cruel caprice. The owners are, no doubt, satisfied of the superiority of the Briton as a seaman; and they would not deprive themselves of his services if he had not himself made the employment of him inconvenient and dangerous. He has had to learn the disagreeable lesson that if he, by ill-advised conduct when engaged, makes himself a thorn in the side of his employer, the latter has in his hands a remedy to which, sooner or later, he will have recourse, and the operation of which is a severe infliction, and one not easily or quickly to be remedied. Before, therefore, forlorn Jack sends up to the skies his sad complaint that "no man hath hired" him, let him

consider whether, when he was in full work, he troubled himself much about giving satisfaction to the man from whom he derived his wages. If he finds that he, in his rôle of free-born, independent operative, has been over-exacting, or has allowed himself to lean too much towards swagger and disputation, he should at once make up his mind to moderate his demands and his style. After some perseverance in a reformed course, he will no doubt recover his birthright, and supersede the intrusive foreigner.

We have offered what, from the testimony which we have been able to procure, appears to be the real explanation of the sailors' adversity. At the same time, we are well aware that there are many cases which our explanation will not solve—which proceed so much from prejudice, or obstinacy, or caprice, that it is almost impossible to give a rational account of them. We recollect a time, not very remote, when ladies found it extremely difficult to get maids: at this very time columns of newspapers were filled with complaints of distressed needle-women, dressmakers, and milliners, on whose behalf the charitable public was appealed to. Not a few lookers-on, appreciating the state of things, set forth the facts in the newspapers, and showed how at least a portion of the ill-paid or unemployed might assuage their wants. But preaching was of no use. There was at that time a strong feeling against domestic service, and a great deal of privation was borne rather than take places in ladies' households. It is presumed that the inexorable logic of facts in time wore out the silly sentiment; but, until time had been allowed to bring about his revenges, it was useless to reason with the poor creatures who were suffering.

There is an item in our contradictory state of things which has, we confess, often caused us some perplexity. It is the very frequent employment of Germans as waiters in English hotels and places of entertainment. It certainly seems strange that while there is a very sad cry of the unemployed to be heard here, we should be readily employing foreigners in work which our own people might do as well. To fall back upon Germany for carpet duties when our population was finding harder and more congenial work in making railways and canals, in shipbuilding, in manufactures, and in grand commercial enterprises, was convenient and fair; but now that so many Englishmen want bread, one does not see why indoor berths should be given to foreigners. We much fear that similar causes must have brought the foreigner into hotels and into ships. During the prosperous period when our revenue was advancing by leaps and bounds, it is to be apprehended that waiters as well as sailors waxed fat and kicked. The German came in as an alternative to impracticable pantlers and drawers, and cannot now be summarily got rid of. This point—the time that it takes to recover lost ground when opportunities have been wantonly neglected—will impress all those workers who are wise. The bad condition which they create for themselves must endure for long after they have repented of their stiff-neckedness, and would be glad to get their old work on reasonable terms.

The number of women who have entered the different fields of labour must be one cause why labour is redundant with us. The gentler sex had an undoubted right to undertake such duties as

they could fulfil; but the time they chose—just when employment in many lines was becoming scarce—seems to have been unfortunate. The labourers are many and the harvest is small. We hardly know what to pray for, except that peaceful enterprises may be set going so as to keep idle hands out of mischief. Is this favourable opportunity being seized for manning her Majesty's services with the able-bodied, mature, and respectable? It ought to be; for although our hearts are all towards peace for the present,

there are, as we have endeavoured to show, influences about, which make for war, and which may force us into strife with some suddenness. However smooth the surface of things may look, it would be well to secure for the public service a levy of broad-chested, full-grown, lusty men while they are to be had. If they are not wanted for active service, so much the better; if they are, it will be a grand satisfaction that our ships and battalions are manned with the best.

OUGHT WE NOT TO SPREAD OURSELVES?

It can scarcely be doubted that, if a calm like the present should endure for any time in the world, the attention of this country must be drawn more and more towards emigration. There are as yet extensive regions, both British and foreign, where settlers are greatly wanted, and where the means of living are assured to healthy energetic persons. It ought to be at the present time a subject of great satisfaction to us that the colonising disposition and the nautical aptitude of the people of Great Britain in the past, has led to the provision of convenient refuges for the redundant population which must swarm from the parent hive. There is a natural repugnance, not for a moment to be unkindly spoken of, to quitting the shores of the old country and committing household gods to the vicissitudes of a far land. But stronger than this repugnance must be the pressure of over-population—a pressure which in many a former age has precipitated irruptions and expeditions into untried regions. Hopefully or with “longing lingering looks

behind,” some of us must take the plunge into “pastures new.” We have in these days at least the consolation that if we change our locality, we need not go where sentiment, or custom, or the law of the land, differs materially from that under which we have grown up. We may go to the antipodes and yet find a little England.

Ought not, then, the word to be given by those who can influence the many, to spread ourselves, in obedience to the irresistible law? Accurate information might be made available as to the climates, requirements, and modes of life in different new countries; and intending settlers should receive much sympathy and material assistance from those who remain behind. When the difficulties arose last winter about the unemployed, it seemed to us that much greater advantage might have been taken than was taken to stimulate those fitted for the change to emigrate. It can hardly be matter of difficulty in these days to bring to the knowledge of the depressed and unemployed what plantations are most suitable for par-

ticular kinds of ability, where artisans' labour is wanted and is likely to succeed, where agricultural, and where good thews and sinews for rough work will be welcomed. There may also be means afforded of procuring information regarding the climate and requirements of any place to which a workman may be disposed to emigrate. Then, if some of the numerous charitable societies will give a little aid to buy a proper outfit, and to secure that there shall be a small sum in hand on landing, many of those who are enduring a hard time here might be enabled to find comparative prosperity under another sky. We write this, not in ignorance that already means exist for promoting emigration, but under the belief that the means are not made known, and the plan of emigration made attractive, among the classes whom we wish to benefit. Lectures on the subject might do much, and notices distributed through clubs and reading-rooms would tend to keep this resource always before men's minds, so that they might at least know of some aid to turn to in troublous times. The more we are able to continue the reign of peace, the more assuredly we shall be compelled to spread ourselves over the earth. But in order to make the migratory movements popular, there should be very few disap-

pointments, very few returns home of settlers who report that their expedition was a mistake, and that others should not follow in their footsteps. And these disappointments might be obviated if, before "taking the plunge," workmen could be well and soundly guided as to the choice of their new homes, and the indispensable conditions of beginning their new lives.¹ It is a scandalous thing that, while we possess half-peopled colonies where our tongue is spoken and British law and British ideas prevail, decent men should be left to roam the streets of our towns by thousands, complaining that, though they don't want charity but only fair employment, the employment is not procurable. It is high time that this subject were receiving anxious attention.

We suppose—we have no doubt—that there are Socialists taking a higher view of their persuasion than that it simply teaches them to agitate and inflame, who now and then survey the results attained by Socialism during the past decade. Those who do so can find very little on which to congratulate themselves and each other. They see employment becoming continually more difficult to procure. Idle hands in the market mean a lowering of wages. Their great aim has been to raise wages. But they have so taken their mea-

¹ We are exceedingly glad to announce some good news of which we were not aware when the text was written—viz., on and after the 11th October, general information will be procurable at the Emigrants' Information Office, 31 Broadway, Westminster. The Home Government does not assist emigrants, but certain colonies do, and on this subject the latest-known particulars will be communicated at the office above named. Cost and opportunity of proceeding to the different colonies may there be accurately ascertained, together with the rates of wages, prices of provisions, rents, climates, &c. We think the new arrangement likely to prove a great boon to intending emigrants; and we are glad to hear that notice of what is proposed to be done will be sent to workmen's clubs, reading-rooms, institutes, &c. A more detailed notice than we are able to give here will be found in the 'Daily News' of 31st August.

asures that they have produced, or helped to produce, an aggravation of the complaint which they set themselves to reform. Causes beyond their control have no doubt been at work to create a general depression in business. They nevertheless have, by strikes, by hostile obstruction, by continual agitation and accusation, discouraged capitalists, reduced enterprise, and so thrown hundreds of their fellows out of work—in other words, they have been indirectly instrumental in lowering wages. To all Socialists this must be an unsatisfactory result; but to reflecting Socialists it must suggest grave doubts as to the methods which their body have been using. They cannot, we believe, claim to have benefited the working classes in any degree. We have already granted them the objection that they have been working in very unfavourable times: but then we add that their proceedings have tended to aggravate, not to diminish, the pressure of the time; and that the workman, left alone, would have borne that pressure far better than he has with all their nursing.

Socialists who do not follow agitation as a trade, may reasonably take exception to courses

which debar them from, rather than approximate them to, the object they have in view. As to what they should do instead, we, who are not believers in Socialistic doctrines, are wholly unable to advise them. We only point out that so far they have utterly failed. What appears to us the most convincing test of what is fair between capital and labour is the resort to co-operative establishments, which were some years ago in great favour. These institutions cannot fail to show to their members both sides of the question—the workman's side and the master's side, for each member must be both workman and master. They would seem to be the obvious and corrective resource where it is suspected that secret profits can be made out of a business to gorge employers with riches, while the employed are grudging a fair price for their labour. Under the co-operative system the whole profits, whatever they may be, will be known to, and will belong to, the workers.

What we wish to impress upon reflecting Socialists is, that up to this present time their efforts have produced no material advantage. They have only made workmen discontented, and bitterly divided classes of the community.

THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

NO. II.

THE SOCIAL AND DOMESTIC LIFE.

THE stranger who from the summit of Blackford Hill gazes across green strath and winding river and autumn-tinted woods to the distant Ben Lomond and Ben Ledi, is astonished by the wonderful variety and beauty of the landscape. No fairer scene had Marmion surveyed; (the magic light of an incomparable imagination falls here as elsewhere!) and many who have gone further afield than Marmion are ready to admit that it is not easily rivalled. The capital itself and its immediate surroundings can be studied to better advantage from this than from any other coign of vantage in the neighbourhood. Arthur's Seat, with the long buttress of Salisbury Crag, stands directly before us. A mile or so to the west the Castle crowns the rocky ridge which rises from Holyrood to St Giles', and on which old Edinburgh was built. Beyond the spires of church and citadel stretch the blue waters of the Forth and the low shores of Fife. In the mid distance lies the rocky island of Inchkeith; and with a field-glass the masts of the merchant navy riding in the roads of Leith (where Winter's fleet lay during the famous siege) may be singled out—one by one. The level plain between us and the city—the arena, as it were, of a spacious amphitheatre—is surrounded on every side by eminences more or less commanding,—the Castle Rock, the Calton Hill, Arthur's Seat, the heights of Blackford, Craiglockhart, and Corstorphine. Directly behind us

lies the deep glen of the Hermitage, with its rich sweep of autumnal woods; while still further to the south the graceful line of the Pentlands rises sharply and picturesquely above the pastoral hills of Braid.

It is not less than three miles from Blackford to the Castle Hill; but the whole intervening space has now been built over—much of it within the memory of middle-aged men. The squalid and densely populated "closes" that surround the Grassmarket and the Greyfriars are succeeded by stately crescents and spacious squares, and these again by the sumptuous villas of the lawyers and merchants of the prosperous capital of the north.

The Edinburgh that Lethington knew as a lad—the Edinburgh of 1545 or of 1550—was contracted within narrow limits. It occupied the back of the ridge between the Castle and Holyrood, or to speak more correctly, between the Castle and the Netherbow; for at that time the Canongate, which continued the High Street to the palace of Mary Stuart, formed a separate burgh. On the north no fortified line of wall was needed,—the deep dip into the Nor' Loch being sufficient protection for the lofty buildings which were there crowded along the brink of a wellnigh impassable ravine.

Outside the city wall to the south, there was little building of any kind. The district was sparsely peopled. There were one or two chapels or religious houses; some

sort of provisional shelter on the Boroughmuir for those smitten by leprosy or the plague; a hamlet of rustics beside St Roque; the strong castle of the Napiers of Merchiston, and the mansion of the Lairds of Braid. A dense forest of oak had at one time clothed the gentle slopes that lie between Merchiston and the Pentlands—"a field spacious and delightful by the shade of many stately and aged oaks;" but the forest had been gradually thinned out; much of the timber had been used for the construction of booths and galleries in the city; and the wild creatures who had haunted the sylvan glades of Blackford and Braid had been driven back upon the valley of the Tweed and the moors and marshes of the Upper Ward.

The French called the city *Lislebourg*—a name which now seems hardly appropriate. In the sixteenth century, however, Edinburgh was nearly surrounded by water. The Nor' Loch and the marshes of the Boroughmuir have been drained; but the picturesque slopes of Arthur's Seat still rise from the reedy margin of lakes where the ousel and the moor-hen breed.

The edge of the ridge on which the buildings of Old Edinburgh were piled is nowhere more than a few yards wide. The main thoroughfare occupied this narrow *arête*. The steep and often precipitous "closes" which join the High Street and Canongate at right angles, and constitute the most notable feature of the old town, take their character from the lie of the ground which they occupy. They form a series of stairs or ladders, on either side of the ridge, leading straight from the level and open country below to the central thoroughfare. In this main thor-

oughfare the whole public life of the city was concentrated. Here was the great Collegiate Church of St Giles,—here the market-places (the Tron and the butter Tron), the Cross, the Parliament House, the Courts of Justice, the dwellings of the great nobles and lawyers and merchants and ecclesiastics. The population of the capital at this time did not amount to more than 40,000 souls; but it was crowded into a space where at the present day it would be difficult to accommodate one-half the number. The whole length of the High Street from the Castle to the Tron is only 800 yards; from the Castle to Holyrood not more than 1400. The capital was thus as populous as an ant-hill; and from morning to night the main street at least must have presented a busy and stirring scene—a scene which no doubt reminded the Flemish trader of the turbulent burgher life of the great cities of his native land,—of Ghent and Antwerp and Bruges. Much of the business was transacted in the open air; the "closes," each shut off by its gate from the High Street, were so narrow that neighbours sitting at door or window could converse across the footpath. The ferment of this excited and animated life, favourable as it was to the growth of a somewhat turbulent democratic sentiment, must have been highly contagious. Priests and nobles and tradesmen and caddies jostled one another on the "causey." They met in the great cathedral at the solemn functions of the Church; they bartered and trafficked in the roadway; the women sat and gossiped on the outside stairs of the houses, or along the open galleries; no criminal was taken to the Tolbooth or hanged at the Cross, no troop of retainers wearing the livery of Douglas or Hamilton entered the

gates, no sermon was preached in St Giles' or speech made to the Parliament, without the whole community being forthwith apprised of what had taken place. The "rascal multitude" of the capital was alternately abused by courtly Churchman and uncourtly Reformer; and the impulsiveness which led them to side now with the one faction and now with the other, was no doubt due to the feverish conditions of the life they led. Brought daily together into intimate contact, each craftsman was known by headmark to every other. All public acts, all political and municipal duties, were transacted under a fierce blaze of light, which excited and stimulated the entire society. Thus it came about that at not unfrequent intervals, when heated by zeal or blinded by panic, they sallied out, master and man, like a swarm of angry bees.¹

Of this stirring and crowded life, and of the influence it exercised on the nation at large, I shall have occasion to speak hereafter; in the meantime we must try to realise with some distinctness the condition of provincial Scotland, the Scotland that lay outside the walls of the capital, about the time when William Maitland left the family nest to try his fortune at Court. The

country everywhere was thinly peopled; the whole population in the middle of the sixteenth century did not probably exceed 600,000 souls. The estimate is approximate only; there are no statistics which can be implicitly trusted. For a nation which was forced to play a great part in the European politics of the age, the number seems to us insignificant; but, with our "teeming millions," we are apt to forget that the influence of a nation does not necessarily depend on its numerical superiority. Athens, in her prime, had only 350,000 citizens; the population of Judea did not exceed a million and a quarter. Before the War of the Succession, which placed Robert Bruce on the throne, the population of Scotland had probably been as great as it was in the beginning of Mary's reign; but three centuries of bloody wars and disastrous feuds had effectually arrested the natural growth. During the forty years of comparative tranquillity which followed there was a rapid rise. Because of the long truce, as Buchanan observes of an earlier pause in the slaughter, "there were more young men in the country." When James VI. ascended the English throne in 1603, his Scottish subjects numbered about a million.

¹ Taylor, the Water Poet, who was in Scotland some fifty years after the period of which I am writing, gives a graphic picture of the capital as it was in the beginning of the next century: "Leaving the castle, I descended lower to the city, wherein I observed the fairest and goodliest street — one-half an English mile from the Castle to a faire port which they called the Netherbow, and from that port the street which they call the Kenny-gate is one quarter of a mile more, down to the King's Palace, called Holy-rood-house; the buildings on each side of the way being all of squared stone, five, six, and seven stories high, and many by-lanes and closes on each side of the way, wherein are gentlemen's houses, much fairer than the buildings in the high street, for in the high street the marchants and tradesmen do dwell, but the gentlemen's mansions and goodliest houses are obscurely founded in the aforesaid lanes; the walls are eight or ten foote thick, exceeding strong, not built for a day or a week or a month or a year; but from antiquity to posterity for many ages."

It is difficult to believe that the ruler of this handful of people could on occasion bring 20,000 or 30,000 or 40,000 men into the field. The number of Scotsmen who fought at Flodden has been possibly overstated by our earlier writers; yet there seems no good reason to doubt that at least 30,000 men-at-arms were gathered upon the Boroughmuir. But when we remember that every man and boy between sixteen and sixty years of age was liable to serve, the difficulty is to some extent removed. The population of Scotland, according to the census of 1881, slightly exceeded three millions and a half. Of this number nearly one million males were between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Assuming that the population is now six times greater than it was in the reign of James IV., and that the proportion of available males to the whole population remains about the same, there must have been in 1513 considerably upwards of 100,000 men capable of bearing arms. On a grave national emergency, and when the great nobles were cordially united, it is quite possible that at least a third of this number—30,000 or 40,000 more or less disciplined retainers—may have followed the king to the field.

From the point of view of the social and political observer, the people of Scotland during the sixteenth century might have been roughly classified as Borderers, Lowlanders, and Celts,—the inhabitants of the Border dales, of the Lowland counties along the eastern seaboard, and of the wild and mountainous districts, Highland and Island, lying behind the chain of the Grampians. In constructing a picture of the Scotland

of Mary Stuart these broad lines of demarcation must be habitually recognised. Impassable marshes where the bittern and the bustard lodged; broad meres haunted by water-fowl; masses of primeval forest from which the wild creatures of the chase—the wolf, the boar, the red-deer—had not yet been driven; a scanty strip of arable land round the unfrequent hamlet, and a considerable breadth of pastoral country, rising through meadow-grass and bent and heather, to the stony infertility of the surrounding mountains; the splendid and imposing houses of the religious orders, the fortified castles of the nobles, the wretched cabins of the peasantry;—these were common to each. But while among the wilds of Liddesdale and Badenoch the people were in a very rudimentary stage of civilisation, were not yet weaned from the savage ways of their ancestors, Fife and the Lothians were comparatively settled. “Fife and the Lothians” is a convenient colloquial expression much in use at the time; but “Fife and the Lothians” really represented a much wider territorial area—an area extending on the one hand to Glasgow, and on the other to Elgin or Aberdeen. Trade, agriculture, commerce; historical, ecclesiastical, and legal culture; the amenities of social and domestic life; the political forces which determine the form of government,—were to be found there, and there only. The capital, the university towns, the rising burghs, the thriving seaports, were included in the “inland counties,” from which the outlaws of Athol and Badenoch, and the broken men of the Border—“stark mosstroopers and arrant thieves”—were excluded by Act of Parliament.¹

¹ Marie of Lorraine, the Queen of James V., landing at Fife Ness, rode to St

Of the outlying districts, the Border country was most intimately associated with the general history of the time, and exercised the most direct influence upon the course of events.

The rain-cloud that sweeps the sides of Ettrick Pen helps to fill the Tweed, the Annan, and the Esk; and the configuration of the Border dales will be best understood if we take our stand on one or other of the peaks of the range of which Ettrick Pen is probably the true summit. To the north and north-east we have the valley of the Tweed, to the south and south-west the valleys of the Esk and the Annan. The Tweed falls into the German Ocean; the Esk and Annan into the Solway. The tributary valleys of the Tweed are those through which the Ettrick, the Yarrow, the Leader, and the Teviot flow. All these, except the Leader, descend from the hill-country which lies to the south; the Leader alone, issuing from the Lammermuirs, belongs to the north. Speaking generally, it may be said that the basin of the Tweed comprehends the whole of the fertile strath that lies between the Lammermuir and the Cheviots. Melrose, Dryburgh, Roxburgh, Kelso, are built on the banks of the main stream; Branksford stands on the Teviot; Ferniehurst on the Jed. This is the Scott and Ker country,—the Lords of Buccleuch and the Kers of Fernie-

hurst and Cessford. Crossing the hillside above Branksford we reach the system of valleys whose combined waters ultimately form the Esk—Eskdale, Ewesdale, Wauchope, and Liddesdale. Dwelling close to the Border among wellnigh inaccessible marshes, (the Debateable Land of Canonbie, Morton, and Kirkandrews, the cause of constant strife), the men of these dales—Armstrongs, Elliots, Grahams, and Littles—were exceptionally turbulent and troublesome. The “thieves of Liddesdale” had an ill repute, and defied with impunity the Scottish and English Wardens. “The Armstrongs of Liddesdale,” Magnus wrote in 1526, “had reported presumptuously that they would not be ordered, neither by the King of Scots, their sovereign lord, nor by the King of England, but after such manner as their fathers had used before them.” Hermitage Castle was the only considerable place in these remote and lawless valleys. Built by Nicolas de Soulis, it had afterwards come to be a stronghold of the Douglas. On the overthrow of the great house, the Hepburns of Hailes appear to have assumed, by a rather loose kind of hereditary title, the Wardenship of the Middle Marches, and Hermitage passed into their hands. Annandale is the last of the true Border dales; for Nithsdale, which is sometimes classed along with them, is

Andrews, where she was met by the bridegroom. “When the Queen came to her palace and met with the King, she confessed unto him she never saw in France, nor no other country, so many good faces in so little room, as she saw that day in Scotland: For she said it was shown unto her in France, that Scotland was but a barbarous country, destitute and void of all good commodities that used to be in other countries; but now she confessed she saw the contrary: For she never saw so many fair personages of men, women, young babes, and children, as she saw that day.” There may have been a touch of flattery in this speech; but other travellers were struck in the same way; and the “East Neuk of Fife” was probably in the reign of James V. the most settled and progressive district in Scotland.

separated from England by the broad waters of the Solway. The "great names" in these western valleys were Jardine, Johnstone, and Maxwell. The dales must at that time have been populous: on a week's notice seven thousand men could be raised in Nithsdale, Annandale, and Liddesdale alone.

The fighting men of the Border were all mounted. As light irregular cavalry, as scouts in a difficult country, their services to a more organised force were often invaluable. The Border nags were slight, but wiry and indefatigable, and perfectly suited for Border travel and Border warfare. They could pick their way with admirable sagacity along the narrow and slippery tracks that crossed the quaking mosses of Tynedale or Tarras; they could clamber like goats across a mountain-pass or up the bed of a torrent; in the darkest night, through the wildest storm, the natural wariness which they shared with the fox and the fowmart could be implicitly trusted. The man who had lost his arm was not more helpless than the Borderer who had lost his horse. On the other hand, when man and horse were well mated, the moss-trooper was a formidable foe. In his steel bonnet and leather jacket, "dag" or "hackbut" at his saddle-bow, and a Jedburgh stave or jack-spear ready to his hand, he could ride forty miles between dusk and dawn, and then swoop like a hawk upon a hostile clan or the "auld enemy" of England. They were not gipsies; they clung with persistent fidelity each man to the dale where he was born; but the life, if not nomadic, had no element of stability or permanence. The beacon-fires which sent the news of a raid from peel to peel were constantly blazing. By the time the slogan of the free-

booters was heard, the cabins had been unroofed and dismantled—the women and children, the sheep and cattle, had been huddled within the thick walls of the neighbouring castle—and the men had ridden off through moor and moss to rally the outlying retainers of their chief. *Reparabit cornua Phæbe* was the motto of the Scotts of Harden. It might have been adopted by the Border men in general. They were, in Falstaff's phrase, "Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon." Passionately fond of the chase, the "mysteries of woods and forests" appealed to the imagination of the Borderer with peculiar force. But the moonlight ride across the hills, with the prospect of a sharp skirmish and a rich haul of "nolt" and nags on the other side of the water, was a still finer joy. It was a cruel, lawless, and anarchic society; yet it had at the same time some of the virtues which a more polished community is apt to lose. The Red Indian is a Red Indian to the end; but the Border blood was good. Though entirely illiterate, the Dalesmen were not devoid of imagination. The plaintive wail of the Border ballad, the echo of an earlier minstrelsy, has still to a Scottish ear a charm of its own. They were brave and fearless; devout after a fashion; bribe or menace could not shake their fidelity. The unwritten laws of Border honour were inflexibly maintained by thieves and outlaws. A traitor coming among them fared badly. He was a marked man, and had short shrift. The Judas who betrayed the fugitive Northumberland was never forgiven. "To take Hector's cloak" became a proverbial term of reproach.

About the time of Hector's treachery, one of Cecil's emissaries

made his way into Teviotdale, where the Earl of Westmorland was in hiding amongst the Kers. Constable was an abominable scoundrel; but his narrative is bright and animated. The devil quotes Scripture, we are told; and the familiar letters of Elizabeth's ministers, in which, while invoking the countenance of the Almighty in language borrowed from the Psalms and the Prophets, the basest intrigues are unblushingly disclosed and discussed, simply amazes us. The obliquity of the puritanic conscience, the deadness of the moral sense in profoundly moral men, is an almost unaccountable phenomenon;—we can have no doubt of the sincerity of their religious zeal, and yet they lied like troopers. What is the explanation? Constable had a keen perception of the infamy of his mission; yet Cecil himself could not have applied the salve of the public wellbeing to his conscience with more unctuous adroitness. He sincerely trusts that Elizabeth will be merciful; for he could never forgive himself if his victims were brought to the block. "If it should turn to the effusion of their blood, my conscience would be troubled all the days of my life." His guides, though thieves and outlaws, were quite incorruptible; his own mission, he admits, was intrinsically base. "This be a traitorous kind of service that I am wayded in, to trap them that trusted me, as Judas did Christ." The men he was bribed to betray were his own kith and kin, old friends and neighbours; and he praises Lady Westmorland—against whose husband's life he was plotting—with affectionate if discriminating enthusiasm,—"a

faithful servant of God; a dutiful subject to the Queen's Majesty; an obedient, careful, loving wife to her husband; and of a ripeness of wit, readiness of memory, and plain and pithy utterance of her words. I have talked with many, but never with her like."¹ One is glad to know that the fugitives escaped, and that his own experiences were not altogether pleasant. "I came furth of Scotland on Sunday, the extremest day for wind and snow that ever I rode in;" "I dare not ride over the fells without more company, for I was in great peril meeting a company of Scots thieves on Thursday at night last." But, as I have said, the fellow wrote admirably, and no livelier picture of the interior of a Border peel has been preserved.

"So I left Ferniehurst and went to my host's house, where I found many guests of divers factions—some outlaws of England, some of Scotland, some neighbours thereabouts—at cards; some for placks and hardheads: and after that I had diligently learned and inquired that there was none of my surname that had me in deadly feud, nor none that knew me, I sat down and played for hardheads amongst them, where I heard *vox populi* that the Lord Regent would not for his own honour, nor for honour of his country, deliver the Earls, if he had them both, unless it were to have their Queen delivered to him; and if he would agree to make that exchange, the Borderers would start up in his contrary, and reive both the Queen and the Lords from him, for the like shame was never before done in Scotland, and that he durst better eat his own 'luggs' than

¹ Lady Westmorland was Anne Howard, daughter of the Earl of Surrey, and sister of the Duke of Norfolk.

come again to seek Ferniehurst; if he did, he should be fought with ere he came over Soutra Edge. Hector of Harlow's head was wished to have been eaten amongst us at supper."¹

George Buchanan was a native of the Lennox—from the hamlet of Moss near Killearn, where he was born, the mountains round Loch Lomond are plainly visible—and his notices of the neighbouring highlands and islands, with which he was familiar, are lively and valuable. From Buchanan (from Buchanan supplemented by Pitscottie, Leslie, and other contemporary writers) a sufficiently accurate picture of the Celtic mountaineer of Mary's reign may be obtained. In the earliest Scottish maps the "Mounth" is the dividing line between Highland and Lowland; and the "Mounth" is an extension of the Grampian chain, stretching from the Dee on the one side of the island to the estuary of the Clyde on the other. "*Le Mounth ubi est pessimum passagium sine cibo*,"—is an entry that indicates with perfect exactness the feelings about the mountain-barrier, and the country behind it, which was then common in the "home counties." Mary went to Inverness by the level road along the east coast; yet of that holiday ride Randolph, who accompanied her, wrote,—"*From Stirling she taketh her journey as far north as Inverness, a terrible journey both for horse and man, the countries are so poor and the victuals so scarce. It is thought*

that it will be a journey for her of two months and more." The confused chaos of hill and valley, lying along the "Deucaledonian Sea," which occupies an uncertain space in the older maps, is described by their authors as the favourite haunt of shy and savage creatures which elsewhere were gradually disappearing. "*Hic maxima venatio*." "*Hic habundant lupi*." It was the country of the red-deer and the wolf; in a still earlier age, of the wild boar and the beaver. Robbers were numerous upon the land, pirates upon the water; yet even along that remote and dangerous coast peaceful industries had begun to establish themselves.

Buchanan's survey takes us along the coast-line from Ailsa Craig to the Shetland Islands. Kyle and Galloway, he tells us, were richer in flocks than in corn. The people salted and ate the eels which were caught in all the lochs in vast numbers—a curious fact; for though still a favourite fish in England, the lower classes in Scotland would now as soon think of eating an adder or a toad as an eel. The light and sandy soil round Ayr was better fitted to produce brave men than corn and cattle; but the town itself was already a thriving seaport. The lofty Ailsa in the offing, then as now tenanted by multitudes of solan geese, but inaccessible to man except by a single dangerous footpath, was resorted to during the summer season while the cod-fishing lasted by immense numbers of small craft. To avoid the risk of rounding the Mull, the

¹ Æneas Sylvius, one of the Piccolomini, afterwards Pius II., who was in Scotland in 1413, found the Borderers, lay and clerical, much inclined to conviviality. At a merry meeting in a priest's house on the English side of the Border, which had been prolonged into the small hours, there was an alarm after midnight that the Scotch mostroopers were near at hand,—whereupon the jovial company broke up, and took refuge without delay in the neighbouring "peel."

seamen entering or quitting the estuary dragged their light vessels across the isthmus at Knapdale. Jura was finely wooded, and abounded in deer; and lead was obtained in the rich and fruitful Islay. The tombs of the kings of Scotland, Ireland, and Norway could still be seen at Iona. Multitudes of sea-fowl were taken in Rum, Tiree, and the remoter islands; in Colonsay the rare eider bred; and herds of seals sunned themselves upon every sandy beach. At Vaterza large numbers of fishermen assembled at certain seasons; Barra was already noted for its cod-fishery; and Skye, where corn, black cattle, and herds of mares abounded, was famous for its herring and its salmon. Seals, sea-fowl, and dried mutton were paid as rent by the tenants. At a time when kings and queens and great nobles were passionately fond of hawking, the trees and rocks where the falcons bred were jealously preserved; yet what trade there was with the outside world consisted mainly of fish. The peaceful merchant trading among the islands was exposed, indeed, to no considerable risks. The western seas, wild and stormy at all times, were then infested by piratical craft. In the wooded island of Rona was a deep inlet "where pirates lurked." In Uist were numerous caves covered with heath—"the lurking-places of robbers." On an island opposite Loch Broom the Celtic freebooters lay in the sheltered bays, and "kept watch for travellers;" while South Gruinart—one of the most romantic and charming districts on the mainland—was then, in Buchanan's words, "darkened with gloomy woods and infested with notorious robbers." The northern islanders, the Orcadians and Shetlanders, had little intercourse with Scotland, and

traded chiefly with Norway. They bought their boats from the Norwegian ship-builders, and sent them in exchange oil, butter, fish, and a coarse thick cloth, which the women wove. They were remarkably healthy, and lived to a great age. One of them who died quite lately, Buchanan adds, married a wife when he was one hundred years old; and in his hundred and fortieth year was so hale and vigorous that in his frail skiff he would brave alone the roughest seas.

Leslie's description is substantially to the same effect; but it contains some additional touches. The more distant parts of the island are horrible, he admits, by reason of the Grampian mountains, and "other rough, sharp, and hard hills, full of moss, moor, and morass." Yet there are, even beyond the "Mounth," some favoured spots—such as Lochaber, of which, indeed, Buchanan had testified that it was "delightful from its shady groves, and pleasant rivulets and fountains." At the time when the Bishop wrote, Loch Broom had become the central station for the herring-fishing on the west coast; it was "copious in herring miraculously," and was resorted to not only by Scotch fishermen, but by the English, the French, and the Flemings. A species of goat found on the island of Hirta, was remarkable for its size and its magnificent horns. Capercailzie, falcons, eagles, grouse, black-cock, bustards, and six kinds of geese, are among the wild-fowl enumerated by Leslie. Of the wild goose, he says there is a marvellous multitude in the west isles, where they are captured in nets, and domesticated by the natives. Wild swans do not seem to have been so numerous on that side of the island; the Loch of Spynie and other inland waters on the east coast, hav-

ing been then, as they are still, among their favourite haunts. The Orkney Islanders traded with Holland as well as with Scandinavia—whale-oil being the chief commodity which they exported. Their horses were very small, but in labour marvellously durable; and food was so cheap among them, that a hundred eggs could be bought for a French sous of Tours. "And that none think that I speak sophistically, those eggs of which I speak are hens' eggs, and new and fresh; and again, that I be not thought to speak hyperbolically or above my bounds, I say less (they shall understand) than the truth is."

The pirates and robbers, "the wicked thieves and limmers," "the strange beggars resorting in great numbers out of the Highlands," against whom many old statutes were directed, were outside the pale of Lowland charity; but of the people "we call Redshanks," who occupy "the mair horrible places of the realm," both Buchanan and the Bishop speak in eulogistic terms. They are not blind to their faults, indeed; some of which, it is to be feared, the Celt has not yet unlearned or outgrown. Leslie, for instance, complains that "not karing as it war for the morn," they catch only as many fish as will serve for immediate use—leaving the more lucrative deep-sea trade to be prosecuted by others. But the simple, abstemious, hardy life led by the mountaineers, is cordially praised. They

could go all day without food—eating only in the early morning and at night. Hunting and fishing supplied them with what food they needed. They flayed the deer where it fell, and the skin filled with water served as a vessel in which to boil the flesh. They naturally delighted in blue and purple and other brilliant colours; but their plaids and kilts were of a plain dark brown—a colour so like the heather among which they lurked, that it failed to attract the eye. Wrapped in their plaids, they braved the severest storms in the open air—sleeping sometimes even among the snow. Their beds were composed of fern or heather; when they travelled abroad they threw aside the pillow and blanket with which they were supplied by their hosts, lest they might grow effeminate like their Lowland neighbours.¹ They wore an iron head-piece, and a coat of mail made of loose iron rings, very light and flexible,—"harnest with jacks all woven thorough with iron hooks"—as Leslie vividly describes it. The bow was their favourite weapon (it was retained indeed by the hill-poacher till about the end of last century; and among the braes of Rannoch many an antlered stag fell to the eagle-feathered arrow of Ewen M'Ewen within the memory of people who were living the other day), though some carried swords, and others Lochaber-axes. The Highland Celts, like the Dalesmen, were passionately fond of music.

¹ Some of whom seem actually to have enjoyed the luxury of a feather-bed. At least in the inventory of Archbishop Beaton's effects (in his action against Mure of Caldwell), "23 fedder beds" are included. The value put upon them is rather suggestive of rarity,—they were luxuries which, like the glass windows at Alnwick, were laid away carefully when the owner left. "It were good," the steward says in his report on Alnwick Castle for the year 1567, "that the whole lights of every window, at the departure of his lordship, and during the time of his lordship's absence, were taken down and laid up in safety, until his return they be set up anew."

They played on bagpipe and harp, —the harps of the greater bards being richly decorated with silver and precious stones. The praise of brave men and brave deeds was the subject of their songs, which, Buchanan observes, were "not inelegant." The caustic Dunbar, on the other hand, was very hard upon the Celtic minstrels:—

"The Devil sae devt was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell,
He smorit them with smoke."¹

The Catholic bishop naturally commends the constancy of the Celt to the Catholic faith. The Borderers, who long resisted the preachers (Norfolk says significantly that the Humes and the Kers sided with the congregation for the expulsion of the French, but were not inclined to them in matters of religion), were won over at last; but the new doctrines failed to cross the mountain-barrier, and in Highland glen and western island the people continued to worship as their fathers worshipped before the days of Knox. Amongst the Redshanks—he continues—is continual battle. The greater of degree and the nobler of blood is in the war the foremost. Their prince or captain they hold in such reverence, that for his cause or at his command they will venture their own life—be the danger or death never so bitter. If at any time they are

free from war, they spend it not in idleness or vanity or auld wives' fables, but in making the limbs of their bodies more firm and fit by running, fencing, and wrestling. Even the wild beasts of the forest they run down on foot. No men thus are less delicate than the Redshanks, or less given to voluptuous and fleshly pleasures. And in the same manner of way they bring up their "bairns"—in shooting of arrows, in feeding of horses, in casting darts, in hearing of the men of renown in whose footsteps they are to tread.²

So much for the Redshank of Mary's reign. It was a hard life that he led; according to modern standards he was little better than a savage; and the modern historian waxes merry at his expense. A paradoxical Froude or a quixotic Ruskin may possibly be inclined to maintain, indeed, that the education which makes men simple, hardy, brave, and frugal is not to be despised. How many a scholar from Eton or Oxford could spend the winter night among the heather—a mouthful of oat-cake for supper, a "green turf" for a pillow, the North Star straight overhead—and rise at daybreak with the moorcock and the whaup?

When we descend from Border peel and Highland clachan to the low countries lying mainly along the eastern seaboard, we come among a people who, in spite of

¹ The serenade of bagpipes to which Mary was treated on her arrival at Holyrood is noticed by Brantome: "He! quelle musique! et quel repos pour sa nuit!" "She was so well pleased with the melody," Calderwood observes, "that she willed the same to be continued some nights after." I suspect it was to the same favourite musical instrument that Froissart alludes—"it seemed as if all the devils of hell had been there."

² Condensed from Leslie. The amusing translation into the vernacular by Father James Dalrymple, has been recently edited for the Scottish Text Society by Father E. G. Cody.

domestic feuds and the weakness of the central government, are comparatively peaceful and civilised. Except when civil war was actually raging, the itinerant "chapman" might carry his pack from Glasgow to Edinburgh, from Edinburgh to St Andrews and Perth and Aberdeen, without much risk. There was no general or organised police force to render life and property secure; but, continual anarchy being insupportable, an implicit understanding existed among the greater barons that each within his own territory would be responsible for the maintenance of some degree of order. The extensive woods, which at an earlier period had covered the country, had been destroyed. Only a fragment of the *Silva Caledonia* remained. Timber was scarce, and in those districts where peat could not be obtained, the people were badly off for fuel. But the removal of almost impassable thickets had been attended with one advantage: the outlaw—the robber and the assassin—was deprived of a secure retreat. He could no longer shelter himself in the gloomy and inaccessible depths of a forest which stretched from Loch Awe to the Border. Other savage creatures, too, were scared away. The red-deer could still roam across the heather; but when the forest fell before fire or axe, the wolf was fain to retreat to Badenoch or Lochaber.

When these changes came about it is difficult exactly to determine. In the country of Buchan, which, before the breaking out of the English wars, was densely wooded, no tree will grow. The oaks which are dug out of the mosses bear upon them the marks of fire; and the popular fancy in consequence attributes their destruction

to some great social convulsion—possibly the "harrying" of the district by Robert or Edward Bruce. We know that the contemporary earl petitioned Edward I. to grant him *maremium*, in consideration of the losses he had sustained by the war. Edward acceded to the request, and allowed him fifty oaks yearly out of the royal forests "in Buchan and Kintore." From this it would appear that the then earl—one of the great house of Comyn—had been attacked, and his district "harried," some time before the final defeat on Aiky Brae sent him an exile to the English Court. The abundance of the bog-oak in countries where, through "the penurie of wood," the people burnt peat alone, astonished the writers of the time. "But how has such great and wide woods ever there grown, where now by no art or craft of man, will not so much as ane small wand grow (the ground is so barren), we cannot marvel enough." One considerable calamity, indeed, is probably connected with the ruin of the forest that stretched along the eastern seaboard. Large tracts of arable and pasture land which the wood protected are now covered with *sand*. The whole parish of Forvie, burgh and landward, has been "ouircassen." The vast sand-hills of Foveran, over which one can tramp for hours, were, we are told, "formerly flowery meadows." A delightful naturalist, who died only the other day, has described with singular vividness the barren bents between Spey and Findhorn; these barren bents were once the most fertile lands in Moray. The light flakes have drifted across the chapel of Pittulie, the tower of Rattray, the church at Cruden, which was built by King Malcolm in memory of the nobles who fell

in his last battle with the Danes. "The kirk that was biggit to this effect," Bellenden says, "as aft-times occuris in thay partis, was ouircassen by violent blasts of sandis." The mischief became so threatening, that in the next century the Scottish Parliament, "considering that many lands, meadows, and pasturages lying on the sea-coasts have been ruined and overspread in many places of this kingdom," punished with fine and imprisonment the offence of pulling up by the root the bent or bushes of juniper that gave solidity to the shifting soil. It was probably the fringe of low and fertile land along the shore that was first brought into cultivation, and which at one time had been most densely peopled; and the great sand-banks of Moray and Aberdeenshire may thus preserve—unhappily beyond reach of the most congenial Dryasdust—some unique records of a perished society.

There can, I think, be little doubt that whatever was best and worthiest in Scottish life for several hundred years, was to be found in one form or other in connection with the great religious houses—the abbeys and monasteries—which were planted in nearly every district, however remote and however inaccessible. The missionary genius of the Catholic Church had been stronger than stormy strait, or rugged mountain, or inclement sky. The massive strongly fortified square towers, with their picturesque roofs and gables, and turrets and bastions, which rose darkly against wood and hill from every coign of vantage, might more readily attract the eye; yet it was not in the noble's castle, but in the monastic buildings lying along the river-bank in the sheltered valley

below, that the sacred flame of liberal culture, of polite learning, of a humane civilisation, was encouraged to burn. The Abbey Church of Haddington was emphatically the "Lamp of Lothian": and from age to age, from Kirkwall to the Border, such lamps had been lit. The moral, spiritual, intellectual illumination of the people—what of it there might be—came from them. That the religious orders increased and multiplied inordinately, need not be denied; and it is plain that immediately before the Reformation (although the evils have been grossly exaggerated) there was much idleness and much corruption among the higher clergy. But within the precincts of each of the wealthier abbeys an active industrial community (whose influence had been so far entirely beneficial) was housed. The prescribed offices of the Church were of course scrupulously observed (or if not scrupulously, at least in a spirit of becoming decency); but the energies of the society were not exclusively occupied with, nor indeed mainly directed to, the performance of religious duties. The occupants of the monasteries wore the religious garb; but they were road-makers, farmers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, as well as priests. Up to the middle of the sixteenth century, communication between one district of Scotland and another was slow and laborious. There were tracks across the mosses which a pedestrian could use, and through the heather where a pack or saddle horse could be taken; but they were difficult at all times, and during rainy or wintry weather, dangerous, if not impassable. One would have expected that the road along the coast which led to Berwick, to York, to London, to Rome—the

great highroad which every eminent Scotsman on his way to foreign Court or famous University had used age after age—would have been plainly marked and fairly maintained; but it was not so. Norfolk writes that the artillery for the siege of Leith would require to be sent by sea, “by reason of the deep and foul ways between Berwick and Leith;” and elsewhere he observes that the country is ill suited even for carts. The earliest roads in Scotland that deserved the name were made by the monks and their dependants; and were intended to connect the religious houses as trading societies with the capital or the nearest seaport. A decent public road is indispensable to an industrial community; and a considerable proportion of the trade of the country was in the hands of the religious orders. They had depots in the burghs where they stored the produce of farm and workshop, and booths where it was sold. The monks of Melrose sent wool to the Netherlands; others trafficked in corn, in timber, in salmon. They were large employers of labour, and the peaceful peasant in the ecclesiastical vineyard had rights and privileges which the serfs of the nobles did not enjoy. Their service was thus extremely popular, and there is every reason to believe that they were good and generous masters. Many of them had been educated abroad, and had come into contact with the most enlightened of their contemporaries. Returning to their native valleys, they brought with them the wider views and the liberal tastes which they had acquired at Paris or Bologna. Some of them had studied medicine, others had

studied law, others Aristotle and the schoolmen. They became the schoolmasters, the lawyers, the doctors of a community which was protected from the strife of the turbulent world outside by the sanctity which attached to the religious profession. The sons of the great nobles and of the country gentlemen were taught “grammar and dialectic” in the library of the convent; the sick and the maimed were lodged in the hospital. There was thus ample scope for every taste, lay and clerical, practical and speculative,—from the monk who looked after the pigs and poultry, to the monk who illuminated a missal or composed a chronicle. Each community, each order, as was natural, had its characteristic likings and dislikings. One house turned out the best scholars and lawyers, another the finest wool and the sweetest mutton; one was famed for poetry or history, another for divinity or medicine.¹ There were drones among them, no doubt, but there are drones in every profession; and whoever fancies that the members of the religious orders planted in Scotland passed their lives in sloth and sensuality, is the victim of a delusion. The courtyard of a Scottish monastery during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries was a busy thoroughfare, which, when business was pressing, might readily have been mistaken by a stranger for the market-place or the exchange.

For some time, however, before the Reformation, the burghs upon the coast, from the Scottish Sea (as the Firth of Forth was then called) to the Firth of Cromarty, had monopolised the general trade

¹ We are told, for instance, that polite literature was cultivated at Cupar and Arbroath, solid learning at Glasgow, historical study at St Colms, and so on.

of the country. The burgh from an early period had been regarded with exceptional favour by the Scottish kings. Many of the charters which secure the privileges and define the duties of the burgesses, are of great antiquity; and before the unhappy strife with England had become chronic under Bruce and Stuart, several of these trading communities had attained prosperity and importance. A considerable foreign trade had been attracted, and foreign merchants, chiefly Flemings, had established themselves at the chief seaports. There was at first no common bond between the incorporations; but learning in course of time that union is strength, the principal towns formed themselves into trading confederacies, one of them representing the northern, the other the southern burghs, as divided by the "Mounth." At a later period the northern and southern leagues united in what is still known as the Convention of Royal Burghs.

Fife at that time was probably the most densely populated county in Scotland; flourishing burghs, still picturesque in their decay, were dotted thickly along its coasts; Buchanan alludes somewhere to the rich zone of townlets by which it was girdled; and the "grey cloth mantle with its golden fringe" is the not infelicitous comparison attributed to his pedantic pupil. The Fife seaports make quite a goodly show in the records of the time—Kinghorn, Earlsferry, Elie, St Monance, Largo, Anstruther, Crail, St Andrews, Leven, Wemyss, Inverkeithing, Aberdour. Considering the extent of commerce at the time, their imports and exports were considerable. They exported, we are told, the furs of the marten and the weasel; the skins of the

goat, the fox, and the red-deer (at an earlier period, of the beaver and the sable); wool, salt, salmon, white fish, and oysters,—the wool and the salmon possibly being the staple commodities. The merchants of Delft, Bruges, Lille, and Rouen, were their chief customers; and from the French and Flemish cities their vessels returned with the wines of Burgundy and Bordeaux, silk, fine cloth, the precious metals. The Flemings, who were settled in various districts of Scotland, had taught the native craftsmen to carve wood and work in leather; but the really fine pieces of artistic handiwork which decorated the churches—the sacerdotal robes, the illuminated horæ, the gold and silver vessels—were brought from abroad.

One is struck when running over the names of the Scottish burghs by the absence of any obvious law to account for the growth of one and the decline of another. The Fife burghs have withered away. Fordoun, "a strong town, famous for the relics of St Palladius;" Candida Casa, "the ancient town and episcopal see of St Ninian,"—secure as marked notice from Pitscottie as Glasgow and Dumfries. So far as we are able to judge from the evidence that exists, the three most important places in Scotland during the early part of Mary's reign were Edinburgh, St Andrews, and Aberdeen. Edinburgh, "the king's seat, where also is the Castle of Maidens, a very strong and defensible place;" St Andrews, "specially famous for the University, and beautified with the see of the Archbishop and Primate of all Scotland;" Aberdeen, "between Don and Dee, with a guidlie universitie, and two fair bridges, one of seven arches of four-square stone, verie rare and marvellous,

and the other, an arch of curious workmanship." As the key to the northern counties and the Gordon country, as well as the busiest seaport between Leith and Inverness, Aberdeen exercised no inconsiderable influence at an early period; but the leading events in the national history had for some time now been associated with St Andrews and Edinburgh. Before the close of the fifteenth century, Edinburgh had become the political, St Andrews the ecclesiastical, capital of Scotland.

"Our towns," Leslie remarks, "we fortify not with walls." It had at no period been the custom of the Scot to place his trust in stone and lime; and his rulers had taken care that the security of walled cities should not tempt him to become indolent in the use of arms. Bruce had advised his countrymen never to risk a pitched battle; and Douglas loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse cheep. So long as they could retire upon a barren and hungry morass they were invincible; for they laid waste the country as they passed, and the "auld enemy" found little to plunder and less to eat. The capital itself had not been fortified till a comparatively recent period, and of all the lesser burghs Perth only had walls.

The mansions of the feudal nobility were sometimes erected within the municipal boundaries; but as a rule the great nobles lived at their own castles in the country, surrounded by their vassals and dependants. They were by no means exclusive; and a rude but abundant hospitality was extended to every kinsman however remote,

and to any stranger who passed within hail. Hostelries had been established by James I. in burghs and market towns; but in the landward districts they were few and of ill repute, and except where the hospice of the monk took the place of the tavern, the passing traveller could not but fare badly.¹ The houses of the peasantry were miserable cabins, thatched with reeds or straw, dark, narrow, and noisome, "wherein the people and the beasts," as Pitscottie says, "do lie together." No one can help feeling that the architecture of the Border peel is entirely in harmony with the character of the country; it is as much a product of the soil in which it is rooted as the heather and the birch; and the same remark applies, a few notable exceptions notwithstanding, to the castles of the Scottish nobles in general. The towers scattered over the Lowlands were such as those in which the Maitlands dwelt—Lethingtons on a slighter and less ambitious scale; the idiomatic expression in stone and lime, if I may use the expression, of the temper of a warlike race—hardy, defiant, severely simple, rudely independent, as their own lives. The rudeness of the life, indeed, has possibly been exaggerated. If we can trust the letters and documents that remain, Hugh Rose of Kilravock, in his pleasant castle on the Nairn, bore a near resemblance in tastes and habits, in likings and dislikings, to the country gentleman of to-day. Many conveniences of modern civilisation were no doubt lacking. He had no railway, or telegraph, or post-office, or daily paper; but these are not indis-

¹ The monasteries both in England and Scotland were extensively used for the entertainment of travellers, many of them being in remote and secluded districts where no other shelter could be obtained. Thus it was urged on behalf of Hexham that there was no house within many miles.

pensable to "plain living and high thinking," and the cultivation of a wholesome national life. A man may be wise, sagacious, and politic who eats his black pudding off a pewter plate, and swallows his black broth with a wooden ladle.

"Aut quis
Simpvium ridere Numæ, nigrumque
catinum
Ausus erat?"¹

Yet the most cultivated taste finds in the baronial architecture of that age much that is admirable; and it is obvious (in some of the minor arts especially) that the craftsmen, lay and clerical, had attained remarkable proficiency. On the polished panel of hall or chapel, a cunning pencil has been at work; and the heavy oaken cabinets—the buist and the ambry—in which the household napery and silver were stored, are often marvels of quaint and delicate carving. The dress, too (of the upper classes at least), was extremely picturesque. The common people had been required by many sumptuary laws to restrain their love of fine clothes and gaudy colours, and to appear (except on holidays, when a somewhat livelier tint was lawful) in the homeliest and most primitive homespun. But the attire of the gentry, especially of the great dignitaries in Church and State, was sumptuous and superb. Sir Richard Maitland, as we have seen, complains that even the wives of simple burghers had taken to

gold embroidery and delicate lace; and a rich and elaborate toilet had always been the besetting weakness (if we so regard it) of the great Norman noble. Even his morning undress—the light robe of mail which he wore when hunting or hawking or "harrying"—must have charmed the eye of an artist; and the dress of high ceremonial,—the velvet robe or doublet, lined with rich furs and powdered with jewellery,—showed a thorough understanding—an instinct like that of a Parisian *modiste*—of the resources of brilliant colouring, and the harmonious combination of ponderous draperies. The art is lost; the modern Englishman in full dress is a dull and sombre if not entirely ludicrous figure. To the Puritan of the Commonwealth, to Tribulation - Wholesome and Praise-God-Barebones, the change from purple and fine linen to a Quaker-like drab is possibly to be attributed.

The great bulk of the community outside the towns, without distinction of class, were employed in agriculture. A considerable breadth of corn was sown in the Carse of Gowrie and the lowlands of Moray; but the farms elsewhere were mainly pastoral. The people were shepherds, and their "sheep-cotes" are constantly mentioned in the earliest charters. The occupation of husbandry, as I have said, was not confined to any one class—James the Fifth himself having been at one time a sheep-farmer on

¹ The homely simplicity of considerable Lowland lairds excited the "Water Poet's" surprise. There were then no drapers or haberdashers in the country; and Taylor remarks upon the plain homespun clothes of the laird who maintained forty or fifty servants, and dispensed a lavish hospitality—"his beaver being his blue bonnet, no shirts but of the flax grown on his own ground, and of his wife and daughter's spinning, and his stockings, hose, and jerkin off his own sheep's wool." The family papers of the Roses of Kilravock were edited for the Spalding Club by Mr Cosmo Innes—one of the pleasantest and soundest writers on Scottish antiquities.

a great scale. We learn from Pit-scottie that the king had ten thousand sheep "going in Ettrick Forest, in keeping by Andrew Bell;" and from Sadler, that the undignified conduct of his nephew, in "keeping sheep and such other vile and mean things," was the cause of lively annoyance to the King of England. James might obtain whatever he needed by plundering the Church; why should a king disgrace himself by embarking in trade? "That kind of profit," the envoy was instructed to point out,

"cannot stand with the honour of a king's estate;" and the true policy was plainly indicated,— "rather by taking some of the religious houses, by good and politic means establish your revenue in such sort as ye shall be able to live like a king, and yet not meddle with sheep." James, who was resolved to have no hand in the spoliation of the religious houses, turned away with a pleasant jest: "By my troth," quoth he, "I never knew what I had of my own, nor yet do."

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EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
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BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

No. DCCCLIII.

NOVEMBER 1886.

Vol. CXL.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XIX.

WHEN Del Ferice was thought sufficiently recovered of his wound to hear some of the news of the day, which was about three weeks after the duel, he learned that Astrardente was dead, that the Duchessa had inherited all his fortune, and that she was on the point of leaving Rome. It would be hard to say how the information of her approaching departure had got abroad; it might be merely a clever guess of the gossips, or it might be the report gleaned from her maid by all the other maids in town. Be that as it may, when Del Ferice heard it he ground his teeth as he lay upon his bed, and swore that if it were possible to prevent the Duchessa d'Astrardente from leaving town he would do it. In his judgment it would be a dangerous thing to let Corona and Giovanni part, and to allow Donna Tullia free play in her matrimonial designs. Of course

Giovanni would never marry Madame Mayer, especially as he was now at liberty to marry the Astrardente; but Madame Mayer herself might become fatally interested in him, as she already seemed inclined to be, and this would be bad for Del Ferice's own prospects. It would not do to miss any of the advantages gained by the death of the old Duca. Giovanni must be hastened into a marriage with Corona; it would be time enough to think of revenge upon him afterwards for the ghastly wound that took so long to heal.

It was a pity that Del Ferice and Donna Tullia were not allies, for if Madame Mayer hated Corona d'Astrardente, Ugo del Ferice detested Giovanni with equal virulence, not only because he had been so terribly worsted by him in the duel his own vile conduct had made inevitable, but because

Donna Tullia loved him and was doing her very best to marry him. Evidently the best thing to be done was to produce a misunderstanding between the two; but it would be dangerous to play any tricks with Giovanni, for he held Del Ferice in his power by his knowledge of that disagreeable scene behind the plants in the conservatory. Sarracinesca was a great man in society and celebrated for his honesty; people would believe him rather than Del Ferice, if the story got abroad. This would not do. The next best thing was to endeavour to draw Giovanni and Corona together as quickly as possible, to precipitate their engagement, and thus to clear the field of a dangerous rival. Del Ferice was a very obstinate and a very intelligent man. He meant more than ever to marry Donna Tullia himself, and he would not stand upon an insignificant scruple in the accomplishment of his object.

He was not allowed to say much, lest the effort should retard the healing of his throat; but in the long days and nights, when he lay silent in his quiet lodging, he had ample time to revolve many schemes in his brain. At last he no longer needed the care of the Sister of Mercy; his servant took charge of him, and the surgeon came twice a-day to dress his wound. He lay in bed one morning watching Temistocle as he moved noiselessly about the room.

"Temistocle," he said, "you are a youth of intelligence; you must use the gifts nature has given you."

Temistocle was at that time not more than five-and-twenty years of age. He had a muddy complexion, a sharp hooked nose, and a cast in one eye that gave him a singularly unpleasant expression. As his master addressed him, he

stood still and listened with a sort of distorted smile in acknowledgment of the compliment made him.

"Temistocle, you must find out when the Duchessa d'Astrardente means to leave Rome, and where she is going. You know somebody in the house?"

"Yes, sir—the under-cook; he stood godfather with me for the baby of a cousin of mine—the young man who drives Prince Valdarno's private brougham: a clever fellow, too."

"And this under-cook," said Del Ferice, who was not above entering into details with his servant—"is he a discreet character?"

"Oh, for that, you may trust him. Only sometimes——" Temistocle grinned, and made a gesture which signified drinking.

"And when he is drunk?" asked Del Ferice.

"When he is drunk he tells everything; but he never remembers anything he has been told, or has said. When he is drunk he is a dictionary; but the first draught of water washes out his memory like a slate."

"Well—give me my purse; it is under my pillow. Go. Here is a *scudo*, Temistocle. You can make him very drunk for that."

Temistocle hesitated, and looked at the money.

"Another couple of *pauls* would make it safer," he remarked.

"Well, there they are; but you must make him very drunk indeed. You must find out all he knows, and you must keep sober yourself."

"Leave that to me. I will make of him a sponge; he shall be squeezed dry, and sopped again and squeezed again. I will be his confessor."

"If you find out what I want, I will give you——" Del Ferice

hesitated; he did not mean to give too much.

"The grey trousers?" asked Temistocle, with an avaricious light in the eye which did not wander.

"Yes," answered his master, rather regretfully; "I suppose you must have the grey trousers at last."

"For those grey trousers I will upset heaven and earth," returned Temistocle in great glee.

Nothing more was said on that day, but early on the following morning the man entered and opened the shutters, and removed the little oil-light that had burned all night. He kept one eye upon his master, who presently turned slowly and looked inquiringly at him.

"The Duchessa goes to Astrardente in the Sabines on the day after to-morrow," said Temistocle. "It is quite sure that she goes, because she has already sent out two pairs of horses, and several boxes of effects, besides the second housemaid and the butler and two grooms."

"Ah! that is very good. Temistocle, I think I will get up this morning and sit in the next room."

"And the grey trousers?"

"Take them, and wear them in honour of the most generous master living," said Del Ferice, impressively. "It is not every master who gives his servant a pair of grey trousers. Remember that."

"Heaven bless you, Signor Conte!" exclaimed Temistocle, devoutly.

Del Ferice lost no time. He was terribly weak still, and his wound was not entirely healed yet; but he set himself resolutely to his writing-table, and did not rise until he had written two letters. The first was carefully writ-

ten in a large round hand, such as is used by copyists in Italy, resembling the Gothic. It was impossible to connect the curiously formed conventional letters with any particular person. It was very short, as follows:—

"It may interest you to know that the Duchessa d'Astrardente is going to her castle in the Sabines on the day after to-morrow."

This laconic epistle Del Ferice carefully directed to Don Giovanni Sarracinesca at his palace, and fastened upon it a stamp; but he concealed the address from Temistocle. The second letter was longer, and written in his own small and ornate handwriting. It was to Donna Tullia Mayer. It ran thus:—

"You would forgive my importuning you with a letter, most charming Donna Tullia, if you could conceive of my desolation and loneliness. For more than three weeks I have been entirely deprived of the pleasure, the exquisite delight, of conversing with her for whom I have suffered. I still suffer so much. Ah! if my paper were a cloth of gold, and my pen in moving traced characters of diamond and pearl, yet any words which speak of you would be ineffectually honoured by such transcription! In the miserable days and nights I have passed between life and death, it is your image which has consoled me, the echo of your delicate voice which has soothed my pain, the remembrance of the last hours I spent with you which has gilded the feverish dreams of my sickness. You are the guardian angel of a most unhappy man, Donna Tullia. Do you know it? But for you I would have wooed death as a comforter. As it is, I have struggled desperately to keep my grasp upon

life, in the hope of once more seeing your smile and hearing your happy laugh; perhaps—I dare not expect it—of receiving from you some slight word of sympathy, some little half-sighed hint that you do not altogether regret having been in these long weeks the unconscious comforter of my sorrowing spirit and tormented body. You would hardly know me, could you see me; but saving for your sweet spiritual presence, which has rescued me from the jaws of death, you would never have seen me again. Is it presumption in me to write thus? Have you ever given me a right to speak in these words? I do not know. I do not care. Man has a right to be grateful. It is the first and most divine right I possess, to feel and to express my gratitude. For out of the store of your kindness shown me when I was in the world, strong and happy in the privilege of your society, I have drawn healing medicine in my sickness, as tormented souls in purgatory get refreshment from the prayers of good and kind people who remember them on earth. So, therefore, if I have said too much, forgive me, forgive the heartfelt gratitude which prompts me; and believe still in the respectful and undying devotion of the humblest of your servants,
UGO DEL FERICE."

Del Ferice read over what he had written with considerable satisfaction, and addressed his letter to Donna Tullia, losing no time in despatching Temistocle with it, and instructing him to ask if there would be an answer. As soon as the man was out of the house, Ugo rang for his landlady, and sent for the porter's little boy, to whom he delivered the letter for Don Giovanni, to be dropped into

the nearest post-box. Then he lay down, exhausted with his morning's work. In the course of two hours Temistocle returned from Donna Tullia's house with a little scented note—too much scented, and the paper just a shade too small. She took no notice of what he had said in his carefully penned epistle; but merely told him she was sincerely glad that he was better, and asked him to call as soon as he could. Ugo was not disappointed; he had expected no compromising expressions of interest in response to his own effusions; and he was well pleased with the invitation, for it showed that what he had written had been well received.

Don Giovanni Sarracinesca received the anonymous note late in the evening. He had, of course, together with his father, deposited cards of condolence at the Palazzo Astrardente, and he had been alone to inquire if the Duchessa would receive him. The porter had answered that, for the present, there were standing orders to admit no one; and as Giovanni could boast of no especial intimacy, and had no valid excuse to give, he was obliged to be satisfied. He had patiently waited in the Villa Borghese and by the band-stand on the Pincio, taking it for granted that sooner or later Corona's carriage would appear; but when at last he had seen her, she had driven rapidly past him, deeply veiled, and in a closed brougham, and he did not think she had even noticed him. He would have written to her, but he was still unable to hold a pen; and he reflected that, after all, it would have been a hideous farce for him to offer condolences and sympathy, however much he might desire to hide from himself his secret satisfaction at her husband's death. Too proud

to think of obtaining information through such base channels as Del Ferice was willing to use, he was wholly ignorant of Corona's intentions; and it was a brilliant proof of Ugo's astuteness that he had rightly judged Giovanni's position with regard to her, and justly estimated the value of the news conveyed by his anonymous note.

Sarracinesca read the scrap of writing, and tossed it angrily into the fire. He hated underhand dealings, and scorned himself for the interest the note excited in him, wondering who could find advantage in informing him of the Duchessa's movements. But the note took effect, nevertheless, although he was ashamed of it, and all night he pondered upon what it told him. The next day, at three o'clock, he went out alone, and walked rapidly towards the Palazzo Astrardente. He was unable to bear the suspense any longer; the thought that Corona was going away, apparently to shut herself up in the solitude of the ancient fortress, for any unknown number of months, and that he might not see her until the autumn, was intolerable. He knew that by the mere use of his name he could at least make sure that she would know he was at her door, and he determined to make the attempt. He waited a long time, pacing slowly the broad flagstones beneath the arch of the palace, while the porter himself went up with his card and message. The fellow had hesitated, but Don Giovanni Sarracinesca was not a man to be refused by a servant. At last the porter returned, and, bowing to the ground, said that the Signora Duchessa would receive him.

In five minutes he was waiting alone in the great drawing-room. It had cost Corona a struggle to allow him to be admitted. She

hesitated long, for it seemed like a positive wrong to her husband's memory, but the woman in her yielded at last; she was going away on the following morning, and she could not refuse to see him for once. She hesitated again as she laid her hand upon the latch of the door, knowing that he was in the room beyond; then at last she entered.

Her face was very pale and very grave. Her simple gown of close-fitting black set off her height and figure, and softly flowed in harmony with her stately movements as she slowly advanced towards Giovanni, who stood almost awestruck in the middle of the room. He could not realise that this dark sad princess was the same woman to whom less than a month ago he had spoken such passionate words, whom he had madly tried to take into his arms. Proud as he was, it seemed presumptuous in him to think of love in connection with so royal a woman; and yet he knew that he loved her better and more truly than he had done a month before. She held out her hand to him, and he raised it; his lips. Then they both sat down in silence.

"I had despaired of ever seeing you again," said Giovanni at last, speaking in a subdued voice. "I had wished for some opportunity of telling you how sincerely I sympathise with you in your great loss." It was a very formal speech, such as men make in such situations. It might have been better, but he was not eloquent; even his rough old father had a better command of language on ordinary occasions, though Giovanni could speak well enough when he was roused. But he felt constrained in the presence of the woman he adored. Corona herself hardly knew how to answer.

"You are very kind," she said, simply.

"I wish it were possible to be of any service to you," he answered. "I need not tell you that both my father and myself would hold it an honour to assist you in any way." He mentioned his father from a feeling of delicacy; he did not wish to put himself forward.

"You are very kind," repeated Corona, gravely. "I have not had any annoyance. I have an excellent man of business."

There was a moment's pause. Then she seemed to understand that he was embarrassed, and spoke again.

"I am glad to see that you are recovered," she said.

"It was nothing," answered Giovanni, with a glance at his right arm, which was still confined in a bandage of black silk, but was no longer in a sling.

"It was very wrong of you," returned Corona, looking seriously into his eyes. "I do not know why you fought, but it was wrong; it is a great sin."

Giovanni smiled a little.

"We all have to sin sometimes," he said. "Would you have me stand quietly and see an abominable piece of baseness, and not lift a hand to punish the offender?"

"People who do base things always come to a bad end," answered the Duchessa.

"Perhaps. But we poor sinners are impatient to see justice done at once. I am sorry to have done anything you consider wrong," he added, with a shade of bitterness. "Will you permit me to change the subject? Are you thinking of remaining in Rome, or do you mean to go away?"

"I am going up to Astrardente to-morrow," answered Co-

rona, readily. "I want to be alone and in the country."

Giovanni showed no surprise: his anonymous information had been accurate; Del Ferice had not parted with the grey trousers in vain.

"I suppose you are right," he said. "But at this time of year I should think the mountains would be very cold."

"The castle is comfortable. It has been recently fitted up, and there are many warm rooms in it. I am fond of the old place, and I need to be alone for a long time."

Giovanni thought the conversation was becoming oppressive. He thought of what had passed between them at their last meeting in the conservatory of the Palazzo Frangipani.

"I shall myself pass the summer in Sarracinesca," he said, suddenly. "You know it is not very far. May I hope that I may sometimes be permitted to see you?"

Corona had certainly had no thought of seeing Giovanni when she had determined to go to Astrardente; she had not been there often, and had not realised that it was within reach of the Sarracinesca estate. She started slightly.

"Is it so near?" she asked.

"Half a day's ride over the hills," replied Giovanni.

"I did not know. Of course, if you come, you will not be denied hospitality."

"But you would rather not see me?" asked Sarracinesca, in a tone of disappointment. He had hoped for something more encouraging. Corona answered courageously.

"I would rather not see you. Do not think me unkind," she added, her voice softening a little. "Why need there be any explanations? Do not try to see me. I

wish you well; I wish you more—all happiness—but do not try to see me."

Giovanni's face grew grave and pale. He was disappointed, even humiliated; but something told him that it was not coldness which prompted her request.

"Your commands are my laws," he answered.

"I would rather that instead of regarding what I ask you as a command, you should feel that it should be the natural prompting of your own heart," replied Corona, somewhat coldly.

"Forgive me if my heart dictates what my obedience to you must effectually forbid," said Giovanni. "I beseech you to be satisfied that what you ask I will perform—blindly."

"Not blindly—you know all my reasons."

"There is that between you and me which annihilates reason," answered Giovanni, his voice trembling a little.

"There is that in my position which should command your respect," said Corona. She feared he was going too far, and yet this time she knew she had not said too much, and that in bidding him avoid her, she was only doing what was strictly necessary for her peace. "I am a widow," she continued, very gravely; "I am a woman, and I am alone. My only protection lies in the courtesy I have a right to expect from men like you. You have expressed your sympathy; show it then by cheerfully fulfilling my request. I do not speak in riddles, but very plainly. You recall to me a moment of great pain, and your presence, the mere fact of my receiving you, seems a disloyalty to the memory of my husband. I have given you no reason to believe that I ever took a greater interest in you than such

as I might take in a friend. I hourly pray that this—this too great interest you show in me, may pass quickly and leave you what you were before. You see I do not speak darkly, and I do not mean to speak unkindly. Do not answer me, I beseech you, but take this as my last word. Forget me if you can——"

"I cannot," said Giovanni, deeply moved.

"Try. If you cannot, God help you! but I am sure that if you try faithfully, you will succeed. And now you must go," she said in gentler tones. "You should not have come—I should not have let you see me. But it is best so. I am grateful for the sympathy you have expressed. I do not doubt that you will do as I have asked you, and as you have promised. Good-bye."

Corona rose to her feet, her hands folded before her. Giovanni had no choice. She let her eyes rest upon him, not unkindly, but she did not extend her hand. He stood one moment in hesitation, then bowed and left the room without a word. Corona stood still, and her eyes followed his retreating figure until at the door he turned once more and bent his head and then was gone. Then she fell back into her chair and gazed listlessly at the wall opposite.

"It is done," she said at last. "I hope it is well done and wisely." Indeed it had been a hard thing to say; but it was better to say it at once than to regret an ill-timed indulgence when it should be too late. And yet it had cost her less to send him away definitely than it had cost her to resist his passionate appeal a month ago. She seemed to have gained strength from her sorrows. So he was gone! She gave a sigh of relief,

which was instantly followed by a sharp throb of pain, so sudden that she hardly understood it.

Her preparations were all made. She had at the last moment realised that it was not fitting for her, at her age, to travel alone, nor to live wholly alone in her widowhood. She had revolved the matter in her mind, and had decided that there was no woman of her acquaintance whom she could ask even for a short time to stay with her. She had no friends, no relations, none to turn to in such a need. It was not that she cared for company in her solitude; it was merely a question of propriety. To overcome the difficulty, she obtained permission to take with her one of the sisters of a charitable order of nuns, a lady in middle life, but broken down and in ill health from her untiring labours. The thing was easily managed; and the next morning, on leaving the palace she stopped at the gate of the community and found Sister Gabrielle waiting with her modest box. The nun entered the huge travelling carriage, and the two ladies set out for Astrardente.

It was the first day of Carnival, and a memorably sad one for Giovanni Sarracinesca. He would have been capable of leaving Rome at once, but that he had promised Corona not to attempt to see her. He would have gone to Sarracinesca for the mere sake of being nearer to her, had he not reflected that he would be encouraging all manner of gossip by so doing. But he determined that so soon as Lent began, he would declare his intention of leaving the city for a year. No one ever went to Sarracinesca, and by making a circuit he could reach the ancestral castle without creating suspicion. He might even go to Paris for a few days, and have it supposed that he

was wandering about Europe, for he could trust his own servants implicitly; they were not of the type who would drink wine at a tavern with Temistocle or any of his class.

The old prince came into his son's room in the morning and found him disconsolately looking over his guns, for the sake of an occupation.

"Well, Giovanni," he said, "you have time to reflect upon your future conduct. What! are you going upon a shooting expedition?"

"I wish I could. I wish I could find anything to do," answered Giovanni, laying down the breech-loader and looking out of the window. "The world is turned inside out like a beggar's pocket, and there is nothing in it."

"So the Astrardente is gone," remarked the Prince.

"Yes; gone to live within twenty miles of Sarracinesca," replied Giovanni, with an angry intonation.

"Do not go there yet," said his father. "Leave her alone a while. Women become frantic in solitude."

"Do you think I am an idiot?" exclaimed Giovanni. "Of course I shall stay where I am till Carnival is over." He was not in a good humour.

"Why are you so petulant?" retorted the old man. "I merely gave you my advice."

"Well, I am going to follow it. It is good. When Carnival is over I will go away, and perhaps get to Sarracinesca by a round-about way, so that no one will know where I am. Will you not come too?"

"I daresay," answered the Prince, who was always pleased when his son expressed a desire for his company. "I wish we lived in the good old times."

"Why?"

"We would make small scruple of besieging Astrardente and carrying off the Duchessa for you, my boy," said the Prince, grimly.

Giovanni laughed. Perhaps the same idea had crossed his mind. He was not quite sure whether it was respectful to Corona to think of carrying her off in the way his father suggested; but there was a flavour of curious possibility in the suggestion, coming as it did from a man whose grandfather might have done such a thing, and whose great-grandfather was said to have done it. So strong are the instincts of barbaric domination in races where the traditions of violence exist in an unbroken chain, that both father and son smiled

at the idea as if it were quite natural, although Giovanni had only the previous day promised that he would not even attempt to see Corona d'Astrardente without her permission. He did not tell his father of his promise, however, for his more delicate instinct made him sure that though he had acted rightly, his father would laugh at his scruples and tell him that women liked to be wooed roughly.

Meanwhile Giovanni felt that Rome had become for him a vast solitude, and the smile soon faded from his face at the thought that he must go out into the world, and for Corona's sake act as though nothing had happened.

CHAPTER XX.

Poor Madame Mayer was in great anxiety of mind. She had not a great amount of pride, but she made up for it by a plentiful endowment of vanity, in which she suffered acutely. She was a good-hearted woman enough, and by nature she was not vindictive; but she could not help being jealous, for she was in love. She felt how Giovanni every day evidently cared less and less for her society, and how, on the other hand, Del Ferice was quietly assuring his position, so that people already began to whisper that he had a chance of becoming her husband. She did not dislike Del Ferice; he was simply a convenient man of the world, whom she always found ready to help her when she needed help. But by dint of making use of him, she was beginning to feel in some way bound to consider him as an element in her life, and she did not like the position. The letter he had written her was of the kind a man might write to the

woman he loved; it bordered upon the familiar, even while the writer expressed himself in terms of exaggerated respect. Perhaps if Del Ferice had been well, she would have simply taken no notice of what he had written, and not even have sent an answer; but she had not the heart to repulse him altogether in his present condition. There was a phrase cunningly introduced and ambiguously worded, which seemed to mean that he had come by his wound in her cause. He spoke of having suffered and of still suffering so much for her,—did he mean to refer to pain of body or of mind? It was not certain. Don Giovanni had assured her that she was in no way concerned in the duel, and he was well known for his honesty; nevertheless, out of delicacy, he might have desired to conceal the truth from her. It seemed like him. She longed for an opportunity of talking with him and eliciting some explanation of his conduct.

There had been a time when he used to visit her, and always spent some time in her society when they met in the world—now, on the contrary, he seemed to avoid her whenever he could; and in proportion as she noticed that his manner cooled, her own jealousy against Corona d'Astrardente increased in force, until at last it seemed to absorb her love for Giovanni into itself and turn it into hate.

Love is a passion which, like certain powerful drugs, acts differently upon each different constitution of temper; love also acts more strongly when it is unreturned or thwarted than when it is mutual and uneventful,—that is to say, if two persons love each other truly, and there is no obstacle to their union, it is probable that, without any violent emotion, their love will grow and become stronger by imperceptible degrees, without changing in its natural quality; but if thwarted by untoward circumstances, the passion, if true, attains suddenly to the dimensions which it would otherwise need years to reach, so that it sometimes happens that the nature in which this unforeseen and abnormal development takes place is unable to bear the precocious growth; then, losing sight of its identity in the strange inward confusion of heart and mind which ensues, it is driven to madness, and, breaking every barrier, either attains its object at a single bound, or is shivered and ruined in dashing itself against the impenetrable wall of complete impossibility. But again, in the last case, when love is wholly unreturned, it dies a natural death of atrophy, when it has existed in a person of common and average nature; or if the man or woman so afflicted be proud and of noble instincts, the passion becomes a

kind of religion to the heart—sacred, and worthy to be guarded from the eyes of the world; or finally, again, where it finds vanity the dominant characteristic of the being in whom it has grown, it draws a poisonous life from the unhealthy soil on which it is fed, and the tender seed of love shoots and puts forth evil leaves and blossoms, and grows to be a most venomous tree, which is the tree of hatred.

Donna Tullia was certainly a woman who belonged to the latter class of individuals. She had qualities which were perhaps good because not bad; but the main-spring of her being was an inordinate vanity; and it was in this characteristic that she was most deeply wounded, as she found herself gradually abandoned by Giovanni Sarracinesca. She had been in the habit of thinking of him as a probable husband; the popular talk had fostered the idea, and occasional hints, and smiling questions concerning him, had made her feel that he could not long hang back. She had been in the habit of treating him familiarly; and he, tutored by his father to the belief that she was the best match for him, and reluctantly yielding to the force of circumstances, which seemed driving him into matrimony, had suffered himself to be ordered about and made use of with an indifference which, in Madame Mayer's eyes, had passed for consent. She had watched with growing fear and jealousy his devotion to the Astrardente, which all the world had noticed; and at last her anger had broken out at the affront she had received at the Frangipani ball. But even then she loved Giovanni in her own vain way. It was not till Corona was suddenly left a widow, that she began to realise

the hopelessness of her position ; and when she found how determinately Sarracinesca avoided her wherever they met, the affection she had hitherto felt for him turned into a bitter hatred, stronger even than her jealousy against the Duchessa. There was no scene of explanation between them, no words passed, no dramatic situation, such as Donna Tullia loved ; the change came in a few days, and was complete. She had not even the satisfaction of receiving some share of the attention Giovanni would have bestowed upon Corona if she had been in town. Not only had he grown utterly indifferent to her ; he openly avoided her, and thereby inflicted upon her vanity the cruellest wound she was capable of feeling.

With Donna Tullia to hate was to injure, to long for revenge. Not of the kind which is enjoyed in secret, and known only to the person who suffers and the person who causes the suffering. She did not care for that so much as she desired some brilliant triumph over her enemies before the world ; some startling instance of poetic justice, which should at one blow do a mortal injury to Corona d'Astrardente, and bring Giovanni Sarracinesca to her own feet by force, repentant and crushed, to be dealt with as she saw fit, according to his misdeeds. But she had chosen her adversaries ill, and her heart misgave her. She had no hold upon them, for they were very strong people, very powerful, and very much respected by their fellows. It was not easy to bring them into trouble ; it seemed impossible to humiliate them as she wished to do, and yet her hate was very strong. She waited and pondered, and in the meanwhile, when she met Giovanni, she began to treat him with haughty coldness.

But Giovanni smiled, and seemed well satisfied that she should at last give over what was to him very like a persecution. Her anger grew hotter from its very impotence. The world saw it, and laughed.

The days of Carnival came and passed, much as they usually pass, in a whirl of gaiety. Giovanni went everywhere, and showed his grave face ; but he talked little, and of course every one said he was melancholy at the departure of the Duchessa. Nevertheless he kept up an appearance of interest in what was done, and as nobody cared to risk asking him questions, people left him in peace. The hurrying crowd of social life filled up the place occupied by old Astrardente and the beautiful Duchessa, and they were soon forgotten, for they had not had many intimate friends.

On the last night of Carnival, Del Ferice appeared once more. He had not been able to resist the temptation of getting one glimpse of the world he loved, before the wet blanket of Lent extinguished the lights of the ball-rooms and the jollity of the dancers. Every one was surprised to see him, and most people were pleased ; he was such a useful man, that he had often been missed during the time of his illness. He was improved in appearance ; for though he was very pale, he had grown also extremely thin, and his features had gained delicacy.

When Giovanni saw him, he went up to him, and the two men exchanged a formal salutation, while every one stood still for a moment to see the meeting. It was over in a moment, and society gave a little sigh of relief, as though a weight were removed from its mind. Then Del Ferice went to Donna Tullia's side. They

were soon alone upon a small sofa in a small room, whither a couple strayed now and then to remain a few minutes before returning to the ball. A few people passed through, but for more than an hour they were not disturbed.

"I am very glad to see you," said Donna Tullia; "but I had hoped that the first time you went out you would have come to my house."

"This is the first time I have been out—you see I should not have found you at home, since I have found you here."

"Are you entirely recovered? You still look ill."

"I am a little weak—but an hour with you will do me more good than all the doctors in the world."

"Thanks," said Donna Tullia, with a little laugh. "It was strange to see you shaking hands with Giovanni Sarracinesca just now. I suppose men have to do that sort of thing."

"You may be sure I would not have done it unless it had been necessary," returned Del Ferice, bitterly.

"I should think not. What an arrogant man he is!"

"You no longer like him?" asked Del Ferice, innocently.

"Like him! No; I never liked him," replied Donna Tullia, quickly.

"Oh, I thought you did; I used to wonder at it." Ugo grew thoughtful.

"I was always good to him," said Donna Tullia. "But of course I can never forgive him for what he did at the Frangipani ball."

"No; nor I," answered Del Ferice, readily. "I shall always hate him for that too."

"I do not say that I exactly hate him."

"You have every reason. It

appears to me that since my illness we have another idea in common, another bond of sympathy." Del Ferice spoke almost tenderly; but he laughed immediately afterwards, as though not wishing his words to be interpreted too seriously. Donna Tullia smiled too; she was inclined to be very kind to him.

"You are very quick to jump at conclusions," she said, playing with her red fan and looking down.

"It is always easy to reach that pleasant conclusion—that you and I are in sympathy," he answered, with a tender glance, "even in regard to hating the same person. The bond would be close indeed, if it depended on the opposite of hate. And yet I sometimes think it does. Are you not the best friend I have in the world?"

"I do not know,—I am a good friend to you," she answered.

"Indeed you are; but do you not think it would be possible to cement our friendship even more closely yet?"

Donna Tullia looked up sharply; she had no idea of allowing him to propose to marry her. His face, however, was grave—unlike his usual expression when he meant to be tender, and which she knew very well.

"I do not know," she said, with a light laugh. "How do you mean?"

"If I could do you some great service—if I could by any means satisfy what is now your chief desire in life—would not that help to cement our friendship, as I said?"

"Perhaps," she answered, thoughtfully. "But then you do not know—you cannot guess even—what I most wish at this moment."

"I think I could," said Del Ferice, fixing his eyes upon her.

"I am sure I could, but I will not. I should risk offending you."

"No; I will not be angry. You may guess if you please." Donna Tullia in her turn looked fixedly at her companion. They seemed trying to read each other's thoughts.

"Very well," said Ugo at last, "I will tell you. You would like to see the Astrardente dead and Giovanni Sarracinesca profoundly humiliated."

Donna Tullia started. But indeed there was nothing strange in her companion's knowledge of her feelings. Many people, being asked what she felt, would very likely have said the same, for the world had seen her discomfiture and had laughed at it.

"You are a very singular man," she said, uneasily.

"In other words," replied Del Ferice, calmly, "I am perfectly right in my surmises. I see it in your face. Of course," he added, with a laugh, "it is mere jest. But the thing is quite possible. If I fulfilled your desire of just and poetic vengeance, what would you give me?"

Donna Tullia laughed in her turn, to conceal the extreme interest she felt in what he said.

"Whatever you like," she said. But even while the laugh was on her lips her eyes sought his uneasily.

"Would you marry me, for instance, as the enchanted princess in the fairy story marries the prince who frees her from the spell?" He seemed immensely amused at the idea.

"Why not?" she laughed.

"It would be the only just recompense," he answered. "See how impossible the thing looks. And yet a few pounds of dynamite would blow up the Great Pyramid. Giovanni Sarracinesca is not so strong as he looks."

"Oh, I would not have him hurt!" exclaimed Donna Tullia in alarm.

"I do not mean physically, nor morally, but socially."

"How?"

"That is my secret," returned Del Ferice, quietly.

"It sounds as though you were pretending to know more than you really do," she answered.

"No; it is the plain truth," said Del Ferice, quietly. "If you were in earnest I might be willing to tell you what the secret is, but for a mere jest I cannot. It is far too serious a matter."

His tone convinced Donna Tullia that he really possessed some weapon which he could use against Don Giovanni if he pleased. She wondered only why, if it were true, he did not use it, seeing that he must hate Sarracinesca with all his heart. Del Ferice knew so much about people, so many strange and forgotten stories, he had so accurate a memory and so acute an intelligence, that it was by no means impossible that he was in possession of some secret connected with the Sarracinesca. They were, or were thought to be, wild, unruly men, both father and son; there were endless stories about them both; and there was nothing more likely than that, in his numerous absences from home, Giovanni had at one time or another figured in some romantic affair, which he would be sorry to have had generally known. Del Ferice was wise enough to keep his own counsel; but now that his hatred was thoroughly roused, he might very likely make use of the knowledge he possessed. Donna Tullia's curiosity was excited to its highest pitch, and at the same time she had pleasant visions of the possible humiliation of the man by whom she felt herself so ill-used. It

would be worth while making a sacrifice in order to learn Del Ferice's secret.

"This need not be a mere jest," she said, after a moment's silence.

"That is as you please," returned Del Ferice, seriously. "If you are willing to do your part, you may be sure that I will do mine."

"You cannot think I really meant what I said just now," replied Donna Tullia. "It would be madness."

"Why? Am I halt, am I lame, am I blind? Am I repulsively ugly? Am I a pauper, that I should care for your money? Have I not loved you—yes, loved you long and faithfully? Am I too old? Is there anything in the nature of things why I should not aspire to be your husband?"

It was singular. He spoke calmly, as though enumerating the advantages of a friend. Donna Tullia looked at him for a moment, and then laughed outright.

"No," she said; "all that is very true. You may aspire, as you call it. The question is, whether I shall aspire too. Of course, if we happened to agree in aspiring, we could be married to-morrow."

"Precisely," answered Del Ferice, perfectly unmoved. "I am not proposing to marry you. I am arguing the case. There is this in the case which is perhaps outside the argument—that I am devotedly attached to you. The case is the stronger for that. I was only trying to demonstrate that the idea of our being married is not so unutterably absurd. You laughingly said you would marry me if I could accomplish something which would please you very much. I laughed also; but now I seriously repeat my proposition, because I am convinced that although at first sight it may appear extremely

humorous, on a closer inspection it will be found exceedingly practical. In union is strength."

Donna Tullia was silent for a moment; and her face grew grave. There was reason in what he said. She did not care for him—she had never thought of marrying him; but she recognised the justice of what he said. It was clear that a man of his social position, received everywhere and intimate with all her associates, might think of marrying her. He looked positively handsome since he was wounded; he was accomplished and intelligent; he had sufficient means of support to prevent him from being suspected of marrying solely for money, and he had calmly stated that he loved her. Perhaps he did. It was flattering to Donna Tullia's vanity to believe him, and his acts had certainly not belied his words. He was by far the most thoughtful of all her admirers, and he affected to treat her always with a certain respect which she had never succeeded in obtaining from Valdarno and the rest. A woman who likes to be noisy, but is conscious of being a little vulgar, is always flattered when a man behaves towards her with profound reverence. It will even sometimes cure her of her vulgarity. Donna Tullia reflected seriously upon what Del Ferice had said.

"I never had such a proposition made to me in my life," she said. "Of course you cannot think I regard it as a possible one, even now. You cannot think I am so base as to sell myself for the sake of revenging an insult once offered me. If I am to regard this as a proposal of marriage, I must decline it with thanks. If it is merely a proposition for an alliance, I think the terms of the treaty are unequal."

Del Ferice smiled.

"I knew you well enough to know what your answer would be," he said. "I never insulted you by dreaming that you would accept such a proposition. But as a subject for speculation it is very pleasant. It is delightful to me to think of being your husband; it is equally delightful to you to think of the humiliation of an enemy. I took the liberty of uniting the two thoughts in one dream—a dream of unspeakable bliss for myself."

Donna Tullia's gay humour returned.

"You have certainly amused me very well for a quarter of an hour with your dreams," she answered. "I wish you would tell me what you know of Don Giovanni. It must be very interesting if it can really seriously influence his life."

"I cannot tell you. The secret is too valuable."

"But if the thing you know has such power, why do you not use it yourself? You must hate him far more than I do."

"I doubt that," answered Del Ferice, with a cunning smile. "I do not use it, I do not choose to strike the blow, because I do not care enough for retribution merely on my own account. I do not pretend to generosity, but I am not interested enough in him to harm him, though I dislike him exceedingly. We had a temporary settlement of our difficulties the other day, and we were both wounded. Poor Casalverde lost his head and did a foolish thing, and that cold-blooded villain Spicca killed him in consequence. It seems to me that there has been enough blood spilled in our quarrel. I am prepared to leave him alone so far as I am concerned. But for you, it would be different. I

could do something worse than kill him if I chose."

"For me?" said Donna Tullia. "What would you do for me?" She smiled sweetly, willing to use all her persuasion to extract his secret.

"I could prevent Don Giovanni from marrying the Astrardente, as he intends to do," he answered, looking straight at his companion.

"How in the world could you do that?" she asked, in great surprise.

"That, my dear friend, is my secret, as I said before. I cannot reveal it to you at present."

"You're as dark as the Holy Office," said Donna Tullia, a little impatiently. "What possible harm could it do if you told me?"

"What possible good either?" asked Del Ferice, in reply. "You could not use it as I could. You would gain no advantage by knowing it. Of course," he added, with a laugh, "if we entered into the alliance we were jesting about, it would be different."

"You will not tell me unless I promise to marry you?"

"Frankly, no," he answered, still laughing.

It exasperated Donna Tullia beyond measure to feel that he was in possession of what she so coveted, and to feel that he was bargaining, half in earnest, for her life in exchange for his secret. She was almost tempted for one moment to assent, to say she would marry him, so great was her curiosity; it would be easy to break her promise, and laugh at him afterwards. But she was not a bad woman, as women of her class are considered. She had suffered a great disappointment, and her resentment was in proportion to her vanity. But she was not prepared to give a false promise for the sake of vengeance; she was

only bad enough to imagine such bad faith possible.

"But you said you never seriously thought I could accept such an engagement," she objected, not knowing what to say.

"I did," replied Del Ferice. "I might have added that I never seriously contemplated parting with my secret."

"There is nothing to be got from you," said Donna Tullia, in a tone of disappointment. "I think that when you have nearly driven me mad with curiosity, you might really tell me something."

"Ah no, dear lady," answered her companion. "You may ask anything of me but that—anything. You may ask that too, if you will sign the treaty I proposed."

"You will drive me into marrying you out of sheer curiosity," said Donna Tullia, with an impatient laugh.

"I wish that were possible. I wish I could see my way to telling you as it is, for the thing is so curious that it would have the most intense interest for you. But it is quite out of the question."

"You should never have told me anything about it," replied Madame Mayer.

"Well, I will think about it," said Del Ferice at last, as though suddenly resolving to make a sacrifice. "I will look over some papers I have, and I will think about it. I promise you that if I feel that I can conscientiously tell you something of the matter, you may be sure that I will."

Donna Tullia's manner changed again, from impatience to persuasion. The sudden hope he held out to her was delicious to contemplate. She could not realise that Del Ferice, having once thoroughly interested her, could play upon her moods as on the keys of an instru-

ment. If she had been less anxious that the story he told should be true, she might have suspected that he was practising upon her credulity. But she seized the idea of obtaining some secret influence over the life of Giovanni, and it completely carried her away.

"You must tell me—I am sure you will," she said, letting her kindest glance rest upon her companion. "Come and dine with me,—do you fast? No—nor I. Come on Friday—will you?"

"I shall be delighted," answered Del Ferice, with a quiet smile of triumph.

"I will have the old lady, of course, so you cannot tell me at dinner; but she will go to sleep soon afterwards—she always does. Come at seven. Besides, she is deaf, you know."

The old lady in question was the aged countess whom Donna Tullia affected as a companion in her solitary magnificence.

"And now, will you take me back to the ball-room? I have an idea that a partner is looking for me."

Del Ferice left her dancing, and went home in his little *coupé*. He was desperately fatigued, for he was still very weak, and he feared lest his imprudence in going out so soon might bring on a relapse from his convalescence. Nevertheless, before he went to bed he dismissed Temistocle, and opened a shabby-looking black box which stood upon his writing-table. It was bound with iron, and was fastened by a patent lock which had frequently defied Temistocle's ingenuity. From this repository he took a great number of papers, which were all neatly filed away and marked in the owner's small and ornamented handwriting. Beneath many packages of letters he found what he sought for, a long

envelope containing three folded documents.

He spread out the papers and read them carefully over.

"It is a very singular thing," he said to himself; "but there can be no doubt about it. There it is."

He folded the papers again, returned them to their envelope, and replaced the letter deep among the letters in his box. He then locked it, attached the key to a chain he wore about his neck, and went to bed, worn out with fatigue.

CHAPTER XXI.

Del Ferice had purposely excited Donna Tullia's curiosity, and he meant before long to tell more than he had vouchsafed in his first confidence. But he himself trembled before the magnitude of what he had suddenly thought of doing, for the fear of Giovanni was in his heart. The temptation to boast to Donna Tullia that he had the means of preventing Giovanni from marrying was too strong; but when it had come to telling her what those means were, prudence had restrained him. He desired that if the scheme were put into execution it might be by some one else; for, extraordinary as it was, he was not absolutely certain of its success. He was not sure of Donna Tullia's discretion, either, until by a judicious withholding of the secret he had given her a sufficient idea of its importance. But on mature reflection he came to the conclusion that even if she possessed the information he was able to give, she would not dare to mention it, nor even to hint at it.

The grey light of Ash-Wednesday morning broke over Rome, and stole through the windows of Giovanni Sarracinesca's bedroom. Giovanni had not slept much, but his restlessness was due rather to his gladness at having performed the last of his social duties than to any disturbance of mind. All night he lay planning what he should do,—how he might reach his

place in the mountains by a circuitous route, leaving the general impression that he was abroad—and how, when at last he had got to Sarracinesca unobserved, he would revel in the solitude and in the thought of being within half a day's journey of Corona d'Astrardente. He was willing to take a great deal of trouble, for he did not wish people to know his whereabouts; he would not have it said that he had gone into the country to be near Corona and to see her every day, as would certainly be said if his real movements were discovered. Accordingly, he fulfilled his programme to the letter. He left Rome on the afternoon of Ash-Wednesday for Florence; there he visited several acquaintances who, he knew, would write their friends in Rome of his appearance; from Florence he went to Paris, and gave out that he was going upon a shooting expedition in the Arctic regions, as soon as the weather was warm enough. As he was well known for a sportsman and a traveller, from Africa to Sweden, this statement created no suspicion; and when he finally left Paris, the newspapers and the gossips all said he had gone to Copenhagen on his way to the far north. In due time the statement reached Rome, and it was supposed that society had lost sight of Giovanni Sarracinesca for at least eight months. It was thought

that he had acted with great delicacy in thus absenting himself; he would thus allow the first months of Corona's mourning to pass before formally presenting himself to society as her suitor. Considering the peculiar circumstances of the case, there would be nothing improper, from a social point of view, in his marrying Corona at the expiration of a year after her husband's death. Of course he would marry her; there was no doubt of that—he had been in love with her so long, and now she was both free and rich. No one suspected that Giovanni, instead of being in Scandinavia, was quietly established at Sarracinesca, a day's journey from Rome, busying himself with the management of the estate, and momentarily satisfied in feeling himself so near the woman he loved.

Donna Tullia could hardly wait until the day when Del Ferice was coming to dinner; she was several times on the point of writing a note to ask him to come at once. But she wisely refrained, guessing that the more she pressed him the more difficulties he would make. At last he came, looking pale and worn—interesting, as Donna Tullia would have expressed it. The old countess talked a great deal during dinner; but as she was too deaf to hear more than a quarter of what was said by the others, the conversation was not interesting. When the meal was over, she established herself in a comfortable chair in the little sitting-room, and took a book. After a few minutes, Donna Tullia suggested to Del Ferice that they should go into the drawing-room. She had received some new waltz-music from Vienna which she wanted to look over, and Ugo might help her. She was not a musician, but was fond of a cheerful noise, and played upon the

piano with the average skill of a well-educated young woman of the world. Of course the doors were left open between the drawing-room and the boudoir, where the Countess dozed over her book and presently fell asleep.

Donna Tullia sat at the grand piano, and made Del Ferice sit beside her. She struck a few chords, and played a fragment of dance-music.

"Of course you have heard that Don Giovanni is gone?" she asked, carelessly. "I suppose he is gone to Sarracinesca; they say there is a very good road between that and Astrardente."

"I should think he would have more decency than to pursue the Duchessa in the first month of her mourning," answered Del Ferice, resting one arm upon the piano, and supporting his pale face with his hand as he watched Donna Tullia's fingers move upon the keys.

"Why? He does not care what people say—why should he? He will marry her when the year is out. Why should he care?"

"He never can marry her unless I choose to allow it," said Del Ferice, quietly.

"So you told me the other night," returned Donna Tullia. "But you will allow him, of course. Besides, you could not stop it, after all. I do not believe that you could." She leaned far back in her chair, her hands resting upon the keys without striking them, and she looked at Del Ferice with a sweet smile. There was a moment's pause.

"I have decided to tell you something," he said at last, "upon one condition."

"Why make conditions?" asked Donna Tullia, trying to conceal her excitement.

"Only one, that of secrecy.

Will you promise never to mention what I am going to tell you without previously consulting me? I do not mean a common promise; I mean it to be an oath." He spoke very earnestly. "This is a very serious matter. We are playing with fire and with life and death. You must give me some guarantee that you will be secret."

His manner impressed Donna Tullia; she had never seen him so much in earnest in her life.

"I will promise in any way you please," she said.

"Then say this," he answered. "Say, 'I swear and solemnly bind myself that I will faithfully keep the secret about to be committed to me; and that if I fail to keep it, I will atone by immediately marrying Ugo del Ferice——'"

"That is absurd!" cried Donna Tullia, starting back from him. He did not heed her.

"And I take to witness of this oath the blessed memory of my mother, the hope of the salvation of my soul, and this relic of the True Cross." He pointed to the locket she wore at her neck, which she had often told him contained the relic he mentioned.

"It is impossible!" she cried again. "I cannot swear so solemnly about such a matter. I cannot promise to marry you."

"Then it is because you cannot promise to keep my secret," he answered calmly. He knew her very well, and he knew that she would not break such an oath as he had dictated, under any circumstances. He did not choose to risk anything by her indiscretion. Donna Tullia hesitated, seeing that he was firm. She was tortured with curiosity beyond all endurance.

"I am only promising to marry you in case I reveal the secret!" she asked. He bowed assent.

"So that I am really only promising to be silent? Well, I cannot understand why it should be solemn; but if you wish it so, I will do it. What are the words?"

He repeated them slowly, and she followed him. He watched her at every word, to be sure she overlooked nothing.

"I, Tullia Mayer, swear and solemnly bind myself that I will faithfully keep the secret about to be committed to me; and that if I fail to keep it, I will atone by immediately marrying Ugo del Ferice"—her voice trembled nervously: "and I take to witness of this oath the blessed memory of my mother, the hope of the salvation of my soul, and this relic of the True Cross." At the last words she took the locket in her fingers.

"You understand that you have promised to marry me if you reveal my secret? You fully understand that?" asked Del Ferice.

"I understand it," she answered hurriedly, as though ashamed of what she had done. "And now, the secret," she added eagerly, feeling that she had undergone a certain humiliation for the sake of what she so much coveted.

"Don Giovanni cannot marry the Duchessa d'Astrardente, because"—he paused a moment to give full weight to his statement—"because Don Giovanni Sarracinesca is married already."

"What!" cried Donna Tullia, starting from her chair in amazement at the astounding news.

"It is quite true," said Del Ferice, with a quiet smile. "Calm yourself; it is quite true. I know what you are thinking of—all Rome thought he was going to marry you."

Donna Tullia was overcome by the strangeness of the situation. She hid her face in her hands for

a moment as she leaned forward over the piano. Then she suddenly looked up.

"What a hideous piece of villainy!" she exclaimed, in a stifled voice. Then slowly recovering from the first shock of the intelligence, she looked at Del Ferice; she was almost as pale as he. "What proof have you?" she asked.

"I have the attested copy of the banns published by the priest who married them. That is evidence. Moreover, the real book of banns exists, and his own signature is upon the parish register. I have also a copy of the certificate of the civil marriage."

"Tell me more," said Donna Tullia, eagerly. "How did you find it?"

"It is very simple," answered Del Ferice. "You may go and see for yourself, if you do not mind making a short journey. Last summer I was wandering a little for my health's sake, as I often do, and I chanced to be in the town of Aquila—you know, the capital of the Abruzzi. One day I happened to go into the sacristy of one of the parish churches to see some pictures which are hung there. There had been a marriage service performed, and as the sacristan moved about explaining the pictures, he laid his hand upon an open book which looked like a register of some kind. I idly asked him what it was, and he showed it to me; it was amusing to look over the signatures of the people, and I turned over the leaves curiously. Suddenly my attention was arrested by a name I knew—'Giovanni Sarracinesca,' written clearly across the page, and below it, in an unsteady and unformed hand, 'Felice Baldi,'—the woman he had married. The date of the marriage was the 19th

of June 1863. You remember, perhaps, that in that summer, in fact during the whole of that year, Don Giovanni was supposed to be absent upon his famous shooting expedition in Canada, about which he talks so much. It appears, then, that two years ago, instead of being in America, he was living in Aquila, married to Felice Baldi—probably some pretty peasant girl. I started at the sight of the signature. I got permission to have an attested copy of it made by a notary. I found the priest who had married them, but he could not remember the couple. The man, he said, was dark, he was sure; the woman, he thought, had been fair. He married so many people in a year. These were not natives of Aquila; they had apparently come there from the country—perhaps had met. The banns—yes, he had the book of banns; he had also the list of marriages from which he sometimes issued certified extracts. He was a good old man, and seemed ready to oblige me; but his memory was very defective. He allowed me to take notary's copies of the banns and the entry in the list, as well as of the register. Everything was in perfect order. The signature in the register was Giovanni's—larger, and a little less firm, but distinguishable at a glance. I took the copies for curiosity, and never said anything about it, but I have kept them. That is the history. Do you see how serious a matter it is?"

"Indeed, yes," answered Donna Tullia, who had listened with intense interest to the story. "But what could have induced him to marry that woman?"

"One of those amiable eccentricities peculiar to his family," replied Del Ferice, shrugging his shoulders. "The interesting thing

would be to discover what became of Felice Baldi—Donna Felice Sarracinesca, as I suppose she has a right to be called."

"Let us find her—Giovanni's wife," exclaimed Donna Tullia, eagerly. "Where can she be?"

"Who knows?" ejaculated Del Ferice. "It would be curious to see her. The name of her native village is given, and the names of her parents. Giovanni described himself in the paper as 'of Naples, a landholder,' and omitted somehow the details of his parentage. Nothing could be more vague; everybody is a landholder, from the wretched peasant who cultivates one acre to their high-and-mightinesses the Princes of Sarracinesca. Perhaps by going to the village mentioned some information might be obtained. He probably left her sufficiently provided for, and, departing on pretence of a day's journey, never returned. He is a perfectly unscrupulous man, and thinks no more of this mad scrape than of shooting a chamois in the Tyrol. He knows she can never find him—never guessed who he really was."

"Perhaps she is dead," suggested Donna Tullia, her face suddenly growing grave.

"Why? He would not have taken the trouble to kill her—a peasant girl in the Abruzzi! He would have had no difficulty in leaving her, and she is probably alive and well at the present moment, perhaps the mother of the future Prince Sarracinesca—who can tell?"

"But do you not see," said Donna Tullia, "that unless you have proof that she is alive, we have no hold upon him? He may acknowledge the whole thing, and calmly inform us that she is dead."

"That is true; but even then he must show that she came to a

natural end and was buried. Believe me, Giovanni would relinquish all intentions of marrying the Astrardente rather than have this scandalous story published."

"I would like to tax him with it in a point-blank question, and watch his face," said Donna Tullia, fiercely.

"Remember your oath," said Del Ferice. "But he is gone now. You will not meet him for some months."

"Tell me, how could you make use of this knowledge, if you really wanted to prevent his marriage with the Astrardente?"

"I would advise you to go to her and state the case. You need mention nobody. Any one who chooses may go to Aquila and examine the register. I think that you could convey the information to her with as much command of language as would be necessary."

"I daresay I could," she answered, between her teeth. "What a strange chance it was that brought that register under your hand!"

"Heaven sends opportunities," said Del Ferice, devoutly; "it is for man to make good use of them. Who knows but what you may make a brilliant use of this?"

"I cannot, since I am bound by my promise," said Donna Tullia.

"No; I am sure you will not think of doing it. But then, we might perhaps agree that circumstances made it advisable to act. Many months must pass before he can think of offering himself to her. It will be time enough to consider the matter then—to consider whether we should be justified in raising such a terrible scandal, in causing so much unhappiness to an innocent woman like the Duchessa, and to a worthless man like Don Giovanni. Think what a disgrace it would be to the Sar-

racinesca to have it made public that Giovanni was openly engaged to marry a great heiress while already secretly married to a peasant woman!"

"It would indeed be horrible," said Donna Tullia, with a disagreeable look in her blue eyes. "Perhaps we should not even think of it," she added, turning over the leaves of the music upon the piano. Then suddenly she added, "Do you know that you have put me in a dreadful position by exacting that promise from me?"

"No," said Del Ferice, quietly. "You wanted to hear the secret. You have heard it. You have nothing to do but to keep it to yourself."

"That is precisely——" She checked herself, and struck a loud chord upon the instrument. She had turned from Del Ferice, and could not see the smile upon his face, which flickered across the pale features and vanished instantly.

"Think no more about it," he said pleasantly. "It is so easy to forget such stories when one resolutely puts them out of one's mind."

Donna Tullia smiled bitterly, and was silent. She began playing from the sheet before her, with indifferent accuracy, but a more than sufficient energy. Del Ferice sat patiently by her side, turning over the leaves, and glancing from time to time at her face, which he really admired exceedingly. He belonged to the type of pale and somewhat phlegmatic men who frequently fall in love with women of sanguine complexion and robust appearance. Donna Tullia was a fine type of this class, and was called handsome, though she did not compare well with women of less pretension to beauty, but more delicacy and

refinement. Del Ferice admired her greatly, however; and, as has been said, he admired her fortune even more. He saw himself gradually approaching the goal of his intentions, and as he neared the desired end he grew more and more cautious. He had played one of his strongest cards that night, and he was content to wait and let matters develop quietly, without any more pushing from him. The seed would grow, there was no fear of that, and his position was strong. He could wait quietly for the result.

At the end of half an hour he excused himself upon the plea that he was still only convalescent, and was unable to bear the fatigue of late hours. Donna Tullia did not press him to stay, for she wished to be alone; and when he was gone she sat long at the open piano, pondering upon what she had done, and even more upon what she had escaped doing. It was a hideous thought that if Giovanni, in all that long winter, had asked her to be his wife, she would readily have consented; it was fearful to think what her position would have been towards Del Ferice, who would have been able by a mere word to annul her marriage by proving the previous one at Aquila. People do not trifle with such accusations, and he certainly knew what he was doing; she would have been bound hand and foot. Or supposing that Del Ferice had died of the wound he received in the duel, and his papers had been ransacked by his heirs, whoever they might be—these attested documents would have become public property. What a narrow escape Giovanni had had! And she herself, too, how nearly had she been involved in his ruin! She liked to think that he had almost offered himself to her; it

flattered her, although she now hated him so cordially. She could not help admiring Del Ferice's wonderful discretion in so long concealing a piece of scandal that would have shaken Roman society to its foundations, and she trembled when she thought what would happen if she herself were ever tempted to reveal what she had heard. Del Ferice was certainly a man of genius—so quiet, and yet possessing such weapons; there was some generosity about him too, or he would have revenged himself for his wound by destroying Giovanni's reputation. She considered whether she could have kept her counsel so well in his place. After all, as he had said, the moment for using the documents had not yet come, for hitherto Giovanni had never proposed to marry any one. Perhaps this secret wedding in Aquila explained his celibacy; Del Ferice had perhaps misjudged him in saying that he was unscrupulous; he had perhaps left his peasant wife, repenting of his folly, but it was perhaps on her account that he had never proposed to marry Donna Tullia; he had, then, only been amusing himself with Corona. That all seemed likely enough—so likely, that it heightened the certainty of Del Ferice's information.

A few days later, as Giovanni had intended, news began to reach Rome that he had been in Florence, and was actually in Paris; then it was said that he was going upon a shooting expedition somewhere in the far north during the summer. It was like him, and in accordance with his tastes. He hated the quiet receptions at the great houses during Lent, to which, if he remained in Rome, he was obliged to go. He naturally escaped when he could. But there was no escape for Donna Tullia, and after all she managed

to extract some amusement from these gatherings. She was the acknowledged centre of the more noisy set, and wherever she went, people who wanted to be amused, and were willing to amuse each other, congregated around her. On one of these occasions she met old Sarracinesca. He did not go out much since his son had left; but he seemed cheerful enough, and as he liked Madame Mayer, for some inscrutable reason, she rather liked him. Moreover, her interest in Giovanni, though now the very reverse of affectionate, made her anxious to know something of his movements.

"You must be lonely since Don Giovanni has gone upon his travels again," she said.

"That is the reason I go out," said the Prince. "It is not very gay, but it is better than nothing. It suggests cold meat served up after the dessert; but when people are hungry, the order of their food is not of much importance."

"Is there any news, Prince? I want to be amused."

"News? No. The world is at peace, and consequently given over to sin, as it mostly is when it is resting from a fit of violence."

"You seem to be inclined to moralities this evening," said Donna Tullia, smiling, and gently swaying the red fan she always carried.

"Am I? Then I am growing old, I suppose. It is the privilege of old age to censure in others what it is no longer young enough to praise in itself. It is a bad thing to grow old, but it makes people good, or makes them think they are, which in their own eyes is precisely the same thing."

"How delightfully cynical!"

"Doggish!" inquired the Prince, with a laugh. "I have heard it said by scholars, that cynical

means doggish in Greek. The fable of the dog in the horse's manger was invented to define the real cynic—the man who neither enjoys life himself nor will allow other people to enjoy it. I am not such a man. I hope you, for instance, will enjoy everything that comes in your way."

"Even the cold meat after the dessert which you spoke of just now?" asked Donna Tullia. "Thank you—I will try; perhaps you can help me."

"My son despised it," said Sarracinesca. "He is gone in search of fresh pastures of sweets."

"Leaving you behind."

"Somebody once said that the wisest thing a son could do was to get rid of his father as soon as possible——"

"Then Don Giovanni is a wise man," returned Donna Tullia.

"Perhaps. However, he asked me to accompany him."

"You refused?"

"Of course. Such expeditions are good enough for boys. I dislike Florence, I am not especially fond of Paris, and I detest the North Pole. I suppose you have seen from the papers that he is going in that direction? It is like him. He hankers after originality, I suppose. Being born in the south, he naturally goes to the extreme north."

"He will write you very interesting letters, I should think," remarked Donna Tullia. "Is he a good correspondent?"

"Remarkably, for he never gives one any trouble. He sends his address from time to time, and draws frequently on his banker.

His letters are not so full of interest as might be thought, as they rarely extend over five lines; but on the other hand it does not take long to read them, which is a blessing."

"You seem to be an affectionate parent," said Donna Tullia, with a laugh.

"If you measure affection by the cost of postage-stamps, you judge rightly. If you measure it in any other way, you are wrong. I could not help loving any one so like myself as my son. It would show a detestable lack of appreciation of my own gifts."

"I do not think Don Giovanni so very like you," said Donna Tullia, thoughtfully.

"Perhaps you do not know him so well as I do," remarked the Prince. "Where do you see the greatest difference?"

"I think you talk better, and I think you are more—not exactly more honest, perhaps, but more straightforward."

"I do not agree with you," said old Sarracinesca, quickly. "There is no one alive who can say they ever knew Giovanni approach in the most innocent way to a distortion of truth. I daresay you have discovered, however, that he is reticent; he can hold his tongue; he is no chatterer, no parrot, my son."

"Indeed he is not," answered Donna Tullia, and the reply pacified the old man; but she herself was thinking what supreme reticence Giovanni had shown in the matter of his marriage, and she wondered whether the Prince had ever heard of it.

THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

NO. III.

LEARNING AND LETTERS.

THE pastoral life is associated in idyllic poetry with simple tastes and abundance of leisure. Corydon lies on the banks of the stream all day long, and makes love to Phyllis. If his tastes are ruder and rougher, he hunts the deer with his dogs. He has no theatre within easy reach, but in the village ale-house there is gossip, and perhaps a song, of a winter night. Pastoral life in Scotland was probably much like pastoral life anywhere else—only a little sterner, a little more exacting, than in the South. Foreign visitors who ventured to cross the Tweed, found that while the women were easy in their manners, and “addicted to love,” the men, young and old, rich and poor, were passionately fond of hunting. The Edinburgh townsmen had their Robin Hood and Abbot of Unreason—the thousand distractions of a busy and crowded capital; but in the country the love of sport was universal and exclusive of every other, and the number of wild animals in early times had been so enormous, and the forest police so inefficient, that the passion was easily gratified.

Of the Caledonian bear, famous in the Roman arena, only a faint tradition remained. He had been extirpated at a remote period. So (except at one doubtful station on Loch Ness) had the beaver. But the wolf, the boar, and the wild white cattle were still not uncommon. When Leland wrote, even the southern part of Britain was covered with immense woods. Need-

wood was not far from the metropolis, and Needwood forest was twenty-four miles in circumference; while Channock Chase, the woodlands of Stafford, the wild country round Buxton and the Peak, connected the midland with the Border forests. A mighty forest, which included Ettrick and others, extended from Chillingham to Hamilton; further north the *Silva Caledonia* ran through Monteith and Strathern to Athol and Lochaber. From these vast solitudes it was difficult to dislodge their savage inmates. The fierce wild boar—routing for acorns or wallowing in the mire—lurked among the reeds which fringed the western meres; so late as 1617 they were, we learn, still met with at Whalley. Of all the wild creatures, however, the wolf was the most troublesome and the most tenacious. He was an Ishmael from his birth; outside the beasts of venery and the forest, any one might kill him and his whelps. But it was difficult to find their breeding-places, and the young were cunningly hidden among the rushes, furze, and rocks of the most inaccessible thickets. “They were richt noisome,” Bellenden says, “to the tame bestial in all parts of Scotland;” and the sheep were folded nightly to escape their ravages. About the Blackwater and Rannoch, the passes were often rendered dangerous by reason of the multitude of rabid droves by which they were infested; and “spittals”—or shelters—had to be provided for the protection of be-

lated travellers. The western Celts, indeed, had frequently to seek for burial-places on the islands along the coast—the brutes disinterring the dead who were buried on the mainland. Between 1427 and 1577, numerous Acts for their destruction were passed by the Parliament. The last great outbreak occurred during Mary's reign; and though several of the great woods were thereafter burnt down to root them out, they were not finally exterminated till towards the close of the seventeenth century. The wild white cattle were originally denizens of the Caledonian forest. They must have been in their prime—indeed they still are—noble animals: the cow delicate and finely limbed as a hind; the bull of purest white, with black muzzle and “mane of snow.” Lord Fleming complained bitterly in 1570, that the Lennox faction had slain and destroyed the white kye and bulls of his forest of Cumbernauld, “to the great destruction of policy and hinder of the common weal.” “For that kind of kye and bulls has been keepit these many years in the said forest,” and the like were not to be found in any other part of the island—“as is well known.” The race, however, is not yet extinct, if, as is probable, the herds at Cadzow and Chillingham represent the ancient breed.

Though the larger beasts of the chase had been considerably thinned out by the middle of the sixteenth century, immense quantities of game, from the red-deer to the golden plover, were then to be found in every district of Scotland. Game was a common and favourite article of food—though, if it is true that the rank guillemot from the Bass was esteemed a delicacy among the upper classes, the taste of our ancestors cannot have been very fastidious. They had no

Wild Birds Protection Act; but a close-time for grouse, plover, partridges, and black game had been prescribed by Parliament, and extended from Lent to August. There were Acts also against the taking of their eggs, and in 1565 the shooting of water-fowl was absolutely prohibited. This may have been the consequence of Mary's visit to Fife in January of that year, when, as Knox complains, she was magnificently banqueted everywhere, “so that such superfluity was never seen before within this realm; which caused the wild-fowl to be so dear that partridges were sold for a crown apiece.” Such a price was of course entirely exceptional: in ordinary years, as we learn from accounts that have been preserved, a wild goose could be had for two shillings, a swan or crane for five, a partridge for eightpence, while plover, dottrel, curlew, wild duck, teal, lapwing, red-shank, cost fourpence each. From the royal household books it appears that, in addition to the birds just named, woodcock, blackcock, moor-fowl, larks, and sea-larks were usually to be found in the royal larder.

Both James V. and his daughter were fond of the chase. Mary was much at Falkland—a charming palace on the eastern slope of the Lomonds—where she could hunt and hawk at her leisure; and during the numerous journeys she made from one end of the kingdom to the other, she had abundant opportunity to enjoy her favourite amusement. Historians who have dwelt upon the indolent and voluptuous habits of the Queen (they have represented her as reading French novels in bed till mid-day) cannot be aware that during her stay in Scotland, half of each year at least was spent in the saddle. Until her health broke, after her confinement, Mary was one of the

hardest of women: she was frequently absent from the capital for months at a time—moving about from house to house, and seldom resting at one place for more than a night or two. Day after day she must have been in the saddle from early morning till dark; and to her companions in these expeditions the assertion (afterwards made by Buchanan and others) that a ride from Jedburgh to Hermitage and back was an unaccountable and unprecedented experience, would appear sufficiently absurd.

Several records of these royal hunting-parties have been preserved. James V., who on occasion would, as Pitscottie says, "ride out through any part of the realm him alone, unknown that he was king," occasionally took his Court and the greatest of his nobles along with him to the hunting-field. The sport in Meggatland, when Huntly, Argyll, and Athole brought their deerhounds, was not confined to the eighteen score of deer that were slain; for as the same quaint and veracious chronicler adds significantly, "Efter this hunting the king hangit Johnie Armstrange." At the great Athole hunt in 1529 there were killed "thirty score of hart and hind, with other small beasts, sic as roe and roebuck, woulff, fox, and wyld cattis." Again, in the year 1563 Athole was the scene of a "royal hunting," at which Mary was present. For two months the red-shanks had been driving the deer from the surrounding mountains into one

compact body, so that not less than two thousand red-deer, besides roe and fallow, had been collected in Glen Tilt before the royal party arrived. One of the Queen's dogs being let loose upon a wolf, scared the main body, which broke through the beaters; yet the slaughter was great. Three hundred and sixty deer, with five wolves, and some roes, made up a goodly bag.¹

I have said that St Andrews had become the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland—it was now also the scholastic; though the University of Aberdeen, a more recent erection, had already enlisted some distinguished teachers and produced some famous scholars. Even Leslie, while deploring the theological heresies which had taken root in its colleges, was ready to admit that philosophy and the "humanities" were excellently taught. "The city of St Andrews," he says, "is the chief and mother city of the realm, where is a famous university and a notable school. Would to God," he continues, "they flourished as well in their theology as they flourish in their philosophy and other humane studies!" I do not know if any minute or vivid picture of its scholastic life prior to the Reformation has been preserved; and by the time that James Melville entered its walls, "the many fair, great, and excellent bells of St Andrews"—reminding the iconoclasts of the noble church they had wrecked—had been carried off, with much else that was characteristic of the bygone time. It is probable, however, from the Bishop's

¹ These monster "huntings" long continued popular. Taylor, who was in Scotland in 1619, and who had brought with him introductions to the Earl of Mar and Sir William Murray of Abercairney, found that they had gone to hunt at "Brea of Marr." He overtook them at Braemar, where hundreds of Celts, wearing kilts, drove the deer to the sportsmen, who in the space of two hours bagged "eighty fat deer." Among the game, "capercallies and termagants" (capercailzie and ptarmigan) are included. After supper, in the gloaming they lighted a fire of firwood "as high as a May-pole."

remark, that the curriculum of "ethnic" or liberal study at the University did not suffer any radical change at the instance of the Reformers, who indeed, after the first irrepressible outburst, do not appear to have retained any considerable influence in that conservative seat of letters.¹ Though Melville was not born till 1556—and one of his earliest recollections was the bonfires that blazed when James the Sixth was born—the narrative of his school and college career may be held to represent with substantial accuracy the character of the schooling which Scotsmen received during the minority of Mary.

James Melville (the nephew of the more celebrated Andrew, but a churchman of mark and repute in his time) was born in his father's house of Baldovy, near Montrose, and his early education was received in the neighbourhood. His father, who had studied theology with Doctor Macabeus in Denmark, and had "sat under" Philip Melanchthon at Wittenberg, was the minister of the parish of Meriton, and appears to have been a mild and sweet-tempered man, devoted to the little boy whose mother had died soon after his birth. "A verie honest burges of Montros has oft tauld me that my father wold lay me down on my back, playing with me, and lauch at me, because I could not rise, I was so fat; and wold ask me what ailed me. I wold answer, 'I am sa fat I may not gang.'" About the fifth year of his age the "grate Buik" was put into his hand; but as he made little progress in reading, he was sent when seven to a

school, taught by the minister of Logie. "We learned there the rudiments of the Latin grammar, with the vocables in Latin and French; also divers speeches in French, with the reading and right pronunciation of that tongue. We proceeded further to the Etymologie of Lilius and his Syntax, as also a little of the syntax of Linacre; therewith was joined Hunter's Nomenclatura, the Minora Colloquia of Erasmus, and some of the Eclogs of Virgil and Epistles of Horace; also Cicero, his epistles *ad Terentiam*." "I was at that school the space of almost five years, in the quhilk time, of public news I remember, I heard of the marriage of Hendrie and Marie, King and Queen of Scots, Seingnour Davie's slaughter, of the King's murder at the Kirk of Field, of the Queen's taking at Carberry, and the Langside field." "Also I remember weill how we passed to the head of the town to see the fire of joy burning upon the steeple head of Montrose at the day of the King's birth." When he returned home, his sister Isabel would read and sing to him "David Lindsay's book concerning the latter judgment, the pains of hell and joys of heaven, whereby she would cause me baith greet and be glad;" and he himself would rehearse, in the church of Montrose, Calvin's Catechism "on the Sabbaths at afternoon." There came also at that time to Montrose a "post that frequented Edinburgh," and brought back psalm-books and "ballates" of Robert Semple's making, as well as Wedderburn's songs.

Melville went to St Andrews in

¹ Melville's account of Knox's relations with the St Andrews professors of "the humanities" appears to show that the Reformer was rather apprehensive of the effects of "ethnic" or secular learning upon his scholars. His attitude, indeed, to the "Auld and New Colleges," was strained, if not hostile: it was "necessary above all things" (to quote his own words, as recorded by Richard Bannatyne) "to preserve the Church from the bondage of the Universities."

1571, and entered in the course of philosophy under Mr William Collace, "who had the estimation of the maist solid and lernit in Aristotle's Philosophie. Then he gave us a compend of his awin of Philosophie and the parts thereof—of Dialectik, of Definition, of Division, of Enunciation, and of a Syllogisme Enthymen, and Induction." There were thirty-six scholars in the class; but a little lad named David Eliston was far away the best, passing the others "as the aigle the howlet." "We enterit in the Organ of Aristotle's Logics that year, and learnit till the Demonstrations." "I wald gladly have been at the Greek and Hebrew tongues; but the languages were not to be gotten in the land." "But of all the benefits I had that year was the coming of that most notable prophet and apostle of our nation, Mr John Knox, to St Andrews." "Mr Knox would sometimes come in, and repose him in our College-yard, and call us scholars unto him and bless us, and exhort us to know God and His wark in our country, and stand by the guid cause, to use our time weill, and learn the guid instructions, and follow the guid example of our masters."

Melville's later "testimony" does not concern us here; but these notices of his early life are very graphic. Knox is popularly identified with the institution of the parish school, and there can be no doubt that he was genuinely anxious to extend and improve the educational machinery of the time. It does not appear, however, that during his life any considerable advance was made. The nobles were greedy; the ministers miserably poor; there were no funds available for the endowment of parochial teachers, and few were appointed till a much later period. The schools that were to be found

in communities like Montrose had existed for many years, and were originally connected with the neighbouring monasteries. The monks were abolished, but the schools remained; and though of course affected by the teaching of the Reformers, and reflecting the progress of religious opinion, were really a survival from the Catholic Church.

A printing-press had been established in Scotland before the battle of Flodden was fought (1507 is the date commonly assigned); but the number of books issued during the next fifty years was inconsiderable. The editions of popular poems and Acts of Parliament, printed before the close of Mary's reign, that have been preserved, are now rare and costly; a copy of the Scots Acts, which had been bought for a few shillings in 1779, was recently sold for upwards of £150. Almost all the books published in Scotland till a quite recent period, indeed, have become extremely scarce; they were bought for use, and not for show, and have, in fact, been "thumbed" out of existence. The chap-books that were carried about the country by the chapmen on their stout little nags were mostly "blasphemous rhymes,"—the concise and not too flattering criticism which the churchmen who drew the statute of 1551 applied to such compositions as the 'Guid and Godly Ballates.' It is difficult to determine what proportion of "the current literature" of the first half of the sixteenth century in Scotland—the contemporary prose and verse—had been committed to print; but it may be assumed that it was not large, and that much of it remained in manuscript,—the manuscript being transmitted from hand to hand, and copied as opportunity served. The old popular songs of Scotland, which sprang from the soil as did the Border ballad, have perished;

and had it not been for the industry of Maitland and Bannatyne, even the more elaborate productions of a *literary* poet like Dunbar might have been lost. Some of his most characteristic poems, indeed, were included in the earliest volume printed at the Edinburgh press in 1508 by Chapman and Miller; but the antiquaries of the last century were not aware that a single copy of that volume was in existence. The few tattered pages of the only copy that has been recovered are now in the Advocates' Library.

It may be said with very little exaggeration, that nearly the whole literature produced in Scotland up to this time had taken the form of verse.¹ We have now gained, I hope, a more or less clear understanding of the material condition of the people: unless we know something of the subjects that enlisted their sympathies, appealed to their tastes, and delighted their imagination, we shall fail to understand what manner of men they were. Religion, politics, literature, are the three most potent forces that mould society; the religion and politics of the age must be separately treated; but before I close this chapter, a brief survey of Scottish literature as a moral and spiritual factor in the formation of the Scottish character, as well as the intellectual atmosphere of the men and women who were the contemporaries of Lethington, may not be uninviting or uninteresting.

The forms which Scottish poetry assumed between the age of Thomas the Rhymer and the age of Sir David Lindsay are capable of

broad, if somewhat rough, definition. Scottish poetry had passed through three distinct stages: the writers who found their themes in the medieval romance had been succeeded by the writers who found their themes in the national history; and these in their turn by writers who may be described as didactic—the poets of morality, speculation, reflection, analysis. The last class may be divided again into the euphuistic and realistic schools,—the earlier didactic poetry being as a rule distinguished by such extravagance of conceit and fantastic quaintness of invention as we find in the Elizabethan euphuists; the later by a quite remarkable sincerity, simplicity, and caustic force. Until we come to Burns, indeed, we do not find anything in Scottish literature more terse and incisive, more direct and trenchant, than the satire of Dunbar.

The medieval story of Arthur and his knights was perhaps the only "light literature" to be found in the Scottish mansion-house up to the close of the fourteenth century. James of Douglas, Lord of Dalkeith, in 1392, made a testament, in which he left to one friend "all of my books of grammar and dialectic," and to another "all my books, as well of civil law and statutes of the kingdom of Scotland as of *romance*." The schoolmen, the statutes of the realm, and the romance-writers,—these were the works, and the only works, that the library of one of the great Scottish nobles then contained. Very little, however, is known of the Scottish romance-writers. In

¹ In fact, the only considerable work in the vernacular, written before the death of James V., was Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece's 'History of the Scottish People.' It is an admirable specimen of the Scots tongue at its best; and, as the Archdeacon did not adhere very closely to his text, it has much of the spirit and vigour of an original work. The first edition of the 'Scotorum Historiæ' was printed at Paris in 1527, and the translation appeared in 1538—printed at Edinburgh by Thomas Davidson.

Barbour's poem, the fugitive Bruce, to lighten the monotony of their exile, reads to his friends "the romance of worthy Ferembras"; and there are occasional allusions, in other writers, to this early form of fiction. The romance of 'Sir Tristrem'¹ is said to have been written by Thomas Learmonth of Ercildoun, the 'Geste of Kyng Horn' being also ascribed to him, as well as that strange and fancifully picturesque ballad upon his interview with the Queen of Faerie, and his descent into elf-land, which is familiar to all lovers of poetry. Besides the 'Sir Tristrem' of the Rhymers, one or two other fragments of the Scottish romance poet—the most important of which are assigned to "the gude Schir Hew of Eglinton"—have been preserved. But they are hardly of a stamp to make us regret that so many have perished. The poetry is as indifferent as the morality. The ethical system of the medieval romance is certainly a very curious and rather perplexing business. Reverence for the honour of woman is said to have been the absorbing sentiment of the knightly religion; yet there are few of the heroines of chivalry who do not live in "notour" adultery; and the most valiant knight at the tourney or on the battle-field is commonly the most dissolute in domestic life. The marriage vow is never strictly observed, and is constantly treated with open or implied contempt; while the relation between the lover and his mistress is regarded as far more binding and sacred. The faithless wife may be extenuated and extolled; but the woman who is false to her paramour merits the last penalties that the courts of the gay science can inflict. A genera-

tion which has accepted the Tennysonian version of the Arthurian legend will be surprised, and probably shocked, by the strength of the invective which the learned Roger Ascham directed against the Knights of the Round Table, and the ladies whose favours they wore. "In our forefathers' time, when Papistrie as a standing poole covered and overflowed all England, few books were red in our toong, saving certayne books of chivalrie, as they sayd, for pastime and pleasure, which, as some say, were made in monasteries by idle monks and wanton chanons. . . . This is good stuff for wise men to laughe at, or honest men to take pleasure at. Yet I know when God's Bible was banished the Court, and 'Morte Arthure' received into the Prince's chamber. What toys the daily reading of such a booke may worke in the will of a yong gentleman or a yong maide, that liveth welthely and idly, wise men can judge, and honest men doe pittie."

The songs which the people sung are lost; only the well-known lines about the golden age of Alexander III. (preserved by Wyntown), and as many about the great victory at Bannockburn, have come down to us. So that until we reach Barbour, the first of the annalists, the names even of the "makeris" have been forgotten.

The notion of throwing the history of the world into irregular verse could only have occurred to men who were very ingenious, very idle, and intensely prosaic. These, for the most part, were exactly the kind of persons who undertook the work. The annalists were ecclesiastics who had been taught the scholastic philosophy and the scholastic theology. Any kind of lit-

¹ An admirable version of 'Sir Tristrem,' edited by George P. McNeill, LL.B., Advocate, has been lately issued by the Scottish Text Society.

erary occupation must have been welcome to men of scholarly accomplishment, who, shut up in remote monasteries, were divorced from the affections of domestic and the ambitions of public life. The metrical chronicles in which the fables of history or the traditions of the people were reproduced with tedious fidelity in involved and ungraceful rhyme, cannot be approved as poetry. But they are valuable to the historian. Though the men who composed them were not gifted with the vision and faculty divine, or indeed with much literary aptitude of any kind, their accounts of contemporary events may generally be relied on, and their pictures of ancient manners are sometimes graphic, and always useful and interesting.

It would be excessively unjust, however, to class John Barbour with the common herd of annalists. The Archdeacon of Aberdeen was an authentic poet.

Barbour was born at Aberdeen in the early part of the fourteenth century, and he lived till near its close. He was educated at Aberbrothick, but he frequently visited Oxford (as the safe-conducts granted by the English King bear) "for purposes of study." By the year 1375, 'The Bruce,' he tells us, was about half finished; and a few years afterwards, a pension of twenty shillings a-year was bestowed upon him in acknowledgment of his services by King Robert II. He appears to have been a voluminous writer. Wymtown mentions a work on the genealogy of the Scottish Kings, compiled by the Archdeacon; and Henry the Minstrel thus alludes to him in his 'Wallace':—

"Master Barbour, quilk was a worthi clerk;
He said the Bruce amang his other werk."

A contemporary of Chaucer, Barbour is entitled to a place not far removed from that occupied by the father of English poetry. 'The Bruce' is unquestionably a great work. It relates a heroic story with force, fire, and picturesqueness. That story had been only recently concluded. Barbour had spoken with the men who fought at Bannockburn. The hearts of the people still beat high when they recalled the great victory which had secured their freedom. To this intimate connection with the actors the animated earnestness of the poem is to be ascribed. The interest which the author expresses is not feigned. He relates a story in which he thoroughly believes, and which engages his keenest sympathies. The cause of Bruce is the cause of freedom and of the Scottish people; those who have betrayed it or its friends are traitors to liberty, and as such are sternly denounced. "In hell condampnyt mot they be." Such is the spirit of the writer, who was evidently in other respects a man of liberal cultivation, moderate in opinion, and, like many of the Scottish ecclesiastics, not intolerant in religion. His book is in consequence full of life. There is a glow on the page. Easy, simple, unpretentious in tone—garrulous sometimes as a village gossip—the Archdeacon fires up, rises into strong, clear, emphatic speech, whenever any noble deed stirs his imagination or provokes his sympathy. His cheek flushes and his pulse throbs. This is the charm of 'The Bruce.' It is clear as noonday that this courteous dignitary of the Church, who derives ten pounds a-year from the customs of Aberdeen, loves truth and freedom and the right loyally, and hates whatever is mean, or shabby, or base, or dishonest. His eye moistens when he records the woman-like

tenderness which his hero extends to the weak ; and the noble words on freedom come direct from his heart. The figures who move on his pages are drawn, moreover, with individual distinctness and distinction of outline. His insight into character is really fine, and he sometimes introduces a slight touch of rare excellence—so excessively truthful, delicate, and refined, that it comes on us as a surprise. One only of these characteristic touches can be noted here. Bruce, with his own arm, has barred a narrow pass against a host of enemies, and when the battle is over, the soldiers crowd round their leader :—

“ Syk wordis spak thai of the king,
And for his hey wndretaking
Farlyit, and yaryt hym for to se,
That with hym ay wes wont to be.”

They long to look upon him as if they had never looked upon him before. The great deed has removed him from them ; he has become strange to them, as a prophet becomes strange to his brethren when he returns from the innermost sanctuary with the glory of the Lord about his head. This eager curiosity of the companions who had fought by his side for years, as if the sight of the hero might help to explain the heaven-inspired might which he had put forth, is a fine and imaginative trait.

Andrew Wyntown ought to have been a poet. His lines were cast in pleasant places. The canon regular of St Andrews was transferred to the monastery of St Serf. The Priory of St Serf was situated on the Inch of Lochleven, not far from that other island where Mary's captivity was passed. Here, amid the solitudes of that lonely lake, “ betwene the Lomownde and Benarty,” these remote ecclesiastical pioneers, the Culdees, had

planted a religious house at a very early period. They were succeeded by a colony of the canons of St Augustine ; and this colony, about the close of the fourteenth century, Andrew Wyntown was sent to rule. Culdees and canons have departed, and the Inch has returned to its original tenants. The mallard haunts the reeds, and the black-headed gull breeds upon the shingle.

But the peaceful Prior was only an annalist. He had a tolerable eye for the picturesque, and his descriptions are sometimes animated enough ; but, for the most part, his versified chronicle reads like a catalogue. He was a learned man for his day, and the shelves of the little island library must have been tolerably well furnished. He alludes to many of the mediæval poets and philosophers, and he mentions by name the authorities from whom he derived his materials—the Bible, Orosius, Petrus Comestor, Martinus Polonus, “ wytth Ynglis and Scottis storys syne.” Some of the stories which he relates are sufficiently startling, and he believes implicitly in the marvels which he records ; yet his painstaking narrative, especially of events which happened near his own time, retains a certain historical value.

Henry the Minstrel once enjoyed a wide popularity. He was the second Homer—not because of his blindness only. But his ‘ Schir William Wallace ’ is now well-nigh forgotten. It wants the poetic salt which keeps Barbour's poem fresh ; and his hero is a Jack-the-Giant-killer—a mythical slaughterer—who is not believed in out of the nursery. The Archdeacon of Aberdeen was a scholar and a politician as well as a poet, and his work is penetrated by high intelligence and a lofty spirit of

patriotism; but Blind Harry rarely rose above the doggerel sing-song of the street ballad-monger. The real Wallace, so far as we can judge, was a sagacious, valiant, and single-hearted man—a martyr whose death consecrated a cause that might otherwise have failed; but Blind Harry's 'Schir William' is a melodrama of the bloodiest dye, always extravagant, frequently grotesque, and not unfrequently revolting.

The annalists were succeeded by the more strictly literary poets, whom, for want of a better name, I call didactic. I have divided them roughly into euphuists and realists: James the First and Robert Henryson representing the former; Dunbar, Douglas, and Lindsay the latter class. None of these poets, indeed, were euphuists in the sense in which John Lily was a euphuist. An ornate and corrupt diction was unfamiliar to Scottish ears. Nothing can be happier or terser than Barbour's style at its best, and Barbour's supremacy was for long undisputed. But this simplicity of taste in the case of the earlier euphuists was mainly confined to the language. The ideas are grotesque, the forms artificial, and the machinery—where it does not break down entirely—involved and laborious. If the hero falls in love, he cannot say so plainly and be done with it. We have to follow him to the Court of Venus; we have to listen to a long harangue from Minerva and her owls; and we have, aided by the Virgin Mary, to propitiate Cupid and the Graces. Elaborate allegories that are even more tedious are bound up with this mythological trumpery. "Good Hope" drives us desperate. The interminable exhortations of "Patience" try the sweetest temper. Of Henryson's shorter poems, for instance, the most popular among

his contemporaries was that entitled the 'Garment of Gude Ladyis,' in which every article of female dress, down to the garter, was identified with some grace or virtue! Yet, curiously enough, though they fantastically disguised the passions and the emotions, in one respect these writers were always natural. Their appreciation of the humorous was keen and true. They attacked abuses with no inconsiderable force and shrewdness of satire. Their direct and vigorous ridicule at least never lost itself in the mists of allegory. It is these parts of their writings—these and an occasional touch of unpremeditated pathos—that we continue to read with interest. The mythologies and the allegories have grown musty and ill-flavoured, but the scraps of pleasantry are still living.

The story of James I. is a romantic and melancholy one. He was the second son of Robert III. by Arabella, daughter of Sir John Drummond of Stobhall,—his elder brother being that unlucky Duke of Rothesay who, if the story is true, was starved to death by his uncle at Falkland. Born in 1394, he was barely twelve years old when, on his way to France, he was captured by the English cruisers. During his captivity in England, which lasted till 1424, he resided successively at London, Nottingham, and Windsor; and it was during this period that the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, granddaughter of the Duke of Lancaster, and so connected with the blood-royal of England, excited the romantic love which is described in 'The Kingis Quair.' James returned home with an English bride, and was crowned at Scone on the 21st of May 1424. A more accomplished prince never governed Scotland. He had studied philosophy and jurisprudence; he was a

painter, a musician, and a poet—a keen hunter and a dexterous swordsman. Many of these accomplishments were rare in his native land, and were not probably regarded with any particular favour by an illiterate society; but the mild and graceful scholar quickly convinced his turbulent subjects that liberal studies had not incapacitated him for vigorous rule. He kept the nobles in order, and he reformed the clergy. He founded the University of St Andrews, and he diligently encouraged commerce, literature, and the arts. His reign is an oasis in the desert of Scottish history. It was unfortunately cut short. The King was assassinated on the night of the 20th February 1437, in the monastery of the Dominican friars at Perth, by a party of conspirators who were in league with his uncle, the Earl of Athole. The evening before his death was spent in the usual way—"Yn reading of romans, in syngyng and pypyng, in harpyng, and in other honest solaces of grete plesance and disport."¹

If 'Christ's Kirk of the Grene' was written by James (it is now maintained to be of later date, on evidence which apparently assumes that the existing poem cannot be a modernised version of an older work), his vein of humour must have been of no mean order. The fun, if a little boisterous, is genial and hearty, and the poem long enjoyed a more than local celebrity:—"One likes no language but the Faery Queen,
A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o' the Green."

The 'King's Quair,' which he dedicates to his masters, Gower and Chaucer, and in which he celebrates the attractions of his future consort, is, however, his

best-known work; and, in spite of its mythological machinery, contains many passages sweet, winning, and simple. The language, as in the lines beginning, "O besy goste, ay flickering to and fro," is sometimes singularly happy; and the picture of the Lady Jane, walking in the early morning below the window of the captive King, is fresh and vivid, as if taken directly from nature.

"Gude Mr Robert Henryson" (it is thus that Dunbar alludes to the author of the 'Testament of Cresseid') birched the boys of Dunfermline towards the close of the fifteenth century. The provincial dominie wrote one or two poems, simple in feeling and vigorous in style, which it is hardly fair to forget. Like much of the poetry of the period, however, they hover in an uncertain way between the true and the fantastic. Inexpert in the use of their weapons, inexperienced in the management of the passions, unprotected by the overseeing power which kindles and restrains, the poets of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries "went aft agee." No supreme artistic insight kept them straight; a false note, in music or in emotion, did not pain them. Their ingenuity, in short, was their ruin; they were sure to run their best feelings to death or into sheer unnaturalness. Henryson's conception of Saturn, for example, is freezingly grim; but he cannot stop until he has told us that the god's arrows are "feathered with ice and headed with hailstones"—a minute and over-nice conceit which spoils the picture. One scene only is entirely and continuously good, and shows the real power that Henryson possessed. The false Cresseid, as a punish-

¹ Every lover of poetry is aware that Rossetti's fine ballad, "The King's Tragedy," is based upon the traditional stories to which this foul murder gave rise.

ment for her incontinence, has been smitten with leprosy; and, while begging with her wretched companions along the street, she encounters her hero-lover, who is returning from a brilliant and successful charge. She is sadly changed, but there is something in the bleared face of the leper that recalls to Troilus the charming grace and bewitching beauty of Cresseid—"sometime his awin darling." He gazes upon her in silence for a moment, casts a purse into her lap, and sorrowfully resumes his march. That silent interview, that pause during which, although there is an uncertain and uneasy sense of pain in the hearts of both, no direct recognition takes place, is instinct with the true spirit of tragic poetry.

William Dunbar was the greatest Scottish poet of the fifteenth century—having had in any century, indeed, few rivals. There is something about Dunbar which cannot fail to attract. He is brilliant, satirical, inventive; his wit is vigorous, and he has a wealth of words, sometimes solemn and impressive, sometimes keen and incisive; but the hardy and masculine independence, the direct and personal force of his genius, is its chief charm. Though he hung about Holyrood, he was no courtier. He sometimes condescended to flatter, but he did it with an ill grace. There was a want of reverence in him, and of the facility which suits the atmosphere of a court. A brave, fiery, keen-spirited, irascible man, rather apt to

use unconventional colloquial language,—such I take him to have been. It is very likely that he was imprudent; his passions were hot, and his tongue sharp and cutting. He felt no pity for folly; his contempt for baseness could not be kept decorously veiled; he attacked with unsparing ridicule all the impostors, lay or clerical, of his day. Thus he made many enemies. He spoke the truth, which cannot be done on easy terms even at present, and enemies found many chinks in his armour. Both his life and his writings supplied abundant material for friendly criticism. He was obviously a dangerous character, a pestilent fellow, who was intolerant of convention, and who treated dignified dulness, however exalted, with scant respect. The plain speaking of the Two Married Women and the Widow must have startled an age which was used to plain speaking. Kind Kit-tok's adventure in heaven is an audacious conception, which no later master of the grotesque—not Burns in "Tam o' Shanter," not Byron in the "Vision of Judgment," not Goethe in the "Faust" prologue—has contrived to surpass; and we can still figure to ourselves the consternation it must have provoked in precise and orthodox circles.¹ So William Dunbar never obtained a benefice, and his life wore away in penury and disappointment. He felt this neglect keenly,—the *sæva indignatio* hurt him, as it hurt Swift. The mortified poet grew more bitter as he

¹ "Scho slepit quhile the morne at noon, and rais airly;
 And to the yettis of hevin fast cam the wife fair,
 And by Sanct Petir, in at the yet scho stale prevely;
 God lukit and saw her lattin in, and lewch his hert sair.
 And thar, yeris sevin,
 She levit a gud life,
 And was our Ladyis hen wife;
 And held Sanct Petir at stryfe,
 Ay quhille scho wes in hevin."

grew old ; made sharper jests, and put more gall in his ink. Yet, like Swift, he could love as cordially as he hated ; and he praises those whom he admires—the reverend Chaucer, the moral Gower, Barbour, Henrisoun, and the rest of the Scottish “makaris”—with the ungrudging warmth of a generous nature.¹

Gavin Douglas was the third son of Archibald, Earl of Angus—the famous Bell-the-cat ; and as a scion of the great house of Douglas, he occupied a foremost place in the ranks of the Scottish nobles. At an early age he was made Rector of Linton, and he continued to hold that rustic benefice, until, in 1501, he was preferred to the Provostship of St Giles. It was during this period of his life, and amid the pastoral scenery of the Tyne, that he wrote most of his poems. Two of his brothers and two hundred gentlemen of the name of Douglas fell on the disastrous field of Flodden ; and in consequence, probably, the plaintive lament, “The Flowers of the Forest,” has been sometimes attributed to the Bishop. Within a year of her husband’s death, the widow of James IV. was united to the youthful Earl of Angus, the nephew of Gavin Douglas, and the grandson of Bell-the-cat. The courtly poet soon became a favourite at Court, and was destined for the primacy by the Queen, but, after a prolonged and exciting struggle, was forced to content himself with the bishopric of Dunkeld.² Though he was deeply implicated in the violent intrigues of a turbulent age, the Bishop appears to have been a man of mild temper,

simple manners, and profuse hospitality. “King Hart” and “the Palice of Honour” were once famous poems ; and till a comparatively recent date his loose but spirited translation of the “Æneid” might be found on many a cottage book-shelf. His taste in poetry was not particularly pure. Rapid and impetuous, but turbid and discoloured, the style of the Highland bishop may be compared not inaptly to one of his Highland streams, during what in Scotland is called a *spate*. In his writings, moreover, there are few of those satirical or personal touches which give so keen an interest to Dunbar’s. He had been up to a certain point a successful man. Fortune had smiled upon him ; the Court had been gracious. A son of the great house of Douglas could not, even in his fall, have been exposed to the keen social mortifications which made Dunbar so bitter.

Gavin Douglas died in 1522, at which time Sir David Lindsay of the Mount had entered on his thirty-third year. Sir David was a voluminous writer ; but it is probable that he would have been pretty nearly forgotten by this time had he not allied himself with the early Reformers, to whose cause he rendered essential service.

In Scotland, as in England, the satirical poets were the vanguard of the Reformation. The freedom of speech which these writers enjoyed unchallenged must prove inconvenient to historians who are used to associate the supremacy of the Catholic Church with a period of gloomy and inquisitorial intolerance. An occasional foray was undertaken by the bishops ;

¹ The most elaborate and accurate edition of ‘The Poems of William Dunbar’ is that prepared for the Scottish Text Society by the late Dr John Small, F.S.A. Scot., the most zealous and painstaking librarian for the University of Edinburgh.

² Even at Dunkeld he had difficulties : his rival, Andrew Stewart, holding the steeple of the cathedral and the palace, sent a shower of cannon-shot at the deanery, where the new bishop was lodged.

but, speaking generally, the free-and-easy comments of the popular satirists were left unchecked. The truth is that the upper clergy had grown fat, indolent, and luxurious, and were not disposed to deal very rigorously with wit and invective, even when directed against themselves. The Protestant apologist declaims against the corruption of the prelates—the fact being that they were not so much corrupt as decrepit. Bored to death by the monotony of the religious life, mumbling Latin prayers which meant less than nothing to their minds, with “no more individual fervour of belief than of individual levity of disbelief,” they had reached the stage of spiritual dotage. Some of them, indeed, it is only fair to remember, were men of high cultivation, who liked poetry, and did not care, we may presume, to burn its professors; and there were, moreover, sagacious and virtuous men in their ranks who were really anxious that the scandals which weakened their communion should be put away, that the cancer which was eating into the heart of the Church should be cut out. The light artillery of the popular poets was thus permitted to become a potent, if impalpable, ally of the Reformers. Henryson had exposed the abuses of the Consistorial Courts (the crying grievance of the age); nor had he hesitated to place popes, cardinals, bishops, and abbots in the infernal regions, where they—

“For evill disponyng of thair places
rent,
In flambe of fyre were bitterly turment.”

In the “Daunce” the fiends laugh heartily at “the bair schevin necks” of the priests; and in the “Freris of Berwick”—an admirably spirited and brilliant dramatic poem, which, I believe, could have been written by no one except Dunbar—the vulgar habits and dissolute lives of the monks are ridiculed with great comic power. Another poem—“A General Satire”—sometimes attributed to Dunbar, sometimes to Inglis, Bishop of Culross, is mercilessly severe upon the higher clergy. “Sic pryd of prellattis,” who would neither preach nor pray; “sic hant of harlettis with thame nicht and day”—had never before been known in Scotland. Other modes of attack were devised. Comic and obscene songs were translated into “Gude and Godly Ballates.” Shakespeare, when he describes the Puritan who “sings psalms to hornpipes,” refers, no doubt, to this practice; and a somewhat similar metamorphosis is alluded to in “The Merry Wives of Windsor,”—“But they do no more keep pace together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of ‘Green Sleeves.’”

Sir David Lindsay was probably the first man in high station who publicly ventured to beard the clergy.¹ Lindsay, with a remarkably easy and fluent style, united

¹ Calderwood mentions a black friar, John Killore, who was “cruelly murdered” upon the Castlehill at Edinburgh, in the year 1539. “Friar Killore set furth the history of Christ’s passion in the form of a comedy, which was acted at Stirling in the king’s presence, upon a Good Friday, in the morning, in which all things were so lively expressed, that the verie simple people understood and confessed, that as the priests and obstinate Pharisees persuaded the people to refuse Christ Jesus, and caused Pilate condemn him, so did the bishops and men called religious blind the people, and persuade princes and judges to persecute such as professed Jesus Christ his blessed Gospel. This plain speaking so inflamed them, that after that they thirsted ever for his blood.”

considerable power of humorous invective. In his "satiric touch" there is none of the imaginative richness and amplitude of Dunbar; yet while the one was neglected and forgotten, the name of "Davie Lindsay" was familiar till the other day in every Lowland cottage. His character, besides, was intrepid and fearless; and in "The Monarchie," "The Three Estaitis," "Kitteis Confession," and numerous other pieces, he attacked the abuses of the Church with singular force, and—it must be added—incredible plainness, of speech. (He could be as nasty, indeed, as Swift at his nastiest.) He ridicules the absurdity of the Latin service,—priests and people "nocht understanding quhat they sing nor say." He assures his audience that "popes, patriarchs, and prelates venerable," are made over to sensuality and other evil lusts. The bishops have palaces and places, "and want no pleasure of the fairest faces." Friars will ready entrance get, when lords are "haddin at the yet." His pardoner produces a ludicrous jumble of charms,—the jaw of Fin Macoull, the cord that hanged John Armstrong:—

"Of gude hemp soft and sound;
Gude halie people, I stand for'd,
Quahever beis hangit with this cord
Neidis never to be dround;"—

and "Verritie" is treated as a delinquent by the ecclesiastical Court, and put in the stocks—the New Testament, "in English toung, and printed in England," having been found in her wallet. Kitty, after some frank and unreserved confessions, is absolved by her priest for a plack,—

"And mokil Latyne he did mummill;
I hard na thing but *hummil bummil*."

"The Three Estaitis" was more than once acted before the Court; and though it was preposterously prolix—"lestand fra nyne houris afore none till six hours at evin"—we can understand how the spectators must have enjoyed its novel and racy delineations of ecclesiastical delinquencies, and the important part it must have played in preparing the minds of the people for the religious revolution that was at hand. The last performance appears to have taken place on 12th April 1554, before the Queen and Commons, on the play-field at Edinburgh; and the author died in 1555.

This is briefly the history of Scottish poetical literature down to the middle of the sixteenth century. Poetry had reached an age when men were beginning to weary of grotesque conceits and scholastic ingenuities, and when reality, directness, and vital truth were urgently demanded. In the literature, as in the religion and science, of the new era, we find an intense desire and determination to return to *fact*. The fictions of poets, the fictions of astrologers, the fictions of priests were put aside; and the barest and homeliest truth received a welcome which had been hitherto reserved for the imposing but meretricious "idols" of the imagination. The people were resolved no longer to tolerate a lie, however fair and comely; but to bring themselves without loss of time into tolerably honest relations with the universe. How far they succeeded, how far they failed in doing so, is the history of the sixteenth century.

JOHN SKELTON.

THE CITY OF LONDON POLICE.

THE charge of the wealthiest centre of the business and bustle of the world is no light responsibility, and it is greatly to the credit of the Corporation of the City of London that so little is heard upon the subject. Citizens have come to take the comparative security of their persons and property, with the regulation of the traffic in overcrowded thoroughfares, as simple matters of course. Indeed, so general is the indifference, or what may be called the ingratitude, that I believe many people of intelligence are ignorant that the City has a police of its own, altogether apart from the metropolitan force. Yet, as a matter of fact, the City police has arrived at pretty nearly the perfection of efficiency, although there may be minor details of organisation in which there is still room for improvement. The 'Saturday Review' does not always sin on the side of charity, where it is a question of criticising our public institutions. Yet, some four or five years ago, a writer in the 'Saturday' admitted that "the police administration of the City is as nearly perfect in every respect as anything human can be." Since then it is safe to say that the force has in no degree deteriorated; in fact, gentlemen in the City, who are best able to form an opinion, maintain that at the present moment it is more efficient and reliable than ever.

We are apt to take present mercies as matters of course; while we are slow to appreciate the advances and reforms which have made life far easier and infinitely more agreeable. There are grumblers always ready to swear by

"the good old times," though as Dickens showed in one of the brightest of his articles in 'Household Words,' those good old times, being phantoms of the fancy, fade away into the ages of the myth before the philosophical inquirer. And that is emphatically the case when we come to inquire into the past history of London. We need not go back to the days when the train-bands were called out to keep order in moments of emergency; when the prentices rose in *emeutes* to their rallying word of "Clubs"; when the sanctuaries swarmed with ruffians, always ready to make raids on law-abiding folk who had money in their pockets. Scott has described it all in his 'Fortunes of Nigel.' Nor need we go back to the times when the streets were scoured by the Mohocks, hot from their night-suppers in the taverns of Covent Garden, who cheerily knocked honest wayfarers out of sense and time, and playfully trundled decent women down the steeples in empty sugar-hogsheads. Less than one hundred years ago, when George III. had been long on the throne, the state of things was still as bad as might be. We have it all given categorically in the evidence of Townsend, the famous Bow Street runner, who spoke out under examination before a Parliamentary Committee with a blunt candour which says much for his honesty and independence. His memory, which must have been singularly retentive, went back to 1780. And we have a clue to the non-efficiency of the feeble police by the character he gives to the magistrates. Corruption in one shape or another was universal,

and impecunious innocence could hope for neither justice nor protection. The police of the metropolis was administered from behind an impenetrable veil; there was no check on its proceedings, either from a press or public opinion; while it was the interest of all officials, from the magistrate down to the turnkeys of the prisons, to obtain the greatest number of convictions upon any terms. The consciences of men in the most responsible positions had been hopelessly blunted. The magistrate, who was either unpaid or poorly paid, must make a living somehow. The streets were periodically swept, as Townsend says, of "poor devils" of vagrants, who were run in and bailed out for trifling sums, which nevertheless mounted up handsomely in the aggregate. Things were not quite so bad as in the time of Jonathan Wild, who handed over the criminals who were his confederates when he pleased, and enriched himself by resetting and blood-money while drawing regular pay as a thief-taker. But they were bad enough in all conscience. About the year 1800, in the notorious case of Vaughan, it was proved that one of the most trusted officers of the Corporation was in collusion with criminals and informers. Townsend tells us that there were veteran thief-catchers who made a trade of convicting innocent men and women for the sake of the rewards that had been offered under certain recent statutes. It was easier to swear away an innocent life than to lay hands on a dangerous highwayman or footpad, who probably paid black-mail out of the proceeds of his industry, and swaggered in gold lace about the taverns of the town, as if fern-seed had made him invisible. The

heaths and commons of Hounslow, Wimbledon, and Finchley were of specially infamous celebrity; but it was hazardous to venture out after nightfall so far as the site of the present Apsley House. Townsend declares that there had been some dozen of daring robberies by mounted highwaymen in the suburbs in a single week. The highwaymen were pretty promptly put down by the establishment of Sir Richard Ford's horse-patrol; but when they had to part with their horses, they sought a living on foot, and the metropolis and the still richer "City" swarmed more than ever with footpads. Those ruffians lounged about the narrow thoroughfares watching for opportunities, and lurked in the shadows of the dark corners. The forces to cope with them were the parochial watchmen or "Charleys," who were generally aged and often decrepit; while the men told off to track the authors of any special crime were the red-waistcoated Bow Street runners, who, according to Townsend, were frequently venal, and who were always very much their own masters. And Dr Colquhoun, in his suggestive and very interesting volumes on the land and the river police, published in 1800, confirms all the evidence given by Townsend. He goes into detail, besides, as to various nefarious practices, which show there is nothing new under the sun. He talks of the "confidence trick," though then it was called "coney-catching," and proves that all organisation was on the side of crime, so that felons, thieves, and burglars had every possible facility and encouragement. There were receivers who did a safe and lucrative commission business, passing on the stolen goods to brokers or dealers with a connection, in which they disposed

of them at leisure. Furnaces fitted with crucibles or melting-pots were kept continually alight, to transmute silver plate into indistinguishable ingots. While there was a daring organised piracy on the river, which kept shipowners and honest supercargoes in perpetual anxiety, and not without good reason. There were gangs of "light-horsemen," "heavy-horsemen," and "game lightermen" who boarded the wealthy West India-men and other vessels, either to unload or on other plausible pretexts, and having perquisites to which custom entitled them, and being in league with dishonest mates, plundered to an extent almost incredible.

Indeed volumes might be written on the romance of crime, previous to wise reforms in the criminal law, the appointment of upright magistrates with good salaries, and systematic surveillance by a respectable and well-disciplined police. For severity, which was terribly capricious, did nothing to check offences; on the contrary, it seems to have made the lawless classes more reckless. They became familiarised with the horrors of a public execution, which, when the culprit "died game," amid the cheers of the mob, was considered honourable rather than shameful. Criminals were strung up of a Monday by batches before Newgate; and there was much profitable pocket-picking in the crowds gathered under the gallows. But it is by looking back on that disgraceful state of things, that we find good reason to be grateful to the present guardians of the public safety. We owe much to their vigilance, as they must rely very much on their prestige. It is almost startling to reflect on the handful of disciplined men told off to hold in check a whole host of

criminals and of roughs, who are ready for anything. Experienced officers know very well many of their most formidable antagonists by head-mark. Could *carte blanche* be given to the police by an autocratic Ministry of Justice, London might be purged in a week of its most dangerous malefactors; and it is probable that little injustice would be done by an issue of democratic *lettres de cachet*. As it is, the officers of justice must be content to bide their time, and to note down for future use the results of vigilant observation. Then in merely keeping order, as they did the other day among the masses assembled for the laying the foundation of the new Tower bridge, were it not for tact and good temper, with the consciousness on one side and the other of an invisible power in the background, the constabulary scattered about on duty would be powerless. They could do nothing against a suddenly organised movement at any point; for, carrying nothing but their batons, they are practically without defence. Happily there is no solidarity in the mobs, and that sort of improvised onset is not to be dreaded. It is only the skilled outlaws who form "inner rings," and conduct their operations by syndicates, though with unlimited liability. The helmet and the blue frock-coat strike terror to the lawless rough, who sees behind them probabilities of the police office and prison, with possibilities of seclusion, with hard labour, at Portland. So each individual officer preserves his serenity in a crowd, strong in self-confidence, and in the *esprit de corps*; though he knows that when doing night-duty on his solitary beat, he may at any moment be the object of a savage onslaught.

Thus the preservation of the

prestige of the force is a matter of the first importance; and consequently, such an event as that of some months ago, when the mob for many hours had the West End at their mercy, may cost society much more than the immediate mischief. Should the hydra-headed monster once begin to realise his own brute strength, he will be more ready to use teeth and claws on occasion. Fortunately the roughs have little instruction and short memories, or the rare precedents of successful disorder would be more disastrous. But the most experienced police officers will tell you, that they have never altogether recovered the effects of that riot, when the mob, under the leadership of Mr Edmund Beales and his friends, broke down the Hyde Park railings.

The real story as told by a high police official who happened to be an eyewitness, though he had no command, is a very curious one, and suggestive besides. Standing on one of those "Islands of the Blessed," — the refuges at the crossings — the crowd of Mr Beales's lawless following came surging and swaying all around him. A group of small street arabs had perched themselves on the top-rail of the iron gratings some distance to the west of the Marble Arch, the gates of which were closed, the police being massed in force behind them. The railings gave way under the weight of the boys, and fell inwards, leaving an open breach of thirty feet, of which the police were unaware till they found themselves outflanked. What is notable is, that the first idea of the excited mob was to beat a hasty retreat after that involuntary damage had been done. Half-a-dozen of policemen under a superintendent on the spot would have cleared Park Lane, and changed the fortunes of the day.

But the police, for the moment, knew nothing of what had happened, and the mob, finding it had fled when no man pursued, returned in the might of its masses. A great victory was gained over the law, and the general in command of the successful insurgents was made a county judge by Mr Gladstone's Government. Accidents of the kind cannot always be guarded against; but the lesson is one to be laid to heart. Let the roughs feel themselves in the presence of a superior power, of which the helmeted individual before them is the symbol, and there is little danger of actual riot, except under extreme excitement. The real and everyday responsibilities of the police begin when they have to deal with the rascals who live by their wits, and who are always on the watch for opportunities. And these are subdivided into an infinity of classes. From the gentlemanly and cultivated swindlers, who deliberately devise some grand financial *coup*, through the skilled "cracksmen," thoroughly versed in the practical mechanics of burglary, down to the children who snatch a trifle from a stall, or filch a handkerchief hanging out of a pocket.

The actual area of the City is very small, as compared to what for police purposes is denominated the metropolis. The district under charge of the metropolitan police is no less than thirty miles in diameter, and embraces a superficial extent of about seven hundred square miles, while the City and its liberties only cover a single square mile. But no other square mile in the world is the centre of business interests so important, or contains such a mass of valuable property, in the shape of bullion, cash, and convertible securities. The area of the City

is merely a mile; but there are about fifty miles of streets to be patrolled, and many of them during the daytime are crowded to excess; while after business hours they are relatively deserted. Banks, warehouses, and offices are locked up, or left in the care of a solitary watchman or housekeeper. Nevertheless, even of a night, some 50,000 souls are supposed to sleep in the City, which, after all, is considerably more than the population of many a flourishing provincial town. The metropolitan district has a population of some four millions; and including the business men who come up from their suburban or country residences, it may be said to send all its adults into the City each working day. In other words, there is a daily influx of about a million chiefly of busy men. The rising tide of incessant traffic must be directed, especially where it comes in rushes or breaks into eddies, as at the great railway stations or on the bridges, —about the Bank, the Mansion House, or the Stock Exchange. While at that scramble through the thoroughfares, or in the crushes at the crossings, thieves and pick-pockets are perpetually on the watch. Thus even in the daylight the policeman's duties are no sinecure. He is stopping an omnibus or beckoning a cab to advance; he is gallantly escorting a nervous old lady on the way to draw her dividends; or he is saving a party of decent country-folk from self-destruction, when they have lost their heads and are meditating a desperate dash among the wheels. Yet, all the time, he may be trying to keep an eye on his familiar acquaintances, who if they had their rights, and in the interests of their fellow-citizens, should be safe in one of the prisons under lock and key.

It is needless to say that the duties of the night-watch are more onerous and more responsible. Should a night-constable make a mistake or be guilty of the slightest oversight, there is always the chance of his hearing of it, for, *prima facie*, any robbery or burglary will be attributed to the negligence of the man on the beat. Of course he is carefully trained; and the first virtues inculcated upon him are patience, perseverance, and vigilance. At his best, he should be the model of intelligent routine. The night-constable is sent on his eight-hours' watch at ten o'clock. Slowly patrolling a street of shops or warehouses like Cheapside or Cannon Street, his first business is to look carefully to all the fastenings. Wind, wet, or snow, it is all the same; he flashes his lantern on each bolt and padlock. When he sees any fastening insecure, he puts a private mark upon it, and makes a note in his memory as well. He pays special attention to the weak point through the night, and reports the matter next day to his superiors, who will communicate with the owner of the premises. Reports of such cases of neglect on the part of the owners or the servants are very common. As a rule, however, premises properly secured are never tampered with from the outside. Robberies are perpetrated, either by collusion with the persons in charge, or far more frequently by a confederate of the thieves having succeeded in secreting himself before the closing for the night. From which it follows that when house-owners are robbed, they may generally blame their own negligence. Each night the building should be searched — before the doors are secured. There are two entrances, at least, to most of the great offices or warehouses. The

doors that are locked from the inside may be pronounced impregnable: if the place is to be forced at all, it is by that which is fastened on the outside. And the surest fastening on the outside is a strong metal strap or band over the inner lock, with a stronger padlock of intricate mechanism.

Yet the most careful precautions will not always avail against confederated thieves directed by superior intelligence. Now and then the enterprise of an erratic genius will give useful hints to the capitalists and their locksmiths. One of the most remarkable instances of the kind, was that of the chief of a band of burglars, arrested and convicted about twenty years ago. "Scottie," not without much natural pride in his professional ingenuity, after his conviction made full confession. His system, like that of most successful schemers, was as bold as it was simple. He set himself to attack the padlocks which secure those strong metal bands of which I have spoken. To pick them on the spot was difficult or impossible. On the other hand, by placing women on the watch, the fastenings might be tampered with in the interval of the policeman passing on the beat after his first satisfactory examination. The padlock was quickly removed by breaking the catch of the hasp with a small "jemmy," and replaced by one similar in size and appearance. During the night the intricate works were extracted, so that it could be opened by its own or any common key. Then the hasp was neatly repaired, and the lock returned to its place, before the arrival of the owners of the premises in the morning. Thus the burglars, being masters of the situation, might enter the place at their leisure. No fewer than

twenty-seven doors had been so "doctored," when the gang came to sudden grief over a grand preliminary enterprise. They had been laying siege, "unbeknown" to the proprietor and the police, to the shop of a watchmaker in Lombard Street. By their quiet method of manipulating doors, they had made their way into an office on the upper floor, visiting it repeatedly without detection. Finally, after close examination of the premises, they forced their entrance into the watchmaker's from below, and from a tailor's shop at the side. They carried off a quantity of watches and jewellery; but fortunately for the twenty-seven gentlemen whose padlocks had been tampered with, in prudence they suspended operations after that *coup*, though nevertheless they were followed up and arrested. And to show the cool deliberation with which they had gone to work, "Scottie" mentioned that, having fitted a false key to it from the first, they had been in the habit of regularly investigating the safe up-stairs. As there was little in it to tempt them, they waited till they had robbed the watchmaker, when they took their chance of what happened to be in the safe and cleared it out. Nowadays there are said to be few regular receivers in London. Stolen property of value which is capable of identification is sent out of the country. It is sometimes consigned to Holland, but more generally to Paris.

To cope with crafty criminals like "Scottie" and his followers, the police as a body must be both shrewd and quick-witted—though individuals who are recruited primarily for their thews and sinews may be stolid or stupid. But what strikes us most, perhaps, is the amount of principle and self-

control exacted of each individual for a very moderate wage. The private soldier is the ordinary policeman's nearest parallel; and the private soldier can keep a creditable character by resisting temptations that are common to all men. If he yields to a love of liquor, and goes drunk upon duty or parade, so much the worse for him; but he is seldom beset by offers of free drink, and never approached when on guard with blandishments or bribery. Should a man enter the police in place of taking the shilling, he comes out at once in an official character, and it is the interest of many people to "square" or corrupt him. There are "Scotties" who would pay him handsomely to shut his eyes on occasion, though advances of the kind are the exception. But any night he might have liquor to any amount from publicans who should shut up at regulation hours; and the keepers of disorderly houses can still better afford to be lavish. Each individual policeman may not be an anchorite or absolutely irreproachable—for we cannot forget some recent disclosures as to the metropolitan force. But his conduct must be generally exemplary, since he is seldom convicted of offences; and there is no concealing the fact of being disguised in drink from the eyes of the sharp-sighted sergeant or inspector. Yet even with the possibility of the inspector coming round the corner at any moment, the policemen of the rank and file strike us as so many obscure St Anthonys. The saint, who may have been constitutionally cold, has gained immortal credit for his resisting the fascinations of beauty. He felt all the time that a single slip meant nothing less than eternal damnation. While

the ignorant policeman has never been taught that *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*. What can be more natural than that in a cold or blustering night he should toss down a single glass of strong water, which would have as little effect on his brain as if he had emptied the glass upon the pavement? But if he once broke out in that way he would never pull up till he had compromised his character and forfeited his place. So it is logically evident that the force is to be trusted in the population of publicans and ratepayers who have a personal interest in demoralising it. These men may be kept straight to a certain extent by the constant though spasmodic surveillance of their officers. But "*quis custodiet custodes?*" Who looks after the non-commissioned officers? Not certainly their commissioned superiors, who, nowadays at least, make it a rule of never trying to spy upon their subordinates. The only material guarantees for their integrity and incorruptibility are in the advantageous prospects accruing with long service, and these appear to be sufficient.

Nevertheless it is clear that much discrimination is requisite in recruiting the privates, though of course they are taken on trial, and may summarily be dismissed for any shortcomings. It is absolutely indispensable that they should come up to a certain physical standard. They must not merely be sound in wind and limb, but must be tall and muscular, broad-chested and square-shouldered. Next they must have a certain amount of education, with a view to subsequent promotion; they must be able to read and write and cipher; and if they show any special talent for *précis*-writing and reporting evidence, so

much the better. Consequently they are submitted to a searching examination, both as to their physical and mental qualifications. But moral character is of even more essential importance, and that can only be fairly tested after a trial in the force. Good testimonials will necessarily go a long way; but in the absence of these, there are general assumptions, from which vague though tolerably satisfactory deductions may be drawn. Strange to say, soldiers presenting themselves with more than creditable antecedents are by no means welcome. It is found that they have been so broken to drill and discipline, that they have been taught to hang upon the bit and the reins. Turn them out upon the streets as their own temporary masters, and they are almost certain to stumble and break neck or knees. While, on the other hand, a large proportion of the accepted volunteers come from the ranks of the strong and well-disciplined railway porters. Almost certainly these are men of sound *physique*, while they have been trained under the inspection of sharp superintendents, as their manners have been ameliorated by the expectation of tips and softened by well-remunerated attentions to the fair sex.

When once a man has been enlisted, he is trained chiefly by hope, but partly by fear. As we shall see, the prospects of advancement are good, depending entirely on steadiness and perseverance in well-doing; and he can count on the pension after retirement, for which his pay is laid under contribution. But punishments for any indiscretion, ingeniously flexible as they may be arbitrarily crushing, may blight his prospects. In fact, his chief and the deputy-chief

have him practically at their discretion. The Chief Commissioner, for any offence whatever, may inflict an apparently trivial punishment. The fortnightly holiday may simply be stopped for a month or six weeks,—apparently no very great hardship. But then any penalty inflicted by the Chief Commissioner on a first-class constable sends a man back to the bottom of the second class, which may involve a forfeiture of three and a half years' service in the second class before it comes to his turn to be reinstated. And the being sent down to the foot of the second class is really being degraded to the bottom of the regular force; for each man is passed on from the third class to the second, if he has satisfactorily served through the probation of a single year. On the other hand, and in the Chief Commissioner's absence, it is the Chief Superintendent who tries and condemns. Should he pass sentence in his own character, the punishment is literally interpreted,—in other words, the culprit forfeits so many holidays or so much pay. But should the sentence be signed as acting Chief Commissioner, the possible consequences of a three and a half years' degradation are involved. It need scarcely be said that the exercise of such summary power can only be confided to men of proved temper and judgment.

All that brings us to the constitution of the force as it exists at present, and which may be said virtually to date from the appointment of Sir James Fraser, the present Chief Commissioner. At the same time, great credit is due to the Corporation, which, having been fortunate in finding an admirable head for their executive, had the good sense to leave his hands absolutely unfettered. The

Corporation delegates many of its powers to a Police Committee, selected by the Common Council, and consisting of eighty members. The committee keeps a vigilant eye on, and takes pride in the efficiency of, the force, for which it makes liberal provision out of ample means. And as long experience has confirmed its confidence in its Chief Commissioner, it has always lent a ready ear to his suggestions for promoting the well-being of the force. It votes pensions or allowances, on his suggestion, for disabled, invalided, or superannuated men, and it has carried out the hospital arrangements with wise liberality.

And as it is only fair to give credit where credit appears to be due, I may as well make allusion to the officers who have been forming and disciplining the force. Sir James Fraser was bred a soldier. Entering the 35th Regiment as a youth, he stuck to his old corps till he rose to command it. Subsequently, he was in command of the 72d Highlanders. After having served an apprenticeship to civil duties as governor of a large prison, he was appointed chief constable of Berkshire, the police force of which county he raised and organised. He resigned that post when, three-and-twenty years ago, he was chosen Chief Commissioner of the City. So he has had perhaps a greater experience in the direction of police affairs than any official in the kingdom, and it is said that he combines great tact and discretion with a courageous contempt for consequences when held answerable for dangerous emergencies. He has certainly shown a wonderful *flair* in choosing capable subordinates. He had never lost sight of his former adjutant in the 35th, then Lieutenant, now Lieu-

tenant-Colonel Bowman. Bowman had been pronounced by a high military authority "*the adjutant in the army.*" When the new Chief Commissioner required a lieutenant or chief superintendent, he bethought himself of his adjutant. It was in 1869 that Colonel Bowman accepted the appointment. He had then passed the age of fifty; he knew nothing whatever of police work; yet it is said of him, by one who ought to know, that "he developed into as good a policeman as ever donned a uniform." Colonel Bowman retired, after serving the time for a well-earned pension, and was succeeded by Major Henry Smith, who seems to have done equal credit to his superior's gifts of selection. Major Smith's capabilities were carefully tested before he was permanently confirmed in the place. In energy, activity, and indifference to responsibility, he would seem to have modelled himself on the example of his superior. In the opinion of good judges, as I have remarked already, the efficiency of the force was never greater; and yet Major Smith, though a strict disciplinarian, has made himself extremely popular in the force.

Perhaps the weakest point in the organisation of all police forces is the absence of what may be termed commissioned officers. As a certain "*Custos*," well known to be an expert, put it in a pamphlet on the metropolitan police, published in 1868—and the police of the metropolis and the City are officered on a similar system:—

"Numerically as strong as a division of the army, the police force of the metropolis is left entirely without the guidance and supervision which, in the army, is derived from the presence of commissioned officers. From

the police constable to the superintendent, each class has a corresponding grade in the other service,—the constable of the lower-class representing the private soldier; the first-class constable, the corporal; the section sergeant, the platoon sergeant; the inspector, the colour-sergeant; the superintendent, the regimental sergeant-major; and at this point the resemblance ceases. Between the Chief Commissioner, whose position may be said to be similar to that of

the General of Division, and the official whose social standing is not higher than that of a non-commissioned officer, there are but the two Assistant Commissioners, whose functions—to pursue the comparison—are somewhat analogous to those of Generals of Brigade.”

Probably the strength of the garrison in the City is sufficient. Here we have it, as given from the official returns:—

	PUBLIC SERVICE.							PRIVATE SERVICE.		
	Superintendent.	Inspector.	Station Sergeants.	Detached Sergeants.	Sergeants.	Police Constables.	Total of all Ranks.	Police Sergeants.	Police Constables.	Total.
Headquarters . . .	1	1	...	...	5	16	23	...	...	...
Detective Department . . .	...	1	2	12	...	24	39	...	...	...
First Division . . .	...	2	2	...	9	94	107	...	10	10
Second Division . . .	...	2	2	...	10	96	110	1	26	27
Third Division . . .	...	2	2	...	9	106	119	...	12	12
Fourth Division . . .	...	2	2	...	12	139	155	...	20	20
Fifth Division . . .	...	2	2	...	12	132	148	1	26	27
Sixth Division . . .	...	2	2	...	9	86	99	...	3	3
Total . . .	1	14	14	12	66	693	800	2	97	99

The constables detached on private service are employed and paid by public establishments or private firms. Thus there are four men permanently on duty at the Bank of England, ten at Billingsgate Market, and no fewer than twenty more in charge of the Post Office. Six are told off to keep time at omnibus standings; three are engaged by the ‘Times’ newspaper; as many by Rothschilds; while sundry other bankers, merchants, and busy ware-housemen have each engaged an officer on their staffs.

The powers and duties of the Corporation and of the Commissioner respectively are clearly defined under the City Police Act. Those of the Corporation are al-

most entirely financial. The collection of rates rests with them; they frame the estimates of the annual expenditure and vote the supplies. The control and discipline of the force are solely in the hands of the Commissioner, with whom all regulations for the government of it originate.

The total of the expenditure is £122,000. The estimated income for the present year falls nearly £11,000 short of that, and the difference must be provided by the Corporation. The chief item in the receipts is £70,000—I give these sums in round numbers—derived from a rate of 5d. in the pound on the assessable rental of the City, which amounts to £3,600,000; while a fourth of the total, or

£28,000, is contributed from the City cash, the balance of £10,000 being made up by the employers who keep officers in their private service. The salary of the Chief Commissioner is £2000; that of the Chief Superintendent, £615. Then there are clerks, a surgeon, &c., all sufficiently remunerated. The man in the responsible place of assistant superintendent receives £357. There are a couple of inspectors with £213 each, while a dozen others receive rather less. Twenty-six sergeants earn 51s. a-week. Seventy sergeants have from 40s. to 37s. Thus it will be seen that there are fair prizes in pay and promotion for the encouragement of steady and intelligent men. The rank and file are divided into three classes. After a year, should they have a clean defaulter's sheet, they are passed from the third to the second. In this present year there are 442 constables of the first class, 230 of the second, and 110 of the third, receiving weekly from 32s. 3d. to 25s. 7d. Their uniform is of course provided; and their future, as I have said, is guaranteed by a superannuation fund. The superannuation fund, which is supplemented from the public money, is made up chiefly of stoppages from the pay—which are never to exceed one-fortieth—and partly of fines, levied either on the constables themselves, or on the individuals convicted of assaulting them. Thus the victim of outrage has the comfort of knowing that he has suffered doubly in the public interests. If a constable has served "with diligence and fidelity" for fifteen years, and then become mentally or physically unfit for further service, he is eligible for a pension equal to one-half of his pay. After twenty years' ser-

vice or upwards, he is, under similar circumstances, eligible to receive two-thirds. If he be disabled in the discharge of his duty, he may be pensioned at the full amount of his pay; but all allowances and pensions are at the discretion of the Corporation, or, in other words, of their Chief Commissioner.

It is to Sir James Fraser that the force are indebted for a regular hospital—one of the most beneficial of the many reforms he has introduced. When he came to the office, the men had outdoor medical attendance—consequently they had every opportunity and inducement for malingering. Trumped-up tales of imaginary ailments, often coloured with a picturesque realism that did credit to the constables' imaginations, were of everyday occurrence. One patient, for example, who had managed to drag himself to the office for advice, was seen to pour the medicine he carried away into the gutter as he turned the corner: while another, supposed to be stretched helpless on a sick-bed, as he promenaded the Crystal Palace with a lady on either arm, had the ill luck to run up against the Commissioner in person. Then, the average of invalids used to be seventy in about five hundred; now that the hospital offers compulsory hospitality to all comers, the average has gone down to fifteen in nine hundred. The saving in men and money is immense; while real sufferers have every comfort and the most skilful advice and attendance in an establishment conducted on military principles.

The duties of the police and their powers are clearly defined in a little handbook printed for general circulation. The chief superintendent is supposed to sit

at headquarters; but the assistant superintendent is practically omnipresent. That is to say, like his subordinates in charge of their respective districts, he may turn up on any spot at any moment. Should a constable drop into a public-house, contrary to the standing orders, he may find himself face to face with his superintendent on sneaking out again; and in daylight, at all events, that is one of the surest safeguards of wavering virtue which could possibly be desired. But the sub-superintendent is bound besides to visit each division once in the twenty-four hours, and at uncertain periods; he assists at conflagrations; he directs the arrangements at popular gatherings and public ceremonies; and when important criminal cases are heard in the courts, he watches proceedings for the Chief Commissioner. An important duty of the chief inspector is to receive applications from candidates for admission to the force, and he is held answerable for each recruit satisfying the essential requirements specified in the "Conditions of Service." It is he who is charged besides with keeping order at the sessions of the Central Criminal Court. The divisional inspectors are made responsible for the behaviour of the sergeants and men placed under their orders, and are supposed to be capable of instructing their inferiors on all points connected with their duty. The divisional inspector is ready to act in case of fire or riot, communicating if necessary with the head office; and at fires he is to collect information on the spot as to the causes, sending in a report as soon as possible. The divisional inspector, or the station sergeant in his absence, is intrusted with considerable magisterial au-

thority. He may detain or discharge at his discretion, when no magistrate is sitting, persons charged with certain minor offences. And he may consent to accept bail or refuse the application, so that while innocent persons are not needlessly detained, culprits shall not be permitted to escape. He takes care of the persons and property of people who, though helplessly drunk, have not been disorderly. The duties of the station sergeant who is his substitute are very similar; and the sergeant of a section is to be perpetually patrolling his section and looking up his men on their beats.

As for the ordinary constable, he is told, when he puts on the uniform, that by activity, intelligence, and good conduct he may rise to the higher stations. Meantime his intelligence is to some extent assumed, for he is forthwith made answerable for life and property within his beat. He is to begin by thoroughly informing himself as to its topography,—which explains the marvellous promptitude with which anxious inquirers are directed "to take the third to the right and then the second to the left." More than that, he is expected to make a study of the inhabitants, so as to be able to recognise or identify them on occasion. In the absence of exceptional incidents to detain him, he is to walk his beat regularly, so as to be found at any given spot by any one waiting there for a certain time. He is to prevent all interruptions in the traffic, to see that pavements are duly swept, and that rubbish is regularly carted away. But he is to avoid all unnecessary interference, and to interpose when he does act with decision and discretion. Should a fire break out, he is to spring his

rattle, and send information immediately to the station. He has to help the ailing and destitute to the relieving officer, and to take charge of the drunken. He must never walk or gossip with a comrade: he is told that his first duty is absolute obedience, and he is reminded that perfect control of the temper is indispensable. So, considering the trying lives they lead, and the irritating conditions of their service, it will be seen that much is expected of the constables; and in the rarity of serious complaints against them, it will be confessed that they must be literally picked men.

All who are passed into the second class must necessarily be more or less intelligent; but the shrewdest intellects are naturally drafted into the detective department. The men who show special aptitude for the work are first sent out and tested as patrols in plain clothes, afterwards they are detached as divisional detectives. Each of the divisions has its own detective constables, the sergeants being always on duty at the central station. The superintendent or inspector is in attendance from nine to five, to receive applications for assistance and to issue orders. The duties of the City detectives are especially difficult and delicate. Now and again, of course, they have to trace out the perpetrators of a commonplace murder or ordinary burglary. But as a rule they are chiefly concerned with commercial frauds, where the criminal is presumably as quick-witted as themselves, and has probably taken his precautions against discovery. Generally he has already "made tracks," and sought refuge in foreign countries. He may have gone where there is no extradition treaty; but as there

are many disagreeables to be met with among foreigners, whose manners he dislikes and of whose language he is ignorant, he more frequently takes a passage for America or Australia. It seems so easy to change your name, to cast your skin, and lose yourself in a new existence among a great English-speaking population. Even in the former case, and beyond the range of extradition treaties, the refugee from justice is not altogether safe. Should the detective follow him up and find him out, existence may be made unpleasant or even intolerable. The agent of the English law can stick to the fugitive like his shadow; and by communicating with foreign *confrères*, who eagerly lend assistance, can make any Continental retreat uncommonly hot. As matter of fact, successful pursuit and ultimate capture are for the most part mere questions of money. If a notorious absconder is not tracked and brought back, it is generally because those who have been robbed and wronged have personal reasons for hushing up the affair. At this moment there are City gentlemen, once sufficiently notorious, left to themselves and their consciences in Spain and in Sweden, whose present addresses are as well known as that of any respectable merchant figuring in the Post-office directory. But in such cases the police are powerless, unless private enterprise sets them in motion.

When a gentleman who has been robbed or swindled is set upon redress or revenge, he comes for assistance to the detective department. When the inspector has heard all he has to say, the first thing is to put one officer or more at the applicant's disposal. Facts or presumptions in the information

lodged are verified by professional scrutiny. Then the officers set about tracing the absconder by means which custom has made familiar—though the resources of an original detective genius are fertile, and chance not unfrequently does as much as head. Supposing there is probability or a moral certainty that the criminal has gone in a certain direction, a detective is duly provided with a warrant, and sent off in pursuit. No doubt, with the telegraph cables stretched across the oceans, descriptive messages may be despatched, so as to assure the absconder a surprise and a welcome. But even when he is supposed to have been marked down on board a particular steamer, the telegraph is seldom employed. Awkward mistakes are always possible, and they may lead to actions for false imprisonment and heavy damages—though the foreign or colonial police may be warned to keep a watch, if they can, on some passenger compromised by suspicions and his personal appearance. Occasionally, however, in exceptional circumstances, the telegraph is set in motion, and there may be some sensational romance in an affair of the kind. Once, for example, a celebrated Fenian agent, "wanted" in connection with a daring outrage, had an extremely narrow escape. The police had the moral conviction that he had embarked in London on board a certain American steamer bound down Channel. There were unavoidable delays before the Home Secretary could be communicated with, and before the needful authority to board the steamer could be obtained. Then a message was despatched to a seaport on the Channel, where the police forthwith chartered a tug. No

time was lost; for there are tugs always lying with banked-up fires, ready to cast off at a moment's notice. The tug stood out in the dusk to cut across the track of the Atlantic liner, but only reached its cruising ground in time to see what might have been the lights of the vessel she was looking for dying out in the distance. Nevertheless, and nowadays in this age of electricity, the feelings of the absconding criminal are not to be envied. His punishment begins on the day of his flight, and when the shores of England have faded from his sight, he never knows what may be awaiting him at his destination. He at least has no cause to complain of the dull and uneventful monotony of a sea-voyage; and unless the horrors of sea-sickness are a merciful anodyne, he is continually being racked between hope and apprehension.

The detective following at his heels has a far better time of it. We can imagine no career indeed so full of emotional interest to a man of mental and physical energy, with a natural talent for the profession. It was not for nothing that M. Émile Gaboriau made his Lecocqs and his Tabarets tend irresistibly to the Rue Jerusalem. The celebrated detective has all the excitement of the Queen's messenger, who is kept perpetually on the move, changing scenery, surroundings, and climate, between Calais and Constantinople. Moreover, he is always playing a peripatetic game of chess, against some clever antagonist, who is only to be checkmated by profundity of thought and promptitude of decision. And when, like a brilliant Queen's counsel, he has risen to the top of the tree, he is one of the few industrious City men who are

always having agreeable outings. Not only are all his expenses paid, but for the indispensable necessities of the case he has almost *carte blanche*. On the spur of the moment he may have to take a special train, or to bid high for a bit of information which may prove invaluable. Generally, the gentlemen for whom his services are retained, advance a considerable sum to begin with ; while he can easily obtain any credit beyond that, as everywhere he is "personally introduced" to the police by presenting his credentials. Then, if anything beyond professional pride is needed to stimulate his energies, he has the hope of a generous gratuity in event of success. Not unfrequently the amount of the reward is named beforehand. As to outlay, he may exercise his own discretion, on the understanding that he is to render a faithful account of his intromis-

sions on his return ; and that he is to receive no reward without the approval of the Chief Commissioner. With one exception, the account is believed to have always been fairly given in, and that exception, though remarkable, rather proved the rule. An agent whom the Commissioner believed to be thoroughly honest, stood on his dignity, and refused any details as to the sum-total of his bills. As such a breach of discipline could not be tolerated, he forfeited all claim for the repayment of any portion of them. But we think we have said enough to show that the unobtrusive services of the City police are far from being sufficiently appreciated. And the reformers and Radicals who threaten the Corporation and its privileges, will scarcely rest their case on the shortcomings of that department.

ALEX. INNES SHAND.

A BUD THAT LIVED.

BY PAUL CUSHING.

I WAS on a visit to my old friend André Martin, M.D. He had a delightful place in the country, up among the Berkshire hills in Massachusetts. For a good many years he had not followed his profession, but he was still the medical man to the tip of his fingers. It was a warm evening in the early part of September, and after dinner I followed the doctor and his wife on to the many-pillared, creeper-covered verandah, that was broad enough for a coach-and-four. The night was cloudless, and the white moonlight lay upon the lawn, and on the open spaces between the clumps of timber in the undulating park-like land beyond. Moths and fire-flies were out in force, and the air was lively with the chirruping of grasshoppers and the bird-like whistling of the frogs. We sat and smoked, made a few observations, and surrendered ourselves to the soft bewitching loveliness of the night. After a while Mrs Martin retired within, leaving us two old cronies to ourselves. We had discussed medical matters, theology, and politics for a considerable time, when the chances of conversation led me to remark that it was astonishing how little of romance there was in real life. I was aware that the observation was neither brilliant nor original, but then neither was it absolutely ridiculous. Yet Martin only laughed in a knowing sort of way, as much as to say, "My dear fellow, you don't know everything. Do you know romance in real life when you see it?"

This construction of his laugh

caused me to say, "I have seen something of life, as you know; but as far as my experience goes, I am an entire stranger to romance."

"Did you never meet with any one that was not a stranger?" asked Martin, in his tempting, half-satiric way.

"I have met many who have kissed the Blarney-stone, if that is what you mean."

"No, that is not what I mean. I suppose you have had hints or suggestions of romance in your own life, haven't you?"

After thinking a bit, I answered, "Oh yes; a few. But they came to nothing. They died in the bud."

"Certainly; but they might not have died in the bud. And had they only kept on living and growing, what a garden of romance your prosaic life would have been!" he said, laughing, but with no challenge in his laugh.

"As a matter of fact, however," I said, "they died; and it is my belief they generally do so. In actual life the buds die; but in fiction, and in fiction only, we have the full bloom and the golden fruit."

"I think it probable, following the analogy of nature, that for every seed that sprouts and shoots, a million lie dormant. Indeed, if it were not so, the prosaical would become the romantic from its very scarcity. Your pipe is out; are you tired?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, fill your pipe, and if you care to listen, I will tell you

a true tale which is not, I think, a hundred leagues from the romantic."

"You are sure it is true?"

"Quite sure."

"How do you know that?"

"Well, it concerns myself and—my wife."

"Indeed! Well, I am glad to hear it: go ahead."

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I was a young fledgeling physician fresh from the schools. I had studied in Edinburgh, Dublin, Paris, and Vienna. I was well equipped with medals and parchments; and having been officially told so by half-a-dozen learned bodies, I had no doubt that I was a remarkably clever young man, destined to be one of the darlings of fortune and an ornament to the profession. Meanwhile I was poor, and fortune in her coy way was holding back. My mother and sister lived in a quiet genteel way, in a pretty little cottage in the country. My mother had almost begged herself to educate me in the style my father had mapped out before he died. I was not at all inclined to limit the claims she had upon me, for it was entirely due to her affection and self-sacrifice that I was bred nobly to a noble profession, instead of being meanly taught a mean trade. When the time came for fortune to open her reticule and make me a present of a good practice, I must say she did not show to advantage. The jade threw in my way nothing more tempting than a position as assistant to a metropolitan doctor, whose practice was large but not very remunerative, as it lay mainly in poor quarters of the city. Still, money apart, the position had certain advantages in the matter of experience; and more especially that, owing to parchments and medals, I was enabled to obtain an appointment on the visiting medical staff of Bellevue Hospital. This brought me into contact with

most of the leading surgeons and physicians; on to which waters I hopefully cast every crumb of bread I could raise, in view of the promise so well known to all needy waiters on the banks of the river of chance.

One day I went into the fever ward to see a patient in whom I was interested. The poor fellow, an Englishman, was delirious, and crying piteously to his mother, as he imagined the nurse to be, to forgive him for running away and leaving her to go into the work-house, somewhere in Shropshire. The nurse was evidently touched, and did her best to soothe him. As I drew near she drew back. Having made my examination, I turned to leave, and then for the first time did I behold the nurse with the eyes of a man, instead of with the somewhat supercilious eyes of a visiting physician. Tall, with black hair and eyes, a face pale but curiously refined and full of infinite attraction, she stood gracefully, with her hands clasped in front of her; and in her plain well-fitting dress of grey stuff, with white linen collar and cuffs, she made, I thought, a marvellously striking picture. I bowed to her, but I did not pass on. On the contrary, I engaged her in conversation about my patient. She was quite self-possessed, answered my questions intelligently, and in some of her remarks suggested a knowledge that is not often found in a hospital nurse. Her voice was singularly pure and sweet, and there was a certain something in

her manner that hinted of high breeding.

"I have not seen you before, I think?" I said at last.

"No, sir; I think not."

"Have you been here long?"

"Six weeks only; but I am not very regular. I miss a day or a night now and then."

"Do you enjoy being here?"

She smiled slightly, as she answered, "It is hardly a place of enjoyment. Still, it interests me greatly."

"May I inquire your name, please?"

"Van Meter—Ethel Van Meter."

"Thank you very much. I think the delirium will leave him before to-morrow. Good morning, Miss Van Meter," I said, offering my hand.

Doctors do not, as a rule, shake hands with nurses: I knew it, and she also knew it. For a moment she hesitated, then, giving me a quick glance, she touched my hand, while a faint colour crept into her face. Some hours later I saw my patient again, but the nurse had gone off duty. The case in question was an ordinary case of typhoid fever, but of a sudden its features must have changed, I think, for I found it advisable to note its character three times a-day for several successive days. And yet Miss Van Meter was never on duty. Considered as a symptom of the case in hand, I found that her absence was much to be regretted. At last I resorted to the matron, and from her I learned that Miss Van Meter had, at her own request, been transferred to the consumptive ward.

"Is she a New-Yorker?" I asked.

"I do not know, sir. She is not a paid nurse; she gives her service for the sake of the experience."

"Will you let me have her town address, please?"

"Certainly, Dr Martin; with pleasure," answered the matron, turning and bending over her desk to hide her look of amusement.

I took the address, thanked her, and went and made sure that Miss Van Meter was on duty; then I went out to explore her address. I had a notion that I should find her home to be more in accord with her person than with her assumed station in life. She was questionless a lady of wealth, and could afford not only to have, but to indulge her whim. I hailed a hack gave the address, and full of curious fancies that gradually shaped themselves into a coherent day-dream, I lost consciousness of the outside world. When the hack stopped, I jumped out and looked around me. There was nothing aristocratic to be seen. It was a short street, open only at one end, and made up of cheap houses, small, and pretentiously painted. It struck me as a region inhabited by thrifty mechanics. I was half inclined to re-enter the hack and drive back, but I think I lacked the moral courage. I was standing right opposite the door of the house I was seeking. The house was like all the rest, new, small, cheap, and pretentious. I rang the bell in desperation. A woman wearing a purple velvet dress and a kitchen apron answered the door. Now I submit that a purple velvet dress is hardly in keeping with the best room of such a house, and in the evening; but in the morning, when all the housework is being done, and under an apron—well, I fear my manner was a trifle brusque.

"Does Miss Van Meter live here?"

"Yes, sir, she does."

"Can I see her?"

"No; she ain't in. She's at the hospital."

"Oh, you are not her mother, I think?"

"Oh no, sir, that I ain't. She only boards and lodges here. I guess she ain't gotten a father or mother."

"Indeed! I did not know that. Has she been with you long?"

"Nigh on three months. She comes from Massachusetts way, from all I learn. But she ain't very talkative, sir."

I asked one or two more questions, withheld my name, which I was invited to leave, and wished the royally arrayed daughter of the people good morning. I did not return to the hospital that day; and as I sat smoking in my den at night, I affected the part of the sadder but the wiser man. I congratulated myself on the neat way in which I had at the start pricked my little painted bladder of romance. I rated myself soundly for my idiotic susceptibility; I took a vow of callousness in the future; I called upon my stars to write me down an ass if ever I looked at a girl again until I had made sure she was an heiress at the least. Thus did I put on a giant's armour, forgetting that my natural stature was not heroic. For two days I was brave—that is to say, I kept out of the fight; I avoided the hospital altogether. On the third day I wanted to see the senior house-surgeon on an important matter. I went into his office, and there I found Miss Van Meter. She was looking out of the window, and as I entered she turned and bowed. I went up to her and shook hands.

"I want to see Dr Hoare; is he within?" I asked, looking towards a door that led into a large consultation-room.

"Yes; he has been engaged for some time now. I don't think he will be long. I am waiting to see him also, but I am not in a

great hurry. You may see him first if you wish, sir," she said, and her voice sounded like music. I remembered that saying of Master Truewit: I love measure in the feet, and number in the voice; they are gentlenesses that oftentimes draw no less than the face.

"Thank you very much, but you know the doctor is a great stickler for the rule, first come first served. He would never forgive me if he knew that I had broken it, especially to a nurse. He looks upon a nurse, you know, as half angel and half pet."

"Yes, he is eccentric in some things, but entirely good, I am sure. Is he not also very clever in his profession?"

"Clever, Miss Van Meter, is no word for it. I think sometimes that he is inspired. He has performed operations that have never been attempted by any one else. And what is better, he has succeeded in them. He deserves to be immortal; and if he had only had a President to work upon, instead of an Irish navvy, he would have been." I was young then, and enthusiastic, but age and experience and technical knowledge have done little to modify my estimation of that wonderful man.

"Ha! what a grand thing it is to be a man, when one is clever!" exclaimed Miss Van Meter, enthusiastically.

"Cleverness is a very common commodity in these days. The desirable thing is genius. But I hope you are never tempted to wish you were a man?"

"Oh dear, no; I think we women are much better off than you men. And we owe our position to the men. I, for one, am not ungrateful," she said, smiling sweetly.

"You are evidently happy in your work. Many ladies are not, I fear."

"Yes, I think I am happy."

"But you are not sure, eh?"

"I am not sure—what mortal is?"

"I can ask questions better than I can answer them. Yet I think I may say, for once, that I am perfectly happy."

"Really? How long has it lasted, doctor?" she asked in a light mocking tone, and with a flash of her dark eyes and a little toss of the head, that made her look more attractive than ever.

"Oh, it has lasted quite—seven or eight minutes," I answered, gravely, and my eyes met hers as she gave me one of her quick searching glances.

"I knew you were jesting, doctor," she said, moving towards the door, I thought, in order to hide the mutinous colour in her cheeks.

"Are you going? I was not jesting—at least if I was, it was with truth. Have I offended you? Forgive me, Miss Van Meter?"

With her hand on the door, she turned, and with a look that would have made any man her slave, murmured, "It was very pretty of you, doctor, and kindly meant; but I am only a nurse. Good day, sir." Then she opened the door and was gone.

Unquestionably my whole deportment towards her had been unprofessional. Not in words so much as in tone and sentiment and manner, I had treated her as I should have done a lady in society who was matrimonially eligible. As things went, this was scarcely the correct thing to do, especially after the laborious exercise of putting on my giant's armour. I felt that she had done right, supremely right, and done it gracefully; while I had acted after my kind, neither rightly nor gracefully. She had indeed said it was pretty of me and kindly meant; but that was her gracious tact. The mem-

ory of her words, apart from her voice and look, grew at times satirical and disquieting. This, I think, was one of the subtle workings of conscience. After some further waiting, the senior surgeon put in his appearance, and in the course of conversation I managed to get on to the subject of Miss Van Meter. I asked him what he knew of her.

"Not much," he answered, "but all in her favour. She is well-mannered, self-possessed, skilful, attentive, and has an unusual knowledge of medicine. Her nerves are good; she helped me the other day in a very painful operation, and stood it like a man. She is one of the best nurses I ever came across."

"Who is she?"

"Hang it, man, how do I know?"

I confessed I did not know, except on the general principle that he was supposed to know everything; and there the subject dropped. After this I saw Miss Van Meter pretty often. I contrived every means of meeting her and talking with her, and the more I saw of her the better I liked her. Things had gone on in this way for a month or six weeks, when one night at my chambers I had another long conference with myself. I put the question, "Are you in love with her?" It was a serious question, and involved some important consequences; yet in an instant these words came into my mind, and filled it with a sound like the humming of bees on a summer's day:—

"Have you seen but a bright lily
grow,

Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you marked but the fall of the
snow,

Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's-down ever?

Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?

Or the nard in the fire?

Or have tasted the bag of the bee?

Oh so white! oh so soft! oh so sweet
is she!"

And by the same token I knew that I was in love with her.

"But you are poor, and cannot afford to keep a wife. She is poor, and you have called upon your stars to write you down an ass if you ever look at a girl that cannot lift you from the slough of poverty. Think of your mother and sister. Think how domestic cares will hinder you in your profession, weigh you down, eat out your heart."

But to every objection there was the one delicious and irrefragable answer: "Oh so white! oh so soft! oh so sweet is she!" After which I went to bed with a delightful project in my head, and slept soundly till morning. When I rose, I felt curiously nervous; I was almost afraid to shave lest I should cut myself, as my hand trembled so. I dressed with more than my usual care, and took nothing for my breakfast except a couple of strong cups of coffee. Then I made my way to the hospital, went in search of Miss Van Meter, found her in one of the wards, and said to her, "Are you very busy just now?"

She looked a little surprised, as she replied, "No; I am at liberty for some time."

"I want to speak with you; let us go lower down the room," I said, nervously.

It was a large room, and at the lower end the beds were all empty. In front of one of the many windows was a large screen that cut us off from the view of the inmates at the further end. We were liable to be interrupted at any moment by some one entering, but that did not trouble me. She stood motionless, with her hands clasped in front of her, and her

face unusually pale. I think her woman's instinct was alert.

"I hardly know," I said, "where to begin my tale, to make it most effective. I think I had better begin at the end. I want to tell you that I love you. I want to ask you to be my wife."

In a moment the pallor fled, and the blood came mounting to her face; but she did not speak, only dropped her eyelids.

"Darling, I love you with all my heart and soul. I cannot live without you. I will live only for you, live to make you happy. Oh, don't say No, Ethel. I have nothing to offer you except my love, and my good name; but with you to work for, I will get on, and make money. I can do anything with you by my side."

I pleaded with a passion that is the key-note of eloquence.

"But I am only a nurse."

"Nay, you are a sweet woman, the sweetest living."

"I am poor; you should not marry a poor girl, dear André."

Dear André! How divine my name sounded on her lips!

"Poor! Your dowry is your sweet womanhood: it is better than money. Are you afraid of poverty, Ethel?"

"I don't know. I am afraid it is not a desirable thing."

"But I shall get on; my prospects are good. I will work day and night for your sake."

"Then you would soon die and leave me. Do you know we are almost strangers to each other?"

"Then we shall have the longer time to be friends. Say you love me, say you care for me a bit, darling. My happiness is in your keeping," I said, taking her hands in mine.

"Yes, I could say that, with truth. But I am not sure yet that I am the girl for you," she answered in a low voice.

"I am, though," I said, and bending down, I kissed her. For a moment or two she was pliable, then she gently pushed me from her, saying—

"No, not yet; I am not sure that it is right. Won't you leave me now, please?"

"Yes, but you are mine now; God bless you!" And raising her hand to my lips, I kissed it, and left her.

That same day I wrote my mother, telling her the news. In as short a time as the mail arrangements allowed, I received her answer. It was not encouraging. It was crammed with solid common-sense, and shrewd worldly wisdom, but it made no concession to my affection. Full of sagacity, it was empty of sympathy. I burnt it with a sore heart. It was about three weeks after this, when Miss Van Meter said to me one day, just outside Bellevue—

"I am going home to-morrow for a few days. Could you run down for a day? I should like to exhibit you, you know, to the 'old folk.'"

She spoke laughingly, and with an affected freedom that contrasted charmingly with her ordinary reserve.

"I shall be delighted. I thought your parents were not living, Ethel!"

She looked up quickly, then smiled as she said—

"Indeed! What made you think that?"

It was not convenient for me to tell her that her landlady it was that had made the blunder.

"Well, perhaps because you had not spoken of them. You will give me your address? You must not stay too long. When am I to come?"

"To-day is Wednesday; suppose you come on Saturday? I posted you a note this morning

containing the address; you will find it when you get home."

I promised to visit her on Saturday, and a little later we parted. On reading the note which awaited me on my return home, I was not a little surprised to find that Miss Van Meter's home was some few miles west of the famous City of Notions, otherwise known as the Hub of the Universe. I had not anticipated a journey of over two hundred miles. However, there was nothing for it but to go; so I went to Boston on the Friday, and took an early train out to Eastby-eastborough on Saturday. The train pulled up in an open square in the middle of Main Street. I got out, wondering why they had not run us into the town-hall while they were about it, and have introduced us to the select-men. The train seemed as much at home in the centre of the street as the horses and buggies and bucolic-looking natives.

"Where does Mr Van Meter live?" I inquired of an independent and dilapidated hackman.

"Don't know such a man," he answered, eyeing me from top to bottom; then he called to a gentleman who looked remarkably like a tramp, and was examining me critically from a distance, saying, "Hi, Bill! this man wants to know where a party by the name of Van Meter lives; darned if I know."

Bill, thus invited, advanced cautiously as though I had been an ugly dog or a vicious mule.

"I guess you're a stranger in these here parts?" he remarked, thrusting a chew of tobacco into his mouth.

"Yes, I am."

"I would say you ain't a Massachusetts man, neither?"

"Right again."

"I guess you're a drummer, ain't yer?"

It was the first time I had ever been taken for a commercial traveller, whose make-up I do not, as a rule, admire. I tilted my silk hat rakishly on one side, opened my legs wide, thrust my hands into my pants-pockets, and fixing my gaze serenely upon Bill, said—

"Now, listen: my name is Joe Walker, orphan, bachelor, pork-butcher, worth a hundred thousand dollars, got a fast trotter, you bet; hail from Buffalo, New York; come down on the quiet to buy land and pigs; gave a hundred dollars for this here suit of clothes I've gotten on. Now, say, do you know where Mr Van Meter lives, yes or no?"

The hackman grinned, but Bill was not so nimble in his mind as he appeared; he looked a trifle sheepish as he said—

"Is it Van Meter as used to live at the Hall?"

"Is he the only Van Meter you know of?"

"I guess he is."

"Then he is the man; where is his place, please?"

I found it was a couple of miles or more from Eastbyeastborough, so I drove a bargain with his highness the hackman to take me out for a dollar, stipulating, with Bill as a witness, that the money should be refunded if the emaciated horse fell dead by the way. The Van Meter cottage was a wee toy of a place, built like a Swiss *chalet*, and painted in dark-green and red. It stood a little from the road, on high ground, with plenty of shade trees in front. It looked very snug and dainty, albeit it was not much larger than a dovecot. I was on the point of raising the old-fashioned brass knocker, when an elderly man of about sixty, with white hair, came round the corner. He wore knee-breeches and a dark-blue coat with brass

buttons and swallow-tails. He looked like a gentleman of the old style, and brought up the memory of my grandfather on the only occasion I ever saw him.

"Does Mr Van Meter live here?" I inquired.

"My name is Van Meter, sir. Are you Dr Martin?"

"Yes."

"Then I am glad to see you, sir. I have heard all about you. We were expecting you. Come in, sir."

I followed him into a tiny parlour, exquisitely clean, and quaint as its owner. The old gentleman went to summon his wife, and in a very short time she appeared. She was a little sweet-faced woman with short white curls, and a black silk dress figured with blue flowers. In neatness, quaintness, and good-nature, she was the counterpart of her husband. She made me a pretty old-time curtsy as she entered, and said, as she shook my hand heartily, "I am most happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Miss Van Meter is out just now, but she will be back soon, sir."

I noticed that they spoke of their daughter with a certain formality and delicate change of tone, which I attributed in part to my being a stranger, and in part to the respect which a country family always feels towards the member that lives in the city. I made myself as agreeable as I knew how to be, and spent a very pleasant half-hour chatting. Mrs Van Meter then left the room, a little abruptly I thought, and in less than thirty seconds Mr Van Meter followed her. I was feeling amused when the door opened and in walked Miss Van Meter. It was the middle of June, and she was dressed in white, with yellow ribbons, and a broad-rimmed hat tied

tightly down on each side. She was twenty-three, but did not look a day older than twenty, and I was just turned thirty. I thought her the loveliest living picture I had ever seen. I told her so, as I kissed her. At dinner it was curious to see how nervous the old folk were, how proud of their daughter, how deferential; they evidently worshipped the ground she trod on. I had to leave by the four o'clock train to catch the New York express at Boston; and Miss Van Meter proposed showing me another way to Eastbyeast-borough, longer, but quieter and prettier. While she was putting on her hat and gloves, I bade good-bye to her parents.

"I hope I have your consent, if I can win her?" I said, addressing them both.

The old gentleman laughed, whereat his wife frowned, and said—

"James, you would laugh at a funeral, I do think." Then to me, "Yes, sir, we both wish you success. We think there is nobody like her on earth, sir."

"Therein you think right. Thank you very, very much; good-bye once more," I said, as my beloved came on the scene.

We soon left the highway and turned up a lane that ran through a small plantation and on to high ground. The view from there was glorious; miles and miles of rolling country very richly wooded. Near to us was a large, handsome stone house, with a tall clock-tower and beautiful grounds. I admired the place and the situation hugely.

"Who lives there, do you know?" I asked my companion.

"An eccentric maiden lady, I believe," she answered indifferently, calling my attention to a remarkable boulder-stone some distance ahead.

"A maiden lady, eh? Is she too old to marry?"

She laughed in her sweet way, and said, "Oh no; she isn't fifty yet."

"What is her name?"

"Miss Jewett. Look, yonder is Wachusett!" she cried, as that mountain came suddenly in view. I admired the mountain, I admired the boulder-stone, I admired some Baltimore aureoles that rested for an instant on a bush in front of us.

"What else shall I admire?" I asked her.

"I don't know, unless,—well, did you admire my—my parents?" she said, almost timidly.

"Yes, indeed I did. I hope you may like my mother and sister as well."

She seemed pleased.

"Do you think I am like either of them?"

"No; I do not think you are. Yet you have your father's eyes."

She laughed. Then with a quick gravity, she said, "You see, they are poor; with all their virtues, and they are many, they are poor. Would you care to have them for your parents, when you could do so infinitely better?"

"My darling, all I want is you. May I hope? Do you care for me a bit? Tell me, Ethel, will you love me and be my wife?"

My arm encircled her waist, and I drew her to me till her head was on my breast. I felt her tremble. "Speak, my love, speak!"

She raised her head, and with her love-lit eyes drinking mine, she murmured passionately, "Yes, dearest, I do love you, and I will be your wife."

A month later we were married, very quietly, in New York; Mr and Mrs Van Meter and my mother being the only persons present to witness the ceremony. Agreeably to my wife's wish, I resigned my position in the city,

and sought a country practice. I was not long in finding one, and as it was in Massachusetts, it gave great pleasure to my wife. It was in the village of Elstow, high up among the hills. The present incumbent, Dr Kinnicutt, had been there for thirty years, and had a large practice that took in four or five outlying villages. I had known his son in Vienna; and as the doctor was giving up practice and going south for his health, he offered me the place, and I gladly took it. We leased his house, ready furnished, and moved in at once. We were pleasantly situated, my wife proved an excellent house-keeper, and for three months our prospects were bright and our happiness supreme. Then the clouds began to gather. First, a rival practitioner came to Elstow and hung out his shingle. He styled himself an "Eclectic," which perhaps accounted for his impudence. He was a smooth, suave, sly dog. He knew very little about medicine, and a great deal about human nature. The leading church in the place, to which unfortunately I did not belong, was a close communion, hard-shell Baptist. Of course the Eclectic at once announced that he was a zealous hard-shell Baptist. This meant the loss of my best patients, for without troubling to discover any direct relation between their theological tenets and the state of their health, it was a notable fact that most of the chronic cases which I treated might have been found any Sunday morning in the Baptist church. These at once deserted me for the Eclectic.

"Never mind, André; let them go. Those that are alive in twelve months will only be too glad to come back again," my wife would say, with fine disdain. So I put on a proud lip, did my level best, and waited for the return

of the first hard-shell Baptist who should come to himself. But I never saw him. My circuit took in the village of Highlow, and one day in October, as I rode into the place, my eyes were suddenly afflicted with the sight of a large new signboard bearing this legend: Doctor De Witte, Homœopathic Physician. I was told that he had said that he was come and meant to stay. And stay he did. Had his system of medical ethics been the same as mine, the knowledge that I considered him an interloper, a sort of moral poacher, would doubtless have troubled his conscience. But as it was, I believe he only laughed, nicknamed me Pope Martin, and said I must have a devilish lot of humour in me. But the worst of all was that he was a clever, well-educated fellow, who understood his business, and did good work. His bread-pills, sugar-coatings, and infinite distillations, worked wonders in several instances. His fame was bruited about and grew with what it fed upon. Certain well-known, though hardly commendable, characteristics of average humanity were thus afforded a clear field for their display. And they were thus displayed, with the result that I became aware that I was not holding my own against homœopath and eclectic combined. They made inroads into my practice that were fatal in a region that was so circumscribed. Still I struggled on, not so much bravely as fiercely and desperately; but in vain. At first the difficulty was to make two ends meet, and do what we would there came times when they would not meet. I tried to sublet the house, intending to go into a small cottage, but no one wanted it. One day I missed our single servant.

"My darling, are you still happy in my love?" was the irrelevant

question that met my inquiry as to where Bridget was. I took my wife in my arms, and kissed her, saying, "Yes, love; your love is everything to me."

"Then, dearest husband—you will not be angry—I am going to do my own housework. I am tired of servants; they eat up more than they are worth."

I could not speak. A great lump was in my throat. I felt like choking. I feel it now; I always feel it when I remember that time. Let it pass. How we got through the winter I do not know. I was my own groom, and my wife was maid-of-all-work. When spring came, we began to talk about leaving and going back to New York. I had written my old employer, asking if he knew of any one who wanted an assistant. He replied, after a month's dreary delay, that he should only be too happy to re-engage me himself. It looked very dreary going back, and I thought my wife shrank from the prospect. Another thing troubled me: in the course of a couple of months my darling was expecting to become a mother. It was arranged that she should go home to Eastbyeastborough for the event; but it looked at present as if I should not be able to be with her, being expected in New York. This troubled me not a little.

At last the day came for us to leave Elstow. We drove across country, about thirty miles, to Eastbyeastborough, where we were warmly welcomed by Mr and Mrs Van Meter. I intended staying with my wife three or four days, and then to leave her and proceed to New York. Two or three days went by, and I was to leave on the morrow. It was a bright warm day in the beginning of June. My wife had gone, I understood, to the village to do some shopping,

and I sat under the trees in front of the house smoking. The birds were singing, the buds were opening, and all nature was pulsing with new and beautiful life. A stray butterfly went sailing to and fro. My heart grew heavy as I thought of leaving my wife, and going back to the foul streets of the metropolis. I was aroused from my dismal thoughts by the appearing of a footman in livery.

"If you please, sir, are you Dr Martin?" inquired the man.

"I am."

"If you please, sir, mistress wants to see you at once."

"Who is your mistress?"

"Miss Jewett, of the Hall."

"Oh yes, I remember; the place with a clock-tower?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't know how she knew I was here. Is she sick?"

"I don't know, sir; her maid brought me her order. She has been away from home for some time."

"Very well. I will follow you directly."

The man left, and I went in, freshened myself up a bit, and started for the Hall. I tried to recollect what my wife had told me of her, but could only recall that she was a maiden lady, and eccentric. When I reached the Hall, I was shown into the drawing-room—a long room, very lofty, with great pointed arch windows, and luxuriously furnished. I had not time to take in more of the details, before a maid-servant entered and said—

"If you please, sir, mistress will see you in her boudoir, if you will please to follow me."

I followed her across the spacious hall, up a great wide massive staircase of cedar, along a corridor, and into the boudoir, where she left me. It was a wonderful

room, upholstered in yellow satin, and magnificently frescoed. Curious and costly bric-a-brac abounded, and I noticed some exquisite specimens of Mexican landscape feather-work. There were two doors in the room—one leading into the corridor, the other, I judged, into Miss Jewett's apartments. A portfolio of engravings lay upon a table; I picked it up, and seating myself near a window, amused myself with its contents. In a few minutes the door leading into the private apartments opened, and a lady, superbly attired and flashing with diamonds, entered the boudoir. *It was my wife.* I bounded to my feet, exclaiming, "Wife! what does this mean?"

For a moment or two she played the part of the great lady, and said, with sweet condescension, "Doctor Martin, I presume!" Then, with a cry of joy, she rushed to me, and throwing her arms about my neck, sobbed, "My husband, you shan't leave me—you shan't go to New York. It is all mine, my darling, and what is mine is yours!"

Well, of course I took her in my arms and kissed her, she looked so supremely beautiful. Then with a sense of being in a dream, I said, "Tell me what it all means, Ethel."

"Tell me, first, that you will forgive me, and not be angry with me," she murmured, offering her mouth for a kiss—a sweet bribe.

I promised her, and then she said, "Dearest, I am Miss Jewett, the eccentric lady, but no longer a maiden. My full name is Ethel Van Meter Jewett. I am all alone in the world, my parents being both dead. Mr and Mrs Van Meter, whom you know, are very dear to me, but they are only very distant relations by marriage, not by blood. I made them promise to be my parents for a day;

they would do anything to please me—anything, the dear souls, if I told them it was right."

"But, Ethel, what in the world brought you at Bellevue?"

She laughed.

"No, I am not mad. I had a reason, dearest. I do not know whether you will think it a very sane reason, but I hope you will."

"I will try."

"Thank you, husband mine. It was this: I am rich, just awfully rich; I believe I am worth a million and a half of dollars. Dear papa, who died three years ago, left me everything. Darling, you have no idea what a lot of gentlemen wanted to marry me. I did not care for one of them, and I could not help thinking that they wanted me less than my money. They gave me no peace, and I became very unhappy. I made up my mind that I would marry no man who could not give me a sure proof he loved me for my own sake. I very quickly saw that in my real position I had small chance of either the man or the proof. Then it was that the idea suggested itself to me of concealing my identity and becoming a nurse. I did not foresee how that was going to help me to find a husband. I did not think of it exactly in that light. I thought more of getting rid of unwelcome suitors, and standing on my own merits, if I had any. It was very rash of me, I see and know now; but husband mine, oh, I am so glad I did it, for I found you; and I tried you, and you are gold. We have tasted poverty together and were happy, and our love did not wane. Now we are rich together, and God grant our love may still be the true measure of our wealth."

"Amen, my wife," I answered, as I kissed the tears from her eyes.

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON.

To those who have followed the political history of Ireland for the last six years, it seems like awakening from a long nightmare to return to the writings of an author so great and good as those of her late poet, Sir Samuel Ferguson. Wrath, indignation, and bitterness disappear for the time under the influence of a spirit so broad, and pure, and true. Hope revives, and even bids us trust the end is near of all these party struggles and petty jealousies that paralyse our country's power, when a voice such as this speaks to us from the grave, and that grave an Irish one, in accents that must win respect, and sympathy, and love.

Sir Samuel Ferguson was born at Belfast in 1810. He was the third son of John Ferguson of Collon House, County Antrim. Educated at the Belfast Academical Institution, and at Trinity College, Dublin, he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1826, and his degree of Master of Arts in 1832. He was called to the Irish Bar in 1838, and made Queen's Counsel in 1859. In the State Trials in Dublin in 1848, along with Mr John O'Hagan and Sir Colman O'Loughlin, he defended the poet Richard Dalton Williams, who on the 2d of November was tried on a charge of treason-felony. Ferguson was leading counsel in this case, and in a powerful and convincing speech he won his client's release.

Samuel Ferguson's practice was on the north-east circuit, where his clear and powerful style of argument won him a foremost place. A fresh and more congenial field of industry was opened

to him when, in 1867, he was appointed Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records in Ireland—the first who bore that title—and carried out the organisation of that department. He was also charged with the administration of the Act for the preservation of the parochial records of the Irish Church. In 1878 he was knighted; and he attained the highest literary position in Dublin when, in 1884, he was unanimously elected President of the Royal Irish Academy. None more beloved have ever held this chair. With a courtesy which extended to the humblest servant in the institution, his bearing was marked by a certain state and dignity. He seemed filled with a sense of the importance of the institution, as being not merely an aggregate of individuals, each seeking to further his own branch of study, but as a body having a historic past, with traditions to be continued into a future which should be historic also. He strove to impress upon its members that theirs should not be regarded as a teaching institution, but rather as an investigating and philosophic body; and nowhere do we see his own theories of life more clearly expressed than in the closing passage of his presidential address: "Still," he says at the close of a review of the late advances in science, "the '*audax omnia perpeti gens humana*' will remain—the old sons of Adam, to whom the control of the elements, if they could attain it, would be as nothing in real value compared with the control of their own desires and passions; and for whose enlightenment in a higher wisdom

than that of *Calculus* or *Quaternion*—in the wisdom which makes life happy and beautiful, even if it be laborious—Philosophy and History and Poetry have been softening manners and gladdening the hours of leisure ever since the boon of letters was first bestowed on mankind." In an eloquent passage, Professor Mahaffy tells the world how, in his own life, Sir Samuel was guided by that "higher wisdom," making an atmosphere of cheerful life around him.

"Keeping open house with perfect simplicity in the midst of a large company of relations and friends, who all loved him, he moved about among them, seasoning his words, especially to the young, with that delicate humour which adds point and grace to kindly feelings. Even the parting letters which he dictated to his oldest friends when he felt his end near, show flashes of this rare quality. You felt that he saw clearly the frailties of human nature, but that he sympathised with them and forgave them. You felt that he loved youth and high spirits, and that his deepest pleasure was to witness and to promote happiness. Nothing ever clouded the serenity of his home, unless it were this, that the orphan and the unfortunate were constantly inmates of the house, where they found new parents and sure protectors. He had an open day in the week, when any of his young friends in college might come in to dinner without special invitation. He took his summer holidays by travelling with two or three young girls, to whom he wished to show the world. Never did a poor author appeal to him in vain. In his anxiety to revive a distinctively Irish literature, he perhaps sacrificed some of the popularity of his books."

It had always been a source of

pain and humiliation to Sir Samuel, as to other educated Irishmen, that Ireland should be without an adequate history, and without a characteristic literature rising above the conventional Irish buffooneries; and the pages of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' in which his first writings appeared, as well as those of the 'Dublin University Magazine,' show how earnestly he set himself to the task of laying the foundation of a national literature. From his twenty-second to his thirtieth year he published prose tales such as 'The Return of Olanboy,' and a series of Irish historical romances—*Hibernian Nights*' Entertainments—containing, among others, the tale of the 'Children of Usnach,' the 'Captive of Killeshen,' the 'Rebellion of Silken Thomas,' 'Corby MacGillmore,' 'Rosabel of Ross.' At this period also he published many translations from French, Danish, and Irish, occasional poems of wit and humour, and such prose as that brilliant piece of fun which has since attained permanent celebrity, "Father Tom and the Pope."¹ However, we should be mistaken if we formed the impression that our author was so uniformly amiable a character as to leave no trace of bitterness and scorn behind him in his writings. Alas! no honest Irishman but has felt moved by such at times, in this as in past centuries. And in the scathing satire of "Inheritor and Economist,"² and of "Dublin," a poem, written in 1849, in imitation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, we seem to feel the *æva indignatio* of Swift burning through every line:—

¹ See Blackwood's Magazine; afterwards republished in *Tales from Blackwood*, first series, vol. iii.

² University Magazine, vol. xxxiii. p. 638.

"Let Menenius here
Thrive, and Sartorius, who can make it clear
By mode synthetic, or, with equal ease,
By analytic method, which you please,
That Ireland, after nature's lists were full,
Was supplementalsed in ease of Bull
As servient tenement. . . .

Or show you by *sorites*, past dispute,
That agitation is misfortune's root,
(By agitation you're to understand
Irishmen taking thought for Ireland),
And that, allowing only for some small
Eventualities exceptional,
Of late occurrence, say some one or two
Millions of starved (a million still too few),
Since agitation ceased, no men alive
Ere thrive as we do, or we ought to thrive."¹

This mood was softened and subdued in later years, and our author, keeping aloof from politics, concentrated his energies on work of a more congenial nature. Sir Samuel Ferguson's contributions to archæology deserve a more detailed notice than it is possible to give in a short paper such as this, but the writer would gladly convey some impression of the charm of his companionship on an archæological tour. The *bonhomie* and genuine humour of the man brightened the long hours of a wet day in a comfortless Irish inn, quite as much as the love of nature and inexhaustible lore, with which his memory overflowed, enhanced the delight of hours spent amidst the wild cliffs and islands of our Atlantic coasts. The poetic nature, "deep possessed with inward light," the "fancies springing from a heart at ease," made an atmosphere of sweet content about our friend, the influence of which was shared by all. We can picture his happy excitement at the moment when the first discovery was made of the Ogham inscription in the treasury of Queen Maeve, at the site of her royal residence in Roscommon. The history of

this Amazon queen of Connaught, who is held to have reigned in Ulster about the beginning of the Christian era, and the host of bardic legends that surround her memory, had fascinated his imagination from his early days. The treasury of the queen, it appears, was a grotto, to which in later days a second chamber was added on as porch or ante-grotto, to form the roof of which some long stones were carried from the adjoining burial-ground. In 1864 Sir Samuel and Lady Ferguson explored this place, which is situated in the wide tract of grazing lands lying around Tusk, in the county of Roscommon. Ancient mounds and vestiges of earthen constructions extend in all directions from the central fortress. On the north-western side of this "Relig" stands a minor cemetery, two of the chambers in which unite so as to form the entrance to a cave of considerable extent, partly natural, partly artificial. Sir Samuel, eager to explore the inner cave, left Lady Ferguson behind in the ante-grotto, where she remained in the darkness awaiting his return. Having provided herself with matches, she

¹ University Magazine, vol. xxxiv. p. 102.

lit a candle and commenced the examination of the stones of which the artificial portion of the cave was built. Her eye at last caught sight of markings on the edge of one, now fixed into the roof. Full of delight, she called out that she had discovered an Ogham inscrip-

tion. Sir Samuel, hastily making his way back through the stones that choked the narrow entrance, now, like his own bard Murgen when he discovered the long-lost grave of Fergus, saw the pillar stone, and—

“Down the corners of the column, letter strokes of Ogham carved;
 ‘Tis, belike, a burial pillar,’ said he, ‘and these shallow lines
 Hold some warrior’s name of valour, could I rightly spell the signs.’
 Letter then by letter tracing, soft he breathed the sound of each;
 Sound and sound then interlacing, lo, the signs took form of speech;
 And with joy and wonder mainly thrilling, part a-thrill with fear,
 Murgen read the legend plainly, ‘Fergus, son of Roy is here.’”

Delighted with his wife’s discovery, Sir Samuel could exclaim, “Freoch, son of Maeve, is here;” for the Ogham letters are, we believe, allowed on all hands to signify *Freocci maqi medffi*.

Next morning he returned to Dublin, and the first thing he did on arrival was to unpack the precious rubbing he had made. Going over it carefully, he found to his dismay that one letter in the inscription was uncertain, indistinct, and blurred. There was just time to catch the night train back to Roscommon. Without a word, he started, and by twelve o’clock next morning, was again at work in the cave. This time his labour was well rewarded: the doubtful letter came forth in the most satisfactory manner, and Sir Samuel returned the happiest of human beings.

The results of his archaeological researches may be read in Ferguson’s numerous contributions to the Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy, among the most remarkable of which was a paper, read in 1867, on “The Rudiments of Common Law discoverable in the published portion of the *Senchus Mor*.” In 1881 the Fasciculus of Prints from Photographs of Casts of Ogham Inscriptions appeared, which was wel-

comed by all Celtic philologists as being the first representation of Ogham texts and stones yet published, which would enable those who had never seen such a monument to form a correct idea of it as a whole. In literature, as in his professional capacity, Sir Samuel achieved that high standard of excellence which can only be attained by the conscientious and scrupulous worker; but the future will know him through his poetry, where alone the powers of his heart and his imagination found expression.

To this Magazine belongs the merit of introducing his first published poem to the world, “The Forging of the Anchor,” written by him in his twenty-second year. In the “Noctes Ambrosianæ” for February 1832, by ‘Maga’s’ well-known contributor, Professor Wilson, the Christopher North of that inimitable work, a discussion is recorded on the use of technical terms in poetry.

“*Tickler*. The technical language of no art should ever be admitted into poetry. . . .

“*North*. No technical terms of art in poetry? . . . Lend me your ears. Here are some verses that give all such shallow and senseless critics the squabash!”

He then repeats "The Forging of the Anchor"; and, at the closing of the recital, Tickler exclaims, "That will do. Three cheers, my old boy, for the wooden walls! Is 'The Forging of the Anchor' your own, Kit?" Christopher North replies, "I wish it were. But the world will yet hear of the writer. Belfast gave him birth, I believe, and he bears the same name with a true poet of our own Scotland, Fergusson. 'Maga' will be proud of introducing him to the world."

Ferguson's first translations from Irish appear in the 'Dublin University Magazine' of 1834 and 1835, and in reviews of Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy,'¹ where he gives translations of his own, many of which were republished in his collected works. In these songs our author has been singularly happy in the way in which he has caught and expressed all the subtle qualities of a genius that is essentially Irish,—a genius at once wild and tender, playful, delicate, impassioned—now laughing, now wailing, and now stirred by deep and enduring emotion, which characterises the occasional outbursts of song or of native melody for which at all times Ireland has been distinguished. We say at all times, for a very misleading idea prevails that everything admirable in the native poetry and art of Ireland may be relegated to an early and remote period in the history of the country. The fact is that many of the most delightfully Irish compositions that Ferguson has translated were composed within the last century. Although its flame has been a flickering and fitful one, yet this native genius of our country, or that element in it which is worthy

of our love, has never been wholly extinguished; indeed the tragic interest of Ireland's story as that of intellectual life paralysed and genius blighted, will never be understood until her literary history is written. It may be that not till her native genius has quite died away, will England learn to know its real character or wherein lay its idiosyncrasies. A genius delicate, tender, and fresh as that of nature in her finest moods, cannot live where agitation and lawlessness are the rule, not the exception; and the few that remain who love that country still, are like dwellers in a forest by the sea, when they behold the grey lichen-growth on the branches that will eat the very heart out of the noble trees whose pillared stems and cloistered alleys form their temple. The lichen has grown throughout the land, and the best of the later poets through whom her native genius spoke was Samuel Ferguson.

As examples of this modern Irish poetry, we would draw our readers' attention to the "Elegy on the ruins of Timoleague Abbey," written about the year 1750, by John O'Cullane, and to the "Fair-haired Girl," and then contrast the hopeless yet enduring love that breathes in these stanzas with the wild boatman's "Song to the Whillan Rock at the mouth of Blacksod Bay."

"Whillan, ahoy! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well—on the bursting
brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine?"

On the tide top, the tide top,
Wherry aroon my land and store!
On the tide top, the tide top,
She is the boat can sail *go leor*.

¹ Dublin University Magazine, vol. iii. p. 465; vol. iv. pp. 152, 447, 514.

God of the Air ! the seamen shout
When they see us tossing the brine
about :

Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes
with a shock.

On the tide top, the tide top ! " &c.¹

" There is not," writes Sir Sam-

uel, " in the whole of Hardiman's collection, a sweeter song than the untranslated lament of Thomas Flavelle." He and his old friend George Fox, to whom he dedicated his last volume of poems, between them give us the following translation of this song :—

THE COUNTY MAYO.

" On the deck of Patrick Lynch's boat I sit in woful plight,
Through sighing all the long day, and weeping all the night ;
Ah ! but that from my people in sorrow forth I go,
By all that lives ! 'tis bravely I'd sing thy praise, Mayo !

When I was with my people, and my gold did much abound,
In the company of fair young maids the Spanish ale went round :
Ah ! but for too much drinking of that strong Spanish ale,
And for these wrongful English laws which overmuch prevail,
I had not now—I had not now to Santa Cruz to go,
To leave my bones beneath the sod far from my own Mayo.

The Irrul girls are altered—'tis proud they're grown and high,
With their hair-bags and their top-knots—for I pass their buckles by.
But if I were back in Irrul, for all their haughty airs,
I'd hold them for no better than hateful foreigners.
But Irrul I shall never see—my God will have it so—
For I must fly to foreign lands, and leave my own Mayo.

But ah !—if Patrick Loughlin were earl in Irrul still,
If Brian Duff, his son-in-law, were lord upon the hill,
If yet black Hugh MacGrady rode a colonelling in Clare,
I'd not be here,—I'd not be here, and my sweet masters there !
But alas ! these gallant gentlemen are lying dead and low,
And I am sailing swiftly from the county of Mayo."

Sir Samuel Ferguson and Aubrey de Vere, in the 'Foray of Queen Maeve, and other Irish Poems,' have followed the only true method of treating the grand and half-barbaric period in Irish history, which, despite its deeds of violence, has bequeathed to us legends full of wild grace, and of innate, as distinguished from conventional, refinement. They tell their tales as simply as their measure of power permits, and escape the now too common error of making characters drawn from antiquity mere embodiments of modern

thought and views of life, either veiled by a diction bristling with archaisms or enveloped by a smooth and subtle music in their rhythm. Piercing to the true significance of the moral that really underlies these legends, Ferguson draws forth the genuine worth that lies at the core of the story ; and by his treatment of it, making its manifestation his first object, he attains a freshness beyond that of many modern writers, while he gains a unity in his work which earlier bards failed to achieve. The cycle of legends connected

¹ Lays of the Western Gael, p. 217.

with the history of *Conor mac Nessa*, and the collateral branches of this mythus, telling the fate of the sons of *Usnach*, forms one group of Irish tales wrought into English verse by Samuel Ferguson. And if we would study these poems with regard to their mutual dependence and illustration of one another, so as to obtain their relative bearings, we should take them in the following order:—

1. The Abdication of *Fergus mac Roy*.
2. The Twins of *Macha*.
3. The Naming of *Cuchullin*.
4. *Mesgedra*.
5. *Deirdre*.
6. The *Tain Quest*.
7. *Conary*.
8. Healing of *Conall Carnach*.

Although Sir Samuel, when he desires that the poems of this series, called by him the *Conorian cycle*, should be read in the order here indicated, by which *Conor* becomes the central figure—yet it seems as though he himself had hardly realised how great the interest of the story of *King Conor mac Nessa* would become if he worked out the closing scenes of the tyrant's career as fully as he did the opening ones, and kept the figure of the king in clear and bold relief against a background filled with incidents of mingled horror and tender pathos. By thus continuing to make the form of *Conor* the centre of a tragedy in which the actors are subordinated to the progress of a great catastrophe that sweeps them on in its fatal course, we may be reminded of the conception of the old Greek dramas, where one guilty deed of tyranny or prophanity is followed by a long train of disaster, and where punishment descends like an heirloom of misery upon the children. Such is the

destiny of the house of *Conor mac Nessa*, involving the noble *Deirdre* and the Red Branch knights in its fall; and the tragic tale remains for some future poet to weave into a drama, showing to what degree the old Greek ideas of the awful vengeance ensuing upon neglect of divine oracles, ideas of *Nemesis* passing into retribution, had penetrated into the West.

We behold *Conor* first in all his youthful beauty, and watch the gradual deterioration of his character from the time when *Fergus* wooed his mother *Nessa* to be his wife, and won her upon the terms that her boy *Conor* should sit at his right hand at the council board.

"*Conor*," writes Judge O'Hagan, in his analysis of the first of the poems,¹ "thoughtful, ambitious, cool, self-centred, possessed the qualities in which *Fergus* was wanting. And so it chanced that one day at council there arose a litigated question, weighty and involved, in which the decision upon the right and the wrong demanded the most minute and patient attention to the details, and the clearest judgment as to the arguments. The dreamy *Fergus* felt that the case had escaped him, and that to make a decision was impossible. So scorning an affectation of knowing what he did not know, he turned to *Conor* and said, 'Boy judge, do thou decide.'"

"*Conor*, with unaltered mien,
In a clear sweet voice serene,
Took in hand the tangled skein,
And began to make it plain.

As a sheep-dog sorts his cattle,
As a king arrays his battle,
So, the facts on either side
He did marshal and divide.

.

As a charging cohort goes
Through and over scattered foes,
So, from point to point, he brought
Onward still the weight of thought,

¹ See the *Irish Monthly*, vol. xii. p. 384.

Through all error and confusion,
Till he set the clear conclusion
Standing like a king alone,
All things adverse overthrown."¹

And so Oonor mac Nessa ascended the throne of Fergus mac Roy, and reigned over Ulster—at first proving himself a wise and vigilant, resolute and cunning administrator of his realm, but in time degenerating into a character of utmost cruelty and treachery. In contrast to this fierce tyrant, we have the exquisite presence of the seer's daughter Deirdre.² Cassandra-like, herself gifted with some of her father's prescience, we follow her delightedly from the moment, in her first infant loveliness, when Banshee and Druid foretell her fatal share in the impending doom of the house of Oonor, through her maidenhood, passed as a prisoner in an island fort, to the moment when the noble Red Branch Knight Naisi wooed her, and freed her from the power of the wicked king. The lovers fly to Scotland, hiding by the shores of Loch Etive, with the sons of Usnach for their companions. "Here," says the writer already quoted, "the character of Deirdre shines forth with singular beauty. All the romance of nature which she had hived and secreted in her insular seclusion was poured forth

without stint upon her husband."
He learns to say—

"Love makes the woman's life
Within doors and without."

And she—

"Were the world
Peopled by but us two, I were content."

But she was gifted with an intellectual discernment far beyond that of Naisi—with that feminine insight which penetrates the real designs of men; and she is prescient of coming danger. The return of the exiled sons of Usnach is required by the chiefs of Ulster, and their king (Conor) treacherously gives the credulous Fergus, son of Roy, his word that if he will go forth to seek the fugitives, they shall be permitted to return free and unscathed to their inheritance. Fergus finds Deirdre, Naisi, and their brethren, surprising them in the midst of their tranquil life amid the Highland lochs and glens. Naisi, wearied of his life of inaction, gladly agrees to return to Ireland under the safe-conduct of Fergus. Deirdre accompanies him, her mind filled with foreboding of sorrow. On the voyage she takes her harp, and as her nurse undoes the fastenings of her hair, and her long tresses mingle with the wind, she sings—

"Harp, take my bosom's burthen on thy string,
And, turning it to sad, sweet melody,
Waste and disperse it on the careless air.

Air, take the harp-string's burthen on thy breast,
And, softly thrilling soulward through the sense,
Bring my love's heart again in tune with mine.

Blest were the hours when, heart in tune with heart,
My love and I desired no happier home
Than Etive's airy glades and lonely shore.

Alba, farewell! Farewell, fair Etive bank!
Sun kiss thee; moon caress thee; dewy stars
Refresh thee long, dear scene of quiet days!"

¹ *Lays of the Western Gael*, p. 27.

² *Poems*, 1880, p. 99.

We follow the fair mourning woman and her companions, as, like a long flight of wild birds, they cross the ocean, only to fall blindly into the trap laid for them by the wily Conor. Besieged in the house given for their shelter, the palace of the Red Branch at Emania, by the mercenary bands of Conor, Naisi and the sons of Usnach resolve to shelter Deirdre behind their shields, and cut their way to some place of safety. "But Deirdre cherished no illusions. She saw too clearly the end which she had from the first foreboded, and she prepared a cup for her own drinking. The valorous onset of the three was vain against overwhelming numbers, and their corpses were carried in and laid on the floor of the Red Branch house. Deirdre, before quaffing the poisoned cup, poured forth her fond lament, from which we take the following verses :—

"The lions of the hill are gone,
And I am left alone—alone ;
Dig the grave both wide and deep,
For I am sick, and fain would sleep.

The falcons of the wood are flown,
And I am left alone—alone ;
Dig the grave both deep and wide,
And let us slumber side by side.

The dragons of the rock are sleeping,—
Sleep that wakes not for our weeping ;
Dig the grave, and make it ready,
Lay me on my true love's body.

Oh, to hear my true love singing !
Sweet as sounds of trumpets ringing ;
Like the sway of ocean swelling,
Rolled his deep voice round our dwelling.

Oh, to hear the echoes pealing
Round our green and fairy sheeling !
When the three with soaring chorus
Made the skylark silent o'er us.

Echo now, sleep, morn and even—
Lark alone enchant the heaven ;

Ardan's lips are scant of breath,
Naisi's tongue is cold in death.

Stag, exult on glen and mountain—
Salmon, leap from loch to fountain—
Heron, in the free air warm ye,—
Usnach's sons no more will harm ye."

The poems of "The Naming of Ouchullin" and of "Conary" may be cited as among the finest in this cycle, as well as the most original. Ouchullin was the greatest of Celtic legendary heroes. His original name was Setanta ; but the poem tells how it was changed in early boyhood. Having killed the armourer Oullane's favourite wolfhound, the boy, in his sorrow for the pain his rash act caused, offers to take the place of the dog he has slain, and be henceforth the armourer's hound and friend. The lament of the old servant for his dog is most touching :—

"For thou hast slain my servant and
my friend,
The hound I loved, that, fierce, in-
tractable
To all men else, was ever mild to me.
He knew me ; and he knew my ut-
tered words,
All my commandments, as a man
might know ;
More than a man, he knew my looks
and tones,
And turns of gesture, and discerned
my mind,
Unspoken, if in grief or if in joy.
He was my pride, my strength, my
company,—
For I am childless ; and that hand of
thine,
Has left an old man lonely in the
world."

"Conary," though drawn directly from the earliest Irish romance, is, nevertheless, not translation, but an ancient story passed through the refining fire of a poet's imagination, yet losing nothing of its first wild freshness and vigour. The agents of divine retribution in

this tale are three red-capped fairy men, at the sound of whose magic music the warriors are beguiled from their posts into the forest and held there spellbound. When at the king's command these fairy pipers sound the charge,—

“At once—

It seemed as earth and sky were sound alone,
And every sound a maddening battle-call,—
So spread desire of fight through breast and brain,
And every arm to feat of combat strung.
Forth went the sallying hosts : the host within
Heard the enlarging tumult from their doors
Roll outward ; and the clash and clamour heard
Of falling foes before ; and, over it,
The yelling pibroch ; but, anon, the din
Grew distant and more distant ; and they heard
Instead, at every door new onset loud,
And cry of ‘ Fire ! ’ ‘ Bring fire ! ’ ”¹

Fine as each poem in this *Conorian* series is, yet we hold that ‘*Congal*,’² published in 1872, is the best and greatest work that Sir Samuel Ferguson has left us. It is an Irish epic founded on an ancient tale of the battle of Moyrath, fought A.D. 637, in itself a story suitable for epic purposes, since it embodies not only the one historic occurrence, but also the strife of races and religions—the struggle of the native against foreign auxiliary forces, the final struggle between paganism and Christianity. The wrathful *Congal*, like Achilles, brings untold woe upon his fellow-countrymen to avenge a private wrong ; and the pivot on which the tale revolves, is the judgment on one who invoked foreign aid to assist him in his vengeance. Wounded pride and jealous rage drive him to forget all softer ties, and war becomes the purpose of his life. Neither pagan nor Christian, he listens to the heathen bards, whose ready tool he becomes, merely because his foeman *Domnall*, King of Ireland, is a Christian ; and thus unwittingly he finds himself champion of the cause of an expiring religion with which he has no real sympathy. *Domnall* has

deceived *Congal* and broken his pact : the realms of Ulster he should have restored to him, their rightful heir, are treacherously withheld. This is the theme of the pagan bard *Ardan*, on hearing whose song the heart of *Congal* is stirred, and all his hidden impulses of ambition and revenge are aroused. He nevertheless preserves his control, till, stung by a fancied insult in the banquet-hall of *Domnall*, which served as spark to his long-smouldering flame, he sprang to his feet, and turning on the king, in burning words he accuses him of having formed a matured design to degrade and to dishonour him in the sight of the princes of Erin. He then casts defiance to King *Domnall*, and calls upon his train to follow him forth from that ungracious hall. He next encounters *Kellach*, the sworn enemy of *Domnall*, beneath whose shelter the deposed bards of heathen times still linger. How grand is the picture in the following lines of the gloom that filled the dark mountain valley, haunted by the forms of the banished pagan bards who found a sanctuary there !—

¹ *Poems*, 1880, p. 61.

² *Congal* : A Poem, in five books, 1872.

"Far on the steep gap's further side, a rugged tract they found,
 With barren breasts of murky hills and crags encompassed round :
 A hollow sound of blustering winds was from the margin sent,
 A river down the middle space with mighty tumult went ;
 And still, as further on they fared, the torrent swifter flowed,
 And mightier and murkier still the circling mountains showed ;
 A dreadful desert as it seemed : till Congal was aware
 Of divers goodly-visaged men and youths resorting there.
 Some by the flood-side lonely walked ; and other some were seen
 Who rapt apart in silent thought paced each his several green ;
 And stretched in dell and dark ravine were some that lay supine,
 And some in posture prone that lay, and conned the written line."

Kellach whets the anger of Congal, and promises him the aid of his seven sons ; nevertheless, he allows Congal is too weak to enter on the war without foreign help, and so advises him to appeal to Scotland for allies. Congal, ere he departs,

seeks his betrothed to bid her farewell. In the following scene of tender pastoral beauty, we read how the Irish chieftain's daughter is found by her lover outside the fort (p. 38):—

"The Princess with her women-train without the fort he found,
 Beside a limpid running stream, upon the primrose ground,
 In two ranks seated opposite, with soft alternate stroke
 Of bare, white, counter-thrusting feet, fulling a splendid cloak
 Fresh from the loom : incessant rolled athwart the fluted board
 The thick web fretted, while two maids, with arms uplifted, poured
 Pure water on it diligently ; and to their moving feet
 In answering verse they sang a chaunt of cadence clear and sweet.
 Princess Lafinda stood beside ; her feet in dainty shoes
 Laced softly ; and her graceful limbs in robes of radiant hues
 Clad delicately, keeping the time."

In few words Congal told her all,—how he was impelled to go forth to war, how indefinite the delay of their nuptials. The parting over, he sails for Scotland, thence to Britain, and finding auxiliaries also in the kings of the lands of the Franks and Saxons, Danes and Norwegians, he returns with his collected host to Erin. But from the moment of his arrival on land one omen more terrible than another confronts them. Spirits of heaven and hell conspire against him, and the poet's imagination has full play in the weird visions and spectral apparitions that attend the doomed warrior on his march through a land of mists and cloud-

capped mountains. First (p. 55) his ear is met by the hollow fall of giant footsteps along the mountain-side, and the continuous sound still echoes through the night, till through the white mists breaks the vision of the angry Sea-god Manannan MacLir, with his heavy tramp, like one who walks alone brooding on some cruel wrong. Next, he beholds a hag in the middle of a mountain-ford, laving the bloody corpses, severed limbs, and ghastly heads of some butchered army, his own fair soldiers, as she tells the king, lifting the semblance of his own head above the water. Then the heavenly powers oppose his march,—

"Till on a car afar were seen, by two swift coursers drawn,
 Herself, Lafinda, and her nurse, advancing through the dawn.
 Swift they approached : the ruddy blaze of sunrise round them spread
 Seemed with a diadem of rays to crown each radiant head."

As he springs forward to meet her, she tells him she comes with a message from the holy Brigid to implore him to desist from his unhallowed project. He will not listen to her warnings, and to revelations that to him are but "visions of a feverish night."

"'Congal,' the Princess pale replied ; 'No bridal pomp for me
Is destined, if thou hearkenest not to Brigid's embassy,
Save haply such a bridal pomp as, entering Brigid's cell,
A handmaiden of Christ may hope.'

Said he, 'The powers of hell
Have sought to turn me, and have failed ; and though in thee I find
My only heaven, yet neither thou shalt bend my steadfast mind.'
'Ah me !' she cried. 'What fate is mine ! The daughter of a king
Wooded by a king, and well content to wear the marriage ring ;
Who never knew the childish want not granted, nor desire
Of maiden bosom, but good saints and angels would conspire
To bring the innocent wish to pass ; who with the streams and flowers,
So happy was I, turned to joy the very passing hours,
From flowery earth and fragrant air, and all sweet sounds and sights
Filling my heart, from morn to eve, with fresh and pure delights,—
Just when, in bloom of life, I said, this world is wondrous fair,
Now in one hour see nothing left to live for, but despair.'

Then the nurse turns the horses' heads, and as the chariot-wheels round, the aged woman's aspect changes awfully, and the saint stood plain revealed, while steeds and car glow with white flame from the nimbus that surrounds her.

Princess Lafinda is now a nun in the convent on Slieve Gullion, and Congal, pursuing his headlong course, plunges into the fatal

battle. One by one his followers are mown down or swept away before the awful forms of the preternatural agents that have sided with his foes. Congal remains the last and greatest hero in the field. We see him in his final combat ; he falls before the champion Conal of Sil Setna, whose onslaught is pictured by a simile magnificent both in conception and expression (p. 115) :—

"And one great heave he gave
Of his whole heroic body, as the sea upheaves a wave,
A long strong-rising wave of nine, that from the wallowing floor
Of ocean, when a storm has ceased, nigh to some beachy shore,
Shows with a sudden black-piled bulk, and swallowing in its sweep
Accumulated water-heaps from all the hollowed deep,
Soars, foams, o'erhangs its glassy gulfs ; then, stooping with a roar
Immeasurable of sea-cascades, stuns all the sounding shore :
With such a heave great Conal rose, rushed onward, overhung
His down-bent foe, and to the earth the King of Ulster flung."

Finally, the hero receives his death-wound in the side ; he falls (p. 132) to the ground :—

"And with a swooping wing,
Sudden and black, the storm came down ; with scourge of hissing hail,
It lashed the blinded, stumbling hosts : a shrill loud-whistling wail
And thunderous clamours filled the sky, it seemed with such a sound
As though to giant herdsman's call there barked a giant hound

Within the cloud above their heads ; and loud rebounding strokes
 They also heard, or seemed to hear, and claps of flapping cloaks
 Within the bosom of the cloud : so deemed they ; but anon
 The storm rolled northward ; and the hosts perceived the king was gone."

Swooning in anguish and despair, and wrapped in darkness as in a whirlwind, Congal is borne away. The bard Ardan has caught him in his car, and the steeds have borne him back to his native vales of Antrim. Standing hard by is the holy oratory where Lafinda daily kneels in prayer for him. Awakening from his swoon, his first cry is that of rage and shame, that he should thus return home, his name a byword of reproach. But when he calls to Ardan to take him back again, the bard replies his steeds are dead, his work is done. Meanwhile

"A voice, that seems to cry
 Make way, make straight another way,
 is filling earth and sky."

The dark spirit passes from Congal's soul. He looks into his own erring past ;—

"Tears sent from whence the thought had
 come,—let faith divine their source,"

come to his relief, and lifting his chastened gaze across the daisied lawn, he is aware of the approach of a veiled nun, whose peerless gesture and indelible grace he could not mistake.

"She, when she saw the wounded man
 was Congal, stood and prayed
 A little space, and trembled much :
 then came, and meekly said,
 'Sir, thou art wounded ; and I come
 from Brigid's cell hard by
 To tend thy wants, if thou wilt brook
 a sister's charity.'"

Our readers must turn to the closing stanzas of this noble poem, if they would learn all it has power to teach of sacred influences working man's redemption.

When all is said, it may perhaps appear that the quality which distinguishes the poetic genius of Samuel Ferguson from that of most of his contemporaries is simplicity—his sympathy with pastoral life and love of rural scenery. Whether princess of high degree or peasant maiden of modest worth, his heroines are true studies from nature—no affectation in one, no drawing-room sentiment in the other. Not only in the exquisite picture of Lafinda, already quoted, but in that of Oscar's loved Aideen, this healthful sentiment pervades his work like the odour of new milk or fresh-mown hay. Thus, in the opening verses of the poem, we stand beside her lover, watching her—

"When duteous in the lowly vale,
 Unconscious of my Oscar's gaze,
 She filled the fragrant pail,
 And duteous from the running brook,
 Drew water for the bath ; nor deemed
 A king did on her labour look,
 And she a fairy seemed."

So also with Anna Grace, as she lays the rock and weary wheel aside, that she may join the merry maidens in their dance around the fairy thorn ; or the blushing grace of Mary of Loch Dan, as with wonted hospitable zeal

"She brought us in a beechen bowl
 Sweet milk that smacked of mountain
 thyme."

And the picture of her face when, hearing the traveller's kindly words,—

"She stooped, she blushed, she fixed
 her wheel.

"Tis all in vain — she can't but
 smile !

Just like sweet April's dawn appears
 Her modest face—I see it yet—
 And though I lived a hundred years,
 Methinks I never could forget
 The pleasure that, despite her heart,
 Fills all her downcast eyes with
 light,
 The lips reluctantly apart,
 The white teeth struggling into
 sight,

The dimples eddying o'er her cheek—
 The rosy cheek that won't be
 still!"

We seem to have lived and
 dreamed away our days in Willy
 Gilliland's country, so vividly is
 the picture brought before us in
 such verses as the following:—

"It was a summer evening, and mellowing and still ;
 Glenwhirry to the setting sun lay bare from hill to hill ;
 For all that valley pastoral held neither house nor tree,
 But spread abroad and open all, a full fair sight to see ;
 From Slemish foot to Collon top lay one unbroken green,
 Save where in many a silver coil the river glanced between.

And on the river's grassy bank, even from the morning grey,
 He at the angler's pleasant sport had spent the summer day.
 Ah ! many a time and oft I've spent the summer day from dawn,
 And wondered, when the sunset came, where time and care had gone.
 Along the reaches curling fresh the wimpling pools and streams,
 Where he that day his cares forgot in those delightful dreams.

His blithe work done, upon a bank the outlaw rested now,
 And laid the basket from his back, the bonnet from his brow ;
 And there, his hand upon the Book, his knee upon the sod,
 He filled the lonely valley with the gladsome word of God,
 And for a persecuted Kirk, and for her martyrs dear,
 And against a godless Church and King he spoke up loud and clear."

Little wonder is it that he paints
 this scene from "Slemish foot to
 Collon top" with such a loving
 finger. This was the scene of his
 own childhood and boyhood, where
 the pure, strong spirit was nour-

ished that gave us "The Forging
 of the Anchor" in his twenty-
 second year. In after-years the
 country surrounding Dublin Bay
 is touched with like fidelity:—

"Delicious Liffey ! from thy bosoming hills
 What man who sees thee issuing strong and pure,
 But with some wistful, fresh emotion fills,
 Akin to Nature's own clear temperature ?

The heath, the fern, the honey-fragrant furze
 Carpet thy cradling steep: thy middle flow
 Laves lawn and oak-wood: o'er thy downward course
 Laburnums nod and terraced roses blow.

Not all inglorious in thy elder day
 Art thou, Moy Liffey ; and the loving mind
 Might round thy borders many a gracious lay
 And many a tale not unheroic, find.

For others, these. I, from the twilight waste
Where pale Tradition sits by Memory's grave,
Gather this wreath, and, ere the nightfall, haste
To fling my votive garland on thy wave.

Wave, waft it softly: and when lovers stray
At summer eve by stream and dimpling pool,
Gather thy murmurs into voice and say,
With liquid utterance passionate and full:

Scorn not, sweet maiden, scorn not, vigorous youth,
The lay, though breathing of an Irish home,
That tells of woman-love and warrior-ruth,
And old expectancy of Christ to come."

Still dearer to our poet than the river-banks was the scenery of the bold headland of Howth—the Ben Edar of early Ireland. We seem to breathe its fragrant air as we read these lines from 'Congal' (p. 145), where the dying hero sees in a vision a divine form whose very presence brings to him fore-shadowings of heaven:—

"No longer soiled with stain of earth, what seemed his mantle shone
Rich with innumerable hues refulgent, such as one
Beholds, and thankful-hearted he, who casts abroad his gaze
O'er some rich tillage-country-side, when mellow autumn days
Gild all the sheafy foodful stooks; and broad before him spread,—
He looking landward from the brow of some great sea-cape's head,
Bray or Ben Edar—sees beneath, in silent pageant grand,
Slow fields of sunshine spread o'er fields of rich, corn-bearing land;
Red glebe and meadow-margin green, commingling to the view
With yellow stubble, browning woods, and upland tracts of blue;—
Then, sated with the pomp of fields, turns, seaward, to the verge
Where, mingling with the murmuring wash made by the far-down surge,
Comes up the clangorous song of birds unseen, that, low beneath,
Poised off the rock, ply underfoot; and, 'mid the blossoming heath,
And mint-sweet herb that loves the ledge rare-aired, at ease reclined
Surveys the wide pale-heaving floor crisped by a curling wind;
With all its shifting, shadowy belts, and chasing scopes of green,
Sun-strown, foam-freckled, sail-embossed, and blackening squalls between,
And slant, cerulean-skirted showers that with a drowsy sound,
Heard inward, of ebullient waves, stalk all the horizon round;
And, haply, being a citizen just 'scaped from some disease
That long has held him sick indoors—now, in the brine-fresh breeze
Health-salted, bathes; and says, the while he breathes reviving bliss,
'I am not good enough, O God, nor pure enough for this!'"

In the "Welshmen of Tirawley," and the "Elegy on Thomas Davis," the leader of the Young Ireland party, we have two of this author's most original and most thoroughly Irish poems. The barbaric power and wildness of the first remind us of Scott's Border ballads; and the second, while possessing a native character as distinct as that of any old Irish or Scottish melody, still appeals to universal human

sympathy. The attitude of such men as Samuel Ferguson towards Thomas Davis and many of his party may require explanation to some minds; and the previous history of that repeal agitation against which the reaction of Young Ireland sprang should be known, before we can understand the influence of Thomas Davis in his short career. There was nothing in this movement which could enlist the

higher intelligences of the country, or prove that the actors in it had ever warmed to the consciousness of a great purpose. Yet it would be a great mistake to hold that this was owing to any want of true patriotism in the country, or any paralysis of intellectual life.

Between the years 1825 and 1840, Irish society had gradually awakened from a state of collapse into which it fell after the Union, and from which it had scarce power to emerge until a new generation had sprung up. But from 1830 to 1850, society in Dublin and its University was characterised by very remarkable intellectual activity. In 1827 Sir William Hamilton succeeded to the Chair of Astronomy; in 1836 Dr Lloyd became Provost of Trinity College, when he introduced French mathematics, and initiated other educational reforms. The periodic literature and schools of medicine felt the impulse of the time, and the energies of the Royal Irish Academy, in its scientific, literary, and archaeological departments, began to re-develop. But the men at the head of this renaissance—such men as Hamilton, M'Cullagh, Hincks, Todd, Petrie, and Frederic Burton—they who really loved Ireland, and never ceased to labour for her honour, and therefore for her mental and material progress, had no sympathy for, but rather a rooted antipathy to, the agitation that was demoralising their land, as they beheld that country sinking into the degradation which systems of organised deception were inducing on the national character. Pretence of devotion to a high cause that might yet be won by meanest methods; the cant of patriotism which covered the falsest self-seeking; the growth of a national hypocrisy which, if allowed to gain

power, must ultimately degrade and enslave the people infected by it,—these were the conditions of Irish politics at the time. Can we wonder that when Thomas Davis rose as the leader of a reaction against the working of such a party, he, in his great sincerity, should have won the respect and attention of such men as Samuel Ferguson, and even have numbered many stanch Conservatives among his friends? Their respect, it is true, was mingled with regret for his attachment to an impracticable cause; yet no one can read the writings of Thomas Davis without feeling that honour, and manliness, and honesty were foremost in his mind as the virtues he would teach Young Ireland. The ardent friend of many of the scientific and literary men of Dublin, member of and fellow-worker in their institutions, he strove to help forward every project for the advancement of literature and art. And unlike many so-called Irish "Nationalists" of the present day, whom to name in the same breath with him is like blasphemy, he taught his country to scorn foul play and base conspiracy, and that if they were to fight, they should fight like men and soldiers. Samuel Ferguson gladly gave his sympathy to an enthusiast so young and pure; yet he always hoped that he would in time perceive the unwise nature of his political aspirations, and in the end separate himself from projects which must ultimately endanger the future condition of Ireland. He stimulated Davis where true patriotism finds ample scope in Ireland, in his efforts for the moral elevation of her people, and the love of her scenery, antiquities, music, and national genius; and he consecrated his memory in death by the following noble elegiac stanzas:—

THOMAS DAVIS.

"I walked through Ballinderry in the spring-time,
When the bud was on the tree ;
And I said, in every fresh-ploughed field beholding
The sowers striding free,
Scattering broadcast forth the corn in golden plenty,
On the quick seed-clasping soil,
'Even such, this day, among the fresh-stirred hearts of Erin,
Thomas Davis is thy toil !'

I sat by Ballyshannon in the summer,
And saw the salmon leap ;
And I said, as I beheld the gallant creatures
Spring glittering from the deep,
Through the spray, and through the prone heaps striving onward
To the calm clear streams above,
'So seekest thou thy native founts of freedom, Thomas Davis,
In thy brightness of strength and love !'

I stood on Derrybawn in the autumn,
And I heard the eagle call,
With a clangorous cry of wrath and lamentation,
That filled the wide mountain-hall,
O'er the bare deserted place of his plundered eyrie ;
And I said, as he screamed and soared,
'So callest thou, thou wrathful-soaring Thomas Davis,
For a nation's rights restored !'

And alas ! to think but now, and thou art lying,
Dear Davis, dead at thy mother's knee ;
And I, no mother near, on my own sick-bed,
That face on earth shall never see :
I may lie and try to feel that I am not dreaming,
I may lie and try to say, 'Thy will be done' ;
But a hundred such as I will never comfort Erin
For the loss of the noble son !

Young husbandman of Erin's fruitful seed-time,
In the fresh track of danger's plough !
Who will walk the heavy, toilsome, perilous furrow,
Girt with freedom's seed-sheets now ?
Who will banish with the wholesome crop of knowledge
The flaunting weed and the bitter thorn,
Now that thou thyself art but a seed for hopeful planting
Against the resurrection morn ?

Young salmon of the flood-tide of Freedom
That swells round Erin's shore !
Thou wilt leap against their loud oppressive torrent
Of bigotry and hate no more ;—
Drawn downward by their prone material instinct
Let them thunder on their rocks and foam—
Thou hast leapt, aspiring soul, to founts beyond their raging,
Where troubled waters never come !

But I grieve not, eagle of the empty eyrie,
That thy wrathful cry is still ;

And that songs alone of peaceful mourners
 Are heard to-day on Erin's hill :
 Better far, if brothers' war be destined for us
 (God avert that horrid day, I pray !)
 That ere our hands be stained with slaughter fratricidal,
 Thy warm hand should be cold in clay.

But my trust is strong in God, who made us brothers,
 That He will not suffer those right hands,
 Which thou hast joined in holier rites than wedlock,
 To draw opposing brands.
 Oh, many a tuneful tongue that thou mad'st vocal
 Would lie cold and silent then !
 And songless long once more, should often-widowed Erin
 Mourn the loss of her brave young men.

Oh, brave young men, my love, my pride, and promise,
 'Tis on you my hopes are set,
 In manliness, in kindliness, in justice,
 To make Erin a nation yet !
 Self-respecting, self-relying, self-advancing,
 In union or in severance, free and strong ;
 And if God grant this, then, under God, to Thomas Davis
 Let the greater praise belong !"

There are passages in this poem which come to us now with all the power of prophecy. To the enthusiast Davis succeeded the fanatic Mitchell; and the strong and temperate, who refused to follow this new voice, seceded from the ranks of Young Ireland. The purer influences that governed the movement once, were overpowered by the evil forces it had first risen to resist—the forces of those who, "drawn downward by their prone material instincts," have dragged the cause into a sea of mire. With the efforts of such fanatics no high-souled and clear-sighted man could have sympathy; and Ireland must look to poets of a very different stamp from Samuel Ferguson if she seeks a voice for such. The wisdom, the philosophic spirit that imbues his verse, has never guided the genius of Irish Nationalism, nor has it ever yet had power of self-control and noble submission to the inevitable. But there is a strong enduring life, the offspring of Resignation,

which, though it has not yet come to the people of Ireland, may still be felt to permeate the writings of some of her teachers and her poets. With Samuel Ferguson it appears in the broad and lofty vein of thought that is found at the close of such poems as "The Cromlech on Howth," "The Burial of King Cormac," or the words of Conall at the close of Conary (p. 95).

Whether in the hour of strongest passion or most graceful play, we are conscious in the work of this master of a temperate and wisely governed force beneath, which, like the pedal note in an ancient chant, gives unity and depth to the changing melody above. Such deep religious inspiration fills him when, in his sonnet on the "Penitent at the Feet of Christ," as painted by Paul Veronese, he defends that artist against the objection of such critics as demand literal and local fact in the backgrounds and accessories of such sacred scenes :—

"They err who say this long-withdrawing line
 Of palace-fronts Palladian, this brocade
 From looms of Genoa, this gold-inlaid
 Resplendent plate of Milan, that combine
 To spread soft lustre through the grand design,
 Show but in fond factitious masquerade
 The actual feast by leper Simon made
 For that great Guest, of old, in Palestine.
 Christ walks amongst us still ; at liberal table
 Scorns not to sit : no sorrowing Magdalene
 But of those dear feet kindly gets her kiss
 Now, even as then ; and thou, be honourable,
 Who, by the might of thy majestic scene,
 Bringest down that age and minglest it with this."

There is something of the simplicity and quaint manner of George Herbert in the following verses, where the poet—sincere in his humble piety—invokes the aid of Thought,—sweet, pure, and holy :

THREE THOUGHTS.

"Come in, Sweet Thought, come in ;
 Why linger at the door ?
 Is it because a shape of sin
 Defiled the place before ?
 'Twas but a moment there ;
 I chased it soon away ;
 Behold, my breast is clean and bare—
 Come in, Sweet Thought, and stay.
 The Sweet Thought said me, 'No ;
 I love not such a room,
 Where uncouth inmates come and go,
 And back, unbidden, come.
 I rather make my cell
 From ill resort secure,
 Where love and lovely fancies dwell
 In bosoms virgin-pure.'

Oh, Pure Thought, then I said,
 Come thou, and bring with thee
 This dainty Sweetness, fancy-bred,
 That flouts my house and me.
 No peevish pride hast thou,
 Nor turnest glance of scorn
 On aught the laws of life allow
 In man of woman born.
 Said he, 'No place for us
 Is here ; and, be it known,
 You dwell where ways are perilous
 For them that walk alone :
 There needs the surer road,
 The fresher-sprinkled floor,
 Else are we not for your abode'—
 And turned him from my door.

Then, in my utmost need,
 Oh, Holy Thought, I cried,
 Come thou, that cleanseest will and
 deed,
 And in my breast abide.
 'Yea, sinner, that will I,
 And presently begin ;
 And ere the heart had heaved its sigh,
 The Guest Divine came in.
 As in the pest-house ward
 The prompt Physician stands,
 As in the leaguered castle-yard
 The Warden with his bands,
 He stood, and said, 'My task
 Is here, and here my home ;
 And here am I, who only ask
 That I be asked to come.'

See how in huddling flight
 The ranks of darkness run,
 Exhale and perish in the light
 Streamed from the risen sun ;
 How, but a drop infuse
 Within the turbid bowl,
 Of some elixir's virtuous juice,
 It straight makes clear the whole ;
 So from before his face
 The fainting phantoms went,
 And, in a fresh and sunny place,
 My soul sat down content ;
 For—mark and understand
 My ailment and my cure—
 Love came and brought me, in his
 hand,
 The Sweet Thought and the Pure."

So much for Sir Samuel Ferguson as a writer and a patriot. Our loss is much too recent to write calmly of him as a man. Those who enjoyed the blessing of his friendship will feel that all

that could be said would seem but trite and empty,—hey are made so poor by this great loss. There is consolation in the thought that his last days were spent at Howth—a place which, of all others, he loved, and where some of his greatest works were written. Here, too, he was occupied in his last literary work, an admirable translation of the Ode of Horace, "*Mæcenas atavis*" (Od., i. 1). To us it is touching to record that '*Maga*,' where his poetical genius was first

recognised, is the magazine to which this his latest contribution was sent. Up to the last he could sit in the open air, and from the deep bay-window of his bedroom both sunrise and sunset could be seen. The house was on the beach, and the lapping of the tide upon the sand was audible in the stillness of his chamber. Faithful in death, as he was in life, his last whispered words were, "*All is well.*"

The following is the translation referred to:—

MÆCENAS ATAVIS.

The closest packed of the Horatian Odes. Here, in the compass of six-and-thirty lines of twelve syllables, Horace presents the leading pursuits of the life of his day in what would now be called the Turf, the Platform, the Commercial Ring, the Farm, Trade, *Idlesse*, the Army, the Field, and in his own peculiar traffic with the Muses. All through there are touches of character and philosophy impossible to reproduce by net equivalents, and much of the aroma of which escapes in necessary Anglification. The

general impression it leaves is that human life continues in the main the same; but that the poetic faculty is now more exercised in expressing and less in enjoying itself. Scores of good translations of the Ode are in print. Any merit the present version can pretend to consists in its conciseness, being exactly of equal syllabic length with—but neither the writer nor any other translator can say of his work that it is in anything else the exact equivalent of—the original.

S. F.

MÆCENAS of the royal line,
Protector and sweet pride of mine,
See, some there be delight to roll
The dust Olympic; whom the goal,
By hot wheels turned, and palmy crown,
Raise to the gods themselves, who own
Earth and its regions. Other some,
If but the fickle voice of Rome
Confer its honours twice or thrice,
Are blest; and he's in paradise
Who locks within his proper stores
The sweep of Lybia's threshing-floors.

Him who delights with his own hands
To till the old paternal lands
You'll never tempt, try what you please
Of promises of wealth and ease,
To change his homely ways, and choose
The anxious life that sailors use;

To toss on plank of Cyprus pine,
And plough the rough Myrtóan brine.

The merchant, housed, though much he fears
The Icarian billows by the ears,
With Afric blasts, and prizes high
His villa's calm, yet by-and-by
Refits his barque, and won't secure
The quiet life of living poor.

Nor wants there he who thinks no wrong
To quaff his Massic old and strong,
Or give a half day or a whole
In season, to refresh his soul.
Now on a bank supinely laid
Beneath the grateful greenwood shade,
Now laid along, at ease, to dream
By well-head of a sacred stream.

Many, the camp and loud fanfare
Of trumpets, (and the stirs of war,
Which make the mothers heave the sigh,)
Ah me! enrapture mightily.

The hunter, in the freezing air,
Forgets the wife, though soft and fair,
Be it his dogs have spied a doe,
Or Marsian boar, in brake below,
Has burst his netted pitfall.

Me

A wreath from Learning's ivy-tree
Makes equal with the gods above;
Me the cool gret, the silent grove,
And dances light of Nymph and Faun,
Keep separate and far withdrawn
From sordid crowds and wealth's pursuit,
Let but Euterpe fetch her flute,
Nor Polyhymnia stint her lyre;
But rank me in the sacred quire
Of Lyric Poets, and I rise
With loftier head, and touch the skies.

S. F.

SOME MEMORIES OF A BORDER MANSE AND A BORDER DISTRICT.

SIXTY years since is a far-away time to look back to, and under all circumstances the contrast in the individual between now and then must, in the nature of things, have a tinge of melancholy. But when it is a well-seasoned Londoner who looks along the retrospective years, and sees at the young end of the vista a country home, and the country delights of his childhood, there is a heightened pathos in the contemplation unknown by the town-bred man. "Like a dream," say some people; "Like another world altogether," say others: and perhaps the last of these time-worn illustrations is nearer the feeling of us all, as we look back from old age to the days of our youth. For however fabulously remote the "long ago" may appear, its remembered scenes and events have a vividness all their own, and belong distinctly to real life somewhere, rather than to dreamland.

A celebrated Autocrat has expressed his conviction that "every articulate-speaking human being has in him the stuff for one novel," which may be true; but mercifully (a Fiction-famine not being an imminent calamity), in the majority of cases there are sundry obstacles to the inward stuff coming to fruition, in the shape of three volumes octavo. In short, we have not all got the scribbling faculty properly developed. Although, however, this dictum of Mr Holmes may be disregarded in its most alarming sense, some of us non-literary fellows may be allowed to nourish a more modest ambition, and to believe, with the same genial author, that every person, not absolutely a dolt, who reaches say threescore years, must, on looking back, have

memories of some few old-world things—"memories buried under the leaves of many summers"—which, if written from the heart in simple style, should be of interest to a later generation, especially if there be any local colour in the retrospect.

Thinking much lately over long bygone days in a charming country-side, not over-written about, the desire is strong upon me to put a few recollections of it on paper; and peradventure, if I carefully eschew antiquarian or historical padding, except such as lies on the very surface, they may afford not unpleasant reading for an idle half-hour.

There are two things which I think we elderly people of the present day are all agreed upon: we are sure that, somehow, we are not old in the same way that our fathers were; and we are still more positively certain that we did not grow up like mushrooms in a night, as children unfortunately do nowadays. This modern rapidity of growing up is becoming really too ridiculous. Your friend now is no sooner married than, all of a sudden, you find he has a great hulking fellow of a son ready for setting out into the world; or, you are called upon to choose a wedding-present for his daughter, who, to your mind, takes one spring from the cradle to the altar. No! we were very much longer about it long ago. Childhood then lasted a tremendous and glorious period of time. At least it did at the Manse, where we spent ages in getting even into our teens. And where, it will be asked, may this enchanted land be!

The traveller going north by the Midland or North-Western Rail-

way, shortly after leaving Carlisle, branches away either to the right by the Waverley route, through the famous wilds of Liddesdale, or to the left by the more prosaic Caledonian line. But between the two, due north by the old coach-road, past Netherby and "Canobie Lea," lies one of the loveliest districts in the south of Scotland, rarely visited by tourists. Less well sung than Yarrow and Tweed, it is not so widely known as those classic vales, though its natural attractions are little, if at all, inferior to theirs.

Looking up this central country, as the Pullman whisks past Riddings Junction towards the Liddel, a tall column may be seen on the summit of a hill some eight miles distant. The hill is Whita, and the column thereon is in memory of Sir John Malcolm, of Indian and Persian fame. It was erected about fifty years ago, and I have a vision of the breezy hill-top (whence the native Burnfoot of the four brother knights is almost visible) when the foundation-stone was laid, with much local ceremony, by Sir James Graham, the minister of the parish by his side giving the Church's benediction.

To the east of the hill is Liddesdale, while at the foot of its long western slope, nestling amid wooded heights and circling green hills, lies the little capital of Eskdale,

"Where three fine waters meet,"

as a local poet has it. From the north comes the Ewes, from the north-west the Esk, and from the south-west the wan Wauchope water, each down its own sweet vale. Ascend to the top of any of these hills, and looking south, you will see the Solway with its wide-spreading sands glistening in the sun; and if very clear, perhaps "merrie" Carlisle, or even the Cum-

berland mountains in the shadowy distance. But turn to any other point of the compass, and, except the valley at your feet, nothing but hill upon hill is visible. Far as the eye can reach they roll away towards Ettrick on the one hand, and Teviotdale on the other, in an endless succession of fainter and fainter billows—really a wonderful sight, and sometimes, on a quiet summer's evening when coloured by the setting sun, inexpressibly beautiful.

About a mile from the town up the western valley, on a little elevated plateau flanked by wooded heights, and peeping from out its birchen bower, stands the bonnie manse of Langholm; on one side, under the heights, a deep romantic dell, through which the Wauchope flows in its secluded rocky bed—on the other, the highway which passes the lilac-embowered gate. Surely it must be centuries ago that a band of small beings stood at that "little gate" and watched with wonder-absorbing eyes the droves of bleating lambs going past to the "Simmer Fair," the white dust floating along in the July heat; for it was always July and always hot in those days.

About a mile higher up the road meets the ravine at its upper end, the two forming an acute angle, within which is a curious little pasture-field of mysterious reputation. It consists mainly of a flat-topped mound, circled with grand old beeches, and surrounded on three sides by a sort of fosse, the other side dropping sheer into the tangled gorge. On the face of this steep, if I remember rightly, there are traces of some old foundation-walls, and there certainly is a cave-like excavation known as the "Devil's Hole." The field is called the "Auld Waa's," and was undoubtedly the site of an ancient

castle (mentioned, I fancy, in the 'Lives of the Lindsays'), which tradition associates with Sir William Wallace, who is said to have spent a night there when on some warlike expedition. The name of the neighbouring hill of Worbla' or Warbla', whence all the English border may be surveyed, is sufficiently suggestive of those days of feud and foray.

Midway between this spot and the manse, and also bordering on the picturesque ravine, is old Wauchope churchyard, the subject of one of Wordsworth's sonnets, written in 1831, but which remains true to the present day in sentiment and description—although, from the requirements of poor mortality, the ground has of late years invaded a part of the "Auld Waa's."

"Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep
That curbs a foaming brook, a grave-yard lies;
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep;
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,
Enter in dance. Of church, or Sabbath ties,
No vestige now remains; yet thither creep
Bereft ones, and in lowly anguish weep
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies.
Proud tomb is none; but rudely sculptured knights,
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen
Level with earth, among the hillocks green:
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring
With jubilate from the choirs of spring!"

The companion sonnet refers to the neighbouring manse, from

which a footpath, after leaving the orchard, leads along the edge of the "rugged steep" to this romantic old kirkyard.

"Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—
Among the happiest homes of men
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,
On airy upland, and by forest rills,
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills
His sky-born warblings—does aught meet your ken
More fit to animate the poet's pen,
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the abode
Of the good Priest: who, faithful through all hours
To his high charge, and truly serving God,
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers?"

With reverent hand I would fain recall, however faintly, the image of the "good priest" who, for wellnigh half a century, moved amid these familiar scenes,¹ and who now lies beside his loved and life-long helpmeet,² on the grassy brink of the "rugged steep," with the ceaseless lullaby of the Wauchope below.

Born in 1774, ordained 1801, he was almost, if not quite, the father of the Church of Scotland when he died in 1856.

There must still be some few who remember him as he appeared in his later years,—the venerable figure, the silver-white hair, and the ever-kindly greeting which endeared him to young and old, rich and poor. Benign of aspect, there was an unaffected dignity and simplicity in all his actions,

¹ The Rev. William Berry Shaw, minister of Langholm from 1812 to 1856.

² Mrs Shaw was the "Bonnie Lass of Deloraine" of the Ettrick Shepherd's song.

a gentlemanly old-world courtesy in his manner, springing straight from the heart, which surrounded him, as a brother clergyman has said, with a moral charm wherever he went. Of infinite compassion, he never could turn a deaf ear to any tale of distress, however questionable the applicant; and this was only too well known in the parish. Many a time would he, after a momentary grumble, rise from the breakfast-table on hearing that thus early Jenny This or Betty That "wanted to see him"; and on his return on such occasions, it was easy to see, from the kindly half-humorous twinkle in his eye, that once more his heart had succumbed against his better judgment.

But though a man of the tenderest sensibilities, and one in whom there was absolutely no guile, Mr Shaw was yet no Nathanael. He fully enjoyed life and the pleasures of social intercourse, while a healthy robustness in his tastes gave him a keen relish for manly outdoor recreations, and led him to countenance all harmless amusements. He had followed the hounds in his early, even clerical days, and was fond of horse exercise to the last. In an old letter to Mrs Shaw, written while on an equestrian expedition to his native Fife, he tells her that when galloping along a certain braeside, thinking of his wife, his children, and his home at the manse, he could not refrain from singing and shouting aloud to the hills in the very gladness of his heart. An expert swimmer too, he used, in his prime, to take a morning plunge before breakfast in the "Plump"—a deep clear pool at the foot of the orchard where the Wauchope issues from the precipitous gorge,—in winter even breaking the ice for the purpose of the bath.

It was characteristic of him that he kept the glebe, though extending to seventy acres, entirely in his own hands, and greatly enjoyed the necessary farming operations, looking carefully after his little flocks and herds—doubtless more to the pecuniary advantage of others than of himself, for he was easy at a bargain; and in dealings with "Watty the Butcher," which it was delicious to overhear, was like clay in the potter's hands. But Watty had a real admiration—a genuine affection—for "the minister;" and I am sure, if he ever "took him in," it was done in the kindest spirit and with much inward compunction.

Like all generous natures, Mr Shaw could be choleric enough on occasion; but his anger was soon spent, if it did not indeed melt into pity for the object of his momentary wrath. An amusing instance of this occurs to me here. Strolling up the peaceful valley ("stepping westward") one fine evening, as was oft the family custom at sunset or in the gloaming, a rather rough lot of tramps or gipsies were seen pitching their camp among the alders by the water-side. Some depredations by stranger vagrants having recently been committed, from which we had suffered, he waxed hot at once, anticipating further raids on the stackyard, and perchance the hen-roost, and resolving in vigorous language to send for "Jemmy Little" to keep watch on the vagabonds—Jemmy being the town constable, and the sole embodiment of law and order in the district. A few hours later and the scene is changed to the manse dining-room. Without, the weather had suddenly broken up; the wind is now howling, and a cold rain dashing against the windows. Within, all is warmth and comfort, a bright

fire glowing in the hearth, and a well-furnished supper-table spread, when, the minister's thoughts going out to the erewhile "vagabonds," there come pitying words for their sorry plight out in the storm, and the half-shy suggestion is made, with a delicious consciousness of the humour of the idea, whether we could not send "those poor people" something to eat and a jorum of hot toddy to drink!

In the pulpit there was an apostolic simplicity in Mr Shaw's appearance, and an unaffected gravity in his manner, which, combined with a manly and persuasive delivery, and a prevailing "note" of compassion in all he said, made his preaching singularly attractive, and never failed to touch the hearts of his congregation. He laid no claim to extempore eloquence (rather despised it indeed), his sermons being most carefully composed, and his language chosen with literary nicety; yet Dr Chalmers, in an undated letter (1803?), could pass on to him a compliment like this: "I have to congratulate you on the deep impression that your merits as a pulpit orator have made on our Kilmany critics. Mrs C——, a lady from Angus, and of great literary accomplishments, was present. She is quite in raptures, and declares it to be the first [finest] exhibition of the kind she ever heard." Then follows a sly dig of the Doctor's own: "You see how current heterodoxy is in our degenerate neighbourhood." He certainly preached no "high-flying" doctrines, nor did he beat the drum ecclesiastic in any sense. Anything that savoured of cant or insincerity he had in abhorrence—an aversion, he used to say, he had sucked in at his mother's breast. There was nothing of the austere

narrowness in his composition, too commonly associated in the Southron mind with the Presbyterian creed. In his weekly prayer for the Church of Scotland he never failed to embrace by name the sister English Establishment, whose service he always attended when across the Border. Sabbatarianism in its rampant formalism he could not away with; and nothing annoyed him more than when *obliged* officially to read from the pulpit some missive of the General Assembly enjoining more "strict observance." On such an occasion he would read the Assembly's document first, and then preach his own views afterwards from perhaps the text, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath," subsequently giving out with great gusto as a parting shot the hymn-paraphrase—

"Your rites, your fasts, your prayers I scorn,

And pomp of solemn days;
I know your hearts are full of guile,
And crooked are your ways."

The late Duke of Buccleuch, who had a great personal liking for Mr Shaw, always came to the parish church of Langholm when at the Lodge, although never, I believe, attending the Presbyterian service elsewhere. It was sometimes, however, more difficult to please the proverbial "old wives"; and Mr Shaw used to tell with glee how one Sunday, in his earlier days at Langholm, after reading out a text from the Psalms, he began his sermon (after Sterne?) with an emphatic "That I deny!" when one of these worthy souls, without waiting for anything more, bounced up, and exclaiming that "she couldna sit there and hear her auld freen' Daavid ca'd a leear to his face," hobbled out of the church.¹

¹ This recalls the well-known story of the old Dissenting minister at Kirk-

After all this, need it be said that in Church matters he was a "Moderate"—a follower of Dr Cook (was it?), and not of his old friend Dr Chalmers? Indeed the then Presbytery of Langholm in its entirety was a compact little force on that side, and was not unknown to fame as being delightfully homogeneous in those disruptive days. They had their shortcomings, no doubt, though "e'en their failings leant to virtue's side." I daresay they were not consumed with a very fiery zeal for the conversion of the Jews and suchlike "schemes," but they were full of the milk of human-kindness, and beloved by the poor.

Another letter from Dr Chalmers, dated St Andrews, 1801, is full of gratitude in connection with his appointment to Cavers; while it incidentally reveals that even then a something was stirring in his mind—a foreshadowing perhaps, of the important changes in his own future career.

The passage may be worth quoting on that account:—

"Be assured, my dear sir," he writes in conclusion, "I feel a sincere impression of your kindness and of your anxiety for my accommodation and comfort. I cannot soon forget the solicitude you discovered for my success in Cavers, the many efforts you have made in my behalf, and the unwearied assiduity with which you have all along promoted my interests. My future situation in life may perhaps be widely different from what we have hitherto proposed, but I hope

I shall ever recollect your conduct with that candour which regards only the pure and disinterested intention and not the event, so often the sport of blind and unmeaning accident. I cannot help expressing a sentiment of friendship, which I hope neither absence nor length of time will ever efface."

Other letters there are from him of much later date, chiefly expressing high approval of a system of poor-relief organised at Langholm by his old friend; but they rarely met in after-life, though never ceasing, I believe, to entertain the old affection and esteem for each other.

The only trace of another college intimacy is a single cordial letter from Lord Campbell; but in that letter (1846) the Lord Chief-Justice of England showed that he had not forgotten either St Andrews days or St Andrews ways, for he wrote with "a lively recollection" of their close companionship, and of the great delight it would give him if they could meet again after so many years and have a "booze" together.

In spite of this old Whig friendship, can it be doubtful to which political party Mr Shaw belonged? If so, here is a valid certificate:—

"I have spun you a long yarn," writes Lord John Scott in March 1835, "upon what I daresay you care little about, but you are too good a Tory not to wish to see Sir R. Peel have a better chance than false reasoners on our own side wish to give him;" the subject of

caldy preaching from a text in the Psalms, "I said in my haste, All men are liars," whose opening remark was, according to Mr Shaw, even more familiar than in Dean Ramsay's version—viz., "Ye said it in yer haeste, *did ye Deavie?* Had ye leaved in the lang toon o' Kirkaldy, ye wad ha' said it at yer leesure." I don't know that it has ever been told how the same eccentric minister was once praying in a field, with an anxious crowd round him watching Paul Jones, the famous privateer, coming up the Firth, when, thinking he perceived an answer to his petition in a change of wind, he exclaimed in a tone of encouragement, "Weel dune, Lord! another puff!"

the letter being Lord Chandos's motion on the Malt-duty, which is declared, with other taxes on the agricultural interest, to be a trifle, "if we only had more protection against the foreign grain."

Yes, he was a Tory of the good old school; and what terrible blood-and-iron Bismarcks those old Tories were—in speech! In private life the most amiable of men, incapable of injuring a human being, and with bowels of compassion even for a beetle, the favourite "whiff of grape-shot" was yet ever ready in the tongue as their ideal remedy for most political ills. Well, who knows?—perhaps we have since travelled too far in the opposite direction.

The kindly eye with which Mr Shaw regarded all harmless amusements has already been alluded to. He would not only take a hand at family whist, and look on with delight at a family dance, but (name it not in Gath—or Aberdeen!) he refused even to taboo the local races! The meeting—a very innocent one—was, and is, one of the prettiest of sights, being held on the Castle Holm, in front of the Duke of Buccleuch's seat, in a most lovely situation. It is the one great outing of the year, and is really a gathering from all the surrounding dales for wrestling and athletic games, as well as for the races. The minister's view was that the more respectable the company, the more respectable would be the proceedings; and so for many years he looked annually on from the beautiful grounds within the Lodge gate. I remember on one occasion Christopher North being present, his

striking figure and leonine looks conspicuous in the crowd.

"Who's that?" asked a stranger of a townsman. The response came quick, and who shall say not appreciative!

"Eh, man! d'ee no ken whae that is! That's Wilson o' the Billholm's faither!"¹

The riding of the marches ("common riding," in local parlance), extending up to the top of Whita, takes place before the races begin, the cavalcade being marshalled at an early hour at the town cross, close by a statue of Sir Pulteney Malcolm, where a quaint old proclamation is made, and many ancient customs are observed, among which a barley-bannock and a "saut" herring play distinguished parts, each upon a pole. Town worthies of all degrees assist at these ceremonies; and well to the front to this day (in connection, I fancy, with the "saut herring") is still Willie Armstrong, a "minister's man" of fifty years ago.

The name is suggestive of the district. On the Holm, within the course, stands the ruin of an old castle, the scene of the treacherous hanging of the renowned Johnnie Armstrong and his merrie men by King James V. His famous Border stronghold of Gilnockie is on the Esk, about five miles below Langholm, in a pleasant position, and must have been very handy for harrying the English side. The drive to it is one of the finest in Scotland, by Watch Knowes, the Skipper's Bridge, and through the richly beautiful Dean Banks opposite Broomholm—Mr Maxwell's old

¹ The Professor's eldest son, John Wilson—brightest of wits and pleasantest of accomplished gentlemen—was tenant of the Duke's sheep-farm of Billholm in Eskdale.

place embosomed in its woods, with its romantic little "island" in the river—a fairy paradise of bygone school-days.

Another old custom of those days was the observance of Hagmanay (so locally pronounced) on the last day of the year. In the dark of early morning, as we lay in bed eagerly listening for hours before, came the sound of troops of children and others tramping by to the farm-houses up the water for their "Hagmanay," singing out the word as they passed, or maybe the old doggerel—

"Get up, gudewife, and shake yer feathers,
An' dinna gie us ony yer blethers;
We're only bairns come oot to play—
Get up and gie's our hagmanay."

By breakfast-time there would be quite a crowd outside the big gate into the manse court-yard, which they would almost fill with a rush on the gate being opened, each getting a small dole of coin or cake; a few old wives coming inside later for something rather more substantial. This old custom has, I imagine, long since fallen into disuse with the evolution of tweed-mills and factory "hands" from the hand-loom weaving of fifty years ago.

At that time there were many "characters" in the town, among others the two inevitables of weak intellect. Of one of these nothing need be said: "Daft Tommy" no doubt is Daft Tommy still, for he was as sly as he was silly, and not the least likely to die from overwork. The other was a man of different type altogether. Of strong square build, but emaciated in appearance, with haggard face, unkempt hair, and a sad far-away eye, Tom Cairns was a true maniac. Yet for years, until a cer-

tain event, he was under no restraint, living alone and roaming alone where he listed. Absent all day in the woods or on the hills, he would return in the gloaming with an armful of sticks; and it was not, I confess, an agreeable sensation for a small boy to meet him on these occasions in a lonely country road. It was a popular legend that when out foraging he lived upon snails and other crawling things, his own avowal being cited that he found them all very good, except the "hairy oobit," which he confessed was rather difficult to dispose of.

Love or religion, it was said, had upset the balance of his mind—apparently the latter chiefly, for his notable exploits had their root in a fear of eternal perdition. He felt that he *must* do certain things, else he would, to use his own words, "go to —." And, poor man, to avert this supposed alternative fate, he was found one day hanging from the parapet of the bridge by his fingers, over the deep and rocky Esk below. The really remarkable occurrence, however, which brought his freedom to a close, remains to be told.

It was a hot Sunday in July. The usual forenoon service was in progress in the old parish church (now an ivy-covered ruin on the slope of Whita), all the doors being wide open owing to the heat. About the middle of the sermon a strange scuffling noise was heard at one of these open doors. Mr Shaw abruptly stopped in his discourse, with a look of inexpressible pain towards the door, while the occupants of the gallery opposite shrank back as if in horrified amazement. As those in the body of the church turned round to see the cause of all this commotion, there, entering from the outer sunshine, was a

gaunt unearthly figure, *stark naked* from head to foot, who marched right through the middle of the church in front of the pulpit and full in the face of the whole congregation, muttering some text of Scripture as he went. It was an appalling apparition. Every one was paralysed for a moment; and many, seeing the graveyard all around, thought that some one had risen from the dead. The sad truth, however, soon flashed upon all that it was poor Tom Cairns; and Mr Shaw having given some directions in broken tones to the verger and others, brought the service to a speedy conclusion.

The unhappy maniac was traced up to a cleft in the Ewes hills, where it seems he had taken off his clothes, cunningly eluding observation on his way to the church—the necessity of creeping through some thorn-hedges on the route being, he said, his severest trial. His removal to the Dumfries Asylum of course became inevitable after this.

In contrast to this rather ghastly scene, a droll incident comes to mind in connection with a funny little old couple, known as Geordie the Pether, and his wife, who carried on some sort of traffic with a cuddy-cart. In common with others, in 1831, they had received sanitary instructions in anticipation of the first dreaded visitation of the cholera—generally spoken of then as the “cholera morbus.” But, as afterwards appeared, the visitor they expected was a renowned *Colonel Forbes*, of whose exacting character they had heard so much; and being determined to be thoroughly prepared for his reception, they whitewashed not only their hovel of a house and the cart, but the donkey itself. They were from the sister isle.

We children of the manse enjoyed a wholesome liberty to do pretty well what we liked, and after lessons or school were free to ramble or scramble to our hearts' content, with no timid or strait-laced restrictions.

Riding and tumbling off a bare-backed pony, and driving “the gig,”—that wonderful old gig!—were important features in the earliest home curriculum—with perhaps the natural result that before he was well into his teens one of the flock had made an exhaustive study of ‘*Youat on the Horse*,’ and used to instruct the old blacksmith in the true principles of shoeing. And gunpowder! What with juvenile blasting operations, an old flint-lock that would not stay at half-cock, and the firing of marbles from a “beautiful” rifle, bought for 16s. from a Cheap Jack, and in existence to this day—unburst,—it is a miracle how any of the household escaped sudden death. I should be afraid to say at what age the same limb began to “shoot rabbits,” a convenient phrase, elastic enough to include the chance pheasant and the occasional hare; for if the glebe had uncertain privileges, it had irresistible opportunities in this respect. Fearful moments there sometimes were, of mingled ecstasy and trepidation, when the Duke's keeper would suddenly appear from behind a hedge at an awkward crisis. *Mais que voulez-vous?* He was trespassing, while the youthful culprit, whatever “licence” he might be taking, was at all events on his own ground. These interviews were not without their comic side.

As for fishing, who does not remember the rapture of his first trout, caught perhaps, like mine, with a crooked pin, and literally

dashed to death overhead on to the sandbed?

The lovely dell was an Eden in this connection; so near the manse, you could on a still evening, at an open window, hear the plash of the water—and yet so remote in its quiet seclusion. It was a never-ending delight to clamber, rod in hand, up the difficult channel by which the Wauchope finds its troubled way through the gorge in ever-varying mood; now by pebbly bits of rippling shallow, now by deep rock-bound pools of crystal clearness, and now by swift cascades plunging into darker profundities—always with the interlacing branches overhead, through which the checkered sunshine falls upon the water. Not easy of access, the place never lost the charm of mystery, and to the last it was with an eerie feeling that we glanced up to the old churchyard or to the “Auld Waa’s.”

But perhaps chief of the enchantments of those young days was the occasional wandering far away over the hills to some mountain-burn, where the charm even then, if I mistake not, was not so much in the big trout as in the natural poeasie of the scene. One such spot of pastoral simplicity remains a vision to the inward eye, a memory cherished beyond all others, and oft since conjured up for refreshment amid the foggy glooms of the great city. It lies over two ranges of those billowy hills. A long ascent, passing two sheep-farm houses on the western uplands, brings you to the summit of the first ridge. Descending the other side, you are already far from the abodes of men; and climbing the further steep, the crest is reached whence you look into my happy valley—a very poem in itself of tenderest green.

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Grassy slopes on either side, a twinkling burn far below which “glides the bare hills under,” a single small cottage by a bit of white pebbly beach (for it is a sunny little stream). That is the whole picture, nothing else; and yet as seen through all those years (linked in imagination somehow with the ‘Gentle Shepherd’ of Allan Ramsay), a vision of “meek loveliness,” than which Yarrow itself can show nothing more fair. How it would stand the test of 1886 I dare hardly try, though the longing is great to go to the top of that grassy hill, and look over once again into the other side.

Repassing the two hill-ranges, and descending the nether slopes, we come again upon the two farmsteads already mentioned—the lower one in its own pretty valley between two burns (hence its name—the Becks), the other perched sentinel-like on high, whence the outlook is grand. Right in face Warbla’ rears his broad steep side, and far down below at the foot is the primitive Wauchope valley. Carrying the eye downwards along the ravine, and through the wooded gap at the manse, the little town is faintly seen in the furthest hollow, under the shadow of Whita, where the waters meet. The wide Esk, which divides the town into old and new, traverses Canonbie in its southward course to the Solway. Above Langholm, Eskdale proper begins, richly wooded till past the Duke’s grounds, and delightfully varied beyond, as the river winds among the brown hills—the valley getting wilder and wilder as you ascend, till the Esk and the Ettrick almost lay their heads together.

There remains the Ewes, the most pastoral of the three sister val-

leys. Very pleasant are its rounded green hills and its dainty rippling stream. Nor does the vale lack a certain grandeur higher up, where the smooth hills grow bolder, and come steeply down upon the road on either side, leaving but a narrow pass between at Moss-paul. This old hostelry, now a lonely shepherd's house, must be still remembered by old coach travellers in the days when the Royal Mail and the "Engineer" used to race each other daily through the quiet valley. Here it is—by Canonbie, Langholm, and Ewes—that the central railway ought to have come, and would have come, had the long Parliamentary battle been decided on the merits of the rival lines, and not by the weight of the rival companies' guns. I remember being in the Committee-room of the House of Commons on the critical day, when the silent presence of the doughty knight of Netherby, in a seat of honour near the table, seemed to dominate the proceedings, and backed by that memorable myth, the "Plashetts coal-field," gave the victory to the North British arms, and the line to the bleak wilds and fearsome gradients of Liddesdale, instead of to the smiling valleys on the Eskdale side. It is noteworthy that one member of the committee was Mr Roupell; so that what would have been the finest railway entrance into Scotland was possibly lost by a convict's vote, who probably knew as much of the locality as of Saturn. Thus was Langholm left out in the cold, being shunted to the end of a branch; and those who know the beauties of the little line—pity 'tis they are so few—cannot but lament all the more that it should be a *cul de sac*, and not the through route.

But this is comparatively modern history. Going back again for a moment to the thirties, and the habits and customs of the place in the pre-railway days, it cannot, I fear, be said with truth that temperance was its strong point half a century ago. On the contrary, it must be confessed, there was a good deal of hard drinking in those days, both among town and country people. One rollicking blade there was, I know, whose ideal of perfect bliss was the "worm" of the distillery. If, he said, he could only be that enviable gullet, through which I suppose all the spirit passes, he would be happy and contented. But let me hasten to admit that he was an extremist, and not a type of the community. As to the rural districts, the farms are mainly extensive hill-pastures for sheep, and the tenants for the most part were of the gentleman class; but there was, without doubt, a set who, on market-days, like Tam O'Shanter, sat late and rode home furiously. Of one of these it was credibly related that finding the homeward gallop by the turnpike road too tame for his exuberant spirits, he on one occasion chose the channel of the river for his wild nocturnal career. Yet he never broke his neck—such people seldom do—but died quietly in his bed years after this exploit.

In private life too, as we all know, "the tumblers" and "hot water" (euphemisms for whisky-toddy) then played an important part in the hospitality of almost every household. Put on the table after early dinner (in honour of a visitor), they would be removed for tea, only to be replaced immediately as the merest matter of course—a custom not by any means confined to old-fashion-

ed farm-houses. But *nous avons changé tout cela* in these modern days; and in many houses where the visitor fifty years ago would have had to go through a whole afternoon of the "hot-water system," he will now most likely get a *recherché* seven-o'clock dinner and a glass of claret. To the occasional visitor from the south, indeed, who remembers the perpetual toddy-drinking of former days, there is no change more marked than this. Not that whisky is no longer the national beverage of Scotland, or has ceased to be consumed. Very far from it. But it certainly has found new *couches sociales*, and has disappeared from many circles where it formerly reigned supreme. I have not seen a "ladle" in the north for twenty years.

Changes of another kind there are in my native town less satisfactory to the æsthetic mind. Tweed-mills may have contributed to the prosperity of the place, but no one can say they add to its attractions. Even tall chimneys, however, if they mar, cannot destroy the natural beauty of the situation,—still less that of its sylvan surroundings. And although there has been a slight outbreak of competitive house-building amongst the manufacturers, the attack has been mild in comparison with the alarming development of the same disease at Hawick and Galashiels. Happily at Langholm it culminated early in one supreme "folly," which merci-

fully carried off the complaint, and acted as a wholesome deterrent. Hence the neighbouring valleys are left in their native simplicity, and are not yet commanded by the baronial castles so common on Teviot and the Gala.

But, as ever in such cases, the pathos of change to the boy on his return in long after-years is not in the place but in the people—in the second and third generations now there which knew not Joseph.

Three years ago, after an interval of a decade, I walked up the familiar street without one friendly greeting, or seeing one known face. On a sudden impulse, I had turned aside from a journey, running up from Carlisle just for a couple of hours, and it chanced to be "the races." Forty years had elapsed since last I looked on the pretty scene on the Holm. The day was surpassingly lovely, and there in the ducal grounds are the picturesque groups as of old, under the trees and over the lawns. Across the park-like course is the clear-running Esk under the dark woods, with the green hills above. But here, too, of known faces not one. Like a dream is this in very truth—a ghost-like walk among shadows of the past. Inside the Lodge gate, instead of simple Jemmy Little, as of yore, there is an Ajax-looking apparition in a helmet. Of him I ask some wistful questions, his replies only tending to deepen the Hades-like impression. Then we turn sadly away—my wife and I.

This is my "small store of recollections"—very poor, I make no doubt, viewed from the outside, but all aglow from within, and relating, at all events, to an interesting district, not so well known as it deserves to be; a district, alas! sorely stricken at the present time. For it is not too much to say that the tragical death of the young Earl of Dalkeith has deeply moved the hearts of every man and woman

in what may be called his native dale. In Langholm, as Lord Esk-dail, he had been for years the central figure,—going in and out among the people from his earliest boyhood. Not in the Border country only, however, is he mourned; the wretched mischance which has wrecked so fair a career, and dashed so many high aspirations and brilliant hopes, has elicited a burst of genuine sorrow from high and low throughout the length and breadth of the land. He was—as all who knew him declare—one of the most lovable of men. His high aims, his chivalrous courtesy, his stainless life, endeared him to his intimates; the unfailing kindness of his heart, and the happy frankness of his bearing, made him the popular favourite that he was. “Come along, doctor! I wonder if I too shall be following the hounds when I’m seventy-four!” was his last cheery greeting in the hunting-field to a well-known Border worthy.¹ It had been otherwise appointed; the threescore years and ten of the Psalmist were not for him. He has died young; the eager and ardent life has been cut short; the early promise will never ripen now into the maturity of thought and deed; but among the “bold Buccleuchs,” the memory of the bright and intrepid lad who died upon the hillside, as so many of his race died in the old time, will be long cherished.

¹ Dr Anderson of Selkirk has ridden with “the Duke’s” hounds for more than half a century, and will, we hope, still be often seen with them in seasons to come.

A TALK BESIDE ULLESWATER.

Geoffrey. Shall we pause under the shadow of this rock? I see that it can, occasionally, be hot in your Lake country.

Basil. I always like to hear that confession from a Southerner. It is usually an unwilling one. But endure a little farther, and we shall be among the birch-trees in the hollow on the fell-side.

Theodora. I know of a rocky seat there which will hold us all three.

Geof. A rocky seat indeed, flint-hearted lady! Is that all you offer to a weary, wayworn wanderer? Have you no smooth flower-enamelled turf, no fay-trodden depth of moss, to bid me rest on?

Theo. Not here. Let the view as it bursts upon us, now we have rounded the corner of Place-Fell, refresh you instead. This is our Cornice—no broad road, dusty, din-full, and tourist-full, but a narrow track on a mountain-side. Here at your right hand you have our lake, blue to-day, like Italian waters, lapping its stony bays; at your left the fell-side rocks cut clear into the pure azure sky; and in front rises Helvellyn, not yet wholly eclipsed (though soon to be) by his tall children, who cluster round him in such fine shapes. Look at the play of light and shade upon them. Are you not more than contented?

Geof. Yes. At least I should be, if the eye could be satisfied with seeing. I thought I knew your lake well; but this walk is to me a revelation. Never shall I again distrust your guidance. Our walk down Boardale was picturesque, the waterfall you led us under just now was lovely, but you have kept the best for the last. The view

we are now looking at cannot be characterised in words—at least not by any that I have at present at my command.

Theo. You have regained the use of your eyes at the right moment. Still I wish you had condescended to employ them at the outset. When we first left Patterdale and began to climb the hill, I asked you to look at Brotherswater and Deepdale, but I have no reason to think you did so; and when, as we rose higher, I tried to take advantage of a momentary pause in your discussion to show you Fairfield and Helvellyn, I am not sure that you even heard me.

Geof. Oh yes, I did. I looked round and saw your two giants lifting their great heads above those other big fellows who screen them from the vale below.

Bas. As Shakespeare shows to us now, above that crowd of clever dramatists who in his own time were taken for his equals.

Geof. And as the next generation may see one or two of our own contemporaries; whom we, to our loss, stand too near to discern in their full proportions.

Theo. Then my words were not quite wasted?

Geof. They never can be—at least on me. I heard and obeyed them. I paused to drink in the beauty of your fine converging valleys and to reverence your mighty hills, and then prepared to pour into your receptive ear the sublime thoughts which they had breathed into my soul—such of them at least as I could translate into our vulgar tongue.

Bas. A wise proviso. The pastor of one of our mountain parishes

used to tell me that, as he walked its solitudes, ideas immeasurably grander than anything to be met with in Shakespeare or Milton had frequently occurred to him. Unfortunately, however, he said, he had never been able to express them.

Geof. Did you believe him?

Bas. No. But I quite believe that he thought he was telling the truth.

Theo. (to *GEOF.*) But what deprived me of the gold (precious even if not yet coined) of your thoughts?

Geof. Your own fleetness of foot. You were so far ahead when I turned, that the little breath the steep ascent and my friend here's arguments had left me, failed to convey them to you. Why, we had scarcely passed the ruined chapel, where the dwellers in Patterdale and Martindale used to join in worship, when you were swiftly descending the rocks into the valley.

Theo. If so, it is odd that I heard so much of your conversation. Shall I run over its heads? When you declined to look at Helvellyn, one of you was almost tearfully bewailing, the other vigorously abusing, Mr Gladstone. On the summit you were both hard at work pacifying and generally reorganising Ireland. But as you traversed Boardale you fled from the painful present, and set to work, under Bishop Lightfoot's guidance, to reconstruct the Church of the second century from the Ignatian Epistles. And when, crossing with trembling foot the stepping-stones under the cascade, I looked round for a helping hand, you were both so busy in discussing the revised version of the Bible, that—that I had to shift for myself.

Bas. (smiling). Witches always fear to cross running streams.

Geof. The sorceries of the Lady Theodora are too mighty to be so dissolved. Over them Lethe itself has no power. (*Confidentially to THEO.*) Would you really have accepted the help of a feeble Southron like myself? If so, what a subject for vaunting I have lost!

Theo. No, no. I should have "declined with thanks." But I should have been flattered by your offer.

Geof. Can you forgive us? Impose your own penance.

Theo. May I? Then, now that we have reached the shade, you two sit down there—this stone opposite you will make a nice seat for me. Look, what a picture the boughs have framed for us of the lake and mountains! It is just cool enough and not too cool. Let us have a few minutes' quiet talk, and let me choose the subject.

Bas. That is only fair. You have been an attentive listener during three-quarters of our walk.

Geof. Do you think that, in the primeval Church, deaconesses ever acted as confessors? and if so, did they ever impose penances so agreeable? *Imperatrice mia!* Your punishment is a reward. Propose your subject.

Theo. Shall I startle you if I say, death,—or rather death-scenes? For I want to know which poet has, in your opinion, described a death most pathetically.

Bas. Epic or dramatic?

Theo. Either.

Geof. What say you to the death of Dido?

Theo. She was a widow.

Geof. You are of the mind of Prospero's wicked brother. You remember how he exclaims at "Widow Dido"? May no widow, then, be a heroine?

Theo. If Dido had died, like Evadne, on her first husband's funeral pile—

Geof. You might contribute a tear to quench it. But as it is, the deep despair which makes her "loathe heaven's blessed blue above," leaves you uncompassionate. At that rate, a host of other heroines—Cleopatra herself queening it over death—have no chance with you.

Theo. I pity Dido, although I blame her. Cleopatra was a clever actress, and played her last and hardest part the best; but she was too bad and heartless for any one to waste tears on. Besides, she had lived her life fully, such as it was.

Bas. Yes. We cannot bewail the full-blown rose, when at last it richly paints the earth with its gorgeous scattered petals, as we do the rose-bud, blighted in its early promise. Elaine, killed by her innocent love for Lancelot, Iphigenia about to die for gods, father, and country—fair maidens who are never suffered to know all that those two sacred words, wife and mother, mean—affect me in a far different manner. The Greeks, masters of emotion, knew that source of pity well. The noble and sweet nature of their virgin offerings raises compassion and admiration to their highest. That is, to me, the most pathetic class of deaths.

Theo. Chthonia's, for instance.

Bas. Who on earth was she?

Geof. Your adjuration is well chosen; for her name is of the earth earthy. She is the heroine of Swinburne's "Erechtheus."

Bas. I don't read Swinburne.

Theo. I, only his "Atalanta" and his "Erechtheus." Chthonia dies for her country. The gods demand a maiden's life as the price of safety for Athens, and she gives hers. This is her address to her countrymen on her way to the altar:—

"People, old men of my city, lordly wise and hoar of head,
I, a spouseless bride and crownless save
with garlands of the dead,
From the fruitful light turn silent to
my dark unchildbed bed."

Bas. After Sophocles—good; say us another triplet.

Theo. (*recites*)—

"Day to day makes answer, first to last,
and life to death; but I,
Born for death's sake, die for life's sake,
if indeed this be to die,
This my doom that seals me deathless
till the springs of time run dry."

Bas. That second line is good; the posthumous vanity of the third does not please me so well. Your heroine says too much about herself and too little about her country. Give us her most pathetic speech.

Theo. She says too much altogether, I remember; but I was much struck by the passage in which she speaks of herself as about to be—

"A silent soul led of a silent god
Toward sightless things led sightless:
and on earth
I see now but the shadow of mine end,
And this last light of all for me in
heaven."

Bas. Polyxena said that before, you know.

Theo. Ah! And did Hecuba answer, like Chthonia's mother,—

"Farewell I bid thee; so bid thou not
me,
Lest the gods hear and mock us?"

Bas. Yes; only better. Did not you and I read Polyxena's death last year together?

Theo. I shall never know Euripides as you do; but what a touching scene it is! What a pity that the rest of the "Hecuba" is so inferior! These are Chthonia's last words to Athens:—

"Be blest and beloved as I love thee,
Of all that shall draw from thee breath;
Be thy life as the sun's is above
thee,—

I go to my death."

Bas. Good; but your heroine is too self-possessed. Ah! when we read the "Antigone" together, I shall hope to show you what real pathos is. There you have my ideal maiden, dying willingly for eternal right and justice, preferring the claims of her dead kindred to those of her living lover, upheld by the thought that more righteous judges will praise in the under world the deed for which a tyrant thrusts her out of the land of the living. But she knows the full worth of what she is resigning; and the stronger she has shown herself in her defiance of Creon, the more does the beholder's heart feel rent by her wail of anguish, as "unwept, unfriended, and unwept," she looks her last at Thebes, her childhood's home, and on the sun—

"This once, but never more; for Hades
vast,

Drear home of all the dead,
Leads me, in life, where Acheron flows
fast,

Undecked my marriage-bed;
No marriage-hymn was mine in all the
past,
But Acheron I wed."

Geof. Whose version are you quoting?

Bas. Plumptre's, slightly varied in one line.

Theo. Is not the catastrophe of the "Antigone" something like that of "Romeo and Juliet"?

Bas. Yes; allowing for the great difference in such matters between ancient and modern thought, surprisingly so. Both Romeo and Hæmon die, each in his lady's sepulchre, because they cannot survive the mistress of their heart. But Antigone does not love Hæmon as Juliet loves Romeo.

Theo. Which catastrophe is the more pathetic?

Bas. Shakespeare's, if you weigh Romeo against Hæmon—if you have respect, as you naturally would, to the happiness so narrowly missed by the newly wedded and parted pair, so strangely reunited by death; for it is the sudden reverse from joy to sorrow that is always so striking. But Juliet's passionate love, though pure, is but an earthly thing. Antigone dies for a noble cause: she is a martyr, Juliet the mere victim of circumstances. Juliet, too, has had her first sweet draught of the golden cup of happiness; no second would ever seem to her its equal. But Antigone hears the voice of duty, and sets down the cup untasted. With lips that its enticing liquids have never moistened, she goes to drink of the dark stream that all men shun. Her majestic sadness, her ill-requited piety, affect me more than Juliet's evil fortune.

Geof. There is much in what you say. But is not comparing a Greek with an English play about as satisfactory as comparing a statue with a picture? Each is a work of genius; but materials and style of execution are wholly different.

Theo. Yes; but my question was about the effect on the mind, however produced. My idea, from what you say, is, that I shall most reverence and admire Antigone, but love Juliet most; and, after all, our sorrow at a death is measured by our love.

But I do not quite think that you have yet discovered the most pathetic class of death. What do you say to a son's caused by a parent, like the fate of Meleager in Swinburne's "Atalanta"? Surely the mother's distress, when most unwillingly, but for sufficient cause, she recalls the gift she gave,

and the son's anguish at being dismissed from life by the hand which he so loves and honours, affect us more deeply than even the maiden's early doom whose fate touches you so much.

Geof. I feel inclined to agree with you; that is to say as to the situation. Mr Swinburne's success in delineating it is another matter. His lines have generally more fury than force, more sound than sense, and more rhyme than reason. Besides, he never knows when to stop. His dying hero's long-winded harangues made me say, with Sancho Panza of Gamacho's rival, "This youth, considering his weak state, has an amazing power of speech left him."

Theo. I like the lyric portions of the play best. Who can remain unmoved when the young soldier, dying far from the field of honour, cries—

"I would that in clamour of battle mine
hands had laid hold upon death"?

Or when the old father, who had hoped to see his own triumphs revived by his son, sadly rejoins—

"Thou shouldst die as he dies
For whom none sheddeth tears;
Filling thine eyes
And fulfilling thine ears

With the brilliance of battle, the bloom
and the beauty, the splendour of
spears"?

Or at Meleager's veiled reproach to his mother—the mother whom he forbears to curse, recognising in her the instrument of his birth-fate, as he reminds her of her own irreparable loss and his—

"But thou, O mother,
The dreamer of dreams,
Wilt thou bring forth another
To feel the sun's beams

When I move among shadows a shadow
and wail by impassable streams"?

Bas. Will you lend me the

book? You have made me wish to read it. I can repay you richly; for we will read the grand death-scene of Hippolytus in Euripides together,—a scene of which I feel sure that we shall both see the immense superiority to the one from which you are quoting. To begin with: the situation is even more pathetic. Meleager's offence was a real one; but Hippolytus is the blameless victim of a false accusation, and his unhappy father's curse has taken its deadly effect upon him before his innocence is revealed. He is borne on the stage mangled and dying. His celestial patroness—the great goddess Artemis—bends over him, and his pain is softened by her presence; while she longs for the tears which the Greeks denied to deity, that she may bewail her young votary's undeserved and untimely fate. Theseus sees too late of what a son his own rashness has bereaved him. Never can he hope for such another as the youth in whose place he passionately wishes to die. But Hippolytus, with his hand on the gate of death, turns round to forgive and console the father, whom he assures that he pities more than himself.

Geof. Do you remember those two especially moving rejoinders? one, when Theseus, amazed at his son's free forgiveness, is praising and bewailing his piety and goodness, Hippolytus—doubtless wounded in former time by his father's preference for his younger children—bids him pray that they may act towards him as he has himself done; and the other, when, Theseus having weakly and vainly entreated the dying youth "to bear up," he answers with suppressed bitterness and sad resignation: "I have borne to the full—'tis over; cover my face."

Bas. Yes; well. Those fine sharp strokes must make modern imitations look thick and coarse when set beside them. Theodora, I look forward to a happy hour with you in my study as you make your first acquaintance with them.

Theo. The death of Racine's Hippolyte, which I once learned by heart, gives one no notion of the beautiful scene you are describing.

Bas. Racine would not have met with his great success with the ladies of Louis XIV.'s Court, if they had known even as much Greek as you do. What could he understand of a classic Sir Galahad's mystic devotion to the heavenly lady of his heart, the mighty huntress Diana? He must needs provide his Hippolytus with a mortal love named Aricie. As to the scene we have been talking of, he happily does not profane it by imitation. But then his whole conception of the subject is different. His protagonist is not the innocent Hippolytus, but the guilty Phædra.

Geof. Yes. St Beuve, perhaps justly, considers his Phèdre a great improvement on her Greek prototype.

Theo. Which is most to be pitied, Theseus or Rustum?

Bas. Who was he?

Theo. Did you never read Matthew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum"? What a pity!

Bas. Is it very long?

Theo. No; it is an episode in an unwritten epic.

Bas. You shall read it to me then some day, with that voice of yours which interprets the music of poetry so well.

Theo. Really? But no! I must not believe you. You are partial to your pupil.

Geof. No, he is not.

Bas. Geoffrey shall have a farther

opportunity of judging if I am. Say us the best thing you can remember in it. But, first, what is the poem about?

Theo. Rustum, the great Persian hero, married a Tartar princess, and departed to the wars before the birth of their child. It was a son; but she sent him word that it was a girl, because she feared to part with it. But when the boy Sohrab grew to man's estate, he went forth to meet his sire. He marched with troops who were going to attack the Persian army, and, hearing that his father was far away, strove to distinguish himself, so that his name might worthily meet his ear. To this end he challenged the bravest of the host to fight. Most unhappily Rustum (newly returned) heard of, and accepted, the challenge. Sohrab, with chivalric feeling, spares his great antagonist's life when a chance places it at his mercy. He is only vanquished and slain, when the warrior opposed to him suddenly discloses who he really is by rushing on him with the shout of "Rustum!" for the name bewilders his filial heart; although he is still so far from realising the truth that he reveals it by faltering forth, as he lies bleeding on the ground, "My sire, the mighty Rustum, shall avenge my death."

Bas. A pathetic death-scene indeed!

Geof. It is years since I have looked at the poem; but I recall it as you speak. There were in it some fine Virgilian and Homeric echoes, and the local colouring was good. One simile, though, made me laugh. You will scarcely choose it for your recital. New similes are hard to find, but I had rather that Arnold had employed an old one, than compared, as he does, Rustum's contemptuous pity for the stripling who comes to en-

counter him to a lazy London or Parisian belle, peeping out of bed in cold weather at the housemaid :

"As some rich woman on a winter's morn
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blackened fingers makes her fire . . ."

Theo. For shame! You have forgotten Xenophon's most excellent saying.

Geof. Which?

Theo. Καλόν και δίκαιον. . . .
No; I had better not venture on the Greek: I generally come to grief there. But what he told his comrades was, that it is honourable, righteous, holy, and also pleasant to the mind, to remember men's good deeds rather than their evil. You, on the contrary, have treasured up a displeasing simile,

and forgotten the fine verses which depict the desperate encounter beside the rolling Oxus — that unnatural combat which the clouds gather, and the sandy whirlwind from the desert rises up, to shroud; while at Rustum's imminent peril his great war-horse, Ruksh, utters a cry like to a wounded lion.

Geof. Lady—

"Men's evil manners live in brass;
their virtues
We write in water."

Theo. You should not. But this is what comes of being "nothing if not critical."

Geof. I plead guilty. Let us have the fruit of your better employed memory.

Theo. I will begin where Rustum is wholly overwhelmed by the discovery that the dying man is his son, and Sohrab says—

"I find

My father; let me feel that I have found.
Come sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks
And wash them with thy tears, and say, My Son!
Quick! quick! for numbered are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away."

Bas. Should not those two metaphors exchange places? The lightning is gone in a moment, and leaves darkness behind it; like this young hero's meteoric career, quickly extinguished by death.

Theo. Perhaps. But lightning is destructive. Sohrab hoped to fall on his foes like a thunder-bolt, and lo! he departs swiftly into the unseen, and leaves no trace behind him. Shall I go on?

"So said he: and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast
His arms round his son's neck and wept aloud,
And kissed him. And woe fell on both the hosts
When they saw Rustum's grief: and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground and mane
Sweeping the dust, came near. . . .

But Sohrab looked upon the horse, and said:
'Is this then Ruksh? How often in past days
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed!
My terrible father's terrible horse; and said
That I should one day find thy lord and thee
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane.
O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I

For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuffed the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Selstan
And seen the river of Helmund ; . . .

. whereas I
Have only drunk the desert rivers, and this,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die.'

And, with a heavy groan, Rustum replied :
'Oh that its waves were flowing over me !
Oh that I saw its grains of yellow silt
Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head !'

Bas. What say you, Geoffrey ?

Geof. That verses far inferior to those we have just heard might seem beautiful so recited. I must read them to myself, in order to form an impartial judgment. But that they depict a most touching scene very pathetically, there can be no doubt.

Theo. I know that it is absurd to compare an epic with a tragedy : the former must express many things which are conveyed by an actor's look and gesture in the latter. But it seems to me that the death-scene of which I have recited to you a portion is even sadder than that of Hippolytus.

Geof. In what respects ?

Theo. Hippolytus dies victorious over his false accuser—and you know what Lord Bacon says abates the pains of death ; whereas Sohrab falls defeated. And Rustum gains, and in the self-same moment loses, a son who would have made life sweet to him ; and that son, too, fate insists on his slaying with his own hand.

Geof. Yes ; but Theseus is conscious of having misjudged and wronged his son, which Rustum is not. And, besides, the latter loses a blessing of which he has had no experience ; the former, one which he has long possessed.

Theo. Does not hope always paint with brighter colours than memory ?

Bas. No. Autumn's hues are more brilliant than those of spring.

I side with Geoffrey against you. The sorrow for the known must be greater than that for the unknown ; and then Rustum's heart is not torn by the self-reproach which rends that of Theseus.

Geof. That device of an unconscious warrior slaying the thing dearest to him in battle is indeed ingeniously distressing. How well one Torquato Tasso knew how to employ it !

Theo. Clorinda's death. Yes : it is lovely, it is pathetic ; but I do not think I ever shed tears over it.

Geof. Why not ?

Theo. When I first learned Italian, Herminia was my favourite ; and I am afraid that I was not altogether sorry to see her rival removed from her path. Then, too, Clorinda is, like Brynhild in the northern Saga, a Shield-Maiden. You cannot fancy her, any more than Virgil's Camilla, stooping to obey a husband—least of all such a tearful sentimentalist as Tancred. I must own that I like to see her depart heaven's bride, not his. Tancred is only too highly honoured by being allowed to open its sacred portal to her.

Geof. Remember his self-mastery at that supreme moment. His will keeps death at bay, and collects all the powers of his mind to prevent his heart from breaking, in order that he may have strength to bestow eternal life on

her whose mortal career his arm has so unwittingly cut short. Can you despise a man who so bears himself under such a trial?

Theo. Perhaps not wholly. But you know Tancred survives after all and marries another.

Geof. That does not prevent our feeling for him, and with him, as he makes the fatal discovery. I advise you to read that scene over again, and see what your maturer judgment says to it.

Let me remind you, too, that if a certain amount of weakness in the hero destroys his claim on our compassion, Balaustion's strictures on the "Alcestis" are just; and Admetus, that cowardly husband who accepts his wife's too generous offer to die in his place, has nothing to expect from us but scorn.

Bas. Browning's clever sarcasm takes too little account of a Greek's intense love of life, and of the fact that the princely Admetus might think it his duty to preserve his life for his family and his subjects' sake, even at the vast expense of that of his loved Alcestis. It is from that point of view that his, to us, repulsive discourse with his father must be looked at. The sire is too old to render that service to the State which it is in the son's power to perform. Why has he not given his brief remnant of life for his more valuable one?

Geof. No noble mind asks such questions.

Theo. I feel inclined to pity Alcestis most in the last scene. To have visited the unseen world and be led back from it with the enlarged knowledge which such a visit could not fail to give, only in order to pass the rest of her life with her very small-minded husband, seems a hard fate.

Bas. To you. But you must not import modern thought into

antique legend in that way. It spoils one's power to appreciate and enjoy it. Though you may, Alcestis does not, despise the man she dies for.

Geof. Why, then, does she show so little confidence in his care of their young children?

Bas. Because she is a *mother*. She would have trusted him with anything else.

Geof. Why, then, think it necessary to so earnestly charge him never to wed another?

Bas. I must confess that Alcestis knows her lord's nature to be not precisely heroic. Still, such as he is, she loves him.

Geof. Your proof?

Bas. Her own simple words: "Unconstrained, of my own free will, since no one else would, I give my life for thee, accounting thee more precious than my own soul. I had my choice, and I could not choose to live torn asunder from thee."

Geof. That doesn't sound like contempt, certainly.

Bas. No. Her love for her husband stands out in strong relief from her horror at Charon's boat, its dark ferryman, and the gloomy halls to which he stands prepared to carry her; great it must truly be to triumph over her intense delight in the happy life under the blue sky of Greece which, as she says, she has to quit, not to-morrow, or on the third day, but now. I must always look on the farewell of Alcestis to Admetus as inexpressibly pathetic.

Theo. You will allow that such a heart deserved a nobler object on which to pour its treasures. Tell me while we climb the next rock—for it is time we moved forward—whether the most affecting element in the pathos of the "Alcestis" is not, after all, the sense it brings us of

"The straitened bounds of women's happiness,"

as Goethe calls them?

Bas. We may make such reflections on the play if we please. They did not occur to its author. Now they are the intention, as well as the result, of one of Browning's best speeches—I know there is vastly too much of it—that of his dying Pompilia.

Geof. You have read "The Ring and the Book" then?

Bas. Yes; all of it. It much needs boiling down; but it is a very remarkable *book*. Mind I do not say *poem*. Now his dying Pompilia is a very pathetic figure; and the deep pathos of her death-bed speech arises from this, that she has realised the utter baseness of the man whom she was forced

to wed; that for her, yet through no fault of hers, all the true avenues to womanly pride and happiness are closed; and that her white soul has seen no altar to flee to as a refuge from intolerable degradation, till the pitying hand of the Angel of Death points one out to her. And so she loves the death which Alcestis hates, and gives her wicked husband the life of which he unjustly deprives her with even greater readiness than that with which the Greek heroine lays down hers for the spouse whom she loves. Pompilia is a wife and a mother at seventeen; yet the unutterable horror of being the wife of such a man as Guido reconciles her even to the parting with her infant, and makes the poniard welcome to her. Do you remember her words?—

"For that most woeful man, my husband once,
Who, needing respite, still draws vital breath,
I pardon him? So far as lies in me
I give him for his good the life he takes,
Praying the world will therefore acquiesce.
Let him make God amends, none, none to me;
Who thank him rather that, whereas strange fate
Mockingly styled him husband and me wife,
Himself this way at least pronounced divorce,
Blotted the marriage-bond: this blood of mine
Flies forth exultingly at any door,
Washes the parchment white, and thanks the blow."

Now the young girl with whom life has so dealt that this is how she quits it, is a moving sight indeed.

Theo. Here we are at the top of the rock. I declare that Ulleswater is as blue this afternoon as the Ægean in Leighton's lovely picture of the dead Alcestis, which our talk has brought to my mind. Look at the light on the Stybarrow Crags.

Geof. Down which the valiant men of Patterdale, led by Mounsey their king, hurled the rocks on the invading Scotch. You see I know your traditions. Did the women and children survey the

conflict from under the firs on that rocky islet, I wonder, like Duncraggan's widow and her company in the "Lady of the Lake"? By the way, how much smaller your islands are than those on Windermere and Derwentwater!

Theo. Ours are just the right size, tiny specks on the blue water. On those other two lakes they seem to block your way, and only look well when you are a considerable height above them.

Geof. I know that the superiority of Ulleswater to all the other lakes is here an article of faith. It is one I feel much inclined to

subscribe to on this particular afternoon. What a lovely shadow that light cloud is casting on Glenmara at the head of the lake!

Bas. Look, too, at the bright rays on St Sunda's Crag to the right of it, and its grand perpendicular sweep into Grisedale, the gap between Fairfield and Helvellyn. Right under the shadow cast by that giant warder of the pass, one of our highest lakelets, Grisedale Tarn, refreshes the weary climber on his way to scale their heights. There is a third course open to him, though, when he rests beside it, for he is on the bridle-road to Grasmere.

Geof. If all your bridal-roads are like that, marriage must, in this country, be a privilege reserved for the superlatively active. Of a truth "*per aspera ad astra*."

Theo. You made that mistake on purpose. We are on a bridle-road now.

Geof. (in a stage whisper). Heaven forbid!

Theo. Any rough path along which a nimble mountain-pony can scramble bears that name here. But let us return to our own track. And while you admire the light and shade on the hills to the left of the Kirkstone Pass,—just now inexpressibly lovely,—or let your eyes rove from one to another of the fairy islets in that molten sapphire—tell me—

Geof. Your imperial majesty is pleased to deviate into poetry.

Theo. We were talking of the poets, you know. But I will put my question in plain prose. Which death has produced the most pathetic effects in poetry: that of a husband slain by his wife, or of a wife by her husband?

Geof. Unquestionably the latter. The former, to begin with, is an expedient rarely resorted to by the poets.

Bas. *Æschylus*, as we all know, employed it with tremendous tragic effect. The fall of *Agamemnon*, on his victorious return from *Troy*, heralded by *Cassandra's* warning notes, when the avenging deity nerves *Olytemnestra* to her fell determination, and one blow repays in a single moment the wrongs over which she has brooded for years, is one of the grandest examples of that sudden reverse of fortune which impressed the Greek mind so forcibly. And where the wife stands, in her wretched and guilty triumph, over the two dead bodies, there we know will the avenger of blood stand at no distant period over her own prostrate form and that of her accomplice.

Geof. *Æschylus* awakens awe rather than pity.

Bas. Then take the death of *Hercules*. *Deianira* is, above all women, to be commiserated; for the expedient which she has every reason to believe will enable her to regain her husband's affection, to her unspeakable surprise and horror causes his death.

Theo. There is something absurd in *Ovid's* plan of "*Epistles of Heroines*," most of whom could not have known how to write, and some of whom write under circumstances which would prevent the readiest scribe from putting pen to paper. But if you forget that she is supposed to have written them down, how pathetic are his last words of *Deianira*!

Geof. I have forgotten them. Repeat them.

Theo.

"*Jamque vale, seniorque pater, germanaque Gorge,*

Et patria, et patriæ frater adempte tuæ!

Et tu, lux oculis hodierna novissima nostris;

Virque (sed O possis!), et puer Hylle, vale!"

Bas. You will pity her still more when you read the "Trachiniæ." Sophocles himself compassionates her, and does not let her live to see the tremendous ruin which she has caused. What wife-slayer could wake our pity more than this involuntary destroyer of the greatest hero that ever lived, the husband of her own youth?

Geof. Othello; because he was not blameless like Deianira. The Centaur's tale, which she foolishly believed, involved no such moral impossibility as did Iago's. Desdemona's living face should have "looked the lie dead" to any eye not judicially blinded as his was. What an ideal of womanhood, what innocence, what purity, what self-sacrificing love!

Theo. To her husband. But she was an undutiful daughter. I like Cordelia much better.

Bas. When I spoke last I had the wife-killers of the Spanish stage chiefly before me: those "honourable murderers" who put a fair woman to death for a doubtful punctilio, and who, having saved their wounded honour with her blood, find it possible enough to survive her. Othello alone amply justifies your answer to Theodora's question. I suppose that, for pathetic effect, its last Act stands unrivalled.

Geof. Except by Shakespeare himself. To some moods of mind his dying Katharine appeals yet more irresistibly. Desdemona pardons a fatal error, she a deliberate wrong. Desdemona, a happy young wife, till a wicked enchanter's breath suddenly wraps her in a dark cloud, is all in all to her husband: Katharine has watched her lord's love decline and die, and been reduced, though daughter, wife, and mother of mighty monarchs, to do battle for her own and her child's honour, and seen her-

self worsted in the fight. Desdemona's scarcely cold cheek is warmed by the dying Othello's kiss; Katharine knows that Henry will be glad to hear of her death, and sends him word that

"His long trouble now is passing
Out of this world."

Theo. Why did we not come to Shakespeare sooner?

Geof. Perhaps from a sense of our unworthiness to talk about him.

Theo. "Why, so can we; and so can any man," if the learned lady who wanted you to review her book is right.

Bas. What did she say?

Geof. That Shakespeare did not write the plays ascribed to him; for she thinks she can prove that they were written by Lord Bacon.

Bas. She must be colour-blind, then. She may be able to prove—which would be very interesting—that one of those two great contemporaries had a perceptible influence on the other; as a speech of Ulysses, in "Troilus and Cressida," has always given me the satisfaction of believing that Shakespeare had read some of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity.' When will England again contain three such minds simultaneously at work as Shakespeare, Bacon, and Hooker?

Geof. Never. The twilight of the gods will come first.

Theo. Do not desert our subject. You must have much more to say on the pathos of Shakespeare's death-scenes.

Geof. *Domina et imperatrix mea!* your wishes are law. I will tell you, then, what struck me as I rapidly ran through as many of those scenes as I could call to mind. It is that Shakespeare, beyond all things lifelike and true to nature, has seen—what I trust you do not know yet, what may experience never teach you!—namely, that

well calculated as death is to move human compassion, life is often far more so. His death of Henry IV. is very pathetic; Richard II.'s resignation is far more moving. His living Constance suffers far more than his dying Juliet.

Bas. That is one of the numerous points of contact between Shakespeare and Sophocles. We were talking a little while ago of the pathos of the "Antigone." Are there not at least two of the personages of Sophocles whom you pity more?

Geof. Oedipus, certainly.

Bas. And when most? When his sun is setting at Colonus, or when he makes, and survives, the fatal discovery at Thebes?

Geof. Who could doubt which? Life was his misery; not death. Now look at his far-distant Shakespearean parallel, Lear, the man who of all men Shakespeare makes us pity most. After what we have seen life do to him, death seems to approach him with a friendly aspect; and the faithful Kent speaks for each of us when he exclaims—

"Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!
He hates him,
That would upon the rack of this tough
world
Stretch him out longer."

Theo. Yes; Lear's death is a relief, after much sorrow. Now Edmund's, just before, is truly tragic; for it lets one see that he was not wholly bad, as he had seemed before, and so makes it possible to pity his untimely death. You were criticising Mr Swinburne's length of speech in dying heroes. What a contrast those few words which Edmund finds breath to utter are to them! and how much more he says in them!

Geof. Remind me of them.

Theo. First when, pardoning his unknown antagonist, he owns his

crime, and acknowledges the justice of his overthrow, thus—

"What you have charged me with,
that have I done;
And more, much more: the time will
bring it out;
'Tis past, and so am I."

How plainly those words unveil a soul just about to be arraigned before the highest judgment-seat, knowing that it must plead guilty there, and so absorbed in the prospect as to lose its power to care for human censure!

Bas. His second I can supply. It is his rejoinder to the brother who, while making himself known as the avenger of his own and his father's wrongs on one who had so foully betrayed both, has learned nevertheless from that father's fate, that

"The gods are just, and of our pleasant
vices
Make instruments to scourge us."

A strong sense of what Jeremy Taylor calls "the descending and entailed curse" of sin fills Edmund's brief answer—

"Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel has come full circle; I am
here."

Theo. Then, when those unnatural monsters, Goneril and Regan, have met their deserts, and Edmund, who pretended love to both and loved neither, hears of their end, how fine is the awakening of remorse in his heart!—

"I was contracted to them both; all
three
Now marry in an instant."

And how it deepens and grows stronger as their dead bodies are carried in, and he remembers how, enemies to all the world beside, those wretched women had, nevertheless, been true to him!—

"Yet Edmund was beloved :
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself."

When good Albany rejoins—

"Even so.—Cover their faces."

I suppose that with his horror at having been husband to such a woman as Goneril, and with his unspeakable thankfulness at having got rid of her, is blended a surprised recognition that she too had a heart, and was, after all, capable of loving.

Bas. You think, then, as Edmund did. Or did she only kill herself for fear of Albany's vengeance?

Theo. She despised him too much to fear him. No; she could not survive the man for whose sake she had committed such crimes.

Geof. I congratulate you on this your first appearance (at least to me) as a Shakespearean critic.

Now, let us take Hamlet as our second instance. Are the perplexity, the disenchantment with life, the loss of faith in man, and—still worse—in woman, which build up a cyclopean wall betwixt him and happiness, easier for him to bear than the death he longs for; and which only religious faith restrains him from laying hold of for himself?

Bas. That Laertes's rapier did Hamlet good service, his own words to his second self, Horatio, bear witness.

"Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath
in pain,"

are not the words of one to whom life has been sweet.

Theo. No. I suppose we all pity Hamlet more when he misconstrues Ophelia, when he repents too late over her grave, and, above all, when he has to sit as judge

over his own mother and condemn her, than when death makes easy to him what life had made so hard. By the way, do you know why, when the Ghost means to appear to both his wife and his son, and, fully believing that Queen Gertrude sees him, bids Hamlet speak to her,—

"O step between her and her fighting
soul,"—

only one of the two is sensible of the apparition?

Geof. Tell me.

Theo. Because only the innocent can have communion with the invisible world. The Queen's sin had blinded her inner eye.

Geof. Very good.

Bas. Dr Johnson's criticisms on Shakespeare are often highly amusing. His plain English common-sense, valuable as it is, supplies him with no measuring-rule for genius. One of his observations on Hamlet is: "The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it." It never occurred to him to consider whether Hamlet's filial piety could meet with a better reward than that earned of old by Cleobis and Biton,—the death which restored to him that father's society, the like of whom in worth he never expected to see again.

Theo. Still, there is a deep sadness about Hamlet's death after all; for he carries so much unfulfilled promise to the grave.

"The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye,
tongue, sword,"

were all there in perfection, as the person who knew him best bore witness, and had none of them achieved what they were capable of. I always love Fortinbras for

ordering him a military funeral, and pledging his princely word that

"He was likely, had he been put on, To have proved most royally."

Have you not felt the same on attending other funerals?

Geof. Yes; indeed I have.

Theo. A friend of mine returning from one such wrote these lines:

"When Hamlet went unto his grave, men bore him
Forth like a soldier with his sword and shield,
The cannons thundered loud their music o'er him
As he had died upon the tented field.

And yet, he never knew the joys of battle,
Felt his heart bound to meet the trumpet's call,
Held round his head the splintered spear-wood rattle,
Standing erect to mark his foeman's fall.

Nay: but a noble heart, his will discerning
By its own thoughts, knew what he would have done,
Had not the father, from the tomb returning,
To one dread office set apart the son.

Even so the turf by which thou seest me kneeling
Covers a head that might great things have planned,
Had not,—from out the frame its vigour stealing,—
A chilling touch too soon unnerved the hand.

Revere what might have been, had God been willing,—
What yet, if God so please, in higher sphere,
On vaster scale, may find more rich fulfilling;
And o'er such hope deferred let fall one tear."

Geof. Those lines are not bad. Who did you say wrote them?

Theo. That is a secret. Has Hamlet any distant kinsman among the personages of Sophocles?

Geof. Orestes as to outward history, though with a different catastrophe.

Bas. Yes; but the true Sophoclean parallel is Ajax. One simple, but unbearable, evil produces on the Greek hero's mind the effect wrought on Hamlet's by a far greater complexity of woes. Each sees in self-destruction the readiest end to griefs very hard to bear; but whereas the spiritual horizon grows ever darker to the one, it clears towards sunset to the other. Ajax ceases to appeal by prayer or sacrifice to the gods whose jurisdiction in the upper world he is about to quit; while Hamlet goes cheerfully to meet the fate which he has not called down on himself,

with the thought that "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow."

Geof. Few scenes distress me more than the parting of Ajax with his child. Can we fairly include it among those which we have been considering?

Bas. I should say so. For though his friends and wife do not know it, it is the farewell of one about to die. But, though worthy of infinite compassion, Ajax—the victim of his own wounded pride—does not appeal to the same higher feelings that Hector touches in the corresponding part of the "Iliad," which Sophocles here imitates so successfully.

Geof. True. Why have we not discussed Hector's death?

Bas. Perhaps because the full pathos which attends it is revealed beforehand in the "parting of Hector and Andromache," and

after it in Priam's supplication to Achilles, and in the lamentations of the mother, the wife, and, above all, of Helen; through whose fault Hector died, and who yet says that he, almost alone among the Trojans, never reproached her with one scornful word. In the death itself Achilles dominates our imagination. Our minds are full of his revenge for Patroclus, and of the unconquerable courage with which he learns from his dying foe that—

"Thee too await

The shafts of Phœbus by the Scæan gate."

Geof. If your decision about the "Ajax" was right, the most pathetic scene in the German drama might also come within our range. I mean that which concludes the first part of "Faust," as it is immediately followed by Margaret's execution.

Bas. Perhaps; but we are near the end of our walk, not to mention other objections to a prolonged examination of it—one being that I cannot read it in the original.

Geof. Have you read it in Martin's most admirable translation? If you have, you will be prepared for my opinion that the spirit of Shakespeare took possession of Goethe for a brief season when he wrote the original.

Bas. It is certainly more like Shakespeare's handiwork than several plays which Schlegel was good enough to credit him with.

Geof. Goethe had studied "Hamlet" most carefully, and Ophelia's madness suggested Margaret's to him; but their circumstances are so different, that his mad scene, with its tremendous power of moving the heart towards the sufferer, so discerningly unconscious, so ignorantly conscious, of all the hor-

rors of her situation, is no imitation, but a grand development of the genius which inspired it.

Theo. You would not say the same of the close of "Egmont"?

Geof. No. Its earlier scenes, though meritorious, are more like Ben Jonson's work than Shakespeare's—history dramatised without any grand pervading unity. Its conclusion—the vision part I mean—is a stupid plagiarism from that priceless scene in "Henry VIII." which we talked of before. Goethe did better than that in his earlier play, "Götz von Berlichingen."

Theo. Yes; that play always delighted me. Only it is so sad. That weak, foolish Weislingen, who makes the noble Marie so unhappy, and himself dies such a miserable death! I can scarcely pity him after his folly in preferring to her that evil woman, Adelheide.

Geof. It is the death of Götz himself that is so touching. He is a survivor of a bygone state of things, and the new order finds no place for him. Do you remember how on that fine spring day in his prison garden he looks his last at the budding trees, and says, "I am cut off by the roots and sinking to my grave"? The last of a long line of brave knights, dishonoured through no fault of his own, he looks in the face of the only faithful retainer who is left to him for the courage with which he was himself wont to inspire his followers in the fight, and expires murmuring that all his other friends are dead and his good old emperor gone.

Theo. The play should have ended there. Do you remember how unreal and clatrap the two last speakers become?

Geof. Suffer me to remind you of Xenophon and your own rule.

Theo. You do well. Which of

Schiller's numerous death-scenes is the finest?

Geof. He has none equal to Goethe's two best, in my opinion.

Theo. Do you not admire the close of his "Maid of Orleans"?

Geof. It is such a falsification of history; to which, on the other hand, he keeps close in his death of Wallenstein.

Theo. I cannot care much for that traitor's end. My favourite scene in Schiller is the death of the Marquis Posa in "Don Carlos."

Geof. It will not maintain that place always in your favour. You will read it again some day, and see how it violates all historical possibility in transforming Philip II.'s son and his friend into sentimental German students. Mary Stuart's execution is better.

Theo. It is wrong of Schiller, though, to make her own herself guilty of Darnley's murder.

Bas. Very wrong, if he does that. We may have our strong suspicions; but for poetic and dramatic purposes she should assuredly be pronounced innocent.

Geof. Do you remember her words to the traitor Leicester, when she has to accept his support on her way to the scaffold?

Theo. Well!—

"You keep your word, Lord Leicester.

Once you promised

Your arm to lead me forth from out
this dungeon;

'Tis as you said—that arm is lent me
now."

Will that do for an impromptu version?

Geof. Excellently.

Now, have we done your bidding sufficiently? Will the leagues we have travelled mentally, the many lands, the many centuries, we have reviewed suffice, and may we each claim an especially good cup of tea from your fair hands as our

reward? Are you satisfied? Or shall we survey the drama of China and of India? or ransack the Persian epic?

Theo. You had better leave Asia for our ascent of Helvellyn. Europe has been more than enough for our circuit of Place-Fell.

Geof. True. It is not yet exhausted. We have scarcely touched on the French drama, classic or romantic. We have left the tragedy of Spain unexamined.

Bas. By doing so you have missed one of the most affecting of death-scenes: that of Calderon's "Constant Prince."

Geof. A true martyr, as I dimly remember. But has her imperial majesty learned Spanish also?

Theo. Her proficiency in that language is about equal to your skill in Arabic, Sanskrit, and Chinese; so she releases you, with many thanks.

Bas. Do not call it a release. We have kept, for the most part, very good company this afternoon; and anything that makes one walk for a while with "the mighty spirits of the elder day" is welcome.

Theo. Yet we have not reached any very definite conclusion.

Geof. No: because the most pathetic is not a measurable quantity. It varies according to the sex, the age, and the experience of the person who tries to define it. Even of us three, each looks at it from a different point of view. Imagination invests one subject with pathos to you: to me memory another. Take, for instance, those parting words of Ajax to his little son, which I feel as so affecting. They would not touch a sanguine youth, who had as yet experienced no disappointments, in the same way.

Theo. Do you admire Virgil's version of them?—

"Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem, Fortunam ex aliis?"

Bas. It is perfect as to expression; but it fits the place into which Virgil thrusts it very badly.

Geof. Yes: the Mantuan generally disposes his stolen goods more artistically. A poet loses his licence to steal, if he does no better than that with what he has borrowed without leave. We expect him to justify his doubtful deed by an ennobling process, under which pewter changes to silver and copper to gold. But here the alchemy is reversed; and the richer is turned, to our disappointment, into the baser metal. *Æneas*, when he says those touching words to Iulus, is not about to die like Ajax or like Hector. He is going instead to kill—and in no very magnanimous manner—the brave Turnus for defending his country; and to reward himself for his own infidelity to Dido, by marrying the much-to-be-pitied and highly reluctant Lavinia.

Theo. I think Dido's dying prophecy, "*Exoriare aliquis*," reached farther than to Hannibal. Her ashes find in you a mighty avenger. Say what you like, however, against *Æneas*—he is too great a prig to find a defender in me. But you shall not insult Virgil. If you do, I shall call our greatest living poet to judge between us.

Geof. I should be very unmindful of Xenophon's maxim if I did. Who satisfies our artistic sense as Virgil does? The final revision

which death forbade his giving to the *Æneid*, would perhaps have expunged the bit of false imitation that I complain of. But can you repeat Tennyson's fine tribute to his memory? If so, please do.

Bas. Let us hear it. I read it with the greatest pleasure last spring. It is even better—and that is saying much—than his grand *Alcaics* to Milton. It is one of the noblest offerings poet ever made to poet; and one of the best characterisations of Virgil's peculiar genius that any scholar ever produced. Alas! it is a parting ray, I fear, of a setting sun,—such a sun as that which is still bathing Place-Fell in glorious light—see how lovely its reflection is in the lake!—although it has left us in the deep shadow.

Theo. May I put two English words in, in place of one Italian, in the last stanza?

Geof. I think you had better. Now, as we linger at the garden gate, fulfil to us in a milder sense what we have already been experiencing in our very tragic review, that

"The setting sun and music at the close,
As the last taste of sweets, is sweetest last;
Writ in remembrance more than things long past."

Send us in, as the light begins to fade from the mountain, with Tennyson's expressive echoes of each of Virgil's many-sided and delightfully varied charms caressing our ears.

Theo. (*Recites with deep feeling.*)

"Roman Virgil, thou that singest
Ilion's lofty temples robed in fire,
Ilion falling, Rome arising,
wars, and filial faith, and Dido's pyre ;

Landscape-lover, lord of language—
more than he that sang the Works and Days,
All the chosen coin of fancy
flashing out from many a golden phrase ;

Thou that singest wheat and woodland,
 tilth and vineyard, hive and horse and herd;
All the charm of all the Muses
 often flowering in a lonely word;

Poet of the happy Tityrus
 piping underneath his beechen bowers;
Poet of the poet-satyr
 whom the laughing shepherd bound with flowers;

Chanter of the Pollio, glorying
 in the blissful years again to be,
Summers of the snakeless meadow,
 unlaborious earth and carless sea;

Thou that seest Universal
 Nature moved by Universal Mind;
Thou majestic in thy sadness
 at the doubtful doom of human kind;

Light among the vanish'd ages;
 star that gildest yet this phantom shore;
Golden branch amid the shadows,
 kings and realms that pass to rise no more;

Now thy Forum roars no longer,
 fallen every purple Cæsar's dome—
Though thine ocean-roll of rhythm
 sound for ever of Imperial Rome—

Now the Rome of slaves hath perish'd,
 and the Rome of freemen holds her place:
I, from out the Northern Island
 sunder'd once from all the human race,

I salute thee, mighty Mantuan,
 I that loved thee since my day began,
Wielder of the stateliest measure
 ever moulded by the lips of man."

WE ARE CHANGED !

We feel our love has long grown cold,
And yet we dare not own
That, day by day, a silent change
Has o'er our spirits grown.
We see it, though our eyes the while
Are blinded by our tears ;
With words of former tenderness
We strive to mock our fears.
But we are changed. We are not one,
As we were once of old.
Oh, would to God that we had died
Before our love grew cold !

We've struggled hard against our fate,
Our hearts still warm to keep,
As wayworn men strive with the cold
That numbs them into sleep.
We have not let one unkind word
The bitter truth reveal :
The world knows not, must never know
What both of us now feel,
That we are changed. We are not one,
As we were once of old.
Oh, would to God that we had died
Before our love grew cold !

Bound, like the felon bound of yore,
Unto the lifeless clay,
Linked to a love long dead, that shows
Each moment more decay,
In secret we must hug our bonds,
Till death will set us free.
I weep, my wife, to think that I
Have forged these chains for thee ;
For we are changed. We are not one,
As we were once of old.
Oh, would to God that we had died
Before our love grew cold !

R. G. HALIBURTON.

EUROPE VERSUS ENGLAND.

THE maxim that each should mind his own, and which, while this country understood it and acted up to it, made England the first of European nations, ought to be insisted on at the present time, with the more force that the foreign policy pursued by successive Ministries within the last quarter of a century has placed it in the background, and by so doing has blinded the country generally to the national aspirations of Continental States, to the imperial requirements of Great Britain herself, and to the clear duties incumbent upon those who govern us, both in relation to our interests and to the position of the several countries with whom we are on terms of amity. It is a trite observation that national histories are but the extended histories of individual families: still the fact remains that for being commonplace the observation is none the less a true one.

Concord in families is a benefit, to obtain which countless sacrifices are daily made. Applied to nationalities, the desire for unity has steeped itself in conflicts of every description and in wars of the most stupendous character, regardless of ruin and death and disaster, to effect its aim. To throw off the yoke of dependence is the prime lever which stimulates the energy of man in his relation to man; and in the history of nations the love of independence has wrought prodigies of courage, perseverance, and sufferings. If we take this century alone, these remarks would apply to Belgium, Italy, and Germany, as much as to Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Montenegro, and generally the

great Slav-speaking peoples of Eastern Europe.

It is true that Belgium enjoys but a limited and defined independence. Her people are allowed the blessings of peace and national unity at the price of their surrender of all patriotic aspirations for increased territory or exterior influence. So cheap a crown was well made to allure the first Leopold, who was not a Belgian; but the present king, who has honestly taken up his position as the head of the Belgian nation, smarts under the restrictions imposed upon the liberty of his country, and is seeking to extend it upon the African continent. The day may come when the Powers that guarantee his country's independence may find fault with his natural and patriotic aspirations.

Italy has won her unity by the cleverness of her statesmen and the craft of her diplomatists, even more than by the valour of her soldiers; but Italy has still her task unfinished, and though the world may yet live some years before the event takes place, Italians will not lose sight of Nice and Savoy, two of the fairest provinces which belong to her by right of geographical limits, language, race, and character, until she reunites them to her crown. *Sum cuique*: it is her rightful ambition at present, until it becomes her rightful possession in the future.

Germany has become one so far; but not far enough. Alas for France! Germany is not Germany yet, nor will be complete till she holds out her hand to Italy in the south, at Trieste, and thus encircles France with an iron grip that will defy all her efforts at

alliances with enemies of Germany or Italy to the detriment of either.

Chacun pour soi: it is but a natural desire to guard our house against the enemy, to strengthen it against attack, to minimise the sources of danger.

Strong with Teutonic blood and German language spoken from the Baltic to the Adriatic, proud of a country that will reach from sea to sea, and rich in a northern and southern outlet, Germany, while creating an effectual barrier against France, will then monopolise the commerce of Central Europe, and become the reserve-force of Austria against future Russian aggressions towards the west.

Much has to be done and much is being done towards the accomplishment of this task, worthy of a great empire like Germany.

Austria's fears have to be allayed, and Russian apprehensions have to be lulled to sleep. That is the secret of the triple alliance,—an alliance which prevents Russia and France uniting together for a common object; an alliance which permits Austria to be quietly moulded into the willing instrument of Germany's plans, and still more quietly transformed into a Slav empire, and deprived of the last historical possessions of the house of Hapsburg.

No one need much fear the triple alliance, unless it be Austria, who is befooled, and must lose something in the long-run; while Russia, who is equally being befooled, but more active, may find compensation for the future in all she reaps at present under the patronage of Germany. It is clear that it cannot serve German interest at present to prevent this, even though the Imperial Chancellor Bismarck may dance with rage in his private apartments of Varzin at what is being done

under that patronage, for the future is too important to be sacrificed to the present. The triple alliance itself has no present thought of England, though Russia, who forms part of it, may personally wish to annoy us; but to that point we will apply ourselves presently.

The stakes are too heavy for secondary considerations; and England, except for Egypt, would not even trouble the minds of Prince Bismarck, the Austro-Hungarian premier, or M. de Giers. The partition of the East is no small matter to settle, but it will be settled without England's participation in it: because it does not concern England, in the minds of the three Continental empires; because it is well ascertained that England cannot and will not back her protests by open warfare; and because the so-called common-sense of Lord Derby, the gentleman-like weak courtesy of Lord Granville—despite the spirited protestations made by Lord Salisbury last year—have reduced this country's foreign policy to *nil* in the active factors of the world's history and development.

No wonder, however, that France indulges in a "wild unrest"; for she apprehends the truth without realising it. No wonder that Austria is troubled and anxious; for she scents breakers ahead, and is conscious how little the future which she knows to be in store for her, will please the fancies of the Hungarian portion of her monarchy. No wonder, in fact, that the world experiences the heaviness of a coming storm, and little guessing the direction of its blast, is rather desirous of pooh-poohing the idea than of making preparations to meet it. With the instinct which children and drunkards possess, France sends

to Germany England's bitterest foe in Egyptian matters — M. Herbette — so as to ensure, if possible, Prince Bismarck's protection in her doings against us in Egypt, apprehending that some day, when she is shut out of the Continent by the great Teutonic and South Slav combinations, she may yet link herself with Russia at the mouth of the Nile. French Governments may be bad and ignorant, but the follies of youth and ignorance do not exclude the happy knack of children of falling on their feet; and if France itself be an old country, its constitutions incessantly renewed, its political men for ever changing, and its forms of government so constantly being modified, are sufficient proof that youth is the special characteristic of the present French republic. To that youth belongs the instinctive fear of which we speak; to that youth belongs the diplomatic tremor which marks her present foreign policy.

It may suit Germany to humour such plans one day or to discountenance them the next; for what cares she about the naval fights of the future, when, having secured her populations against disastrous wars upon her own territory, she may by means of her own navy in the Adriatic encourage or discourage French ambition against England? What matters it even if France and Russia ally themselves in the Mediterranean against herself, when, having taken from Austria her German-speaking provinces, she becomes so powerful as to prevent these alliances as well? German interests first; the rest after. If France can show through M. Herbette that it is the Prince's interest, for the furtherance of his views, to favour French projects in Egypt, then M. Herbette will carry the day; but if not, then M. Her-

bette will return to the dignified mediocrity from which a piece of ill-timed humour against us on the part of M. de Freycinet has at present drawn him.

Thus it is that France intuitively knows that Germany is her master, and timidly apprehends a single-handed conflict with us in Egypt.

In the case of Austria, matters are somewhat different. She has to lose, but also to gain; and while her loss must be borne ungrudgingly, it is from her spoliator that she expects help to gain her compensating territory.

Her occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina—viz., her seizure of the heart of that South Slav country which embraces Servia and Bulgaria to the east, and Montenegro and Albania to the west—took place at the very time that the Berlin Congress was sitting in 1878, and constituted the first-fruit of that Germano-Austrian alliance into which, soon after, the German Chancellor graciously permitted proud Russia to enter.

Il faut dorer la pilule, and the newly emancipated States from the mild though impossible yoke of Turkey were given short leases of existence, with permission to parade as many symbols of royalty as pleased the vanity of their respective heads; but a year had not elapsed before the countries bordering on Bosnia were informed right and left that there must be an end to their gratitude to Russia for their emancipation; that the pan-Slavonic agitation in those countries must be arrested; and that close alliance with Austria meant salvation in the present and perhaps autonomy in the future. A strategic line to the south, in the direction of Adrianople, soon showed that business was intended; and that, should Russia in the future intend to press her claims on Bulgaria as

her own particular property, an amicable arrangement might be arrived at in the neighbourhood of old Servia, on the principle of give and take—that is to say, Eastern Roumelia might belong to Russia, but Macedonia down to Salonica would remain to Austria. If this could not be, then a fight must ensue.

In the first case, Germany would not move, as the arrangement would suit her interests; in the other, she would back Austria, as Salonica must never be Russian.

The problem is complicated by the presence of Hungary, as we have stated: but just as the Austrian empire now boasts of a dual character, that character would only become the more defined by the elimination of the German element from its councils. To wait with patience on the German Chancellor's notions of time and fitness, is therefore the game of diplomacy to be played by Austria.

But what is Russia's aim? Intriguing and for ever on the alert, Russia makes hay while the sun shines, knowing that the death of the Emperor William may reveal the truth that the German Chancellor, and still more Germany itself, is not her friend; and how could they be? How can ambitious nations care for one another when still their aims may clash? Russia knows that her late successful war against Turkey, by giving her Batoum and Bessarabia, has landed her at the gates of Constantinople, and that as no one can eject her from that position, she holds the key of that Eastern question which the triple alliance has been formed to solve in the interest of Germany and Austria and herself; but she is only just realising that by having been permitted to enter that alliance at the time when England's name had not yet fallen to so

low an ebb in the esteem—that is to say, in the fears—of the Continent, as to exclude her from their reckonings, she has now practically subscribed by that alliance to a tripartite division of south-east Europe,—by which she is not, after all, to get the lion's share,—and given up the key she had won.

Constantinople was the dream of Peter the Great, just as Jerusalem was that of the Crusaders—indeed in holy Russia it may be so still; but in governing Russia, the Dardanelles, the *Ægean* Sea, a free board on the waters that mix with the Mediterranean, constitute the practical aim of patriotic aspirations. Holy Russia may possess itself of Constantinople, but plotting Russia will remain in St Petersburg; and in the greater Russia that extends to the Dardanelles and encloses three seas, it is but fair that the religious care of centuries should find a rest in St Sofia, and that Constantinople should become another Kieff.

Lulled as she had been by Germany, and serving that country's purpose by threatening us in the far East (for no trouble from France could be apprehended while Russia was thus engaged), our successful efforts at peace opened Russia's eyes to what was going on in the West; and waking from a pleasant dream of pleasant friends watching her interests when engaged elsewhere, she suddenly discovered that the Slavonic provinces wrested from Turkey by her arms, were slipping away from her into the arms of Austria.

What was the good of placing a nephew on the throne of Bulgaria, marrying a trusted friend in Montenegro to the daughter of Karageorgewic, late Prince of Servia, or fomenting discord in Eastern Roumelia for the aggrandisement of Bulgaria, and getting up

a hostile faction in Roumania against a German ruler, if the nephew was to become the patriotic sovereign of a new hostile nation; the trusted friend, a dependant of Austria; the late Servian dynasty to be lost for ever to the Austrian-protected Servia of the present day; and the King of Roumania to be upheld on his throne by German and Austrian arms?

Were Russian intrigues in the Balkans, on the Danube, on the shores of the Adriatic, to be as a dead thing? *E comè corpo morto cadde?* Impossible! Such proceedings must be taken in hand at once; the difficulties with England in respect to the Afghan frontier must remain *in statu quo*—leaving a loophole for further annoyances to that country, if necessary; but all Russia's energies must be concentrated in the West, and the Panslavonic Emperor informed his brethren of the triple alliance that the Slav nationalities of Southern Europe belonged to him and to him only. He suited his action to his words; and what does a wild nation and a still wilder Emperor care for honour and dignity in their proceedings?

The treacherous capture of that noble young prince, Alexander of Bulgaria, and Russia's protection of his dastardly would-be assassins, are a proof of it, if General Kaulbars's proceedings did not show that, coming from Austria to undo an Austrian game, he had been specially selected by Russia to mark her sense of the confidence she in future will place in the triple alliance of which Austria is a member.

Prince Bismarck is not a man to allow his cards to be seen before the game requires it; and to have betrayed anger with Russia's proceedings would have meant exposure of the original understanding between him and Austria before

Russia entered the triple compact for the settlement of the East.

Therefore it was that from his official organ no note of disapproval came at first, but signs are already visible that his patience will not stand much more; and hence it is that, with an irate Russia at seeing her plots and intrigues frustrated, an expectant Austria resolved to keep the advantages obtained since 1878, and a powerful Germany waiting her opportunity, matters are in a state which justifies alarm.

But the triple alliance may come to a better understanding, and the necessity of war in the state of impoverished Europe may yet be averted. It depends not on Germany, who, having something, does not care to lose it—or on Austria, who, having less, is not anxious to become insolvent—so much as on Russia, who, being bankrupt, cares not whether the money lent her by foreigners is lost, provided she adds to her territories.

These are the aims of the continent of Europe; and, as will be seen, their ultimate object is to have, each and all, a debouch in the Mediterranean—France at Marseilles, Italy wherever she likes, Germany at Trieste, Austria at Salonica, and Russia at the *Ægean* mouth of the Dardanelles. Lord Beaconsfield must have had a presentiment of this when he insisted on taking Cyprus under England's protectorate; whilst Providence marked for us the point where England's prestige will have to be maintained in the future, when by Arabi's rebellion our occupation of Egypt was brought about.

It is not our purpose to discuss the past, or the subtle arguments suggested by party politics in England. We have a higher aim.

Very little knowledge of foreign politics is necessary to discover at once the aims of each of the Con-

tinental Powers, whose diplomats are but mechanical instruments in the hands of their Governments, intrusted only with the mission of hiding behind well-turned phrases the real nature of those aims.

But when placed before an English public as they have been in these pages, two points become specially worthy of notice.

One is the ease with which the Continental policies of the last ten years suddenly appear susceptible of comprehension, even when apparently most contradictory of each other; and the other is the forcible conclusion that when these several objects are attained, it will not be difficult for Europe to make the Mediterranean a *mare clausum* to our ships of war, if Europe will it so.

Even Prince Bismarck's counsel (actual or supposed) to us to take possession of Egypt when we have the opportunity, does not in any way militate with his well-defined policy; for, while he will strive to obtain his immediate ends, he is not anxious to deprive his country of our possible aid in the future; nor, while utilising Russia for his purpose, is he so friendly towards her as to encourage a naval link between her and France when that purpose is an accomplished fact. Perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of the German Chancellor's policy is the exceptional unity of purpose which he steadily pursues, and the absence of any contradictory element in the advice he tenders or the opinions he expresses.

If in England we had attached a little more value to the appreciation of foreign politics, we would long ere this have allied ourselves closely to the country which owns as its Chancellor the only political genius of this latter half of the century. But time presses, and

while the continent of Europe is in a ferment of expectation and development—while the end of it may see their combined fleets arrayed against us at the entrance of the Nile, our road to India threatened, foreign markets closed to our commerce, and our world-carrying trade stopped—let us not dismiss our clearly indicated interests by Gladstonian and Quixotic desires to retreat from the only place which gives us a ground of vantage, by paltry considerations of money spent to the detriment of better objects; but let us look matters in the face, take time by the forelock, and do as Russia does—make hay while the sun shines.

Let us hear no more nonsense about retreating from Egypt. Let us on the contrary, if necessary, insist on our share in the partition of Turkey, which is as certain as the morrow treads on the day, and claim some of those islands which command the Dardanelles. Let us fortify what we have. Let Gibraltar, Malta, and Cyprus become yet stronger than they are. Let the capitulations in Egypt be put an end to, and British law command there from one end of Egypt to the other. Let no undecided voice be heard in Parliament in respect of it, and a stop be put on French calculations as to the advantage of supplanting us in those fertile regions of the Nile.

If there be pluck in our men, in our statesmen, let England rise and defend her own. The time has come, and more than come, when patriotism should assert itself; for there is no denying the fact, when their own purposes are served, the whole of the political questions of the future will be summed up in one phrase—*Europe versus England*.

DIPLOMATICUS.

MR GLADSTONE AND LORD BRABOURNE ON IRISH HISTORY.

IN dealing with the letter which Mr Gladstone has addressed to the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,'* upon my recent article therein, I am anxious, in the first place, to offer my grateful acknowledgments for the recognition which it contains of the "fair and temperate tone" with which I have endeavoured to treat the subject under discussion. In such a matter, "unfair" or "intemperate" language would be wholly out of place, disrespectful towards the eminent man whose assertions I venture to dispute, and only calculated to lead readers astray from the calm and judicial consideration of the points which I desire to bring under their notice.

Having said thus much, I cannot but add that, to my mind, the issue before us seems to be of an essentially plain and simple character. In his desire to forward and recommend to the public his recent Irish policy, Mr Gladstone has appealed to history and made

certain statements with regard to historical facts. I venture to impeach the accuracy of these statements. I support my impeachment by reference to the history which they profess to represent, and I rest myself upon authorities to the study of which I invite all those who care to examine such a question for themselves. Moreover, I humbly submit that such an examination is a duty imperative upon those who will probably have to decide at the polling-booths questions of enormous national importance, the rightful solution of which must to a great extent depend upon their accurate reading of history, and their intelligent appreciation of the lessons which it conveys. I would ask to be allowed to add that nothing is further removed from my intentions than to seek for a mere dialectic triumph over Mr Gladstone, or to impute any personal or unworthy motives to his recent and present position with regard to

* The following is the letter referred to, along with the Editor's reply:—

"HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
Sept. 29. 86.

"MR GLADSTONE thanks the Editor of 'Blackwood' for his courtesy, and has at once carefully perused the interesting article by Lord Brabourne.

"1. With respect to Lord Brabourne's first contention, Mr Gladstone calls the old Irish Parliament 'national,' as meaning that it was not given to Ireland by any exterior agency, like the statutory Assemblies and Parliaments of our colonies, but was a growth of the soil in the settled part of the country.

"2. As respects Lord Brabourne's second contention, Mr Gladstone holds that Ireland was satisfied with the Parliament of 1782 as between herself and England; and in this sense only. In almost all that is said in the article against the Irish Parliament Mr Gladstone concurs. But the article omits all reference to the good acts of the Irish Parliament; most of all, to its endeavours to arrest the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. During the whole eighteen years, Mr Gladstone is not aware of any attempt made by the Executive, with its vast power, to do good, which was frustrated or opposed by the Parliament of Ireland.

"3. On the third proposition of Lord Brabourne, Mr Gladstone can only say that (except as to the mere phrase, 'blackguardism,' which was never meant for publication) he is obliged to adhere to his propositions, and to his very strong

the Irish question. I only say, and I do so boldly and confidently, that from some cause or reason unknown to me, Mr Gladstone has misread and consequently misstated certain most important facts with regard to Irish history, and has drawn inferences therefrom which those facts do not warrant. And as the statements of one so eminent are accepted and adopted by many persons who do not care to search out the truth for themselves, I have deemed it my duty to institute such a search, for the sole purpose of calling the attention of my countrymen to the real facts, and inviting them to draw the only inferences and conclusions which can fairly be drawn. Those who have read my article in the October number of 'Blackwood' will hardly fail to remark that its statements are not called in question by Mr Gladstone's letter, and that the difference between us is rather as to the deductions to be drawn from admitted facts than from any dispute as to the facts themselves. I have contended that Mr Gladstone has misstated historical truth, especially upon three points:—

1. As to the *status* and character of what he calls "the old Irish Parliament."

2. As to "Grattan's Parliament."

3. As to the passing of the Act of Union.

1. With respect to my "first contention," Mr Gladstone says that he "calls the old Irish Parliament 'national,' as meaning that it was not given to Ireland by *any exterior agency*, like the statutory Assemblies and Parliaments of our colonies, but was a growth of the soil in the settled part of the country." Now the "Assemblies and Parliaments" of our colonies have been given them by Acts of the British Parliament, duly sanctioned by the Crown. The "old Irish Parliament" was called into existence at the arbitrary will of the King of England, when and where he pleased. Mr Gladstone's contention therefore is, that a Parliament "given" by a sovereign acting without the constitutional assistance of his own Parliament is the "growth of the soil" upon which it exists, but that such a Parliament given with such assistance,

language, of which he fully admits the responsibility, and will endeavour to find an opportunity of explaining the purpose. Especially, in unison with Mr Burke, he holds the vast and cardinal importance of the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam.

"Mr Gladstone has great pleasure in perceiving the fair and temperate tone of the article generally, and he rejoices in this indication of a desire to treat the subject historically."

"45 GEORGE STREET, EDINBURGH,
5th October 1886.

"The EDITOR OF 'BLACKWOOD' presents his compliments to Mr Gladstone, and while thanking him for his kind permission to make public his interesting letter of the 29th ultimo, containing Mr Gladstone's comments on Lord Brabourne's article, the Editor begs to inform Mr Gladstone that it will give him pleasure to send it to the press for publication. The Editor is of Mr Gladstone's opinion, that if the subject of Ireland be treated temperately and historically, it will be of immense use in allaying public excitement, while it will conduce to a better knowledge of the past relations of Great Britain with the sister country. Under these circumstances, the Editor reserves for the next number of his Magazine the answer which he presumes Lord Brabourne may wish to make to Mr Gladstone's letter."

and in a constitutional manner, must be held to be given "by exterior agency." Mr Gladstone's position appears to me to be of a somewhat difficult if not impossible nature. The "exterior agency" is, to an ordinary comprehension, identical in both cases; and to deny it on Mr Gladstone's lines, involves us in the absurdity of contending that an Act of Parliament is a thing in its nature more unjust and oppressive than an act of arbitrary power.

I must observe, however, upon two points with respect to this "contention," which is by no means disposed of by Mr Gladstone's explanation of the sense in which he intended to use the word "national." The first is, that the use of the word at all in the present controversy could have had no meaning or force, unless it was intended to signify *Irish* as against *English* "nationality." Unless, therefore, he is prepared to dispute the fact that the "old Irish Parliament" was an institution imported by British settlers, and called at the pleasure of the British sovereign, I submit that Mr Gladstone is bound to confess that the word "national," as signifying something which Ireland possessed as a "growth of her own soil," has been misused and misapplied by him in the present discussion.

Now, does Mr Gladstone seriously contest this point? The "old Irish Parliament" is, by Irish as well as English writers, habitually termed "the Parliament of the Pale," or, the Colonial Parliament. In his speech of April 1834, Mr O'Connell used the former appellation, nor has it ever been contended that it was not a correct description of the body to which it referred. It seems almost un-

necessary to heap proof upon proof, but it is an easy task to do so. In Spenser's 'View of the State of Ireland,' published in the year 1596, we find him speaking of the "conquest" of the Irish by Henry II., so that no enemy was able to hold up head against his power, and then follow these words:—

"In which their weaknes hee brought in his lawes, and settled them as now they there remaine; like as William the Conquerour did; so as in thus much they agree; but in the rest, that is the chiefest, they varie: *for to whom did King Henry the Second impose those lawes? not the Irish, for the most part of them fled from his power, into deserts and mountaines, leaving that wyde country to the conquerour, who in their stead eftsoones placed Englishmen, who possessed all their lands and did quite shut out the Irish, or most of them. And to those new inhabitants and colonies he gave his lawes,*" &c., &c.¹

The above passage shows the entire division which at that period was established between the new English settlers and the former inhabitants of Ireland. Mr Gladstone must show that the latter had a "Parliament of their own," if his "old Irish Parliament" is to be quoted as against the power and supremacy of England. He cannot show this, because no such Parliament ever existed, and his use of the word "national" is therefore wholly misleading.

The second point is, that Mr Gladstone writes of my "first contention" as if it had been confined to an objection to his use of the word "national" as applied to the Irish Parliament, whereas in reality it went much further. My great objection to Mr Gladstone's language upon this head was that it claimed for Ireland that "for 500 years or more"

¹ Spenser's View of the State of Ireland, pp. 19, 20.

she had possessed a Parliament (whether fairly to be called "national" or not) which was endowed with legislative powers independent of England. Such an assertion is distinctly contrary to historical truth. I have proved it to be so by references to historians whom Mr Gladstone does not attempt to refute, and I could furnish abundant proof in addition if it were necessary, or if my statements had been denied. It is beyond all doubt that these provincial assemblies, which are now dignified by the name of "the old Irish Parliament," were neither more nor less than conventions of the British settlers, summoned in order to devise the best means of securing them against the native Irish, and prevent their falling into the habits and adopting the laws of the latter. It was the policy of the British Government at this period to prevent the connection of the two races, and the main object of the famous "Parliament" of Kilkenny in the reign of Edward III. was, as Sir John Davies informs us (pp. 210, 211), to "reforme the degenerate English colonies," and to put a stop to their "many marriages and alliances" with the Irish, "which tended to the utter ruine and destruction of the commonwealth." It is somewhat ludicrous that the existence of such conventions should be quoted as proof that Ireland, as against England, had a "Parliament of her own"; and if the proposition had not been advanced by so high an authority as Mr Gladstone, it would never have been considered worth discussion by any student of history.

I feel that I need not further allude to this point unless and until an attempt be made to controvert the facts, which appear to me to be so incontrovertible as to require no further corroboration.

2. With regard to my "second contention," Mr Gladstone holds that "Ireland was satisfied with the Parliament of 1782 as between herself and England; and in this sense only." In all humility I confess myself unable to understand the meaning of this sentence. If it is intended to signify that Ireland was "satisfied" at having a separate Parliament, whatever its defects of constitution and limits of authority, I do not precisely understand how this can be shown, or what bearing it has upon our present controversy. Mr Gladstone's words, in his letter to Mr Buxton, were of a much more definite and forcible character. He stated that we "had given to Ireland a *free Parliament* of her own, with which she was satisfied," and had added that this Parliament "was working out the regeneration of the country patiently and steadily," when the British Government interfered and prevented it from "consummating its beneficent undertaking." This certainly seemed to imply that it was with the "free Parliament" as it existed, and with the work which it was doing, that "Ireland was satisfied." In reply, I proved by several quotations that, so far as "Ireland" was represented by the "independent" party within and without the Parliament itself, the constitution and the conduct of that Parliament were constantly denounced and condemned in the strongest language. I showed that Plowden had spoken of "the ductile and instantaneous versatility" of the majority of the Irish Parliament; that a public meeting in the city of Dublin, presided over by the Sheriff, two years after the "giving" of the constitution of 1782, had passed resolutions condemning the "venality and corruption of the House of Commons;" that the unpopularity of the Parliament had been

shown by the invasion of the sittings of the House by turbulent mobs; and that during the whole of its eighteen years' existence, it had been denounced by the "patriots" of the day in vehement and unmeasured language. This section of Irishmen, at least, were certainly not "satisfied" with the Irish Parliament. They made constant but ineffectual motions for its reform; they endeavoured, but always in vain, to induce it to attack the system of Castle patronage and Government pensions by which they were governed; and they tried to wring from it measures of relief for their Catholic fellow-countrymen,—but always failed to obtain more than that modicum of relief which the Government from time to time proposed. It is simply preposterous to allege that Ireland was "satisfied" with this Parliament. It was condemned alike by speakers within its own walls and by the public voice without. Fox, in the British House of Commons, termed it "a legislature in which the people are not even virtually represented." Grattan heaped abuse upon its venality and corruption, and described this "free Parliament with which Ireland was satisfied" as "an assembly whose restricted constitution excluded freedom, and whose servile compliances had collected upon the country an accumulation of calamities."

It is not, however, necessary that I should labour the point further, because Mr Gladstone "concurs in almost all that is said in the article against the Irish Parliament." He charges me, however, with having omitted "all reference to the good acts of the Irish Parliament; most of all, to its endeavours to arrest the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam." With regard to the latter episode, it is perfectly

true that addresses were carried in both branches of the Irish Legislature in support of Lord Fitzwilliam's position, whilst he was still holding the office of Lord Lieutenant, and whilst there was still uncertainty as to whether the Government would persist in his recall. But, considering that this same Parliament, which was prepared to support Grattan's Catholic Emancipation Bill at the bidding of Lord Fitzwilliam, with equal readiness and by an enormous majority rejected the same measure as soon as he had left office, I cannot regard its conduct at this epoch in any other light than as affording another proof of its abject subservience to the British Government. With respect to its "good acts" generally, I must again call Mr Gladstone's attention to the fact that almost all its legislative action was carried into effect by the "Castle majority," at the bidding of the same Government, and was continually opposed by the "independents." I cannot see how he can contend this was a "free" Parliament, unless he denies its corruption and servility, which I understand him to admit. I cannot see how he can believe that Catholic Ireland was "satisfied," even "as against England," with an exclusively Protestant Parliament; nor can I see how "good acts" can be laid to the credit of "Grattan's Parliament" as an Irish Legislature, if, instead of being the spontaneous acts of a "free" Parliament and of "national" feeling, they were all carried under the influences which I have described. When Mr Gladstone goes on to declare that, during the whole time of the existence of that Parliament, he "is not aware of any attempt made by the Executive, with its vast power, to do good, which was frustrated or opposed by the Par-

liament of Ireland," I confess that I read his words with some astonishment. The Parliament as a whole certainly did not "frustrate" those good measure which the Executive proposed and passed, because the majority of the Parliament supported the Government. But, undoubtedly, the "Independent" party in that Parliament opposed every measure introduced by the Executive; and but for the "servile majority," the Government of the country could not have been carried on. Whenever, for the moment, the Independent party became powerful, the Executive was at once "frustrated" as well as "opposed." I am surprised that the most flagrant instance of this kind should have escaped the notice of Mr Gladstone. In 1785, Mr Pitt introduced commercial resolutions in the direction of free trade, with the intention, as Mr Froude¹ justly describes it, "to present Ireland with a genial offering of national goodwill, to abolish the memory of ancient grievances, and to open a road to sound reconciliation." But, because it was required that in sharing the commercial advantages of England, Ireland should contribute a proportional part of the expense, the party of Irish independence denounced the proposals as tending to make Ireland "a tributary nation to Great Britain;" and being backed by the protectionist feelings of the great towns of England, their opposition "frustrated" the good which the Executive had attempted, and the proposals were withdrawn. I must again refer Mr Gladstone to the speech of Sir Robert Peel in 1834, as proving the fact that the existence of two Parliaments in one empire was fraught with continual danger to the connection between the two countries;

and that within the eighteen years in which Mr Gladstone is "not aware that any attempt by the Executive to do good was opposed or frustrated by the Irish Parliament," that Parliament differed from the Parliament of Great Britain upon the three most important questions of (1) our relations with foreign countries, (2) the succession to the throne, and (3) the commercial intercourse between the two countries.

The first point was illustrated by an "address to the Crown upon the special relations of Ireland to Portugal," which, as Sir R. Peel declared, "might either have disturbed our relations with a foreign Power, or have involved Ireland in a war to which Great Britain refused to be a party;" the second concerned the question of the Regency upon the illness of George III.; and the third related to Mr Pitt's commercial propositions, to which I have already alluded.

These three questions, said Sir Robert Peel, "were the subjects of litigation and dispute, and it was owing more to accident than to any other cause that they did not produce actual alienation and rupture." With these words before us, let us think for a moment upon the probability of similar differences arising between the two Parliaments upon kindred subjects, in the event of Mr Gladstone's plan of separation being adopted. Take, for example, the question of our relations with foreign countries. Mr A. M. Sullivan, in his interesting book, 'New Ireland,'² gives us an account of the enthusiasm of the Irish on behalf of the Pope at the time of the invasion of his dominions by the King of Sardinia, which was followed by their absorption in the

¹ Vol. ii. pp. 461, 462.

² Vol. ii. pp. 44, 45.

kingdom of Italy. An Irish legion was formed, and we are told of their conduct and courage, and the sympathy and admiration with which they were regarded by the people of Ireland. Rightly or wrongly, there can be little doubt that the people of Great Britain took a different view of the Italian question at that time; and it is not difficult to imagine that, had an Irish Parliament been sitting in Dublin, "the special relations of Ireland with Italy" might have caused as much trouble as her relations with Portugal in 1782. I may be told that foreign relations would be among the subjects forbidden to the "statutory" Parliament proposed by Mr Gladstone; but, once granted a separate Parliament, and I have no faith whatever in the maintenance of limitations and restrictions which would be found intolerable to "national independence." With regard to the state of things which existed from 1782 to 1800, my position is, that nothing but the fact (disguise, or explain, or condemn it as we may) that the Irish Parliament was subservient to the British Executive, prevented a collision between the two Parliaments of a grave character, and that the history of those eighteen years proved to demonstration the necessity of the Act of Union.

3. As to my third proposition, Mr Gladstone, withdrawing one objectionable phrase which was inadvertently published, adheres to his "very strong language," and cites Mr Burke in support of his views as to "the vast and cardinal importance of the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam." I have dealt so fully with the latter question in my recent article, that I need hardly do more than point out the extraordinary nature of Mr Gladstone's

contention — namely, that the events connected with the eight weeks' viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam were the cause of the rebellion of 1798, and of all the miseries and calamities which followed. These views, indeed, are not original, since they are very much those advanced by Mr Lecky in his 'Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland.'¹ The prejudice, however, which Mr Lecky displays against Pitt, weakens the weight of his authority in the narration of an incident in which he attempts to throw the whole blame upon that Minister. But in order to maintain this contention, it is necessary either to ignore all the history of the twelve years which preceded the year of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall, or to believe that the state of anarchy, sedition, and conspiracy which prevailed in Ireland more or less during the whole of that period, would have been suddenly exchanged for one of loyal tranquillity if Lord Fitzwilliam had not been recalled. Whether or not the rebellion of '98 was precipitated by this recall is a fair subject for discussion; and I readily admit the probability that those who had all along been anxious for rebellion against British authority, may have actively traded upon Catholic disappointment, and, believing that it would have produced Catholic disaffection, may have consequently hastened the outbreak which they already contemplated. I prefer, however, Mr Canning's opinion to that now adopted by Mr Gladstone, and to the theory of Mr Lecky. Speaking in April 1799, Mr Canning deprecated the idea of considering the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam as "the only cause of the malady by which Ireland has been convulsed, and almost destroyed." He declared that in view of the con-

¹ P. 147.

fessions of traitors that "French principles and French intrigue were the ingredients of the infectious draught which they had administered to their country," and considering that "other causes of such dreadful efficacy were manifestly operating in Ireland, precisely as they had operated in other parts of Europe," he could not "compliment so outrageously and so unseasonably, as to ascribe the distractions of that country to anything personal to an individual." It was on this occasion that Mr Canning, with reference to the predictions of evil to follow the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, called to mind the influence which Columbus obtained over the people of Hispaniola by foretelling an eclipse of which his pocket almanac made him aware, and which he described as a darkness which his displeasure would bring upon their land.

"I conceive," said Mr Canning, "that it required not much more knowledge of moral than Columbus possessed of physical causes, to discover in the situation of Ireland, in the distribution of the different classes of society, in the state and temper of the lower orders of the people, materials which, if a spark from the dreadful conflagration of the French Revolution should fall upon them, would presently burst into explosion: for the sagacity which enabled them to foresee and foretell this I give those who did foretell it full credit. But as to the connection of this event with the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam, I confess I believe that Lord Fitzwilliam's recall was not more immediately the occasion of the rebellion than the displeasure of Columbus was the cause of the eclipse."¹

Mr Gladstone has marshalled no new facts against my "third contention," and I should have been content to leave the matter here, but for a speech which appears al-

most simultaneously with his letter to the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' and was delivered by him to an Irish deputation at Harwarden, by whom he was presented with the freedom of several Irish cities, and a laudatory address from a large number of Irish women. Although Mr Gladstone did not specifically allude to the 'Blackwood' article, it was evidently in his mind during the delivery of the speech in question; for it was to the special historical facts dealt with by the article that much of that speech referred. Not one of those facts is disproved in the speech; but Mr Gladstone somewhat changes and modifies his statements as to "Grattan's Parliament," of which he still says that "it made great and beneficial changes in the laws of Ireland;" but, without specifying those changes, he declares that "a distinction is to be drawn between the Irish Parliament before 1795 and the Irish Parliament after 1795, when a spirit of what may be called ferocious alarmism was instituted by the *British Government*, and by the *jobbing clique who called themselves Protestants*." It is a pity that Mr Gladstone has not more clearly specified the "great and beneficial changes" which took place between 1782 and 1795; because it is evident that if his assertion is sustainable, he must show us measures of the Irish Parliament before 1795, the spirit and tendency of which were plainly and essentially different from those which were passed subsequently to that year. This, however, it would be difficult to do. Both before and after 1795, measures intended to conciliate Irish feeling were introduced by the British Government; but the period before, equally with that

¹ Canning's Speeches, vol. i. p. 299.

after 1795, witnessed the introduction of measures of repression which were rendered necessary by the state of the country during the whole of the time. Mr Gladstone is so determined to trace every evil to the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam in 1795, that he really seems to have persuaded himself that up to that moment everything had been going on well and smoothly in Ireland. But this is historically untrue. It is, of course, perfectly open to any one to believe and maintain that Lord Fitzwilliam's policy would have made Ireland tranquil and loyal, and that his recall was a misfortune and a mistake. But to shut out of sight the undoubted fact that discontent and disloyalty had been rife in Ireland for many years before Lord Fitzwilliam was sent there; that the country was undermined with secret societies; and that the British Executive, through the Irish Parliament, was unceasingly engaged, both before and after 1795, in counteracting those evil agencies which continuously threatened the peace of the country,—is to set history at defiance in a manner which cannot be permitted even to the most eminent of disputants. Speaking in 1797, Mr Fox said: "*From the period of 1782 there have been growing sources of dissatisfaction and discontent in that country; and at this moment Ireland is in a condition at which no man can look without the greatest alarm.*" Whatever may have been the effect of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall, it cannot have been responsible for the state of Ireland for twelve previous years; and to make it a starting-point after the arbitrary fashion in which Mr Gladstone treats the question, is hardly in accordance with reasonable discussion or the fair criticism of history. Mr Gladstone tells us

in his Hawarden speech, that he has endeavoured to make himself "master of the spirit and meaning of Irish history, especially in the last century;" but this surely cannot be effected by ignoring facts. In the same speech he declares that "the nature of his argument is that" from 1782 to 1800 Ireland was a nation with a national existence, and "*a national Parliament independent of all the world*"; whilst in another sentence he declares that "the whole of the mischiefs that followed from 1795 to 1800 were due to the fact that THE FOREIGN EXECUTIVE controlled the country, and dictated the proceedings of the Parliament through its enormous power over the placemen and others subject to its influence." I am most desirous not to say anything which may appear wanting in respect to Mr Gladstone, but I cannot see how his statements can be reconciled either with consistency or fact. How could "Grattan's Parliament" have been at the same time "*independent of all the world*" and controlled by a "foreign Executive"? How could Ireland be "satisfied" with a Parliament so circumstanced? and how can it be true that it was engaged in "patiently and steadily working out the regeneration of the country"?—unless it is implied (which does not seem to be Mr Gladstone's meaning) that this was the object and intention of the "foreign Executive" which it obeyed? Perhaps it was Mr Gladstone's intention in the above passage simply to convey that Ireland had by right "*a Parliament independent of all the world,*" and that it was a wrong against her that her Parliament was "*controlled by a foreign Executive.*" In the very same sentence, however, he declares that her Parlia-

ment was "by the admission of the British Parliament, Kings, Lords, and Commons, alone entitled to make laws binding in Ireland." Mr Gladstone is here referring to "the constitution of 1782," in which, by the by, the assent of the sovereign under the Great Seal of *England* (not of Ireland) was still required to any Acts passed by the Irish Parliament; and no Parliament could be held without licence under the said Great Seal. If there is any force at all in the argument, in the direction of showing the independence of the Irish Parliament, it evidently proves that it depended upon the "admission" of the Parliament of Great Britain. The plain truth seems to be, that the "old Irish Parliament"—or, in other words, the Parliament of the British settlers in Ireland—having shown itself to be a troublesome body, constantly claiming powers which it did not possess, and which were as often refused to it, the British Government consented to try the experiment of making it into that *quasi* independent body which was constituted in 1782, and has since been called "Grattan's Parliament." The experiment egregiously failed. The Irish Parliament neither lost its previous corruption nor achieved real independence; and after eighteen years of trial, the statesmen of the day came to the conclusion that, in the interests of Ireland as well as of England, a union of the Legislatures was the only safe solution.

Mr Gladstone has scarcely improved his position with regard to the "old Irish Parliament" by the "addendum" to the cheap edition of his pamphlet which he has just given to the world. Therein he throws at our heads the opinions of Mr Lecky and Mr Goldwin Smith, in support of his conten-

tion that the Act of Union was not "a compact morally binding at the time," or one which became so "by subsequent ratification." He appears to consider that his present Irish policy acquires valuable support because two writers of high reputation, who are its "determined opponents," agree to some extent in his views as to the manner of the passing of the Act of Union. Of course it might be urged with equal force that the opposition to his policy acquires additional strength from the circumstance that two able writers who agree with him up to a certain point in his views upon the Act of Union, find themselves utterly unable to assent to the policy based upon those views. But why was there "no moral validity" in the Act of Union? If this be true, it must be because the Irish Parliament had no power to bind the Irish people. But this was the very "free Parliament with which Ireland was satisfied"! Mr Gladstone blows hot and cold. When he desires, for the purpose of his argument, to hold up the Irish Parliament before our eyes as something good and valuable, of which England robbed Ireland, we are told that we must not forget its "good acts," and are assured that it "made many and great improvements," was a "free" Parliament, and was "patiently and steadily working out the regeneration of the country." But as soon as the course of the controversy renders it necessary for Mr Gladstone to deny and condemn the same Parliament, we are calmly told that the Act which it passed, not without long deliberation and debate, was of "no moral validity."

But, surely, the gift which Mr Gladstone says that England "gave" to Ireland was either a real and competent Parliament, or else it was a meaningless and

useless gift. In the latter case, Mr Gladstone has misrepresented it from first to last during this controversy; in the former case its acts were legally and morally "valid" against all objectors. Mr Gladstone says that "this is a matter not of rhetoric or of sympathy, or of a contested expediency, but of *strictly constitutional and juridical* arguments." Be it so. Upon what "constitutional or juridical" grounds can Mr Gladstone contend that an Act of Parliament legally passed by a legislature duly elected under the existing laws of the country in and for which it acts, is not to be "morally valid" unless ratified by some extra-constitutional authority, and some form totally unknown to the law? He admits that "had the Union constituted morally a valid covenant, the Irish nation would have been morally bound by it." In what respect, then, was it not a "valid covenant"? It is obvious to the simplest comprehension that its validity can only be impeached upon the ground of the incompetence of the legislative assembly which passed it. But the moment that incompetence is established and admitted, the whole fabric of the "old Irish Parliament" falls to the ground; and it must be admitted at the same time that Ireland, entirely dependent upon the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain, had no right, morally or legally, to object to any arrangement which was made for her good government by the only competent parliamentary authority which existed within the empire—namely, the Parliament of Great Britain. It is to this conclusion that Mr Gladstone's argument would bring us, and thus his "addendum" absolutely undermines and destroys the position which he had previously taken up with reference to

the possession by Ireland of "an independent Parliament of her own for 500 years."

But this is not all the additional difficulty in which Mr Gladstone has landed himself by his "addendum." After the bold assertion that there was no "moral validity" in an Act solemnly passed by the Parliaments of Ireland and of Great Britain, he goes on to say that "it is, if possible, still more plain that there has been no subsequent ratification" such as, according to Mr Goldwin Smith, might have "rendered a compact morally binding," even if it had been "invalid at the outset." But almost in the very next sentence Mr Gladstone claims it for the "Irish nation" that, "with the increase of political privilege and power," their "attitude has become more and more pronounced," and they are now "in the highest constitutional sense demanding, *not indeed the repeal, but an important and profound modification*, of the incorporating Parliamentary Union." But is it not clear as daylight that if the Irish nation does *not* demand the *repeal* of the Act of Union, it must be held to have given that very ratification which, according to Mr Gladstone's own contention, renders that Act of Union—that "compact"—"morally binding," even if invalid before? If Mr Gladstone has "put into the witness-box two determined opponents," I have here the advantage of his own evidence against his own contention. It is true, indeed, that this matter is one for "strictly constitutional argument"; and I submit that, even if Mr Gladstone was absolutely and entirely right in all his assertions as to the manner in which the Act of Union was passed, the conduct of its authors and promoters, and the state of public opinion in Ireland at the time, there is no argument of a "con-

stitutional" character by which he can prove that act of a legally constituted Legislature to be invalid. The validity of an Act of Parliament does not depend upon the character or conduct of those who introduced and passed it, but upon the competence or incompetence of the Parliament itself. But is Mr Gladstone right in his assertions? I would earnestly ask all searchers after the truth of this matter to examine for themselves before they give an affirmative answer. I would ask them, moreover, to remember that, with regard both to the existence of an "old, independent Irish Parliament," and as to the character of "Grattan's Parliament," Mr Gladstone has so undoubtedly been led into making statements which are not in accordance with the plain facts of history, that his assertions upon this further part of the controversy cannot be accepted without caution. Again I say that the value of the Union at the present time, as a political arrangement which has lasted for eighty-six years, cannot be affected by the conduct or character of those by whom, at that distance of time, it was accomplished. I say also, that we must not judge of that character or conduct by the standard of to-day. But I do not by any means stop here. I maintain that the blame to be attributed to the British statesmen of 1799-1800 who were responsible for the Act of Union has been enormously and cruelly exaggerated. What, after all, was their crime? They found the system of parliamentary government in Ireland hopelessly corrupt. They honestly believed (in common with nine-tenths of the leading statesmen of to-day) that the existence of two Parliaments in one empire was an immense hindrance to general good government, and that the union of the two legislatures would

be for the common and permanent benefit of both countries. How was it to be effected? Apart from the influence which the Crown was enabled to exercise, the preponderating influence in the Irish Parliament was that of the owners of boroughs, who had for a long time worked the parliamentary system to their own advantage. The only way to bring this influence to the side of the Union was to secure its possessors from pecuniary loss, and this was done by the payment of compensation to the owners. If this payment had been made only to those who agreed to support the Union in return, there might have been some colour for the charge of bribery; but the contrary was the case, and the owners of parliamentary seats received a fixed sum by way of compensation without reference to their votes.

It is marvellous to me that whilst hurling his anathemas against the evil-doings of British statesmen in this matter of bribery, Mr Gladstone has not a word of condemnation for the Irishmen who were so ready to be bribed. Moreover, he assumes, without (as it seems to me) the slightest reason, that all the members of the Irish Parliament who received peerages, places, borough-money, or pensions at the time of the Act of Union, were bought and bribed by the same. Why are we to jump to this conclusion? A Minister proposes a measure upon which some people take one view and some another: he bestows marks of approval upon those who have supported him, but it is somewhat of a harsh conclusion to say that they gave their support in order to obtain those rewards, and all the while were in reality of a contrary opinion. It is certain that there was a great division of Irish opinion upon the question of the Union; and there is a vast difference be-

tween the man who votes against his conscience for the sake of reward, and the man who endeavours to obtain such a reward for supporting a measure which he approves, but upon which every vote is of importance.

There is another passage in the Hawarden speech which I own causes me some surprise as well as pain. Writing to the Duke of Westminster in July last, Mr Gladstone observed that a political controversy with his Grace was comparatively agreeable in this important respect, that, while using free language as to acts, he "did not impute a motive." I should hardly have expected, after this remark, to have found the writer using the following words in the speech to which I allude: "In the Irish Parliament, with all its faults, the spirit of nationality subsisted; and I see with grief and shame—but it is my own conclusion and my own conviction—that the *main object of the Irish Legislative Union on the part of those who planned and brought it about*, was to depress, to weaken, and if possible to extinguish, that spirit of Irish nationality."

Does it never strike Mr Gladstone, when indulging in such observations as the above, that they contain imputations and insinuations of motives which he would be the first to denounce if directed against himself? Suppose, for instance, that I, or any other Unionist, were to declare that it was "our own conclusion and our own conviction that the main object of the proposed Irish legislation of 1886, on the part of those who planned and strove to bring it about, was to depress, to weaken, and if possible to extinguish, that spirit of unity which bound Great

Britain and Ireland together in one empire"?

Such an insinuation would be promptly repudiated in "very strong language," and I should be told that Mr Gladstone and his colleagues, who planned and strove to bring about the Home Rule Bill of 1886, were following (in the words we again find in the speech at Hawarden) "a policy which ends in bringing about that union of hearts and minds" which they desire as much as any man who calls himself a "Unionist." Yet the imputation cast by Mr Gladstone upon the authors of the "Legislative Union" differs in no respect from that which might at the present moment be hurled at his own head, save that, in the latter case, it would be directed against a living man, able to defend himself and repel the accusation, whilst in the former it is the memory of the illustrious dead which Mr Gladstone attacks, and asperses the motives of those who are no longer able to repudiate the charges so recklessly brought against them. I venture to hope that, upon further consideration, these words may be placed by Mr Gladstone in the list of those "never intended for publication," and the charge frankly withdrawn. What justification for such a charge can the pages of history afford? It is a fair subject for argument whether or not the eminent men who introduced and supported the Act of Union were mistaken in their estimate of its probable results. It is cruel and unjust to say that they believed in and expected totally different results, and avowed false reasons for the introduction of the measure. Yet this is what Mr Gladstone practically asserts. Mr Pitt¹ stated his object to be "to identify Irishmen with Englishmen, to make

¹ Pitt's Speeches, vol. iii. p. 45.

them a part of the same community, by giving them a full share of those accumulated blessings which are diffused throughout Great Britain; in a word, by giving them a full participation of the wealth, the power, and the stability of the British empire."

Lord Clare¹ said that by the Union he wished "to advance Ireland from the degraded post of a mercenary province to the proud station of an integral and governing member of the greatest empire in the world;" and he added "that the sober and rational part of the Irish nation saw in the measure a fair prospect of peace, and wealth, and happiness for their country." Mr Canning professed himself "confident of the purity of the motives which dictated the present measure, and convinced of its essential importance to the welfare, the salvation of Ireland." In the same spirit he described the measure in the following words: "The object is indeed most important: it is not the making of a provincial regulation, not the adjustment of an internal difference, not the arrangement of a plan for the balancing of parties; the object is nothing less than to *secure Ireland to us and to herself*, and thereby to promote the happiness and security of the whole empire."

In the teeth of this language, and of the whole tone and temper of the speeches delivered by the advocates of the Union in 1800, I must leave it to the judgment of impartial minds whether it is right and just to impute to them motives other than those which they professed and continually urged in its support. Such an imputation, absolutely incapable of proof, can have no other effect than to embitter controversy, and to ren-

der more difficult the "union of hearts" between Englishmen and Irishmen.

As to the feeling of the Irish people with respect to the Union, Mr Gladstone quotes figures given by Mr Lecky, who believes that 700,000 signatures were given against, and only 7000 in favour of the measure. I do not know the data upon which Mr Lecky founds this statement, which in fact he makes somewhat vaguely, his words being that "the petitions against it *are said to have been* signed in this proportion." In a note he tells us that his information is gathered from the "Life of Grattan, by his son," and there are good reasons for doubting the accuracy of the statement. These reasons will be found in the account of the popular feeling given by Plowden and Massey;² and in the former author will be found a curious account of the means adopted by the leaders of the anti-Unionists to obtain signatures in support of their opposition. It must be remembered that these leaders comprised men who held high positions, were possessed of great wealth, and were at the head of that Orange-Protestant party whose ascendancy was threatened by the Union. It was but natural that they should make great efforts to show that the popular feeling was on their side. Since Lord Castlereagh was able to declare at the debates that nineteen counties had come forward in support of the Union, and seventy-four declarations had been presented in its favour, and since, moreover, it is beyond doubt that a large number of Roman Catholics took the same side, I cannot but think that Mr Lecky has been misled as to the number of signatures for and

¹ Speeches of the Earl Clare, p. 83.

² See 'Blackwood,' October number, pp. 447, 448.

against. Mr Grattan may easily have been mistaken ; and it is very abundantly proved that between the early part of 1799 and 1800 there was a considerable change in public opinion, and that the Union had many more friends, as its object and expected results became better understood. This, however, is a matter of comparatively small moment. No one has ever denied that there was a strong Irish feeling against the Union ; but what it does not suit the Separatists of to-day to see and to admit, is the fact that the strength of that feeling existed among that dominant Orange-Protestant party, who saw their absolute ascendancy about to slip from their grasp—and that there was a large party, Catholic and Protestant, who honestly believed in the advantages of the measure which they supported. As to the constitution of the majority which carried the Union, I have answered Mr Gladstone by anticipation. Of course it contained all the “placemen” (and we know that they were shamefully numerous) who had seats in the House, just as a Ministerial majority in the House of Commons to-day contains the thirty-five or forty members who fill official positions under the Government. Of course Sir John Parnell was not allowed to remain in office when he announced that he must oppose the Government measure ; and the same thing would certainly happen to any official who made a similar announcement at the present time. But the division list (February 6, 1800) will show that it is not correct to say that in the minority will be found “an enormous majority of those who were in every sense representative of the people.” This list will be found in the appendix to Mr Montgomery Martin’s ‘Ireland before and after the Union ;’ and

to the names of the majority (159) for, and the minority (112) against the Union, are affixed the names of the places which they represented. It will be found that the facts scarcely bear out Mr Gladstone’s statement. Out of 64 county members, 21 voted for and 38 against the Union ; but out of 64 members for the largest cities and towns—those which were deemed of sufficient importance to retain parliamentary representation after the Union—32 voted for and 19 against the Act ; so that, taking the counties and principal borough constituencies together, 53 members, who may fairly be called “representative of the people,” voted for, and 57 against the Act. Taking it in another way, it will be found that, apart from the City of Dublin and Trinity College (which constituencies were locally interested in keeping the Parliament in Dublin), between 60 and 70 of the minority were borough members. Moreover, in the majority appear the names of the members for Cork, Limerick, Waterford, and Belfast, besides those who represented the largest counties, and who were “in every sense representatives of the people.” Thus the fact seems to be, as nearly as it can now be ascertained, that of the “representative” opinion of the Irish House of Commons a fair share was in favour of the Union. It is of course incontestable that the majority was composed to a large extent of the representatives of small and “rotten” boroughs in the possession of “owners” ; but this exactly bears out Lord Castlereagh’s statement in the debate, that “a very great proportion of the property” of the country was in favour of the measure.

There is another serious question involved in the present discussion

to which I invite attention. Mr Gladstone indignantly rejects the term "Separatists" as applied to himself and his friends, and declares that it is the self-called "Unionists" who are not really "Unionists" at all "as regards union between the mind of Great Britain and the mind of Ireland—the heart of Great Britain and the heart of Ireland." Let us read this protest and declaration by the light of Mr Gladstone's recent pamphlet and the Hawarden speech. Upon the face of it, the man who is continually appealing to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, to assert their several and separate nationalities, deserves the title of "Separatist" rather than those who make the recognition and the upholding of joint nationality the fundamental article of their creed. But there is something more to which I am bound to ask the consideration of all who are able to appreciate the importance of the issues involved. Mr Gladstone's appeals to Irish nationality are, in word and in spirit, made *against England*. These are not the appeals of one who, recognising the close ties of blood and kindred by which the Englishmen and Irishmen of to-day are united, alleges that in the constitutional settlement which prevails between us, one "nationality" is not sufficiently considered, and that some further adjustment of relative claims may be attempted in a friendly spirit. They are appeals which treat England and Ireland as if they were inhabited by races wholly distinct and separate from each other—which, ignoring anything that England has ever suffered at the hands of Ireland, and, still more, any of the benefits that the latter has derived from the connection between the two, rake up and exaggerate the "misdeeds" of England, speak of the British

Government as "the foreign Executive," and, in a word, take a line which, whether intentionally or not, has a direct tendency to alienate and estrange the sympathies of Ireland from Great Britain, and make her believe that the Union has been to her, from first to last, a misfortune and a wrong. And yet we are calmly told that the author of these appeals is the statesman who desires above all things "the union of the heart of Great Britain and the heart of Ireland"! It may be so. I cannot but believe that it is so, when Mr Gladstone declares it; but, at the same time, I cannot bring myself to believe that the means which he adopts are likely to conduce to the end which he desires. It appears to me that every word which is spoken and every step which is taken in the direction of asserting the distinct and separate nationality of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales (in the sense, I mean, of showing that their interests are otherwise than identical), *pro tanto* diminishes the strength which is derived from the union of the four. Much more so, of course, when the assertion is supported by reference to the "misdeeds" of one "nationality" against another.

Be it always remembered that this has nothing whatever to do with the question of local self-government. The extension and development of the latter is a question wholly apart from the "spirit of nationality"; and local government may be extended to Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, just as to Yorkshire, Lancashire, and other parts of England, not because those parts are inhabited by men of different nationalities, but because their distance from the English metropolis renders such an arrangement desirable in the interests of economy and efficiency.

But if claims are advanced on behalf of any of the four nationalities based upon alleged historical facts and supported by reference to past events, above all things let us have those facts and events placed truthfully before us, and do not let us be carried away by eloquent arguments based upon an assumption of facts which may not be warranted by historical truth.

The speech of Lord Rosebery at Newcastle on the 19th October can hardly have afforded much gratification to Mr Gladstone, or be regarded by him as a complete and satisfactory defence of his Irish policy. It is hard to see one's first lieutenant start upon a voyage which for many months will remove him from the active arena of home politics, but harder still to find in his parting words so little of comfort and consolation. Lord Rosebery complains, indeed, of the "insignificant minority" of peers who support what he is pleased to call the "Liberal" party, and of the constant gravitation to Conservatism of men who have been raised to the peerage by a Liberal Premier. Had Lord Rosebery been able to raise himself for a moment above the level of party politics, he would have discovered the reason of this gravitation without any great trial of his reasoning powers. It has arisen from the simple fact that, under Mr Gladstone's leadership, especially during the last seven years, the "party" which follows him has ceased to be "Liberal" in anything but the name, and has drifted into a policy, or a want of policy, totally opposed to the most cherished principles of the Liberal creed, and to the views of those who place country first and party afterwards. This was never better exemplified than in the Irish Land Bill of 1881, in which the principle of leaving men free and un-

fettered in the ordinary transactions of life, as well as the axiom that supply and demand may be trusted to regulate each other (two fundamental articles of the old "Liberal" creed), were arbitrarily thrown to the winds in order to conciliate the followers of Mr Parnell and the disciples of Irish agitation. From the moment of the introduction of this Bill, many Liberals, who had previously looked to Mr Gladstone as their leader, felt that they could do so no longer. Many of those who still followed him now find that they have given the weight of their names and influence to the support of a party which, under the guidance of the same leader, has reached a point at which they have been obliged to stop. This is not the case with Lord Rosebery. He is still ready to play the game of "follow my leader"; but there may be a point at which even this faithful follower may hesitate. At present, however, this catastrophe has not occurred. Lord Rosebery meekly follows Mr Gladstone, and although desiring the reunion of Unionists and Gladstonian Liberals, declares that this can only be accomplished by the surrender on the part of the former of principles which they believe to be of national importance. They must be prepared to accept the "particular lines" of Mr Gladstone's Irish policy, and once more to follow Mr Gladstone as their leader. This is the decree of the "rising young man" of the Gladstone section of Liberals, who is certainly one of the ablest and most acute members of his party. But at the very moment that he is making this declaration, what does he say of the Irish policy, the "particular lines" of which the Unionists are required to follow? In seeking to account for the defeat of the Separatist party at the recent polls, Lord Rosebery

says: "My belief is that *the majority represented the wish of the country to have time to make up its mind on a very difficult and very complicated question.*" What is this but a confession that Mr Gladstone brought forward his recent Home Rule proposals in a hasty and premature manner, and would, if he had been permitted, have pressed them through Parliament before the country had time to understand and appreciate their importance? This indeed is a charge which, even without the frank admission of Lord Rosebery, it would have been difficult for Mr Gladstone to repel. It is for those who put the interests of parliamentary morality before the tactics of parliamentary strategy, to determine whether in this case the former were not sacrificed to the latter. No one can read the array of historical facts which I have collected and arranged without feeling that, if Mr Gladstone's proposals had been adopted by Parliament, it would have been in reliance upon statements respecting Irish history which had no foundation in fact. Those proposals have been rejected, but Lord Rosebery informs us that the policy upon which they were based "still survives." Rightly and thoroughly to understand the meaning and scope of that policy, history must be studied, and the events of the past duly weighed before we legislate for the future. To induce such a study has been my humble and earnest desire, and that desire alone has been the cause and origin of my interference in the controversy.

I cannot but enter here my

respectful but earnest protest against the manner in which, up to the present moment, Mr Gladstone has treated this question. I impute no motive whatever, but I affirm it as a simple truth that he stands convicted of having misled the public by misstatements upon two important historical facts, and of having given an exaggerated and one-sided view of a third. Yet, without venturing to contradict, or endeavouring to refute, the evidence upon which this charge is made, and by which it is sustained, Mr Gladstone, no later than the 20th October, writes to "a Cork gentleman" a letter which has appeared in the London newspapers, in which he calmly remarks that "the English constituencies to a large extent, and, indeed, also the majority which rejected the Bill of the late Government, are, it is to be feared, still *deplorably ignorant of sound historical information*!" Surely it would be more to the purpose, and a fairer mode of conducting the discussion, if Mr Gladstone would furnish us either with the "sound historical information" to which he alludes, or with references to the quarter from which it may be obtained. Until he does this, I submit that up to the present moment the "contentions" in my article of last month remain absolutely unrefuted; and that the more Irish history is studied with a simple desire to arrive at the truth, the more certain it will appear that the assertions against which I took the field cannot stand against fair criticism and impartial investigation.

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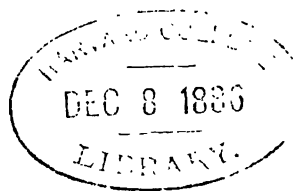
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VOL. CXL.

HOME RULE FOR SCOTLAND.

THE relation of Scotland to the Imperial Parliament is a subject that for a good many years back—during the dull season especially, and those rare intervals of political repose which the feverish legislation of Mr Gladstone permitted us to enjoy—has excited a fitful and languid interest. Two or three members of Parliament, who fancied that their importance was not sufficiently appreciated by the party which happened to be in power, used to shout themselves hoarse on local platforms about the misgovernment of Scotland by Edinburgh Boards and Whig Lord Advocates; but nobody minded them much, and nobody was a bit the better or the worse. It might be perfectly true that the complaints and claims of these gentlemen did not meet with the attention they expected; but people in general appeared to be fairly satisfied with the existing order of things, and the vigorous editor of the 'Scotsman' (there I have been few brighter or wittier

controversialists than the late Alexander Russel) laughed the grumblers out of court.

The attack, in the first instance, was mainly directed against the national boards. The domestic administration of Scotland had been judiciously confided to bodies composed of Scotsmen; and these bodies had discharged their duties with discretion, economy, and efficiency. The agitation against them would probably have died a natural death, for its hollowness was recognised by those in authority; but private influence was brought to bear upon the Government, and to satisfy the agitators, a Commission, presided over by Lord Camperdown, and composed of a few Treasury officials, was appointed by Mr Gladstone, in 1871, to inquire into the allegations. The Report of the Commission was exactly what was looked for. After going the round of the Scottish offices, the Commissioners expressed, in the strongest terms consistent with official courtesy,

their conviction that the charges which had been preferred were baseless, and that Scottish public business in Scotland was conducted with perfect efficiency and surprising economy. It was impossible, indeed, that they could have come to any other conclusion. They were able, from their own experience, to compare the work done in Scotland by a handful of men with the work done in England by a regiment of costly officials; and the results, as the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Robert Lowe, frankly admitted, were sufficiently remarkable. It was found that the most highly placed officer in Scotland did not receive the salary of a Treasury clerk, and that the rank and file of the departments were, in comparison with those employed in similar capacities south of the Tweed, miserably underpaid.

The agitation against the conduct of Scottish business in Scotland was, by the report of the Commission, nipped in the bud; but in the course of the discussion which the inquiry provoked, another and more substantial issue was raised. The grievance, though partly sentimental, was, to some extent, real. The system on which Scottish business had been conducted in London was unquestionably defective, if not anomalous. The Home Secretary was responsible to Parliament; but the responsibility was illusory; and the entire burden of Scottish business fell on the Lord Advocate, who was commonly a lawyer in large practice, and who, as a rule, when first called to office, had had little or no experience of public affairs. Yet the system had, on the whole, worked fairly well. Andrew Rutherford, Duncan M'Neill, John Inglis, James Moncreiff, were all politicians of exceptional capacity

—the natural leaders of the Scotch members, who were justly proud of their distinguished countrymen. To them we are indebted for much useful, if not heroic, legislation. The name of Andrew Rutherford is associated with the simplification of feudal conveyancing, Duncan M'Neill's with the reform of the poor-law, James Moncreiff's with the reform of the bankruptcy laws, John Inglis's with the reform of the universities. Many academical arguments might have been advanced in defence of an arrangement under which such excellent results had been obtained; yet when seriously assailed, it could not be seriously defended. So long as the Lord Advocate was supreme there was little friction; but Lord Advocates are not always strong, and even Home Secretaries are sometimes obstinate and unreasonable. The scheme of a dual government became, as business increased and engagements multiplied, more and more anomalous. Scotsmen going to London on municipal or parochial affairs could find no official who would listen to their complaints. The Lord Advocate was in the House of Lords attending to an appeal; while at the Home Office there was not even a clerk to whom the language of the North Briton was familiar, or who knew more of Scotland than of the interior of Africa. We are not among those who hold that the sole duty of the House of Commons is to grind out Acts of Parliament as a coffee-mill grinds out coffee, and that the session which cannot show a bulky volume of statutes has been worse than wasted. We have, on the contrary, a great deal too much grandmotherly government already; and the feverish fussiness of our social reformers does not require to be encouraged. We cannot fence out

evil by Act of Parliament any more than we can fence out disease and death. John Milton, Puritan as he was, did not love "a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat,"—a vigorous and robust national life not being possible under such conditions. Still there were some modest legislative reforms to which we had really no objection—a modest Burgh Police Bill, a modest Universities Bill, being among the number; but even these, as it appeared, were not to be had on any terms. It could not, indeed, be denied that Scottish business in Parliament had, for some years back, plainly come to a dead-lock. Each of the Cabinet Ministers had enough to do in looking after his own bantlings, and the legislative eggs laboriously laid by Lord Advocate Balfour were never even hatched—being indeed studiously left out in the cold by an unsympathetic Home Secretary.

The creation of a distinctively Scottish office in London was thus, for divers reasons, a wise and salutary movement. At the same time, we cannot understand why it should have been so ardently desired by those who protest against what is rather vaguely called "centralisation." The Scottish Secretary may, from his position in the Government, be able to secure a better place for Scottish legislation in the Cabinet *menu* of the session. That is undoubtedly the main advantage of the appointment; and it will be sacrificed—we may say in passing—if the Scottish Minister is not included in the Cabinet. The Duke of Richmond was a member of the Cabinet; so was Mr Trevelyan;

but Mr Gladstone could not find a seat for Lord Dalhousie, and an evil precedent has, we regret to say, been followed by the exclusion of Mr Arthur Balfour. Mr Balfour is not only a highly accomplished man of letters and a keen and liberal thinker, but he is essentially a strong man—a man who does not shirk responsibility; and from every point of view, imperial as well as local, his exclusion is to be deplored. It is a real loss to the Cabinet and the country. But the transference of Scottish local government from Edinburgh to London cannot be said to tend, wherever else it may tend, in the direction of "decentralisation." We are aware, of course, that such a transfer is not provided for by the letter of the Act—the powers of the Scottish Secretary being identical with those which had been previously exercised by the Home Secretary. But an active and ambitious Minister cannot be expected to confine his activities within the letter of the Act. The duties of the Home Secretary were formal and ministerial, and had in course of time become more and more nominal. The Annual Reports of the Departments were presented to him, and (when he had read them—if he did read them, and blue-books are not the light reading which even the most ponderous of Home Secretaries can be expected to relish) he laid them before Parliament. If this were to be the limit of the Scottish Secretary's official labours, the staff at Dover House might take a six months' holiday. But we are probably not far wrong when we say that a considerable portion of the cases disposed of by the National Boards in Edinburgh will now be brought under the review of the Scottish Secretary in London. No decision is ever

given which satisfies all the parties to a suit, and wherever there is the ghost of a chance that the decision may be upset, an appeal will be taken. In this way a Secretary, greedy for work, will find plenty of opportunity to occupy himself with purely local and domestic administration; but for our own part, we fail to see how the determination of Scottish matters in London by an official who may or may not be acquainted with Scotland, instead of by a local Scottish Board, tends to discourage "centralisation." It may prove of advantage to the public (although the multiplication of offices unquestionably leads to circumlocution and delay; and the number of letters that must now be written before an application for an additional charwoman can reach the Treasury is simply farcical); it may prove, we say, advantageous to the public, and it will probably not be unpopular with those peripatetic politicians who feel that they are no longer the victims of a vicious system of central government when they are required, in the public interest and at the public expense, to spend the Easter holidays in the metropolis.

Any apprehensions, however, that may be entertained on this score are purely speculative. The Scottish Office, since its institution, so far as we have heard, has been conducted with discreet reserve and circumspection. Yet it

is hard to please everybody, and already the more restless of the Scottish members are showing their gratitude for the boon they have obtained by frivolous criticism. One member cannot understand why a palatial residence like Dover House is required to lodge a Secretary and a clerk; another directs attention to the fact that the army consists entirely of general officers on full pay, and that the rank and file are conspicuous by their absence. Even if it were all true, what then? Visible show and circumstance are potent factors in human affairs, and the decisions of a Scottish Minister will command a readier assent, we may presume, when issued from an imposing mansion in Downing Street. A philosopher, indeed, might attribute the eclipse of one of the great offices of State of the old Scottish monarchy to the fact that the Lord Advocate had been obscurely housed from time immemorial in a couple of closets off Spring Gardens. It is true that the clerks at Dover House are not very numerous; but the nature of the work, what of it there is, requires that it should be discharged by officials of weight and position.¹ The Under-Secretary is a trained official whose wide experience and mature judgment it was expedient to utilise, and the Duke of Richmond is to be congratulated on the success of his experiment. Sir Francis Sandford, moreover, is a Scotchman by

¹ It was stated in the debate on the Estimates that the Scottish Secretary had £2000 per annum, the Under-Secretary about the same, the Assistant Under-Secretary about £1000, and the private secretaries £400 or £500 between them. A statistical clerk and two lower division clerks completed the staff. The total charge for salaries was over £8000. The salaries of the Scottish Education Department officials at Dover House amount, we observe, to nearly £9000. We do not think, in spite of the critics, that these salaries are excessive; but it would only have been fair, when the new office was being organised, that the services of certain veteran officers in Scotland, who for five-and-twenty or thirty years had discharged highly responsible and laborious duties on a wretched pittance (£300 or £400 per annum), should not have been overlooked.

birth; and in the Education Department, which he conducted for many years with unflinching suavity and eminent common-sense, he was brought into close relations with Scotsmen of every class. It is probably a mistake to assume that an intimate acquaintance with the parochial and municipal machinery of Scotland was, or ought to have been, an indispensable qualification. It is notorious, for instance, that the excellence of the decisions of the House of Lords, sitting as a Scotch Court of Appeal, is mainly due to the happy ignorance of Scotch law which English judges enjoy; and it is quite true that greater freedom of judgment is usually manifested by men who are untrammelled by the technicalities of a system with which they are unfamiliar.

Whether the Scottish Secretary will succeed in obtaining a fair hearing for Scottish measures in Parliament remains to be seen. It is true that a Crofters Bill was almost the only measure which Mr Gladstone's last Ministry was able to pass; but, with or without a Scottish Secretary, such a measure would probably have been produced. On the eve of an election campaign it was desirable that something should be done to conciliate the sympathies of Radical electors, and to terminate the state of anarchy—the more than Irish lawlessness—which prevailed in the Highlands and Islands, and for which the Home Secretary was directly responsible. It is hard to say as yet whether that measure is likely to prove a blessing or a curse to the misguided people who are now vicariously expiating the sins of omission and commission of which Sir William Harcourt was guilty during his tenure of office. We hold now, as we have held always, that if such a perilous

experiment was to be tried at all, its execution should have been directed by first-rate men. The Land Commission, in fact, should have been presided over by a lawyer enjoying the authority and position of a Senator of the College of Justice. The validity of the decisions of a Judge of the Court of Session, aided by competent assessors, could not have been seriously impeached; and it is little less than a public scandal that the conduct of a radical revolution in the tenure of Highland property should have been intrusted to any inferior tribunal.

We have never disguised our opinion that (in so far as the conduct of Scottish business in Scotland was concerned) the appointment of a Scottish Secretary was a matter of secondary importance. We were willing, and indeed anxious, for the reasons we have stated, that the London departments should be reorganised; and we can merely now express the hope that, as a remedy for legislative neglect, the change which has been effected may meet the moderate expectations of reasonable men. But there is another measure, closely affecting the relations of Scotland with the imperial Parliament, which has always seemed to us of first-rate importance, and which, through good and evil report, we have steadily advocated. We venture to hope that some such measure may be carried by the Government now in office; but it is vain to disguise from ourselves that its progress is obstructed by serious obstacles of which it is foolish to make light,—obstacles, due not merely to the opposition of powerful interests, which can only be removed by the most discreet and delicate management.

In the agitation for a Scottish

Minister of Cabinet rank, the far more vital matter to which we allude was allowed to drop out of sight. While the Home Rule propaganda was being promoted by Mr Gladstone, the claim was incidentally revived; but it appeared in such questionable shape, and such disreputable company, that a perfectly safe and innocent proposal excited suspicion and distrust—of which those who persistently oppose it are not being slow to take advantage. We believe, however, that if a combined and resolute effort is made during the existence of the present Parliament to *transfer the Scottish private bill legislation now transacted by Parliamentary Committees to a Court sitting in Scotland*, the transfer will be effected. But this devolution of authority will be sanctioned by a Parliament elected for the maintenance of Imperial Unity on one condition only—there must be a distinct undertaking on the part of its promoters that the measure is simply what it professes to be; *for any attempt to associate it with other proposals which in the masquerade of Local Government involve more or less directly the principle of Home Rule, would be immediately fatal.* We are of opinion, besides, that to delegate any further powers—any powers other than those to which we refer—to a Provincial Assembly, would be a proceeding at variance not only with constitutional practice, but with the spirit of the constitution.

We do not propose at this time to enter into any elaborate exposition of the arguments in favour of this strictly limited parliamentary devolution. It is enough to say that the transference of Scottish private business from London to Edinburgh or Glasgow would from every point of view (except that

of the English parliamentary bar) be attended with advantage to Scotland. (1.) The business is at present done badly. The just determination of the questions submitted for adjudication implies the possession of judicial aptitudes which members of Parliament do not profess to cultivate. It is transacted, moreover, in a perfunctory manner by men who are mainly occupied with other work, and under conditions which deprive their decisions of any intrinsic weight. (2.) It would not be difficult to establish a Court in Scotland which, from the legal knowledge and scientific training of its members, would secure the confidence of the country. We do not enter into details; but we are satisfied that the decisions of a tribunal presided over by one of the Scotch Lords of Appeal (who have plenty of spare time on their hands), and comprising among its members (let us say at a venture) a Judge of the Court of Session, an eminent engineer or accountant, the provosts of the larger burghs, the conveners of counties, and the presidents of the Chambers of Commerce (in rotation), would be accepted without hesitation or demur. (3.) The cost attending an inquiry at Edinburgh, Glasgow, or Aberdeen (that is to say, on the spot), and proceeded with uninterruptedly from Monday till Saturday until completed, would be enormously less than that of an inquiry at irregular intervals before a Parliamentary Committee sitting in London. (We say a Parliamentary Committee; but it must be remembered that every private bill is submitted to two Committees—a Committee of the Lords and a Committee of the Commons,—and that a bill which has passed the one may be rejected by the other). (4.) The old maxim of keeping

"our ain fish-guts for our ain sea-maws" is taken to represent with substantial accuracy the convictions of the representative Scotsman. Yet year after year he is content (although otherwise heavily overtaxed for the common good) to allow an immense sum—probably not less than £100,000 per annum—to be taken out of his pockets, and recklessly lavished upon parliamentary agents and parliamentary counsel at Westminster.¹

It cannot therefore be denied, we think, that the proposed change, by substituting a cheap and efficient for a costly and cumbrous inquiry, would be attended with advantage to Scotland. If, as we have said, Scotsmen would rest content with such a safe and salutary measure of reform as we have roughly outlined, we are confident that it might be obtained without extreme difficulty or undue delay.² Unhappily this is not the case.

The evil that men do lives after them; and though Mr Gladstone's bill is dead and buried, the arguments by which it was recommended are still potent for mischief. Sophistry and rhetoric between them have much to answer for in this world; but rhetoric and so-

phistry are never more indecently employed than when used to stir the slumbering animosities of race. Mr Gladstone's history is history in hysterics. It was not the Irish Celt only who had been trodden down by the iron heel of brutal England,—dear old Scotland and poor little Wales were in as evil a plight. What was sauce for the Irish goose was sauce for the Scotch gander (and the Welsh gosling as well); and Scotland would never stand where she stood, and where she would have continued to stand but for the base and blackguardly Act of Union, until her national Parliament had been restored. So that Home Rule for Ireland! Home Rule for Scotland! Home Rule for Wales! Home Rule all round! became the election cry.

The Scottish people as a whole (Professor Blackie excepted) were quite contented. They had forgotten all about the iniquity of the Act of Union. They had not the least suspicion that they were a down-trodden, dishonoured, and disaffected race. On the contrary, the proverbial petition—"Lord gie us a gude conceit o' oorsels!"—had, it was thought, been abundantly answered. But when they were passionately urged by a great

¹ Only an approximation to the cost of private bill legislation can apparently be arrived at. Mr Craig Sellar has recently obtained a return on the subject; but it is far from complete—only the expenses incurred by certain public bodies being shown. But whenever a bill is opposed by private parties, *their* expenses have also to be paid; and the numbers of bills which are opposed by individuals must include a considerable percentage of the whole. The bills promoted during the years of severe commercial depression to which the return applies—1883, 1884, 1885—were far below the average. Gas, water, railways, tramways, harbours, were among the purposes for which the bills were sought; and the details are as follows: Cost of bills promoted by certain public bodies, £41,000; by railway companies, £154,000; by tramway companies, £10,000; by harbour authorities, £21,000—making together, £226,000. The entire cost of private bill legislation affecting Scotland only for these years cannot therefore have been less than £300,000.

² Since the text was written we are glad to observe that Mr Balfour has undertaken to introduce a bill for this purpose. The urgent necessity for "a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together," should be at once recognised. Unless Scotland is united the bill will be lost.

statesman to reconsider their position, we need not wonder that the vision of a Scottish Parliament in the High Street should have appealed to the patriotic susceptibilities of Knox's "rascal multitude." The fever did not last long; but while it lasted it was difficult to resist the infection. The fit has passed, it is true; but while an Independent Parliament and an Independent Executive are no longer clamoured for, except by a few heady enthusiasts, the agitation for some sort of National Assembly or Convention, by which what are called "purely Scottish questions" may be discussed and determined, still continues. Even the 'Scotsman,' which for many months has rendered invaluable service to the cause of Union, has conjured up for the benefit of its readers some feeble and attenuated phantom of Home Rule.

To Home Rule in any shape we are steadfastly opposed. If, indeed, Home Rule is to come, we incline to prefer the genuine article to a grotesque make-believe. Our objections to the proposed Convention may be summed up in a sentence,—the proposal is at once mischievous and unworkable.

The scheme, indeed, has only been presented to us as yet in the rudest outline. To reduce it into the sections of an Act of Parliament would require, we suspect, more than Gladstonian adroitness. So far as we can gather, however, it comes to something like this. A popularly elected Convention is to meet annually at Edinburgh. The qualifications of the electors, the areas of the constituencies, have not yet been settled. The subjects on which it may competently legislate, however, are to be strictly limited. They are subjects which concern Scotland and Scotland only. Whether its legislation

is to be final, or subject to ratification by the Imperial Parliament, does not appear; but we shall assume that a parliamentary sanction, more or less formal, will be required.

Our first contention is, that such a scheme is unworkable. We are told, when the delinquencies of the Imperial Parliament are reviewed, that it has failed to pass a Burgh Police Bill and a Universities Bill—bills, it is added, which a Scottish Convention would certainly have passed. We are willing to admit provisionally that Police Bills and University Bills are purely Scottish in their scope; though it is open to remark that restrictions upon individual freedom, involving the largest questions of policy, may be introduced into a Police Bill, and that the difficulties in the way of the Universities Bill have been mainly difficulties of finance; and finance, it is admitted on all hands, cannot be withdrawn from imperial control. Let it be granted, however, that the Convention may competently deal with bills affecting the Universities and the Police; what, we would like to know, is the Convention to do when these have been disposed of? Try as hard as we like, we really cannot add to the number of "purely Scottish questions." Even the most ravenous appetite for police and professors must get cloyed in time; and unless the members of the Convention choose to devote their leisure to the discussion of speculative resolutions on theology and morals, or to passing votes of censure on the Government of the day, as represented by the Secretary for Scotland and the Lord Advocate, they will be forced to adjourn their sittings until such time as the Police and the Universities require readjustment.

The truth is that the process of

amalgamation, the fusion of the races, has been so thorough that almost all Scottish questions (as well as almost all English questions) have become matters of imperial concern. It is not legislation only—not the union of the Crowns, or the union of the Parliaments—that has made the Scots and the English one people. Trade, commerce, art, letters, education, religion, the daily press, railways, telegraphs, the cultivation of wider sympathies, the progress of social ideas, have drawn the “auld enemies” into the most intimate and vital union. Innumerable ties of the finest and subtlest kind bind us together. We are members one of another, and whatever hurts a limb or an organ, however remote and insignificant, hurts the whole body. If the Union were not sound and natural, indeed, something might be said for division. But there is now a true identity, and patriotism, ceasing to be a sectarian passion, has become an imperial bond. The establishment of local parliaments in these circumstances would be a measure of reaction and not of progress—a measure opposed to the whole current of the national life for many generations. There are superficial varieties of habit, and dialect, and temperament, no doubt, among our people; but the difference between a native of Yorkshire and a native of the Lothians is not more marked than the difference between a Scotsman born in Fife and a Scotsman born in the Lews. (No one, indeed, is required to be more of an Englishman and less of a Scotsman than he chooses to be, and there is no reason why the Scot who is proud of Vittoria and Salamanca should be ashamed of Bannockburn.) A distinctively Scottish Parliament would now be an anomalous and essentially artificial contrivance—

resting upon no sound basis of principle or any natural line of division; and the surgical operation which cut England and Scotland asunder would sever the most vital arteries of our corporate life.

We do not deny, we have expressly admitted, that Parliament may devolve certain of its powers, certain of its functions, on a subordinate assembly. What, then, are the powers which it can constitutionally delegate? What are the functions of which it may competently divest itself?

Parliament has already devolved upon the Judges of the Supreme Court the power to dispose of election petitions; and it is now proposed that the whole private business affecting Scotland should be handed over to a Scottish Commission. These are duties, be it observed, of a *judicial* or *quasi-judicial* character. They are as nearly as possible identical with the duties which are discharged by the courts of law; and (as we have shown) they are duties which a legislative assembly is neither bound nor qualified to undertake. They require the sifting of evidence; they are mixed up with questions of legal title; they involve private and patrimonial rights. These, and all similar duties, it appears to us, may be safely and constitutionally remitted by Parliament to a competent tribunal,—to a tribunal, that is, properly equipped and duly qualified.

But when we come to *the devolution of the legislative power*, properly so called, we are met at once by constitutional and practical difficulties which we believe to be insurmountable. We do not, indeed, attach much weight to the formal and pedantic objections which occur to the mere lawyer (however conversant with constitutional practice); it is with sub-

stance, not form, that we desire to deal. Assuming, then, for the moment, that it is competent to remit local legislation to local parliaments, the question arises, Is it *possible* to separate local from imperial legislation? A hundred years ago, perhaps, the separation might have been effected; but with a network of wire and rail covering the land, and stretching from the metropolis like a huge spider-web in every direction, how is it to be done? The Treasury, the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, Somerset House, must obviously remain in London,—finance, the collection of the revenue, our foreign and imperial policy, being admittedly objects of imperial concern. There remain, indeed, after these have been withdrawn, a variety of matters more or less local: ecclesiastical, parochial, and municipal affairs; the Church, the poor-law, education, police. But do these involve questions of local interest only? Take the Church. The disestablishment of the Church is surely one of the largest questions of public policy that any legislature can face. Could the Edinburgh Convention disestablish the Protestant Church in Scotland without seriously affecting the Protestant Church in England? Or suppose that the Convention (at the instance of the anti-vaccinators) introduced a provision into the irrepressible Police Bill by which the performance of vaccination was made a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment? or (on the motion of Dr Rainy) passed a sumptuary law prohibiting all persons (including English tourists and English bagmen) from leaving their places of abode (except to attend public worship in a Free Kirk) during the whole of Sunday? These are extreme illustrations, it may be;

but it is by no means improbable that the first act of a popularly elected Convention would be to repeal the Conscience Clause of the Education Act, while a majority of the members would certainly support any proposal by which the attendance of Roman Catholic children at a Presbyterian service was effectually secured. Or take the land,—Is the nationalisation of the land, in which English capital is largely invested, a purely Scottish question? Or the poor-law,—If the parochial boards were enjoined by the Convention to afford relief to those paupers only who were active members of the Land Restoration League, would no one out of Scotland have a word to say? It is needless to go on; the argument that, in a highly complicated civilisation like ours, a hard and fast line can be drawn between imperial and local interests, will not hold water.

We have proved, we think, that the scheme of a Scottish Convention on the lines proposed is absolutely unworkable; but even granting that it could be got into working order, we are convinced that its influence would be distinctly mischievous. The proposition that an Imperial Legislature, in which all sorts and conditions of men are represented, is as a rule more moderate and reasonable, more catholic and liberal-minded, than a provincial assembly, cannot well be controverted. The Scottish Town Council is an institution against which the shafts of ridicule have been directed from time immemorial; and the Scottish Convention would be the Town Council "writ large." A Town Council composed of a couple of hundred active and voluble North Britons (airing their respective fads in the vernacular of their respective constituencies) is

a conception which the boldest imagination fails adequately to grasp.

Mr Boyd Kinnear, the Radical Unionist candidate for East Fife, has stated the case against the Convention with admirable lucidity. Differences of opinion between the Convention at Edinburgh and the Parliament at Westminster are certain to arise. Who is to judge, who is to mediate, between the rival authorities? How is a conflict to be averted? The Supreme Court is an American institution that will hardly bear to be transplanted. The men, moreover, who will consent to enter a Convention with limited powers, with no executive force at its back, will be of a distinctly inferior order,—the local busybody, the wire-puller of the caucus. Then there must be an English as well as a Scottish Convention, and the English Convention might so order the course of traffic and the wages of labour in England as injuriously to affect the industries of the Clyde and the Tay. Why should we incur these risks? What boon has Scotland been denied? What amendment of her institutions has she failed to obtain? On the other hand, it cannot be denied that Scottish legislation materially profits from being subjected to English and Irish criticism. Mr Kinnear continues:—

“Neither let us in this question be selfish in our nationality. We are so closely linked with England and Englishmen in all our concerns, that we have an interest in the improvement of the law of England also. If Scotsmen are to be excluded from the English Convention which must be established to legislate for England, the law of England will be so much the worse for it. And again, while I am no advocate for forced assimilation of law, yet no one can deny that diversity of law has inconveniences,

which it is not wise to extend further than can be helped. In the United States very grave evils arise from the diversity of local State laws, both as regards family relations and commercial questions. It is one of the advantages of our present constitution, an advantage unique among constitutions, that while we agree to allow to each part of the realm the maintenance of laws to which it is attached, yet in legislating we meet together, consult together, and endeavour by mutual concession to approach nearer and nearer to a common system. None but lawyers benefit from a conflict of laws. The union of the legislatures was the vital principle of the union of the kingdoms. Do not let us, in mock patriotism or unreflecting impatience with imperfections, break into fragments a constitution which, beyond any that are on earth, has solved the problem of *real unity combined with real independence.*”

These considerations are so pertinent and unanswerable, that some of the more discreet advocates of Home Rule have already indicated an intention, before the scheme indeed is fairly launched, to retrench and modify its provisions. “Make the Convention *consultative* only, and it cannot do very much mischief. Let the members talk as much as they please, let them draft resolutions which nobody will read, and frame bills which are not intended to pass; but so long as the power to legislate is vested solely in the Imperial Parliament, no harm will come of it.”

The late Mr Carlyle proclaimed a gospel of silence (which he certainly did not practise); and the flatulent rhetoric which during many years has been mistaken for the divine afflatus has latterly lost its charm—even in Mid-Lothian. The nation is not in the least disposed to welcome any fresh “ootbrak” of oratory. And it is an utter mistake to fall back

upon the dilatory plea that "no harm will come of it."¹ The mission of the men who enter the Convention will be simply to "swear at lairge." The conviction of their impotence will add fuel to the flame; they will be restrained by no sense of responsibility, or by the scruples of serious politicians, from airing the most pernicious crotchets; morning and evening inflammatory appeal and incendiary denunciation will appear in the newspapers. The Assembly will become a tame provincial copy of the noisy Jacobin clubs of the metropolis, where it is all play and no work, and where, in the course of a convivial evening, the fact that Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do is vigorously illustrated.

We trust, therefore, that the Government will turn a deaf ear to the advocates of either scheme. Do not let them be misled by the plea that the Convention, if deprived of "legislation's sovereign powers," can do no harm. Law-breakers are, as a rule, more skilful and astute than law-makers; and it is easy to drive a coach-and-four through an Act of Parliament. Give the Convention an inch, and it will take an ell before it is finally dismissed to limbo. Even the most humble local bodies

can become unexpectedly mischievous. Did the framers of the Irish Poor Law Act anticipate that the Boards of Guardians they were creating would be converted into political clubs? Yet it is true that at the present moment in certain districts of Ireland the Boards of Guardians are the most effective allies of the National League. Outdoor relief is lavished upon the paupers who are members of the association; the pauper who has not been enrolled is sent to the workhouse. (We observed quite lately, indeed, that "wards of honour" were being prepared for the victims of eviction; so that the workhouse itself is being turned to demagogic uses.) If a farmer is obnoxious to the local wire-pullers, the best of his acres are taken for labourers' allotments, and labourers' cottages are planted before his windows. All this is done out of the assessments imposed by Act of Parliament; and the landlord who has to pay a poor-rate of twenty shillings in the pound (the assessment in Ireland is virtually a rate upon owners) is as effectually divested of any beneficial interest in his land as if it had been taken from him by force.²

It is necessary to speak out plainly. We are satisfied that the

¹ Suppose, for instance, that the Convention should issue an anti-rent manifesto, would no harm come of it? Would it not, on the contrary, be a powerful incentive to social disorder in districts where social disorder is already rife?

² The evidence (especially that of Colonel Spaight) appended to the Report on the Poor Law Guardians (Ireland) Bill, 1885, should be closely studied by politicians who are preparing to release local boards from central as well as imperial control. Immense progress has been made during recent years throughout Great Britain in improving the administration of the Poor Law and Public Health Acts. But this has been due, in so far at least as remote and rural areas are concerned, to the steady pressure of the central authorities. Outdoor relief (except in Ireland) has been more intelligently dispensed, hospitals have been built, water and drainage have been introduced, to the immense advantage of the people at large; but in the first instance the momentum has almost invariably come from officials who have learnt that pauperism and disease are capable of scientific treatment; and in many places

creation of provincial parliaments, under whatever disguises and whatever limitations, must in the end lead to Home Rule,—in other words, to political disintegration and social anarchy. Scotland might possibly be saved from immediate disaster by the common-sense of its people; but what we give to Scotland, we cannot, of course, withhold from Ireland. Unionists, battling for bare life during Mr

Gladstone's midnight raid on the constitution, may have gone further than they intended to go, may have made concessions which their better judgment disapproved; but an interval for calm reflection has been happily afforded them; and the more the problem is revolved, the more clearly will it appear that the reform and extension of Local Government must be conducted upon other and safer lines.¹

the advance has been made in spite of the obstinate resistance of the localities. When the pressure of the central boards is withdrawn, it is to be feared (unless the constitution of the local boards can be immensely improved) that an annual panic of cholera or plague will be needed to prevent much that has been gained from being lost. It is difficult, indeed, to see, in so far as economy and efficiency are concerned, how any great improvement on the existing boards is to be effected. The popular superstitions about local government require extensive revision. At one time the consolidation of the various boards, and the extension of the administrative and assessable areas, were the favourite panaceas. The reformers of the present day, on the other hand, who have had the benefit of the experience of certain Continental cities, are beginning to favour the system of limited areas and thorough supervision. It has been found, they declare, that whenever an elective body is created with large administrative powers over a wide area, it is apt to neglect its primary duties,—ceasing to be a working, and becoming a political organisation, it grows careless, extravagant, and wasteful.

¹ Powerful corroboration of the position we have taken up will be found in a volume entitled 'England's Case against Home Rule,' by Mr Dicey, which has appeared just as we go to press. Mr Dicey removes the subject entirely from the region of partisan politics and race sentiment, and with definitions as clear, and reasoning as logical, as those of a geometrical demonstration, refutes all the arguments that have been advanced in favour of Home Rule, whether as an abstract principle or in its immediate application to Ireland.

SARRACINESCA.

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CHAPTER XXII.

ANASTASE GOUACHE worked hard at the Cardinal's portrait, and at the same time did his best to satisfy Donna Tullia. The latter, indeed, was not easily pleased, and Gouache found it hard to instil into his representation of her the precise amount of poetry she required, without doing violence to his own artistic sense of fitness. But the other picture progressed rapidly. The Cardinal was a restless man, and after the first two or three sittings, desired nothing so much as to be done with them altogether. Anastase amused him, it is true, and the statesman soon perceived that he had made a conquest of the young man's mind, and that, as Giovanni Sarracinesca had predicted, he had helped Gouache to come to a decision. He was not prepared, however, for the practical turn that decision immediately took, and he was just beginning to wish the sittings at an end when Anastase surprised him by a very startling announcement.

As usual, they were in the Cardinal's study; the statesman was silent and thoughtful, and Gouache was working with all his might.

"I have made up my mind," said the latter, suddenly.

"Concerning what, my friend?" inquired the great man, rather absently.

"Concerning everything, Eminence," answered Gouache—"concerning politics, religion, life, death, and everything else which belongs to my career. I am going to enlist with the Zouaves."

The Cardinal looked at him for

a moment, and then broke into a low laugh.

"*Extremis malis extrema remedia!*" he exclaimed.

"Precisely—*aux grands maux les grands remèdes*, as we say. I am going to join the Church militant. I am convinced that it is the best thing an honest man can do. I like fighting, and I like the Church—therefore I will fight for the Church."

"Very good logic indeed," answered the Cardinal. But he looked at Anastase, and marking his delicate features and light frame, he almost wondered how the lad would look in the garb of a soldier. "Very good logic; but, my dear Monsieur Gouache, what is to become of your art?"

"I shall not be mounting guard all day, and the Zouaves are allowed to live in their own lodgings. I will live in my studio, and paint when I am not mounting guard."

"And my portrait?" inquired Cardinal Antonelli, much amused.

"Your Eminence will doubtless be kind enough to manage that I may have liberty to finish it."

"You could not put off enlisting for a week, I suppose?"

Gouache looked annoyed; he hated the idea of waiting.

"I have taken too long to make up my mind already," he replied. "I must make the plunge at once. I am convinced—your Eminence has convinced me—that I have been very foolish."

"I certainly never intended to convince you of that," remarked the Cardinal, with a smile.

"Very foolish," repeated Gouache, not heeding the interruption. "I have talked great nonsense,—I scarcely know why—perhaps to try and find where the sense really lay. I have dreamed so many dreams, so long, I sometimes think I am morbid. All artists are morbid, I suppose. It is better to do anything active than to lose one's self in the slums of a sickly imagination."

"I agree with you," answered the Cardinal; "but I do not think you suffered from a sickly imagination,—I should rather call it abundant than sickly. Frankly, I should be sorry to think that in following this new idea you were in any way injuring the great career which, I am sure, is before you; but, on the other hand, I cannot help wishing that a greater number of young men would follow your example."

"Your Eminence approves, then?"

"Do you think you will make a good soldier?"

"Other artists have been good soldiers. There was Cellini——"

"Benvenuto Cellini said he made a good soldier; he said it himself, but his reputation for veracity in other matters was doubtful, to say the least. If he did not shoot the Connétable de Bourbon, it is very certain that some one else did. Besides, a soldier in our times should be a very different kind of man from the self-armed citizen of the time of Clement the Eighth and the aforesaid Connétable. You will have to wear a uniform and sleep on boards in a guard-house; you will have to be up early to drill, and up late mounting guard, in wind and rain and cold. It is hard work; I do not believe you have the constitution for it. Nevertheless, the intention is good. You can try it, and if you fall ill I will

see that you have no difficulty in returning to your artist life."

"I do not mean to give it up," replied Gouache in a tone of conviction. "And as for my health, I am as strong as any one."

"Perhaps," said the Cardinal, doubtfully. "And when are you going to join the corps?"

"In about an hour," said Gouache, quietly.

And he kept his word. But he had told no one, save the Cardinal, of his intention; and for a day or two, though he passed many acquaintances in the street, no one recognised Anastase Gouache in the handsome young soldier with his grey Turco uniform, a red sash round his slender waist, and a small *képi* set jauntily upon one side.

It was one of the phenomena of those times. Foreigners swarmed in Rome, and many of them joined the cosmopolitan corps—gentlemen, noblemen, artists, men of the learned professions, adventurers, duellists driven from their country in a temporary exile, enthusiasts, strolling Irishmen, men of all sorts and conditions. But, take them all in all, they were a fine set of fellows, who set no value whatever on their lives, and who, as a whole, fought for an idea, in the old crusading spirit. There were many who, like Gouache, joined solely from conviction; and there were few instances indeed of any who, having joined, deserted. It often happened that a stranger came to Rome for a mere visit, and at the end of a month surprised his friends by appearing in the grey uniform. You met him the night before at a ball in the ordinary garb of civilisation, covered with cotillon favours, waltzing like a madman; the next morning he entered the Café de Rome in a braided jacket open at the throat, and told you he was

a soldier—a private soldier, who touched his cap to every corporal of the French infantry, and was liable to be locked up for twenty-four hours if he was late to quarters.

Donna Tullia's portrait was not quite finished, and Gouache had asked for one or two more sittings. Three days after the artist had taken his great resolution, Madame Mayer and Del Ferice entered his studio. He had had no difficulty in being at liberty at the hour of the sitting, and had merely exchanged his jacket for an old painting-coat, not taking the trouble to divest himself of the remainder of his uniform.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked Donna Tullia, as she lifted the curtain and entered the studio. He had kept out of her way during the past few days.

"Good heavens, Gouache!" cried Del Ferice, starting back, as he caught sight of the artist's grey trousers and yellow gaiters. "What is the meaning of this comedy?"

"What?" asked Gouache, coolly. Then, glancing at his legs, he answered, "Oh, nothing. I have turned Zouave—that is all. Will you sit down, Donna Tullia? I was waiting for you."

"Turned Zouave!" exclaimed Madame Mayer and Del Ferice in a breath. "Turned Zouave!"

"Well?" said Gouache, raising his eyebrows and enjoying their surprise. "Well—why not?"

Del Ferice struck a fine attitude, and, laying one hand upon Donna Tullia's arm, whispered hoarsely in her ear—

"*Siamo traditi*—we are betrayed!" he said. Whereupon Donna Tullia turned a little pale.

"Betrayed!" she repeated, "and by Gouache!"

Gouache laughed, as he drew out the battered old carved chair on which Madame Mayer was accustomed to sit when he painted.

"Calm yourself, Madame," he said. "I have not the least intention of betraying you. I have made a counter-revolution—but I am perfectly frank. I will not tell of the ferocious deeds I have heard discussed."

Del Ferice scowled and drew back, partly acting, partly in earnest. It lay in his schemes to make Donna Tullia believe herself involved in a genuine plot, and from this point of view he felt that he must pretend the greatest horror and surprise. On the other hand, he knew that Gouache had been painting the Cardinal's portrait, and guessed that the statesman had acquired a strong influence over the artist's mind—an influence which was already showing itself in a way which looked dangerous. It had never struck him until quite lately that Anastase, a republican by descent and by conviction, could suddenly step into the reactionary camp.

"Pardon me, Donna Tullia," said Ugo, in serious tones, "pardon me—but I think we should do well to leave Monsieur Gouache to the contemplation of his new career. This is no place for us—the company of traitors—"

"Look here, Del Ferice," said Gouache, suddenly going up to him and looking him in the face,—"do you seriously believe that anything you have ever said in this room is worth betraying? or, if you do, do you really think that I would betray it?"

"Bah!" exclaimed Donna Tullia, interposing, "it is nonsense! Gouache is a gentleman, of course—and besides, I mean to have

my portrait, politics or no politics."

With which round statement Donna Tullia sat down, and Del Ferice had no choice but to follow her example. He was profoundly disgusted, but he saw at a glance that it would be hopeless to attempt to dissuade Madame Mayer when she had once made up her mind.

"And now you can tell us all about it," said Donna Tullia. "What, in the name of all that is senseless, has induced you to join the Zouaves? It really makes me very nervous to see you."

"That lends poetry to your expression," interrupted Gouache. "I wish you were always nervous. You really want to know why I am a Zouave? It is very simple. You must know that I always follow my impulses."

"Impulses!" ejaculated Del Ferice, moodily.

"Yes; because my impulses are always good,—whereas when I reflect much my judgment is always bad. I felt a strong impulse to wear the grey uniform, so I walked into the recruiting office and wrote my name down."

"I feel a strong impulse to walk out of your studio, Monsieur Gouache," said Donna Tullia, with a rather nervous laugh.

"Then allow me to tell you that, whereas my impulses are good, yours are not," replied Anastase, quietly painting. "Because I have a new dress——"

"And new convictions," interrupted Del Ferice; "you who were always arguing about convictions!"

"I had none; that is the reason I argued about them. I have plenty now—I argue no longer."

"You are wise," retorted Ugo.

"Those you have got will never bear discussion."

"Excuse me," answered Gouache; "if you will take the trouble to be introduced to his Eminence, Cardinal Antonelli——"

Donna Tullia held up her hands in horror.

"That horrible man! That Mephistopheles!" she cried.

"That Macchiavelli! That arch-enemy of our holy Liberty!" exclaimed Del Ferice in theatrical tones.

"Exactly," answered Gouache. "If he could be induced to devote a quarter of an hour of his valuable time to talking with you, he would turn your convictions round his finger."

"This is too much!" cried Del Ferice, angrily.

"I think it is very amusing," said Donna Tullia. "What a pity that all Liberals are not artists, whom his Eminence could engage to paint his portrait and be converted at so much an hour!"

Gouache smiled quietly, and went on with his work.

"So he told you to go and turn Zouave," remarked Donna Tullia, after a pause, "and you submitted like a lamb."

"So far was the Cardinal from advising me to turn soldier, that he expressed the greatest surprise when I told him of my intention," returned Gouache, rather coldly.

"Indeed it is enough to take away even a cardinal's breath," answered Madame Mayer. "I was never, never so surprised in my life!"

Gouache stood up to get a view of his work, and Donna Tullia looked at him critically.

"*Tiens!*" she exclaimed, "it is rather becoming — what small ankles you have, Gouache!"

Anastase laughed. It was im-

possible to be grave in the face of such utterly frivolous inconsistency.

"You will allow your expression to change so often, Donna Tullia—it is impossible to catch it."

"Like your convictions," murmured Del Ferice from his corner. Indeed Ugo did not know what to make of the scene. He had miscalculated the strength of Donna Tullia's fears as compared with the longing she had to possess a flattering portrait of herself. Rather than leave the picture unfinished, she exhibited a cynical indifference to danger which would have done honour to a better man than Del Ferice. Perhaps, too, she understood Gouache well enough to know that he might be trusted. Indeed any one would have trusted Gouache. Even Del Ferice was less disturbed at the possibility of the artist's repeating any of the trivial liberal talk which he had listened to, than at the indifference to discovery shown by Donna Tullia. To Del Ferice, the whole thing had been but a harmless play; but he wanted Madame Mayer to believe that it had all been solemn earnest, and that she was really implicated in a dangerous plot; for it gave him a stronger hold upon her for his own ends.

"So you are going to fight for Pio Nono," remarked Ugo, scornfully, after another pause.

"I am," replied Gouache. "And, no offence to you, my friend, if I meet you among the Garibaldini in a red shirt, I will kill you. It would be very unpleasant, so I hope that you will not join them."

"Take care, Del Ferice," laughed Donna Tullia, "your life is in danger! You had better join the Zouaves instead."

"I cannot paint his Eminence's portrait," returned Ugo, with a

sneer, "so there is no chance of that."

"You might assist him with wholesome advice, I should think," answered Gouache. "I have no doubt you could tell him much that would be very useful."

"And turn traitor to—"

"Hush! Do not be so silly, Del Ferice," interrupted Donna Tullia, who began to fear that Del Ferice's taunts would make trouble. She had a secret conviction that it would not be good to push the gentle Anastase too far. He was too quiet, too determined, and too serious not to be a little dangerous if roused.

"Do not be absurd," she repeated. "Whatever Gouache may choose to do, he is a gentleman, and I will not have you talk of traitors like that. He does not quarrel with you—why do you try to quarrel with him?"

"I think he has done quite enough to justify a quarrel, I am sure," replied Del Ferice, moodily.

"My dear sir," said Gouache, desisting from his work and turning towards Ugo, "Madame is quite right. I not only do not quarrel, but I refuse to be quarrelled with. You have my most solemn assurance that whatever has previously passed here, whatever I have heard said by you, by Donna Tullia, by Valdarno, by any of your friends, I regard as an inviolable secret. You formerly said I had no convictions, and you were right. I had none, and I listened to your exposition of your own with considerable interest. My case is changed. I need not tell you what I believe, for I wear the uniform of a Papal Zouave. When I put it on, I certainly did not contemplate offending you; I do not wish to offend you now—I only beg that you will refrain from offending me. For my part, I need

only say that henceforth I do not desire to take a part in your counsels. If Donna Tullia is satisfied with her portrait, there need be no further occasion for our meeting. If, on the contrary, we are to meet again, I beg that we may meet on a footing of courtesy and mutual respect."

It was impossible to say more; and Gouache's speech terminated the situation as far as Del Ferice was concerned. Donna Tullia smilingly expressed her approval.

"Quite right, Gouache," she said. "You know it would be impossible to leave the portrait as it is now. The mouth, you know—you promised to do something to it—just the expression, you know."

Gouache bowed his head a little, and set to work again without a word. Del Ferice did not speak again during the sitting, but sat moodily staring at the canvas, at Donna Tullia, and at the floor. It was not often that he was moved from his habitual suavity of manner, but Gouache's conduct had made him feel particularly uncomfortable.

The next time Donna Tullia came to sit, she brought her old countess, and Del Ferice did not appear. The portrait was ultimately finished to the satisfaction of all parties, and was hung in Donna Tullia's drawing-room, to be admired and criticised by all her friends. But Gouache rejoiced when the thing was finally removed from his studio, for he had grown to hate it, and had been almost willing to flatter it out of all likeness to Madame Mayer, for the sake of not being eternally confronted by the cold stare of her

blue eyes. He finished the Cardinal's portrait too; and the statesman not only paid for it with unusual liberality, but gave the artist what he called a little memento of the long hours they had spent together. He opened one of the lockers in his study, and from a small drawer selected an ancient ring, in which was set a piece of crystal with a delicate intaglio of a figure of Victory. He took Gouache's hand and slipped the ring upon his finger. He had taken a singular liking to Anastase.

"Wear it as a little souvenir of me," he said kindly. "It is a Victory; you are a soldier now, so I pray that victory may go with you; and I give Victory herself into your hands."

"And I," said Gouache, "will pray that it may be a symbol in my hand of the real victories you are to win."

"Only a symbol," returned the Cardinal, thoughtfully. "Nothing but a symbol. I was not born to conquer, but to lead a forlorn-hope—to deceive vanquished men with a hope not real, and to deceive the victors with an unreal fear. Nevertheless, my friend," he added, grasping Gouache's hand, and fixing upon him his small bright eyes,— "nevertheless, let us fight, fight—fight to the very end!"

"We will fight to the end, Eminence," said Gouache. He was only a private of Zouaves, and the man whose hand he held was great and powerful; but the same spirit was in the hearts of both, the same courage, the same devotion to a failing cause—and both kept their words, each in his own way.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Astrardente was in some respects a picturesque place: the position of the little town gave it a view in both directions from where it stood; for it was built upon a precipitous eminence rising suddenly out of the midst of the narrow strip of fertile land, the long and rising valley, which, from its lower extremity, conducted by many circuits to the Roman Campagna, and which ended above in the first rough passes of the lower Abruzzi. The base of the town extended into the vineyards and olive-orchards which surrounded the little hill on all sides; and the summit of it was crowned by the feudal palace-castle—an enormous building of solid stone, in the style of the fifteenth century. Upon the same spot had formerly stood a rugged fortress, but the magnificent ideas of the Astrardente pope had not tolerated such remains of barbarism; the ancient stronghold had been torn down, and on its foundations rose a gigantic mansion, consisting of a main palace, with great balconies and columned front, overlooking the town, and of two massive wings leading back like towers to the edge of the precipitous rock to northwards. Between these wings a great paved court formed a sort of terrace, open upon one side, and ornamented within with a few antique statues dug up upon the estates, and with numerous plants, which the old duke had caused to be carefully cultivated in vases, and which were only exposed upon the terrace during the warm summer months. The view from the court was to the north—that is to say, down the valley, comprehending ranges of hills that seemed to cross and recross into the extreme distance,

their outlines each time less clearly defined, the masses in each succeeding range taking a softer purple hue.

Within, the palace presented a great variety of apartments. There were suites of vaulted rooms upon the lower floor, frescoed in the good manner of the fifteenth century; there were other suites above, hung with ancient tapestry and furnished with old-fashioned marble tables, and mirrors in heavily gilt frames, and one entire wing had been lately fitted up in the modern style. In this part of the house Corona established herself with Sister Gabrielle, and began to lead a life of regular occupations and profound retirement, which seemed to be rather a continuation of her existence in the convent where she had been educated as a girl, than to form any part in the life of the superb Duchess d'Astrardente, who for five years had been one of the most conspicuous persons in society. Every morning at eight o'clock the two ladies, always clad in deep black, attended the Mass which was celebrated for them in the palace chapel. Then Corona walked for an hour with her companion upon the terrace, or, if it rained, beneath the covered balconies upon the south side. The morning hours she passed in solitude, reading such books of devotion and serious matter as most suited the sad temper of her mind: precisely at mid-day she and Sister Gabrielle breakfasted together in a sort of solemn state; and at three o'clock the great landau, with its black horses and mourning liveries, stood under the inner gate. The two ladies appeared five minutes later, and by a gesture Corona indicated whether she would be driven up

or down the valley. The dashing equipage descended the long smooth road that wound through the town, and invariably at the end of two hours returned, again ascended the tortuous way, and disappeared beneath the dark entrance. At six o'clock dinner was served, with the same solemn state as attended the morning meal; Corona and Sister Gabrielle remained together until ten, and the day was over. There was no more variation in the routine of their lives than if they had been moved by a machinery connected with the great castle clock overhead, which day and night chimed the hours and the quarters, and regulated the doings of the town below.

But in spite of this unchanging sequence of similar habit, the time passed pleasantly for Corona. She had had too much of the brilliant lights and the buzzing din of society for the last five years, too much noise, too much idle talk, too much aimless movement; she needed rest, too, from the constant strain of her efforts to fulfil her self-imposed duties towards her husband—most of all, perhaps, she required a respite from the sufferings she had undergone through her stifled love for Giovanni Sarracinesca. All this she found in the magnificent calm of the life at Astrardente. She meditated long upon the memory of her husband, recalling lovingly those things which had been most worthy in him, willingly forgetting his many follies and vanities and moments of petulance. She went over in her mind the many and varied scenes of the past, and learned to love the sweet and silent solitude of the present by comparison of it with all the useless and noisy activity of the world she had for a time abandoned. She had not expected to find anything more

than a passive companion in Sister Gabrielle; but in the course of their daily converse she discovered in her a character of extreme refinement and quick perception, a depth of human sympathy and a breadth of experience which amazed her, and made her own views of things seem small. The Sister was devout and rigid in the observance of the institutions of her order, in so far as she was able to follow out the detail of religious regulation without interfering with the convenience of her companion; but in her conversation she showed an intimate knowledge of character which was a constant source of pleasure to Corona, so that she would tell the Sister long stories of people she had known for the sake of hearing her admirable comments upon social questions.

But besides her reading and her long hours of meditation and her talks with Sister Gabrielle, Corona found occupation in the state of the town below her residence. She attempted once or twice to visit the poor cottages, in the hope of doing some good; but she found that she was such an object of holy awe to the inmates that they were speechless in her presence, or became so nervous in their desire to answer her questions, that the information she was able to obtain concerning their troubles was too vague to be of any use.

The Italian peasant is not the same in all parts of the country, as is generally supposed; and although the Tuscan, who is constantly brought into familiar contact with his landlord, and acquires a certain pleasant faith in him, grows eloquent upon the conditions of his being, the same is not true of the rougher race that labours in the valleys of the Sabine and the Samnite hills. He is capable of civilisation—he is able

to understand his superiors, provided that he is gradually accustomed to seeing them, which unfortunately occurs but rarely. Many of the great Roman landholders spend a couple of months of every year upon their estates: old Astrardente had in his later years gone to considerable expense in refitting and repairing the castle, but he had done little for the town. Men like the Sarracinesca were great exceptions at that time; though they travelled much abroad, they often remained for many months in their rugged old fortress. They knew the inhabitants of their lands far and wide, and were themselves not only known but loved; they spent their money in improving the condition of their peasants, in increasing the area of their forests, and in fostering the fertility of the soil, but they cared nothing for adorning the grey stone walls of their ancestors' stronghold. It had done well enough for a thousand years, it would do well enough still; it had stood firm against fierce sieges in the dark ages of the Roman baronry, it could afford to stand unchanged in its monumental strength against the advancing sea of nineteenth-century civilisation. They themselves, father and son, were content with such practical improvements as they could introduce for the good of their people and the enriching of their land; a manly race, despising luxury, they cared little whether their home was thought comfortable by the few guests they occasionally invited to spend a week with them. But they saw much of the peasantry, and went daily among them, understanding their wants, and wisely promoting in their minds the belief that land cannot prosper unless both landlord and tenant do their share.

But Astrardente was a holding of a very different kind, and Corona, in her first attempts at understanding the state of things, found herself stopped by a dead wall of silence, beyond which she guessed that there lay an undiscovered land of trouble. She knew next to nothing of the condition of her people; she only imperfectly understood the relations in which they actually stood to herself, the extent of her power over them, and of their power over her. The mysteries of *emphyteusis*, *emphyteuma*, and *emphyteuta* were still hidden to her, though her steward spoke of them with surprising loquacity and fluency. She laboured hard to understand the system upon which her tenants held their lands from her, and it was some time before she succeeded. It is easier to explain the matter at once than to follow Corona in her attempts to comprehend it.

To judge from the terms employed, the system of holdings common in the Pontifical States had descended without interruption from the time of the Romans to the present day. As in Roman law, *emphyteusis*, now spelt *emphyteuse*, means the possession of rights over another person's land, capable of transmission by inheritance; and to-day, as under the Romans, the holder of such rights is called the *emphyteuta*, or *emfiteuta*. How the Romans came to use Greek words in their tenant-law does not belong to the matter in hand; these words are the only ones now in use in this part of Italy, and they are used precisely as they were in remote times.

A tenant may acquire rights of *emphyteuse* directly from the owner of the land, like an ordinary lease; or he may acquire them by settlement—"squatting," as the popular term is. Wherever land is lying

waste, any one may establish himself upon it and cultivate it, on condition of paying to the owner a certain proportion of the yield of the land—generally one quarter—either in kind or in money. The landlord may, indeed, refuse the right of settlement in the first instance, which would very rarely occur, since most people who own barren tracts of rock and heath are only too glad to promote any kind of cultivation. But when the landlord has once allowed the right, the right itself is constituted thereby into a possession of which the peasant may dispose as he pleases, even by selling it to another. The law provides, however, that in case of transfers by sale, the landlord shall receive one year's rent in kind or in money in addition to the rent due, and this bonus is paid by the buyer and the seller according to agreement. Such holdings are inherited from father to son for many generations, and are considered to be perpetual leases. The landlord cannot expel a tenant except for non-payment of rent during three consecutive years. In actual fact, the right of the *emfiteuta* in the soil is far more important than that of the landlord; for the tenant can cheat his landlord as much as he pleases, whereas the injustice of the law provides that under no circumstance whatsoever shall the landlord cheat the tenant. In actual fact, also, the rents are universally paid in kind, and the peasant eats what remains of the produce, so that very little cash is seen in the land.

Corona discovered that the income she enjoyed from the lands of Astrardente was collected by the basketful from the threshing-floors, and by the barrel from the vineyards of some two hundred tenants. It was a serious matter

to gather from two hundred threshing-floors precisely a quarter of the grain threshed, and from fifty or sixty vineyards precisely a quarter of the wine made in each. The peasants all made their wine at the same time, and all threshed their grain in the same week. If the agent was not on the spot during the threshing and the vintage, the peasant had no difficulty whatever in hiding a large quantity of his produce. As the rent was never fixed, but depended solely on the yield of the year, it was pre-eminently the advantage of the tenant to throw dust in the eyes of the landlord whenever he got a chance. The landlord found the business of watching his tenants tedious and unprofitable, and naturally resorted to the crowning evil of agricultural evils—the employment of a rent-farmer. The latter, at all events, was willing to pay a fixed sum yearly; and if the sum paid was generally considerably below the real value of the rents, the arrangement at least assured a fixed income to the landlord, with the certainty of getting it without trouble to himself. The middleman then proceeded to grind the tenants at his leisure and discretion in order to make the best of his bargain. The result was, that while the tenant starved and the landlord got less than his due in consideration of being saved from annoyance, the middleman gradually accumulated money.

Upon this system nine-tenths of the land in the Pontifical States was held, and much of the same land is so held to-day, in spite of the modern tenant-law, for reasons which will be clearly explained in another part of this history. Corona saw and understood that the evil was very great. She discussed the matter with her steward, or

ministro as he was called, who was none other than the aforesaid middleman; and the more she discussed the question, the more hopeless the question appeared. The steward held a contract from her dead husband for a number of years. He had regularly paid the yearly sums agreed upon, and it would be impossible to remove him for several years to come. He, of course, was strenuously opposed to any change, and did his best to make himself appear as an angel of mercy and justice, presiding over a happy family of rejoicing peasants in the heart of a terrestrial paradise. Unfortunately for himself, however, he had not at first understood the motive which prompted Corona's inquiries. He supposed in the beginning that she was not satisfied with the amount of rent he paid, and that at the expiration of his contract she intended to raise the sum; so that, on the first occasion when she sent for him, he drew piteous pictures of the peasants' condition, and expatiated with eloquence on his own poverty, and on the extreme difficulty of collecting any rents at all. It was not until he discovered that Corona's chief preoccupation was for the welfare of her tenants that he changed his tactics, and endeavoured to prove that all was for the best upon the best of all possible estates.

Then, to his great astonishment, Corona informed him that his contract would not be renewed, and that at the expiration of his term she would collect her rents herself. It had taken her long to understand the situation, but when she had comprehended it, she made up her mind that something must be done. If her fortune had depended solely upon the income she received from the Astrardente lands, she would have made up her mind

to reduce herself to penury rather than allow things to go on in the way they were going. Fortunately she was rich, and if she had not all the experience necessary to deal with such matters, she had plenty of goodwill, plenty of generosity, and plenty of money. In her simple theory of agrarian economy the best way to improve an estate seemed to be to spend the income arising from it directly upon its improvement, until she could take the whole management of it into her own hands. The trouble, as she thought, was that there was too little money among the peasants; the best way to help them was to put money within their reach. The only question was how to do this without demoralising them, and without increasing their liabilities towards the *ministro* or middleman.

Then she sent for the curate. From him she learned that the people did well enough in the summer, but that the winter was dreaded. She asked why. He answered that they were not provident; that the land system was bad; and that even if they saved anything the *ministro* would take it from them. She inquired whether he thought it possible to induce them to be more thrifty. He thought it might be done in ten years, but not in one.

"In that case," said Corona, "the only way to improve their condition is to give them work in the winter. I will make roads through the estate, and build large dwelling-houses in the town. There shall be work enough for everybody."

It was a simple plan, but it was destined to be carried into execution, and to change the face of the Astrardente domain in a few years. Corona sent to Rome for an engineer who was also a good archi-

fect, and she set herself to study the possibilities of the place, giving the man sufficient scope, and only insisting that there should be no labour and no material imported from beyond the limits of her lands. This provided her with an occupation whereby the time passed quickly enough.

The Lenten season ended, and Eastertide ran swiftly on to Pentecost. The early fruit-trees blossomed white, and the flowers fell in a snow-shower to the ground, to give place to the cherries and the almonds and the pears. The brown bramble-hedges turned leafy, and were alive with little birds; and the great green lizards shot across the woodland paths upon the hillside, and caught the flies that buzzed noisily in the spring sunshine. The dried-up vines put forth tiny leaves, and the maize shot suddenly up to the sun out of the rich furrows, like myriads of brilliant green poignards piercing the brown skin of the earth. By the roadside the grass grew high, and the broad shallow brooks shrank to narrow rivulets, and disappeared in the overgrowing rushes before the increasing heat of the climbing sun.

Corona's daily round of life never changed, but as the months wore on, a stealing thought came often and often again—shy, as though fearing to be driven away; silent at first, as a shadow in a dream, but taking form and reality from familiarity with its own self, and speaking intelligible words, saying at last plainly, "Will he keep his promise? Will he never come?"

But he came not as the fresh colours of spring deepened with the rich maturity of summer; and Corona, gazing down the valley, saw the change that came over the fair earth, and half guessed the

change that was coming over her own life. She had sought solitude instinctively, but she had not known what it would bring her. She had desired to honour her dead husband by withdrawing from the world for a time and thinking of him and remembering him. She had done so, but the youth in her rebelled at last against the constant memory of old age—of an old age, too, which had passed away from her and was dead for ever. It was right to dwell for a time upon the thought of her widowhood, but the voice said it would not be always right. The calm and noiseless tide of the old man's departing life had ebbed slowly and reluctantly from her shore, and she had followed the sad sea in her sorrow to the furthest verge of its retreat; but as she stood upon the edge of the stagnant waters, gazing far out and trying to follow even further the slow subsiding ooze, the tide had turned upon her unawares, the fresh seaward breeze sprang up and broke the dead calm with the crisp motion of fresh ripples that once more flowed gladly over the dreary sand, and the waters of life plashed again and laughed gladly together around her feet.

The thought of Giovanni—the one thought that again and again kept recurring in her mind—grew very sweet,—as sweet as it had once been bitter. There was nothing to stop its growth now, and she let it have its way. What did it matter, so long as he did not come near her—for the present? Some day he would come; she wondered when, and how long he would keep his promise. But meanwhile she was not unhappy, and she went about her occupations as before; only sometimes she would go alone at evening to the balcony that faced the higher

mountains, and there she would stand for half an hour gazing southwards towards the precipitous rocks that caught the red glare of the sinking sun, and she asked herself if he were there, or whether, as report had told her, he were in the far north. It was but half a day's ride over the hills, he had said. But strain her sight as she would, she could not pierce the heavy crags nor see into the wooded dells beyond. He had said he would pass the summer there; had he changed his mind?

But she was not unhappy. There was that in her which forbade unhappiness, which would have broken out into great joy if she would have let it; but yet she would not. It was too soon yet to say aloud what she said in her heart daily, that she loved Giovanni with a great love, and that she knew she was free to love him. In that thought there was enough of joy. But he might come if he would; her anger would not be great if he broke his promise now, he had kept it so long—six whole months. But by-and-by, as the days passed, the first note of happiness was marred by the discordant ring of a distant fear. What if she had too effectually forbidden him to see her? What if he had gone out disappointed of all hope, and was really in distant Scandinavia, as the papers said, risking his life in mad adventures?

But after all, that was not what she feared. He was strong, young, brave—he had survived a thousand dangers, he would survive these also. There arose between her and the thought of him an evil shadow, the image of a woman, and it took the shape of Donna Tullia so vividly that she could see the red lips move and almost hear the noisy laugh. She was angry with herself at the idea, but it recurred continually and gave her pain, and

the pain grew to an intolerable fear. She began to feel that she must know where he was, at any cost, or she could have no peace. She was restless and nervous, and began to be absent-minded in her conversation with Sister Gabrielle. The good woman saw it, and advised a little change—anything, an excursion of a day for instance. Corona, she said, was too young to lead this life.

Her mind leaped at the idea. It was but half a day's ride, he had said; she would climb those hills and look down upon Sarracinesca—only once. She might perhaps meet some peasant, and by a careless inquiry she would learn whether he was there—or would be there in the summer. No one would know; and besides, Sister Gabrielle had said that an excursion would do Corona good. Sister Gabrielle had probably never heard that Sarracinesca was so near, and she certainly would not guess that the Duchessa had any interest in its lord. She announced her intention, and the Sister approved—she herself, she said, was too weak to undergo the fatigue.

On the following morning, Corona alone entered her carriage and was driven many miles up the southward hills, till the road was joined by a broad bridle-path that led eastwards towards the Abruzzi. Here she was met by a party of horsemen, her own *guardiani*, or forest-keepers, as they are called, in rough dark-blue coats and leathern gaiters. Each man wore upon his breast a round plate of chiselled silver, bearing the arms of the Astrardente; each had a long rifle slung behind him, and carried a holster at the bow of his huge saddle. A couple of sturdy black-browed peasants held a mule by the bridle, heavily caparisoned in the old fashion, under a great red velvet Spanish saddle, with

long tarnished trappings that had once been embroidered with silver. A little knot of peasants and ragged boys stood all around watching the preparations with interest, and commenting audibly upon the beauty of the great lady.

Corona mounted from a stone by the wayside, and the young men led her beast up the path. She smiled to herself, for she had never done such a thing before, but she was not uneasy in the company of her rough-looking escort. She knew well enough that she was as safe with them as in her own house.

As the bridle-path wound up from the road, the country grew more rugged, the vegetation more scanty, and the stones more plentiful. It was a wilderness of rocky desolation; as far as one could see there was no sign of humanity, not a soul upon the solitary road, not a living thing upon the desolate hills that rose on either side in jagged points to the sky. Corona talked a little with the head-keeper who rode beside her with a slack rein, letting his small mountain pony pick its own way over the rough path. He told her that few people ever passed that way. It was the short road to *Sarracinesca*. The princes sometimes sent their carriage round by the longer way and rode over the hills; and in the vintage-time there was some traffic, as many of the smaller peasants carried grapes across the pass to the larger wine-presses, and sold them outright. It was not a dangerous road, for the very reason that it was so unfrequented. The Duchessa explained that she only wanted to see the valley beyond from the summit of the pass, and would then return. It was past mid-day when the party reached the highest point,—a depression between the crags just wide enough to admit one loaded mule. The

keeper said she could see *Sarracinesca* from the end of the narrow way, before the descent began. She uttered an exclamation of surprise as she reached the spot.

Scarcely a quarter of a mile to the right, at the extremity of a broad hill-road, she saw the huge towers of *Sarracinesca*, grey and storm-beaten, rising out of a thick wood. The whole intervening space—and indeed the whole deep valley as far as she could see—was an unbroken forest of chestnut-trees. Here and there below the castle the houses of the town projected their tiled gables, but the mass of the buildings was hidden completely from sight. Corona had had no idea that she should find herself so near to the place, and she was seized with a sudden fear lest Giovanni should appear upon the long straight path that led into the trees. She drew back a little among her followers.

"Are the princes there now?" she asked of the head-keeper.

He did not know; but a moment later a peasant, riding astride of a bag of corn upon his donkey's back, passed along the straight road by the entrance to the bridle-path. The keeper hailed him, and put the question. Seeing Corona upon her mule, surrounded by armed men in livery, the man halted and pulled off his soft black-cloth hat.

Both the princes were in *Sarracinesca*, he said. The young prince had been there ever since Easter. They were busy building an aqueduct which was to supply the whole town with water; it was to pass above, up there among the woods. The princes went almost every day to visit the works. Her Excellency would, perhaps, find them there now, or if not, they were at the castle.

But her Excellency had no intention of finding them. She gave the fellow a coin, and beat a somewhat

hasty retreat. Her followers were silent men, accustomed to obey, and they followed her down the steep path without even exchanging a word among themselves. Beneath the shade of an overhanging rock she halted, and, dismounting from her mule, was served with the lunch that had been brought. She ate little, and sat thoughtfully contemplating the bare stones, while the men at a little distance hastily disposed of the remains of her meal. She had experienced an extraordinary emotion on finding herself suddenly so near to Giovanni; it was almost as though she had seen him, and her heart beat fast, while a dark flush rose from time to time to her cheek. It would have been so natural that he should pass that way, just as she was halting at the entrance to the bridle-path. How unspeakably dreadful it would have been to be discovered thus spying out his dwelling-place when she had so strictly forbidden him to attempt to see her! The blush burned upon her cheeks—she had done a thing so undignified, so ill befitting her magnificent superiority. For a moment she was desperately ashamed. But for all that, she could not repress the glad delight she felt at knowing that he was there after all; that, if he had kept his word in avoiding her, he had, nevertheless, also fulfilled his intention of spending the summer in *Sarracinesca*. He had even been there since Easter, and the story of his going to the North had been a mere invention of the newspapers. She could not understand his conduct, nor why he had gone to Paris—a fact attested by people who knew him. It had probably been for some matter of business—that excuse which, in a woman's mind, explains almost any sudden journey a man may undertake. But he was there in

the castle now, and her heart was satisfied.

The men packed the things in the basket, and *Corona* was helped upon her mule. Slowly the party descended the steep path that grew broader and more practicable as they neared the bottom; there the carriage awaited her, and soon she was bowling along the smooth road towards home, leaving far behind her the mounted guards, the peasants, and her slow-paced mule. The sun was low when the carriage rolled under the archway of *Astrardente*. Sister *Gabrielle* said *Corona* looked much the better for her excursion, and she added that she must be very strong to bear such fatigue so well. And the next day—and for many days—the Sister noticed the change in her hostess's manner, and promised herself that if the *Duchessa* became uneasy again she would advise another day among the hills, so wonderful was the effect of a slight change from the ordinary routine of her life.

That night old *Sarracinesca* and his son sat at dinner in a wide hall of their castle. The faithful *Pasquale* served them as solemnly as he was used to do in Rome. This evening he spoke again. He had ventured no remark since he had informed them of the *Duca d'Astrardente's* death.

"I beg your Excellency's pardon," he began, adopting his usual formula of apologetic address.

"Well, *Pasquale*, what is it?" asked old *Sarracinesca*.

"I did not know whether your Excellency was aware that the *Duchessa d'Astrardente* had been here to-day."

"What?" roared the Prince.

"You must be mad, *Pasquale*!" exclaimed Giovanni in a low voice.

"I beg your Excellencies' pardon if I am wrong, but this is

how I know. Gigi Secchi, the peasant from Aquaviva in the lower forest, brought a bag of corn to the mill to-day, and he told the miller, and the miller told Ettore, and Ettore told Nino, and Nino told——"

"What the devil did he tell him?" interrupted old Sarracinesca.

"Nino told the cook's boy," continued Pasquale unmoved, "and the cook's boy told me, your Excellency, that Gigi was passing along the road to Serveti coming here, when he was stopped by a number of *guardiani* who accompanied a beautiful dark lady in black, who rode upon a mule, and the *guardiani* asked him if your Excellencies were at Sarracinesca; and when he said you were, the lady gave him a coin, and turned at once and rode down the bridle-path towards Astrardente, and he said the *guardiani* were those of the Astrardente, because he remembered to have seen one of them, who has a scar over his left eye, at the great fair at Genazzano last year. And that is how I heard."

"That is a remarkable narrative, Pasquale," answered the Prince, laughing loudly, "but it seems very credible. Go and send for Gigi Secchi if he is still in the neighbourhood, and bring him here, and let us have the story from his own lips."

When they were alone the two men looked at each other for a moment, and then old Sarracinesca laughed again; but Giovanni looked very grave, and his face was pale. Presently his father became serious again.

"If this thing is true," he said, "I would advise you, Giovanni, to pay a visit to the other side of the hills. It is time."

Giovanni was silent for a mo-

ment. He was intensely interested in the situation, but he could not tell his father that he had promised Corona not to see her, and he had not yet explained to himself her sudden appearance so near Sarracinesca.

"I think it would be best for you to go first," he said to his father. "But I am not at all sure this story is true."

"I? Oh, I will go when you please," returned the old man, with another laugh. He was always ready for anything active.

But Gigi Secchi could not be found. He had returned to Aquaviva at once, and it was not easy to send a message. Two days later, however, Giovanni took the trouble of going to the man's home. He was not altogether surprised when Gigi confirmed Pasquale's tale in every particular. Corona had actually been at Sarracinesca to find out if Giovanni was there or not; and on hearing that he was at the castle, she had fled precipitately. Giovanni was naturally grave and of a melancholy temper; but during the last few months he had been more than usually taciturn, occupying himself with dogged obstinacy in the construction of his aqueduct, visiting the works in the day and spending hours in the evening over the plans. He was waiting. He believed that Corona cared for him, and he knew that he loved her, but for the present he must wait patiently, both for the sake of his promise and for the sake of a decent respect of her widowhood. In order to wait he felt the necessity of constant occupation, and to that end he set himself resolutely to work with his father, whose ideal dream was to make Sarracinesca the most complete and prosperous community in that part of the mountains.

"I think if you would go over,"

he said, at the end of a week, "it would be much better. I do not want to intrude myself upon her at present, and you could easily find out whether she would like to see me. After all, she may have been merely making an excursion for her amusement, and chanced upon us by accident. I have often noticed how suddenly one comes

in view of the castle from that bridle-path.

"On the other hand," returned the Prince with a smile, "any one would tell her that the path leads nowhere except to Sarracinesca. But I will go to-morrow," he added. "I will set your mind at rest in twenty-four hours."

"Thank you," said Giovanni.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Old Sarracinesca kept his word, and on the following morning, eight days after Corona's excursion upon the hills, he rode down to Astrardente, reaching the palace at about mid-day. He sent in his card, and stood waiting beneath the great gate, beating the dust from his boots with his heavy whip. His face looked darker than ever, with the constant exposure to the sun, and his close-cropped hair and short square beard had turned even whiter than before in the last six months, but his strong form was erect, and his step firm and elastic. He was a remarkable old man; many a boy of twenty might have envied his strength and energetic vitality.

Corona was at her mid-day breakfast with Sister Gabrielle, when the old Prince's card was brought. She started at the sight of the name; and though upon the bit of pasteboard she read plainly enough, "*Il Principe di Sarracinesca*," she hesitated, and asked the butler if it was really the Prince. He said it was.

"Would you mind seeing him?" she asked of Sister Gabrielle. "He is an old gentleman," she added, in explanation—"a near neighbour here in the mountains."

Sister Gabrielle had no objection. She even remarked that it would do the Duchessa good to see some one.

"Ask the Prince to come in, and put another place at the table," said Corona.

A moment later the old man entered, and Corona rose to receive him. There was something refreshing in the ring of his deep voice and the clank of his spurs as he crossed the marble floor.

"Signora Duchessa, you are very good to receive me. I did not know that this was your breakfast-hour. Ah!" he exclaimed, glancing at Sister Gabrielle, who had also risen to her feet, "good day, my Sister."

"Sister Gabrielle," said Corona, as an introduction; "she is good enough to be my companion in solitude."

To tell the truth, Corona felt uneasy; but the sensation was somehow rather pleasurable, although it crossed her mind that the Prince might have heard of her excursion, and had come to find out why she had been so near to his place. She boldly faced the situation.

"I nearly came upon you the other day as unexpectedly as you have visited me," she said with a smile. "I had a fancy to look over into your valley, and when I reached the top of the hill I found I was almost in your house."

"I wish you had quite been there," returned the Prince. "Of

course I heard that you had been seen, and we guessed you had stumbled upon us in some mountain excursion. My son rode all the way to Aquaviva to see the man who had spoken with you."

Sarracinesca said this as though it were perfectly natural, helping himself to the dish the servant offered him. But when he looked up he saw that Corona blushed beneath her dark skin.

"It is such a very sudden view at that point," she said, nervously, "that I was startled."

"I wish you had preserved your equanimity to the extent of going a little further. Sarracinesca has rarely been honoured with the visit of a Duchessa d'Astrardente. But since you have explained your visit—or the visit which you did not make—I ought to explain mine. You must know, in the first place, that I am not here by accident, but by intention, preconceived, well pondered, and finally executed to my own complete satisfaction. I came, not to get a glimpse of your valley nor a distant view of your palace, but to see you, yourself. Your hospitality in receiving me has therefore crowned and complemented the desire I had of seeing you."

Corona laughed a little.

"That is a very pretty speech," she said.

"Which you would have lost if you had not received me," he answered, gaily. "I have not done yet. I have many pretty speeches for you. The sight of you induces beauty in language as the sun in May makes the flowers open."

"That is another," laughed Corona. "Do you spend your days in studying the poets at Sarracinesca? Does Don Giovanni study with you?"

"Giovanni is a fact," returned the Prince; "I am a fable. Old

men are always fables, for they represent, in a harmless form, the follies of all mankind; their end is always in itself a moral, and young people can learn much by studying them."

"Your comparison is witty," said Corona, who was much amused at old Sarracinesca's conversation; "but I doubt whether you are so harmless as you represent. You are certainly not foolish, and I am not sure whether, as a study for the young—" she hesitated, and laughed.

"Whether extremely young persons would have the wit to comprehend virtue by the concealment of it—to say, as that witty old Roman said, that the images of Cassius and Brutus were more remarkable than those of any one else, for the very reason that they were nowhere to be seen—like my virtues? Giovanni, for instance, is the very reverse of me in that, though he has shown such singularly bad taste in resembling my outward man."

"One should never conceal virtues," said Sister Gabrielle, gently. "One should not hide one's light under a basket, you know."

"My Sister," replied the old Prince, his black eyes twinkling merrily, "if I had in my whole composition as much light as would enable you to read half-a-dozen words in your breviary, it should be at your disposal. I would set it in the midst of Piazza Colonna, and call it the most wonderful illumination on record. Unfortunately my light, like the lantern of a solitary miner, is only perceptible to myself, and dimly at that."

"You must not depreciate yourself so very much," said Corona.

"No; that is true. You will either believe I am speaking the truth, or you will not. I do not

know which would be the worse fate. I will change the subject. My son Giovanni, Duchessa, desires to be remembered in your good graces."

"Thanks. How is he?"

"He is well, but the temper of him is marvellously melancholy. He is building an aqueduct, and so am I. The thing is accomplished by his working perpetually while I smoke cigarettes and read novels."

"The division of labour is to your advantage, I should say," remarked Corona.

"Immensely, I assure you. He promotes the natural advantages of my lands, and I encourage the traffic in tobacco and literature. He works from morning till night, is his own engineer, contractor, overseer, and master-mason. He does everything, and does it well. If we were less barbarous in our bachelor establishment I would ask you to come and see us—in earnest this time—and visit the work we are doing. It is well worth while. Perhaps you would consent as it is. We will vacate the castle for your benefit, and mount guard outside the gates all night."

Again Corona blushed. She would have given anything to go, but she felt that it was impossible.

"I would like to go," she said. "If one could come back the same day."

"You did before," remarked Sarracinesca, bluntly.

"But it was late when I reached home, and I spent no time at all there."

"I know you did not," laughed the old man. "You gave Gigi Secchi some money, and then fled precipitately."

"Indeed I was afraid you would suddenly come upon me, and I ran away," answered Corona, laughing

in her turn, as the dark blood rose to her olive cheeks.

"As my amiable ancestors did in the same place when anybody passed with a full purse," suggested Sarracinesca. "But we have improved a little since then. We would have asked you to break-fast. Will you come?"

"I do not like to go alone: I cannot, you see. Sister Gabrielle could never ride up that hill on a mule."

"There is a road for carriages," said the Prince. "I will propose something in the way of a compromise. I will bring Giovanni down with me and our team of mountain horses. Those great beasts of yours cannot do this kind of work. We will take you and Sister Gabrielle up almost as fast as you could go by the bridle-path."

"And back on the same day!" asked Corona.

"No; on the next day."

"But I do not see where the compromise is," she replied.

"Sister Gabrielle is at once the compromise and the cause that you will not be compromised. I beg her pardon——"

Both ladies laughed.

"I will be very glad to go," said the Sister. "I do not see that there is anything extraordinary in the Prince's proposal."

"My Sister," returned Sarracinesca, "you are on the way to sainthood; you already enjoy the beatific vision; you see with a heavenly perspicuity."

"It is a charming proposition," said Corona; "but in that case you will have to come down the day before." She was a little embarrassed.

"We will not invade the cloister," answered the Prince. "Giovanni and I will spend the night in concocting pretty speeches, and

will appear armed with them at dawn before your gates."

"There is room in Astrardente," replied Corona. "You shall not lack hospitality for a night. When will you come?"

"To-morrow evening, if you please. A good thing should be done quickly, in order not to delay doing it again."

"Do you think I would go again?"

Sarracinesca fixed his black eyes on Corona's, and gazed at her some seconds before he answered.

"Madam," he said at last, very gravely, "I trust you will come again and stay longer."

"You are very good," returned Corona, quietly. "At all events, I will go this first time."

"We will endeavour to show our gratitude by making you comfortable," answered the Prince, resuming his former tone. "You shall have a mass in the morning and a litany in the evening. We are godless fellows up there, but we have a priest."

"You seem to associate our comfort entirely with religious services," laughed Corona. "But you are very considerate."

"I see the most charming evidence of devotion at your side," he replied; "Sister Gabrielle is both the evidence of your piety and is in herself an exposition of the benefits of religion. There shall be other attractions, however, besides masses and litanies."

Breakfast being ended, Sister Gabrielle left the two together. They went from the dining-room to the great vaulted hall in the inner building. It was cool there, and there were great old arm-chairs ranged along the walls. The closed blinds admitted a soft green light from the hot noonday without. Corona loved to walk upon the cool marble floor; she was a very

strong and active woman, delighting in mere motion—not restless, but almost incapable of weariness; her movements not rapid, but full of grace and ease. Sarracinesca walked by her side, smoking thoughtfully for some minutes.

"Duchessa," he said at last, glancing at her beautiful face, "things are greatly changed since we met last. You were angry with me then. I do not know whether you were so justly, but you were very angry for a few moments. I am going to return to the subject now; I trust you will not be offended with me."

Corona trembled for a moment, and was silent. She would have prevented him from going on, but before she could find the words she sought he continued.

"Things are much changed, in some respects; in others, not at all. It is but natural to suppose that in the course of time you will think of the possibility of marrying again. My son, Duchessa, loves you very truly. Pardon me, it is no disrespect to you now that he should have told me so. I am his father, and I have no one else to care for now. He is too honest a gentleman to have spoken of his affection for you at an earlier period, but he has told me of it now."

Corona stood still in the midst of the great hall, and faced the old Prince. She had grown pale while he was speaking. Still she was silent.

"I have nothing more to say—that is all," said Sarracinesca, gazing earnestly into the depths of her eyes. "I have nothing more to say."

"Do you then mean to repeat the warning you once gave me?" asked Corona, growing whiter still. "Do you mean to imply that there is danger to your son?"

"There is danger—great danger for him, unless you will avert it."

"And how?" asked Corona, in a low voice.

"Madam, by becoming his wife."

Corona started, and turned away in great agitation. Sarracinesca stood still while she slowly walked a few steps from him. She could not speak.

"I could say a great deal more, Duchessa," he said, as she came back towards him. "I could say that the marriage is not only fitting in every way, but advantageous from a worldly point of view. You are sole mistress of Astrardente; my son will before long be sole master of Sarracinesca. Our lands are near together—that is a great advantage, that question of fortune. Again, I would observe that, with your magnificent position, you could not condescend to accept a man of lower birth than the highest in the country. There is none higher than the Sarracinesca—pardon my arrogance,—and among princes there is no braver, truer gentleman than my son Giovanni. I ask no pardon for saying that; I will maintain it against all comers. I forego all questions of advantage, and base my argument upon that. He is the best man I know, and he loves you devotedly."

"Is he aware that you are here for this purpose?" asked Corona, suddenly. She spoke with a great effort.

"No. He knows that I am here, and was glad that I came. He desired me to ascertain if you would see him. He would certainly not have thought of addressing you at present. I am an old man, and I feel I must do things quickly. That is my excuse."

Corona was again silent. She was too truthful to give an evasive answer, and yet she hesitated to speak. The position was an em-

barrassing one; she was taken un-awares, and was terrified at the emotion she felt. It had never entered her mind that the old Prince could appear on his son's behalf, and she did not know how to meet him.

"I have perhaps been too abrupt," said Sarracinesca. "I love my son very dearly, and his happiness is more to me than what remains of my own. If from the first you regard my proposition as an impossible one, I would spare him the pain of a humiliation,—I fear I could not save him from the rest, from a suffering that might drive him mad. It is for this reason that I implore you, if you are able, to give me some answer, not that I may convey it to him, but in order that I may be guided in future. He cannot forget you; but he has not seen you for six months. To see you again if he must leave you for ever, would only inflict a fresh wound." He paused, while Corona slowly walked by his side.

"I do not see why I should conceal the truth from you," she said at last. "I cannot conceal it from myself. I am not a child that I should be ashamed of it. There is nothing wrong in it—no reason why it should not be. You are honest, too—why should we try to deceive ourselves? I trust to your honour to be silent, and I own that I—that I love your son."

Corona stood still and turned her face away, as the burning blush rose to her cheeks. The answer she had given was characteristic of her, straightforward and honest. She was not ashamed of it, and yet the words were so new, so strange in their sound, and so strong in their meaning, that she blushed as she uttered them. Sarracinesca was greatly surprised too, for he had expected some evasive turn, some hint

that he might bring Giovanni. But his delight had no bounds.

"Duchessa," he said, "the happiest day I can remember was when I brought home my wife to Sarracinesca. My proudest day will be that on which my son enters the same gates with you by his side."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips, with a courteous gesture.

"It will be long before that—it must be very long," answered Corona.

"It shall be when you please, Madam, provided it is at last. Meanwhile we will come down to-morrow, and take you to our tower. Do you understand now why I said I hoped you would come again and stay long? I trust you have not changed your mind in regard to the excursion."

"No. We shall expect you to-morrow night. Remember, I have been honest with you—I trust to you to be silent."

"You have my word. And now, with your permission, I will return to Sarracinesca. Believe me, the news that you expect us will be good enough to tell Giovanni."

"You may greet him from me. But will you not rest awhile before you ride back? You must be tired."

"No fear of that!" answered the Prince. "You have put a new man into an old one. I shall never tire of bearing the news of your greetings."

So the old man left her, and mounted his horse and rode up the pass. But Corona remained for hours in the vaulted hall, pacing up and down. It had come too soon—far too soon. And yet, how she had longed for it! how she had wondered whether it would ever come at all!

The situation was sufficiently strange, too. Giovanni had once

told her of his love, and she had silenced him. He was to tell her again, and she was to accept what he said. He was to ask her to marry him, and her answer was a foregone conclusion. It seemed as though this greatest event of her life were planned to the very smallest details beforehand; as though she were to act a part which she had studied, and which was yet not a part because it was the expression of her life's truth. The future had been, as it were, prophesied and completely foretold to her, and held no surprises; and yet it was more sweet to think of than all the past together. She wondered how he would say it, what his words would be, how he would look, whether he would again be as strangely violent as he had been that night at the Palazzo Frangipani. She wondered, most of all, how she would answer him. But it would be long yet. There would be many meetings, many happy days before that happiest day of all.

Sister Gabrielle saw a wonderful change in Corona's face that afternoon when they drove up the valley together, and she remarked what wonderful effect a little variety had upon her companion's spirits—she could not say upon her health, for Corona seemed made of velvet and steel, so smooth and dark, and yet so supple and strong. Corona smiled brightly as she looked far up at the beetling crags behind which Sarracinesca was hidden.

"We shall be up there the day after to-morrow," she said. "How strange it will seem!" And leaning back, her deep eyes flashed, and she laughed happily.

On the following evening, again, they drove along the road that led up the valley. But they had not gone far when they saw in the distance a cloud of dust, from which

in a few moments emerged a vehicle drawn by three strong horses, and driven by Giovanni Sarracinesca himself. His father sat beside him in front, and a man in livery was seated at the back, with a long rifle between his knees. The vehicle was a kind of double cart, capable of holding four persons, and two servants at the back.

In a moment the two carriages met and stopped side by side. Giovanni sprang from his seat, throwing the reins to his father, who stood up hat in hand, and bowed down where he was. Corona held out her hand to Giovanni as he stood bareheaded in the road beside her. One long look told all the tale; there could be no words there before the Sister and the old Prince, but their eyes told all—the pain of past separation, the joy of two loving hearts that met at last without hindrance.

"Let your servant drive, and get in with us," said Corona, who could hardly speak in her excitement. Then she started slightly, and smiled in her embarrassment. She had continued to hold Giovanni's hand, unconsciously leaving her fingers in his.

The Prince's groom climbed into the front seat, and old Sarracinesca got down and entered the landau. It was a strangely silent meeting, long expected by the two who so loved each other—long looked for, but hardly realised now that it had come. The Prince was the first to speak, as usual.

"You expected to meet us, Duchessa?" he said; "we expected to meet you. An expectation fulfilled is better than a surprise. Everything at Sarracinesca is prepared for your reception. Don Angelo, our priest, has been warned of your coming, and the boy who serves mass has been washed. You may imagine that a great festivity

is expected. Giovanni has turned the castle inside out, and had a room hung entirely with tapestries of my great-grandmother's own working. He says that since the place is so old its antiquity should be carried into the smallest details.

Corona laughed gaily—she would have laughed at anything that day—and the old Prince's tone was fresh and sparkling and merry. He had relieved the first embarrassment of the situation.

"There have been preparations at Astrardente for your reception, too," answered the Duchessa. "There was a difficulty of choice, as there are about a hundred vacant rooms in the house. The butler proposed to give you a suite of sixteen to pass the night in, but I selected an airy little nook in one of the wings, where you need only go through ten to get to your bedroom."

"There is nothing like space," said the Prince; "it enlarges the ideas."

"I cannot imagine what my father would do if his ideas were extended," remarked Giovanni. "Everything he imagines is colossal already. He talks about tunnelling the mountains for my aqueduct, as though it were no more trouble than to run a stick through a piece of paper."

"Your aqueduct, indeed!" exclaimed his father. "I would like to know whose idea it was?"

"I hear you are working like an engineer yourself, Don Giovanni," said Corona. "I have a man at work at Astrardente on some plans of roads. Perhaps some day you could give us your advice."

Some day! How sweet the words sounded to Giovanni as he sat there opposite the woman he loved, bowling along through the rich vine lands in the cool of the summer evening!

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

MUTINY QUELLED BY ONE DETERMINED MAN.

PERSONS who have lived to be elderly, and whose hearts are not weighed upon by too, too much perilous stuff, find out that a good memory is a precious gift. I find that I have been well endowed in that respect; and considering the period over which my retrospect extends, I have little reason to complain of my accuracy as to particulars, though a blunder may be brought home to me sometimes. As, lately, autumnal days grew chill, I one evening stretched myself before the fire in the twilight, and was lost in old scenes of long, long ago. My thoughts wandered, I know not how—I think a line in Byron's "Island" must have brought up the subject—to strange tales which I had heard of piracies and mutinies. One of these tales, which I had received only orally, passed before my mind's eye with great distinctness as to its main and as to its particular incidents; and I was so impressed by the apparent clearness of my vision, that I doubted myself, and suspected that imagination had been at work as well as memory.

Wishing to test the question whether I could trust my recollection or not, I repaired next morning to a library where I made sure of finding among the Royal Naval biographies an authentic record of the transaction on which I had mused. Wonderful to relate, although I found with ease the Life under which I had depended on seeing the account, the early service of the person principally concerned in my tale—the hero of it, as I may say—was given in very few words, no men-

tion at all being made of the very remarkable event which had been occupying me. If biographers trusted to information to be derived from the principal actor himself, I can quite understand how they failed to get possession of an exploit performed when he was of comparatively low rank in the service; for, from the description rendered to me by one who knew him well, he would have recoiled from anything like an attempt to celebrate his own deeds. Such a deed, however, as I know of, ought by no means to be forgotten; and I, after being disappointed in my quest as aforesaid, began to reflect whether, as the memory of it will probably disappear with the men of my generation, and as we have the story only at second-hand, I ought not to make some memorandum of what I believe to have happened. I have considered, too, whether I should do well, in giving my version of the story, to name the chief actor. As I cannot see that by doing so I can offend any one, and as the chronicle of a bold deed loses half its force if real names be suppressed, I decide to speak openly as far as I can.

The exploit, then, to which I refer, occurred somewhere in the early years of the present century. H.M.S. Ferret, an 18-gun sloop, was cruising in the Gulf of Mexico, her commander being the Honourable George Cadogan, afterwards Earl Cadogan and an admiral. The commander was certainly what is called in the service a taut hand. Probably there may have been some bad spirits among his crew. About the circumstances

which immediately preceded the acts which I am about to describe I can give no information, except that by some means or other the crew were in a most disaffected state.

It was night. The weather was very warm. Cadogan, in his drawers and shirt, lay asleep on his cot. The skylight had been taken off to give air to the cabin (a most important item in the account, as will be seen). On a sudden an old quartermaster, who fortunately remained faithful, called down in a hoarse stage-whisper from the deck, "Sir, the ship's company!" Cadogan, who slept with one eye open, as the saying is, understood the warning, and had his wits about him in an instant. Having seized and drawn his sabre, which lay near him, he sprang up through the skylight on to the deck. Arrived there, he saw—it was a tropical night and not very dark—a tall mulatto with a naked cutlass on his shoulder standing over the companion ladder or stair, by which, on ordinary occasions, it was the wont of the commander to ascend from his cabin to the deck. Him without an instant's hesitation Cadogan felled with a stroke of his sabre, saying, as he did so, "You infernal scoundrel, what are you doing here?" "I stood here," answered the man, doggedly, "to cut you down as you came up the ladder." "Damn you! you're a brave man at any rate, and I'll save your life if I can," answered Cadogan, who instantly called to the sentries to turn up the marines and the officers. All this passed more rapidly than it has been narrated. The commander then passed forward and encountered the body of his ship's company, who with mutinous intent were moving aft from the forecastle. "God damn

you, ye rascals! what does this mean?" or very similar words, formed his salutation to them. They may not have immediately recognised his person, clad as he was in his night-clothes, but there was no mistaking his voice. His undaunted appearance staggered them for a moment, and that moment's hesitation saved the ship. Things had not gone quite according to programme, and the malcontents were not prepared to act, although their power was really irresistible now, just as much as if all had fallen out as they intended. While they paused for an instant, disconcerted, Cadogan, never losing himself, ordered the marines to load with ball. The officers were tumbling up now, and the chance of the mutineers was getting every second worse. "Up into the rigging every man of ye!" shouted the commander; "I'll shoot any seaman who is seen on deck five minutes hence. Up with you, I say!" The crew was beaten. One or two began to mount the ladders, and presently the whole were aloft. They were informed that any man who came down would do so to his death. And with things in this state the sloop made her way to Jamaica, and came to anchor in Port Royal Harbour.

The question will probably occur to my reader—"How could the ship be navigated with all the crew in the rigging?" The answer is, that they were in the trade-winds, which blow steadily and give little trouble in the way of adjusting canvas; also, that it is presumed there were some few sound men like the quartermaster who gave the alarm, who could be trusted on the deck. The seamen's food was probably sent up by boys and cooks during the two or three days that their voyage to Jamaica lasted. How it was that the officer

of the watch was unable to give some alarm at the beginning, I know not. Most likely he was stealthily set upon and gagged.

An admiral's flag was flying at Port Royal; so, when the Ferret came in and her condition was reported, there was no difficulty in assembling a court-martial capable of dealing with capital offences. Eleven mutineers were there hanged at the yard-arm. I know not whether Cadogan saved the mulatto. But he probably did; for he was a wilful man, and had powerful interest. After the executions, the commander went to sea again *with the same crew*!

When I was very young I used to handle sometimes, by permission, a straight light sword which had hung by the side of a French general—the commandant of the fortress of Zara, in the Adriatic. During the wars of the Empire the French had seized Zara, as they did so many other places. It fell to the lot of Cadogan, who by that time commanded the Havannah frigate, to come in the way while this usurpation was going on. Zara could not be dealt with by the ship's broadsides, by reason of its situation with regard to the water. Cadogan determined, nevertheless, to try and drive the enemy out. To make this attempt, he landed a great portion of his armament, and opened trenches *secundum artem* against the place. It was not, it appears, permitted to the captain to leave his ship; and so the land operations were committed to the direction of the first lieutenant, who got the guns into field-batteries, and for thirteen days maintained the attack. At the end of that time the French garrison surrendered, and my acquaintance, the straight sword, was placed in the hands of the Havannah's first lieutenant in token of submission.

The exploit attracted much notice at the time. The Emperor of Austria sent an autograph letter of acknowledgment to the lieutenant, and decorated his commander and him. The munitions and stores yielded with the place were undoubtedly the prize of the captors. The right to them was never, as I believe, disputed; but, of necessity, they had to pass into the keeping of the Austrian Government, which undertook to dispose of them, and to pay the value to the credit of the officers and crew of the Havannah. This obligation they never found it convenient to fulfil. A correspondence on the subject was maintained for somewhere about twenty years, but not a farthing of the prize-money (estimated at £300,000) was ever paid.

I remember being, many years after these things were done, in company with the naval officer who told me of them. While we were together, a sailor, a miserable-looking creature, came up and spoke to him, giving his name, and affirming that he had served in one of Cadogan's crews. The officer had some difficulty in recognising the broken tar, but at last made him out. "I assure you, sir" (those were not the exact words), the man said, "I've been living on a farthing biscuit a-day for the last week." After the sailor had gone away, comforted by some coin in hand, and a promise that efforts should be made to procure him employment, my naval friend turned to me and said, "It was no wonder that I didn't know that man at first. He used to be as fine-looking, lusty a fellow as you ever saw. He was very brave, and on the whole a steady seaman: his faults were dare-devilism and recklessness when his spirits were up. I

have seen him eat bank-notes between biscuits, and fry gold watches in a pan when there was prize-money going: now he's on a farthing biscuit a-day."

Thoughtless dogs like that were only too common in the glorious British navy of those days. In forming our opinion of them, we must consider the exploits that they performed, and not their follies and extravagances only. We must remember that a large proportion of these fine fellows were "pressed" men, compulsorily sent to serve their country afloat. They were not taken by ballot or any regular process, but were just seized upon by armed parties and compelled to go on board of men-of-war. Such being their relation to the service, it was perhaps good policy to encourage wild and lavish enjoyment when the men were off duty, as a means of keeping up their spirits. A multitude of irregularities were, I am afraid, winked at when the effect of them was to get smart crews for our ships. Men who were exempted from the King's press, but who nevertheless were likely-looking fellows, and in the way

of their business could not always keep aloof from press-gangs, were furnished with protections. And I am afraid that these protections were frequently not duly respected by officers anxious to get to sea and make prize-money. Some captains—men like Cadogan, of strong will, and with great connections—would forbid the release of men once pressed until they (the captains) had themselves examined the protections. Then they would occasionally say, "Such and such men will have to be eventually landed, no doubt; but let us misunderstand the protection for the moment and keep the men. Before their friends can make a fuss we shall be out of harbour; we are going for only a short cruise, and when we come back they can be landed with an apology."

We can't, in these times of peace and democracy, understand how such practices could have been tolerated; but an exhausting war, should such occur, would no doubt make us acquainted once more with some little invasions of the liberty of the subject.

OF PATTERNS AND STAGE-WAGGONS.

When, a few mornings since, my sleeping-room looked very dark as I lay awaiting a knock at the door, the wish arose that I could know whether it was the gloom of rain or fog; for I had planned an occupation which might be pursued in mist, but to which decided wet would be fatal. Presently I remembered that a doubt of this kind would hardly have occurred—certainly would not have lasted long—in my early days, for there used then to be a clear token of the ground being wet. On a damp morning my ears would certainly

be greeted, on my first waking, by the clanking of patters—an abominable omen as I thought. I should wait long enough nowadays for the tell-tale ring of the metal on the stones; morning foot-falls are pretty much the same, whether it be wet or dry. The relief used to be immense when, at the commencement of a chance holiday, if there were not sunshine, there was decidedly no clatter.

I suppose that those who ramble beyond railways may yet come upon females underpinned with the useful and once indispensable

pattens, but for a long time it has not been my lot to look upon a pair. Goloshes, clogs, cork-soles, and other inventions, have quite superseded the noisy old resource ; and I am not sure that the modern appliances could make out a perfect claim to superiority over the old, for the pattens not only kept the feet dry, they also, by raising the wearer from one to two inches, kept the garments out of the mire.

After pausing some little time to consider the subject, I remain undecided as to whether or not this generation has any particular knowledge of what pattens are, or were, like. Nevertheless, at the risk of being pronounced superfluously didactic, I devote three lines to a description. They were flat, or nearly flat, wooden soles, without joint, mounted upon iron frames, which, to a horizontal view, were circular or elliptical, so that they made round marks on the ground. Leather ears, tacked to the sides of the wood, were joined by a lace or string, so that a pair should meet over each of the wearer's insteps. The wood was, I think, always stained black or some dark colour, and the leather ears admitted of degrees of ornament. Feet, with the ordinary shoes or boots on, were thrust into the pattens, to walk on which securely required some little practice. The appliances, as one sees, could not well be taken into rooms, or into church, and had to be left in halls or porches, or carried by hand with the owners.

The making of pattens was not a profound craft, but it furnished employment for many artisans. Oft have I witnessed the passage of elm-wood (I think it was generally elm) from the log to the patten-sole ; for I knew a quaint old fellow who made pattens, and

anybody who takes the trouble to follow my Musings must know that I was always attracted by quaint characters. My patten-making friend was a solemn oddity, nicknamed *the Philosopher*,—in a higher stratum of society he would have been deservedly called a coxcomb. His knowledge was really very small ; but by professing a regard for wisdom, and acquiring a pompous manner and delivery, he managed to impose on persons of his own class. He was a Dissenter, and followed very closely the tones and motions of his preachers ; yet I cannot recollect that he preached himself. Although he would occasionally condescend to a grim joke, I never saw a smile on his countenance, where, however, I, or any observer, could see a squint or contortion of some kind on one side, by reason of which profane youth gave him a second *sobriquet*, calling him *Goggle-eye*.

The Philosopher went back to the very egg in forming his pattens ; that is to say, he went to work first on rough poles or branches, which (to borrow Falstaff's expression) he sawed into quantities of a length convenient for yielding a patten or pattens. The sawing was performed outside his shop-door ; the rough wood was placed on a wooden frame—technically, a horse—the points of section having been previously marked on them, and then divided with a cross-cut saw, a rather fine instrument, in a setting tall enough to require but a light stoop of the sawyer. These sawing days were the occasions on which the old sage poured forth the greatest part of his philosophy—he had no porch, alas ! but he taught on his threshold. The sawing was sure to collect some half-dozen of idle boys, and to them

were the riches of his wisdom imparted. He was very eloquent concerning taxes, tithes, and official corruption; took sometimes an opportunity of disseminating false views of natural history; and not infrequently he promulgated indifferent, trite, or misstated maxims for guidance in daily life. The orations did not make much impression; the urchins seemed to know them to be for the most part humbug, but they very rarely gave evidence of unbelief. Goggle-eye preserved always his dignity: he awed the small-fry by his manners; he was a big man with a heavy hand, which nobody doubted that he would use if provoked; any small hearer profane or rash enough to scoff, took care to do so at long range, and took to his heels as soon as the gibe had found voice.

The dissected wood was next split into thicknesses for patten-soles; but this operation was performed inside the house and in a remote corner, and could not be witnessed except by a person having the *entrées*. As soon, however, as the slabs were formed, they were placed on a broad bench in the front window, and the process was once more manifest to all who would be at the trouble of looking in from the street. The next stage was undoubtedly the most attractive to beholders; and after dark, when there was a bright light on the bench, it was much observed. A heavy knife with a very sharp blade was hooked on at its upper end to the bench, where was a fulcrum. The long handle, which gave a good purchase, was held in the Philosopher's right hand; he took the slabs one by one in his left, and, with his knife cunningly handled, sliced them into forms resembling that of the human sole. The flakes of wood seemed to be taken off as easily as parings from a

turnip; and Goggle-eye, though he turned about the slabs with apparent recklessness, and cut into them unhesitatingly in all directions, yet guided his fingers wittingly, and brought his work to the proper pattern. This cutting stage did not admit of any deliverance of instruction, because the bench was in a sitting-room to which tyros could not be admitted, and the intervention of the glass cut off outsiders from the improving fount.

After the soles had been stained and dried, it only needed to attach to them the irons and the ears, and the pattens were complete. The former were supplied by the ironmonger, and the latter by the currier, ready for fixing; screws held on the irons, and tacks the ears. Pattens used to be manufactured by tens of thousands. I wonder how many have been made in the year of grace 1886!

I wonder, too, whether the demand for pattens lasted poor old Goggle-eye's time. Unhappily, I am ignorant concerning his latter years.

The Philosopher always, while I knew him, kept a pig. I presume that he fattened and managed generally the animal upon scientific principles, for he used to make a huge fuss on the subject. Before he had been ten minutes at his morning's work, he might be heard calling to his wife, who would be getting the fire lighted and the water in the pot—

"Rebekah, Rebekah! the pig's awake. Give him his food."

"Lor', Joseph, what nonsense! how you do go on about thecky pig! I seed en only this minnit. He's asleeped, sound."

This assurance would only pacify the Philosopher (who was quite nervous on the point) for a few moments. Presently he would call again, in his peculiar drawl—

"Rebekah, Rebekah! the pig's awake now. I hear him. Give him his food."

"Lor' 'a massy, Joseph, 'tis no sich a thing! He sleep'th like a top. Come here and you'll hear en snoring."

"Then don't disturb him on any account. It is most injudicious to startle pigs. What's that knocking? John Brace, John Brace, don't make such a noise! Pig's asleep."

"How can I help that?" demands John Brace. "I be bound to go on wi' my work."

"Not at all, John Brace, not at all. Wait till the pig wakes; then hammer away. Any other course is inhuman. Pigs should never be disturbed. He'll be awake in five minutes, and Rebekah will then feed him. Noise won't injure him after that. But do some quiet work now, John. It will be most unkind if you don't. Consequences of disturbing the pig unseasonably may be very serious."

If I shut my eyes now while sitting at my desk, I can look back over the third of a century and see old Goggle-eye in his Sunday suit going to meeting, with a broad-brimmed beaver on his head, and his "rib" (as he called Rebekah) on his arm. The last incident that I remember about the old fellow is characteristic, but not exactly to his credit. He must have been philosophising over the days of Caius Marcius, as the reader will probably judge. One of the Duke of Wellington's veterans, a person of high rank, was a candidate for Parliament, and came to solicit the Philosopher's vote. The learned elector received him in quite a condescending way, and, postponing for the present all reply as to support, began to ply him with questions about his political opinions and acts, all of

which were unnecessary, and many of them little short of insulting. The old soldier stood this pretty well (he was not renowned for patience), but still he had not secured the coveted vote. Suddenly the oblique eye fixed him, while its proprietor demanded—

"You've been in the wars, eh?"

"Certainly. What about it?"

"Seen sieges?"

"Yes."

"Been a captive to the enemy?"

"Never."

"Been wounded?"

"Unfortunately I have."

"Can you show me a scar? I should like to see a wound that had been really taken on the battle-field."

"Well, there" (turning up his cuff), "that was a sabre-cut received at Waterloo."

"Ah! that is interesting. Got any more?"

"Plenty more, but none that I can show you. They are all in places not easy to uncover."

"Well, you might step inside and take off some of your clothes."

The old warrior had for some time been restraining himself with great difficulty; he now exploded.

"G—d damn you and your infernal impertinence! Go to hell!" With which testimony against Goggle-eye (equivalent, as I should think, to shaking the dust from his feet), the gallant candidate departed.

Before parting company with the pattens I will mention an old story. It has been related in 'Maga' before, but many years ago, and perhaps it will bear repetition, being short. When the painter Opie was at the height of his renown, his old mother, a very homely person, travelled from the far west to London by the waggon to see his glory. After a long journey, she was set down in the quadrangle

of one of the old East-end inns, where, turning to a horse-boy or porter, she said, "Now, young man, take up my pattens, and show me the way to Jan Opie's." As the town was ringing with Opie's name, the direction sufficed.

Telling of the old lady's conveyance, I am spirited back to those ponderous vehicles which, before the railway era, oppressed our turnpike roads and performed most of our transport. I can recollect the bulky waggon, with its broad wheels, its tall circular roof with dreadnought cover, and its team of four or six heavy horses. Some wag named it the *Colossus of Roads*, and so it was—an awful structure. The waggon which I used to see can have differed but little, if at all, from that celebrated by Smollett, which was the scene of Captain Weasel's boasts and threats, or that which carried Mrs Opie. We had, in my time, the advantage, which Smollett's contemporaries had not, of macadamised roads—and these, no doubt, added to the speed of the waggon; but the vehicle itself, as I knew it, was sufficiently primitive. Russell was the great—or, at any rate, a great—chief of the waggons which plied between London and the provinces. He generally had some passengers who endured the tedium of so travelling rather than the expense of the coach fare; and on occasions of conveying specie, two guards would take post in the vehicle, men to all appearance quite guiltless of *horrentia Martis arma*, but understood, for all that, to be within arm's-reach of loaded blunderbusses, deadly pistols, gashing sabres—in short, an armoury of weapons.

I have a not very clear remembrance of being, in early years, taken to the window or the door to see Russell's waggon go by; but

my oldest distinct impression of the great ark upon wheels was created (like many of our vivid impressions, I am afraid), not by the great and useful means of transport, but by an infirmity of human nature—a wandering from the straight path by the waggoner. The man's erratic course, contrasted as it was by the solid, straight, imperturbable roll of the waggon, was indeed remarkable. He was a huge fellow, some six feet high, with a whip over his shoulder, which raised remembrance of that weaver's beam to which Goliath's spear-shaft was compared—a splendid animal, and no doubt a mighty man of valour; but he was drunk. Russell's local agent, who had, I presume, had some advice of the unpropitious circumstances in which the waggon was traversing his province, coming along the road with rapid strides, headed the gyrating conductor, and began then and there to call him to account for being so incapable. The man only smiled, and gave some thickly delivered utterances of a jovial complexion, while his gait became more uncontrolled and staggering. The agent demanded a serious answer, and of course got in reply an amalgam of words from which no separate distinct sound could be extricated, any more than a whole guava can be recovered from a pot of jelly. Still the man was smiling, and wholly benevolent; yet the agent only waxed more and more furious, and in the end declared he would knock the other down if he did not immediately drop his nonsense and speak rationally. This threat he at length carried into act: though he was not more than half the size of the waggoner, generous liquor had placed them on a temporary equality, and he had no difficulty in smiting the huge fellow to the ground. He

went down with an elastic roll rather than a heavy thud, turned over, and, with drunken deliberation, scrambled to his feet again, still apparently regarding the situation as a pleasant one. The sunshine within him gave a roseate hue to external things, and made him smile amid circumstances which a less supported being would have considered to be disagreeable.

I was too small to understand the ill-advised conduct of the agent in wrangling with a man who was so evidently "overtaken," as old Mr Weller termed the case; I had never before witnessed a real encounter of men; but I imagine that I had been taken to a circus, and screamed over that convulsing tug of war in which mountebank meets mountebank. Therefore, when I saw the big man smitten and rolling on the ground, I had a vague idea that the scene was being acted for my amusement, and I gave unreserved expression to approbation and delight. A near relation, who stood by, checked my enraptured utterances, but only for a moment. The waggoner, to prove how entirely capable and smart he was, cracked his great whip and attempted to step briskly to his place beside his team, but the effort exhausted his power of locomotion. He came down once more, and rolled again in the dirt. No admonition could restrain me now, and I was borne from the scene in a state of high gratification. As I was much given to reproductions of interesting scenes, I fancy that I must have been rather tiresome about this period, especially to a younger brother, who had, *bon gré mal gré*, to accept the part of the waggoner, and to be knocked down whenever my spirit was histrionically moved. I understood afterwards that the big waggoner was replaced for the

journey by a temporary *chargé d'affaires*; and that, though he was not in general a bad or an untrustworthy fellow, he lost his employment through this escapade, the agent's want of judgment in entering into a contest with him having probably rendered his pardon impossible.

My mind is led on beyond these very early days to an occasion when the waggon furnished material for a tragedy which brought a gloom over our whole neighbourhood. This time the waggoner was a steady, stout, decent young man, who had gained the affections of a respectable, good girl. They had been asked twice in the banns, and the wedding-day was fixed. Then came the stroke of fate. Some accident to a wheel or axle occurred on the road, and the poor waggoner, endeavouring to minimise the damage to his employers, was crushed under a heavy weight, and lay long unassisted. At length he was found with both his thighs broken, and otherwise sadly injured. After being taken home he recovered consciousness, but could not rally from the shock which he had sustained. He was faithfully nursed by his affianced bride, who bent over him as he breathed his last. The day which had been fixed for their marriage was the day of his funeral. The poor girl, dressed in widow's weeds, followed him to the grave; and her sorrows for long engrossed the sympathies of the whole place. I saw the funeral, which was very largely attended; and remember well the general depression, and the awe-struck feeling which even boys' elasticity could not for a time overcome.

I have one more memory to note while I am on the subject of waggoners. It was, on a time, my fortune to possess a dog which, not

being exactly of *sang pur*, and not of very comely form or of graceful motions, my friends and gossips were accustomed to speak of in depreciatory terms. Those were days in which Lord Byron's verses were on everybody's lips; so I used frequently to be asked whether my delectable Argus had bitten me by the breeches. I was also subjected to interrogatories as to the particular sporting line in which my four-legged favourite was supposed to excel, his fighting qualities, the general accomplishments which he had mastered, and as to my intention to exhibit him at the first competitive show. If my poor dog was not absolutely a genius, he had qualities which to me were patent enough. I felt sure that he was worthy of my regard, and I only hoped that an opportunity would be afforded him of evincing some of his merits. But I had to suffer for him long in silence; and at last, before he had made a move towards the establishment of a reputation of any kind, it became necessary that he and I should part. I was, no matter why, obliged to proceed on short notice to the other side of the world. It was uncertain when, or if ever, I should return. It would be very inconvenient to take a dog with me; yet who at home would adopt my much-ridiculed, hardly-judged Blucher? In vain did I endeavour to enlist the goodwill of any of my acquaintances on his behalf. Not one of them seemed willing to open his kennel to him. I began negotiations for putting the dog to board with different people in the country, but hesitated to close any of them, not feeling confidence that the contracting parties would do justice by him. As time wore on, a sort of despair came over me, and the horrible idea presented

itself that perhaps the kindest thing I could do for the poor animal would be to have him painlessly destroyed and put beyond the chance of ill-treatment. At this conjuncture I received a visit from a waggoner—not one of the august conductors of Russell's Colossus, but a much less pretentious individual—

οὐτὶ τόσος γε δσος Τελαμώνιος Αἴας,
ἀλλὰ πολὺ μείων,

—indeed a district carrier plying between a seaport and the interior. This man, of whose history and connections I had some knowledge, announced that he had been long seeking for a useful dog to keep him company on his lonesome journeys, and to have an eye to the goods. He had heard from some relations that I was about to part with my dog, and that the said dog might be just what he was in quest of. If I did not disapprove of the project, would I let him see the beast. They were speedily introduced; and the man said it was all right, and he would take charge of Blucher, if I liked, before starting on the next journey, adding, "He shall sleep in the waggon, in a snug berth; he shall live as I live; and I'll take every care of 'n." It was not exactly the arrangement that I would have chosen; but having such small choice, I was glad that the offer was no worse, and finally clenched the bargain. When it was done, I got some relief to my mind; and I wanted it much, for there was plenty for me to attend to.

Nine or ten months after this I had got nearly half round the world, and had put my foot to ground in the mountains of Jamaica, made acquaintance with star-apples and land-crabs, and had my temper tried by negroes and brown people. There, one day,

after some hot outdoor work, I got into a grass-hammock, and proceeded to master the contents of one or two English newspapers, six weeks old or thereabouts, which had been sent for my perusal. Among them was a local paper, full of the gossip of the district in which I had resided before leaving home; and this I, among the tropical hills, studied with much interest. All at once my eye was caught by a heading: SHARP ENCOUNTER WITH FOOTPADS—GALLANT BEHAVIOUR OF A DOG; and underneath I read as follows:—

“Last Wednesday night, as Wilson’s cart was crossing the moor about five miles from Plymouth, it was stopped by three stout fellows in masks, who desired the waggoner to come down from the cart-front, where he was sitting. The man, on first sight of the assailants, with presence of mind grasped the wrench which he kept for his wheels and awning, and bade the fellows not to molest him on the turnpike road. Hereupon two of the robbers sprang upon the shaft while the third stood at the horses’ heads, and the two attacked the man, endeavouring to drag him down. He was defending himself as well as he could, when suddenly a dog, which had been within the cart, sprang to the front, and seizing one villain by the throat, bore him quite back from the shaft to the ground, falling with him, and never loosing his hold. Hereupon the waggoner, a tolerably stout fellow, getting a blow at the second assailant with his wrench, fairly smashed the rascal’s

nose, and sent him wild with pain. He now advanced upon the man who held the horses, determined to give him also a taste of the iron; but he proved a difficult customer, not easy to master. They struggled some time, the footpad calling lustily at intervals upon number two to come and settle the — waggoner; but number two, it would seem, was completely *hors de combat* with his wounded face. They were therefore man to man, but the waggoner was getting the worst of the contest. All this time the dog’s teeth had never let go of the first robber’s throat; but now the animal, probably judging that he had for a time provided against active hostilities from this quarter, let the first man go, and rushed to the assistance of his master, who was wellnigh overpowered. In a moment he had sprung on the third ruffian’s shoulder, and torn his left cheek from the bones. The waggoner, using his opportunity, now stunned the third man, after which the cart, with the victorious dog and man, drove on to the next village, a party from which soon secured the man with the broken nose and the fellow whose throat was mauled. There is little doubt that the other fellow, whose cheek was terribly lacerated, will be taken too. It seems that there was much valuable property in the cart. The affray has attracted widespread attention. People from far and near are coming to S— to see the man and dog. For the latter (who answers to the name of Blucher) it is said that the cartman has been offered £30; but he declares that he will never part with him.”

So, so, dear old Blucher! You corrected the opinion of that ill-judging neighbourhood, I think!

ROMAN JACK.

Roman Jack was a character who rather suddenly made his appearance in a country town where a good deal of my boyhood was spent. He was first seen on a market-day, and he attracted general attention. Slung to his neck and hanging down his breast was a cir-

cular barometer, at his back was a store of spectacles. Gunter’s scales embellished the sides of his coat; over one shoulder hung a profusion of garters, laces, bundles of lead-pencils, sealing-wax, and glaziers’ diamonds; over the other, luggage-straps, riding-belts, tooth and nail

brushes, dog-collars, measuring-tapes, and leather gaiters. Jack was heavily weighted, but not oppressed with his burden; you could see his head and his feet, but very little else of his person. He distributed handbills, in which were detailed the numerous commodities in which he dealt, and by which the public were informed that any scheduled article which did not happen to be at the moment on his person could be procured at short notice. He did not cry his wares—indeed at that time his knowledge of English hardly sufficed for that method of advertisement.

Much excitement and tolerably extensive dealing followed on Jack's first appearance in the market; and when business was over, and little parties congregated round the fires of public-houses, he was the subject of remark. The bumpkins were familiar with pedlars, but Jack was to them a new species of that genus.

"Who is er? A forriner, I knows; but where do er come from?" was the substance of a remark which proceeded from many mouths, and in most instances found no response. One group, however, luckier than its fellows, included a member who was able to throw some light on the subject.

"I've seed en afore. Till I come back lately I was biding up the country, as you knows. 'Twas there I seed en and heerd about en. He just is a forriner—you're right there, neighbour; and what's more, he's a High-talian. More than that, I can tell his name, which is a odd one, only it don't mean the same as in our tongue. He's called John Mangybelli (what d'ye think of that by way of a happellation?), and he's took twelve or fourteen markets hereabout, which he means to attend in turn. He don't live nowhere in particular, but is a soart of a vagrant; only

they say he's quite honest and 'spectable."

This information was very much improved upon after a short time when the pedlar became an institution, and it was made known to those who cared for the knowledge that his name was written Giovanni Mongibello. After a few tentative rounds, he made his principal depot in the town where I resided; and though he remained peripatetic, he gave us more than our share of his company—the reason of which could be understood by any who studied his natural history, as thus: He hired a little store-room from a wheelwright who had a chamber to spare, and after a while he took to sojourning on his visits at the wheelwright's house. Now the wheelwright had a marriageable daughter.

Miss Harris (so was the damsel called) was a bouncing girl, wholesome and comely if a little coarse. To the best of my knowledge she was well-behaved; her peculiarity was that she was somewhat quick in temper, and when the fire kindled she spake with her tongue. Whether she set snares for the Roman, I am unable to say. I rather think not; for she was an industrious baggage, taking a large share of the house-work off her mother's shoulders, and not at all given to manslaughter in a general way, nor greedy of admiration. She did, however, obtain the pedlar's good opinion, and, possibly by mere indifference, turned his fancy into a flame. Thus it was that he spent all the time he could command in our confines, and thus it was that our people began to have something more than a commercial acquaintance with him.

The man had the facility, which we observe so frequently in foreigners, of adapting himself to the society among which he found him-

self; he had seen enough of men and cities to have a good deal to tell to our untravelled wights; he did not dislike a glass of brandy, and he had learned to smack his lips over a draught of ale (being nevertheless a strictly temperate man): so that he was generally pretty well esteemed. He obtained, indeed, credit for superior wisdom; but this, I think, may have been because he, being necessarily outside of all local prejudices and superstitions, could take dispassionate views of things, which no doubt were the wise views, and because his foreign accent gave quaintness and piquancy to his expressions.

Now it was Giovanni's policy, his lot having been cast in a strange land, where he must be ignorant to a serious extent of language and customs, to deal in a liberal spirit, especially as to trifles, suffering advantages to be taken of him rather than get the character of over-shrewdness. And our people were high-minded enough in general to appreciate this, and to say that the Italian was a liberal, honest fellow. But of course there would be here and there a sneaking knave who would try to make unfair profit out of this urbanity. I should have mentioned, by the way, that the pedlar's store being adjacent to his lodging in the wheelwright's house, he frequently asked information of the family concerning affairs, and sometimes left them to settle matters for him during his absences. And Miss Harris, having a better head than her mother, was generally the agent. Now, whatever may have been Giovanni's real sentiments with regard to dealing, he certainly had not the faults with which they were familiar in our town. There are tricks, it is said, in all trades;

but the pedlar had not the tricks of the wheelwright, and Miss Harris, coming by acting for him to understand this, conceived a very high opinion of his integrity.

Things being so, it fell upon a day that some worthless fellow, with a measure or two of liquor inside him, came to the store to see if he couldn't get the better of the pedlar in a small matter that was between them. It was a gross attempt; but the dealer gave soft answers, and would in all probability have yielded the point when he saw that the savage was impracticable—only for this. It has been said that the swaggerer had had what he would have called his half-pint; he was consequently very loud, and not disposed to lower his tone when a fair prospect appeared of his gaining what he had come for. Miss Harris heard high words, recognised the voice of the intruder, and forthwith came upon the scene. The fellow then turned to her and made an attempt to explain his pretended grievance, while she, to do her justice, listened patiently. But when he passed from bare statements, and began to gird at their lodger as fraudulent and grasping, which she sincerely believed him not to be, then the young lady laid her knuckles on her hips and delivered her stuffed bosom of some perilous observations which speedily took the starch out of the half-pint, and reduced the assailant, I will not say to weakness as another man, but to a much more abject condition than many another man could descend to, exposing and demolishing his dirty attempt at over-reaching. Furthermore, she, being wholly conversant with the scandal of the place, deskeletonised the wretch's closet with unsparing dexterity, and marched the anatomies past

him not to the Dorian mood. No crime or folly done by three generations of a very fallible house but was made to cower in the daylight, and harrow up the soul of the living representative, who, having no more spirit in him after the ordeal, beat an ignominious retreat from the store, and found a job for two months at a place ten miles from home.

A less than Italian susceptibility might have seen ground for hope in this championship. It was evidence that if his beloved was not attached to him already, she was ready to become attached. The lover, therefore, ventured a little on the hint, and found that his boldness was not resented. My readers may be inclined to ask why all this beating about? Why not ascertain his fate at once? Well, the reason I believe to have been, that he had an exalted idea of the value which we English set on settled homes and domestic comforts. As yet he had no home to offer, and could not arrange to have one, although he hoped the time was not far distant when it might be managed. So, while he could not deny himself the pleasure of a little courting, nothing was said about matrimony. And then there was the difference of religion!

The story of the baffled cheat got wind, so did one or two other stories. The gossips, never slow at "putting two and two together," had an arrangement invented in a twinkling, and frequently went into tea-board committee on the affair.

"A fine thing," Mrs Jones would observe, "to wed a bodylike that!"

"Well," Mrs Green would reply, "he's a steady enough body, and speak'th fair to women, as if they was something better than cattle. I wish my Jan, though he's a Englishman, drat en, was half so steady or half so sober."

"Gently there, neighbour! would Mrs Jones resume; "you knows all the faults of your man, but don't know the faults of strangers. I reckon they've enough of 'em, and perhaps more aggravating than ours. This poor creature can neither box nor wrestle, and he seem'th to have mortal little money though he work'th hard."

"That's where I think he might prove better than we suspect. He's careful. Indeed he'th many good qualities."

"But, my dear," Mrs Jones driven to her citadel, would urge. "'tis no use argifyng about smaller matters which may be here or there. There's a bar-yer that there's n getting over. The man's a Roman."

"Ay, that indeed!" Mrs Green would be forced to agree; "I'm afeard he is a Roman. I don't know what we shall do about that, though I've heerd such things can be done. She'll have to say the Lord's Prayer backwards, and burn the Bible in goose-fat to make 't blaze. Then the Pope'll accept her for a subjec'."

"And I've heerd that's all nonsense."

Thus it will be seen that the stumbling-block here dwelt upon was Giovanni's being a Roman Catholic, not his being a *ciò Romanus*. Not three people of our community knew whether he was the latter or not; and it was not his native State but his religion which they thought of when they called him Roman Jack. Giovanni they couldn't manage at all; but they were told that it was the same as John; and then he was a cheap Jack. So Roman Jack was easily arrived at. As for Jack's surname, it was, as they pronounced it unpleasant; and it was only used in scornful or denunciatory rhetoric.

The period during which gossip of the kind above quoted was common—that is to say, during which

Roman Jack's courtship hung fire—was shortened in a way not common in real life, but often to be met with in romances. I must step aside for a few sentences to explain what it was.

There had been a villanous libel published in our town and neighbourhood. It was not inserted in a newspaper, but printed on broadsheets, and stuck on walls or thrown through windows or into areas. The person libelled was a woman. The whole neighbourhood was indignant, and her relatives and friends furious. But not the slightest clue to the vile author could for many days be found. The printer's name and address had been cut off from the bottom of each sheet; there seemed to be no likelihood of the libeller being unmasked, unless out of the few people who must necessarily have aided in the printing some one should betray his employer. It was thought that the thing had been printed in some distant town where the workmen knew nothing of the family that had been outraged, and never thought about the character of what they were giving to the world. The perpetrator himself was imagined to have exposed and dispersed his foul work without much assistance from any one.

A very large reward, as things went in our quiet district, was offered for discovery of the author or printer—I think it was as much as £200. All the cleverest inhabitants failed to penetrate the secret; but Roman Jack, who knew nothing of the parties concerned, and apparently very little of our ways of doing things, solved the mystery and got the reward. He was, as we know, always on the tramp; and one day returning to us from a round of markets, he produced a sheet from which the printer's name had not been sepa-

rated. His account of his find was very simple; he had accidentally, in a distant town, seen the un mutilated broadsheet badly stretched against a hoarding, and had taken it down. Though his story was not disbelieved, it was rather astonishing. The towns in Jack's beat had most of them only one printer, none of them more than two. The master-printers probably did a great deal of the work with their own hands, and in such a case as this would have shared the knowledge with only very confidential assistants. The person (supposed to be the author) who stretched the copies on the walls was too deeply implicated to have done his work carelessly, or to let the printer's name appear. My opinion, not formed at the time, is that the Roman, as he visited town after town, contrived, under cover of offering his wares, to communicate with some one nearly concerned in the printing, to whom he offered a share of the reward if an un mutilated copy could be supplied to him, and whom he guaranteed against a quarrel with his employer by undertaking to do all the work of detection himself, and to invent a story which should show no one else to have been concerned. Before I have done with my Roman friend, I may bring some readers to think as I do about this.

However, the excitement, when Jack came back with his damning document, was about the discovery of the printer, not about how it had been made. The printer at once gave up the author, who got soundly punished, and the gossips enjoyed their favourite *pabulum* even to satiety.

Roman Jack was thought to have fairly earned the reward, and he got it. Whereupon he boldly paid his addresses to Miss

Harris, won her consent, encountered no opposition from the wheelwright and his family, and found that even the matter about the Church could be arranged. The gossiping ladies looked at things now in a very new light. A Roman might be objectionable in himself; but a Roman who had been the undoubted recipient of £200 had cured a large volume of objections. I need hardly add that, by reason of the dastardly character of the crime which Jack had been instrumental in bringing to light, no sort of odium attached to him as an informer.

Jack now acquired a local habitation and Miss Harris acquired his name. She was, however, vulgarly spoken of and to as Mrs Jack or Mrs Roman; only on most solemn occasions was she styled Madam with Jack's patronymic, locally rendered, at the back of it. Signora, her proper appellation if she was to be translated, was miles beyond our attainment. Her husband continued to go his rounds after marriage as before; she minded the shop during his absences, and there was every sign that the concern flourished. Giovanni and his helpmate appeared entirely well pleased with each other. She went to meetings, and Jack when at home on Sundays smoked pipes in his shirt-sleeves. We had no such thing as a resident priest to help him; but he would fall in with one in his wanderings, get whitewashed once a-year or so, and then begin a new score. This peaceful existence may sometimes have been a little checkered—

"For even in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms
sometimes."

But so far as the public could see, life was exceptionally smooth for them. Jack was sober, led a de-

cent life, and, as I have endeavoured to show, understood the expediency of keeping a guard on his temper. Mrs J., though exceptionally gifted in regard to speech, did not (as the manner of some eloquent women is) squander her strength in domestic eruptions, but reserved it for business alterations and defence against common enemies. Towards Jack she showed all the forbearance which was his due; while to hear her away from the hearth, *Περὶ Στεφάνου* or *In Pisonem*, was an intellectual luxury.

There did, however, once come a cloud over the little domicile which was in many of its features so unlike the cloud which on similar occasions may overshadow a purely English group, that I will try to describe it. The occasion was an election of a member for Parliament; and Jack, now at anchor and nationalised, had a vote to give, and intended to give it. He knew nothing and cared not a farthing about either candidate personally; but he took what to him seemed a reasonable view of the political situation, and decided to give his voice accordingly. Howbeit, in so deciding, he reckoned much—very much—without his host. It was the will and pleasure of the wheelwright, his relatives, and admirers, to be devoted adherents of the yellow. Why they chose that side, I believe they knew no more than the Emperor of China did. Yellow enjoyed the distinction of being their choice: they intended to bawl and brawl for yellow, and to get drunk in yellow public, and that was enough. Roman Jack was a sensible fellow enough in his own place; they were willing and glad to listen to him on subjects which he understood. But was he, a wretched foreigner, to have an opinion of his own on this most

English of English questions, and to enter into judgment concerning it with intelligences like theirs? A thing not to be borne. The heart of the wheelwright was moved, and the heart of his people, as the trees of the wood are shaken by the wind. They would stand no contradiction here. Nobody who presumed to vote blue could or should have part or lot with them. They wanted no argument. This was their decree—"Vote yellow or we disown you." Jack would probably have treated the importunities of the wheelwright and of his house with the greatest coolness, and followed his own judgment, but for one factor in the business which was not so easy to manage. I am sorry to record that Mrs Jack, swayed in this matter by old habits, by ingrained prejudice, or I know not what perversity, fell away from her husband, and took rather violent part with her father's house, declaring, by no means in dumb show, for yellow, and ceasing not day or night to reiterate her indignation and advice.

The Roman felt this treason pretty keenly. It was the only item in the business that he cared for. He, however, concealed what he felt, and took things with his usual placidity, though he was cruelly set upon. As the election day approached, the trouble intensified; and by the time the poll was open, things had been made very hot. He was about to vote. Before he did so his wife contrived to get him into her father's house for a last remonstrance. The wheelwright was there in a somewhat subdued condition. He had been drunk for six days, and incapable of active exertion for three; and his personal action at this period amounted to not much more than fixing his eyes, which were particularly bloodshot and without

lustre, and smiting his fist on the table, each time that he did so reiterating in husky tones a phrase, which seemed to be as much as he could manage, "Any fellar what goes and votes agin yellor oft to be——" He in no instance finished it, but let the sound die away in his throat. The house, however, was full of his connections and gossips, all more or less approaching the condition in which alone a free Briton can exercise his inestimable privileges. They tormented the pedlar unsparingly, without, however, moving him. Even poor delicate Mrs Harris, usually placid and shrinking, looked at her son-in-law with tearful eyes, and asked him how he could ever think of doing so dreadful a thing as voting blue? She couldn't have believed it.

These things were only prefaces. The great interest of the scene arose when Mrs Jack, perceiving all ordinary persuasion to be useless, proceeded to give to her spouse a bit of her mind, which she did with the power peculiar to her, winding up with these words—

"Now mind, John, you can vote blue if you like; but if you do, from that hour I disown you. I neither eat with you, drink with you, nor sleep with you. So it shall be done by everybody in father's house. You shall be a outcast. Now make your choice."

"I make my choice at once," her husband replied. "I intended for to have vote for the blue, because I tink him better for me, better for you, and better for all of us dan the oder. I care not enough for the election to have the world talking about me and my wife. I shall vote for yellow. When dat is done I shall again speak. I go." And he moved off.

"That's right!" cried the party in chorus; "foller en, somebody, and see that he doeth as he saith."

"Somebody" followed. Those were not the days of the ballot-box. Jack went to the polling-place, where he was immediately claimed by the blues. But he shook them off with a melancholy look, saying, "No, I cannot, I cannot," and gave his voice for yellow amid their derision and reproaches. He was glad to get away from the crowd, and went straight back to the wheelwright's, where he was received by those assembled as by persons who, having persisted in a good cause, had at last prevailed. But he came in very coolly and said, "Now, I give the vote as you say. It is done. I veesh to speak alone vis my wife and her relations, eef you allow me." This was not refused, as Jack had now been "conformable"; and they were soon reduced to a strictly family party.

"Vell," said he, "I have done as you veesh. I would not have my private affairs made amusement for the idle peoples. So I yield." Then turning to his wife, "Now this I tell you, *sposa mia*,—I vill not eat wis you, nor drink wis you, nor sleep wis you, nor have nosing to do wis you as your osband, till you go down on your knees before your relations and ask my forgiveness for the shame you have make me to bear." Having so spoken, he retired to his shop, got out his pack, and in five minutes was off on one of his circuits.

Mrs J. thought very little of what he had threatened. She had carried her point about the vote, and had no doubt that Jack would return in better humour, having pretty well forgotten the little disturbance. But this was a mistake. When Jack came back in ten days or so, all the excitement of the election was over. The wheelwright was sober, and had returned to his regular work; everything looked quiet and re-

spectable. But Jack did not come home. He took up his quarters at an inn where he had lodged when he first visited us. Of course he had to call at the shop to replenish his travelling stock and see how business had been going; but he treated his wife quite as a saleswoman, would have nothing to say to her except about the wares and the money, and was off again as soon as practicable.

Of course Mrs J. made many an effort to get within his guard, and was surprised that she could not do so. It was only when he had departed again that she began to realise the state of things. She was not one to take a desponding view of anything; but she had been treated to the last as a shopwoman—nothing better—and John had left without one word of adieu or saying when he would be at home again. From astonishment and anger, which were her first sensations, a consciousness of desolation stole over her. She had been sustained more than she knew of by Giovanni's quiet guidance. She herself was considered by others, and perhaps considered herself, the "real managing man," because the bustling and smartness were all hers; she knew now how her energy had been economised and made effective by Jack's able direction, always gently and unpretendingly given. Her parents and kinsfolk, who tried to sustain her, "because she'd certainly a den the right thing 'bout th' election," proved but very poor counsel, and brought out in striking contrast the difference between them and her own goodman. Little by little it became apparent that she had procured the vote at a ruinous price; it occurred to her that her behaviour—though she did not consider it so at the time—had been exceedingly rude and improper. Her "sperrit" gave way

from day to day; and one dull evening, after Jack had not been heard of for a fortnight, seated by her mother's side on the settle, she lifted up her voice and wept—a practice to which she was by no means addicted. From this time she “went softly”; and though she did not ask for pity, two or three gossips began to call her “poor thing.” She knew that there was a process by which the breach might be healed, but she asked, “Was she, a Englishwoman, to abase herself in sich a way to a mean-sperrited furriner? Of course not.”

When Jack came again he went once more to his inn. He was there waited upon by a member of the house of Harris who enjoyed some reputation as a bruiser. This person's mission was to exhort the pedlar, as an alternative to being knocked into next week, to go home to his wife and behave proper. It was conducted in a manner that might well be termed highly offensive. The Roman, who seemed to have prepared himself for something of the kind, took care to have his landlord for witness of the interview, and subsequently took the bruiser before a magistrate, who, having vainly required the pugilist to find security for his orderly behaviour, locked him up. This threw a damp over bullying expedients, but did not exhaust the resources of civilisation as recognised among us. An individual who was thought to have a persuasive tongue, and who sometimes did duty as a local preacher, went to remonstrate, and to represent to Roman Jack the scandal of “going on” as he was doing—of, in effect, deserting his wife.

“I desert not her,” Jack replied; “she have a ’ouse over her ’ead, and she feel not cold nor famine.”

“Perhaps so. But your treat-

ment of her is cruel and onnatural.”

“Vell, if so it is, she also to me vas cruel and against nature, for she has treatened to do to me exactly the same; in trut, she ’ave invented the idea.”

“That was only her talk; she never would have done it.”

“Vell, it is my talk too; and I shall do it, till she make the submission—*ecco!*”

And that was all they could make out of him. It was getting to be a nasty aggravating case; and one could hardly see how it was to end. He came to overhaul the shop and the books as before; but all his wife's devices failed to take him off his guard, or to make him abate one iota of the frozen demarcation. When he had finished and was about to depart, she went up to him and said humbly—

“John, ain't you never coming to your home?”

“*Dipende*, I mean dat is doubt,” answered Jack, coolly.

“Do you never mean to be kind and loving, and to treat me like your wife, again?”

“*Dipende ancora*. It is again doubt; it rest vis you.”

“What! you mean that nonsense about asking your forgiveness? I don't mind doing that; I think I was wrong.”

“No, it is not nonsense; and it is not to be done in secret.”

“You want me to humble myself before father and mother, and all of them which thought I did right?”

“Dat is just de ting. They tink you do right.”

“Oh, but surely I can't do that!”

“*Va bene*,” and Jack went through the doorway. The Signora was, however, after him most promptly. Their house was close to the wheelwright's. She did not speak again; but she took him by

the arm and drew him into the paternal premises, and into the apartment where Mr and Mrs Harris, and two or three members of the house of Harris, were present at a meal. She wisely did not waste a moment in prologue or explanation, but took the leap while her heart was warm. As soon as her lord was fairly in the room, she went down on the hard floor—a not unfamiliar feat, as she had scrubbed it times out of mind—and, in becoming enough terms, besought him to forgive her. Jack raised her up and kissed her with a very good grace. Then he did not give time for any remark from the company (which might have led to further altercation), but said—

“Now den, I not go away to-night; I sleep at home. Some one shall fetch my bag. Send to the cook’s shop; ve veel have the pie of meat and the ponch-grog. Ve veel be, as you say, jolliee.”

The treat gave general satisfaction, and prevented all remark on what led to it. So that breeze blew over.

After these things the joint life of Roman Jack and his wife was without tempest, as far as I know, and decidedly prosperous. I wish I could say that the prosperity was all the reward of honest effort; but I cannot. I have come now to a period of darkness and foul weather. Hitherto my narrative has been given, as far as I could so give it, in a cheerful key; but now, I fear, we must sink to a minor. There was a daring robbery committed not far from where I lived; and I grieve to say that, after several weeks, some of the spoil was found in Roman Jack’s possession. He was, and I fear he for long had been, a receiver of stolen goods. Great excitement

arose when it was known that he was in custody, and many of us for a long while refused to believe him guilty. There was no averting a committal, but the magistrates signified that they would take bail, and the bail was heavy—two securities in £50 each, and the Roman himself in I don’t know what. The amounts were beyond what Jack’s connections and friends could manage, and the public were disconcerted when they learned that a certain shopkeeper, and an associate of his much under his influence, had agreed to be the securities. For the shopkeeper, as was well known, would not have risked a sixpence to save his father and mother from hanging. The inference was that Jack had paid them the amount of the bail-money, with, no doubt, *douceurs* for their trouble in the matter, and that he intended to bolt. He did abscond. It was to the character which Jack bore as a middle-aged man that I referred when I professed my belief that he used more art in discovering the printer of the libel than was at the time suspected.

It was a miserable wind-up. Jack was missing. Mrs Jack sold away their little stock as she could. She had not known of Jack’s doings; but she must have suspected for some time that all was not straightforward. After being sadly depressed for a long time she disappeared suddenly, and was understood to have secretly rejoined the Roman somewhere abroad. I daresay the wheelwright knew where, but he did not proclaim. They had no child, fortunately.

Alas, Roman Jack! You probably came to us an honest man; nay, I feel sure you did. But you got into bad hands.

THE POPULAR PASTIME—CRICKET.

"GIVE me the making of the ballads of a people, and I care not who makes their laws," said a student of history and of human nature as long ago as Shakespeare's time; another, but a similar saying, might be adopted as better applicable to our present state of society—"Give me the fashioning of the games of the people, I will give the law-making to the people themselves." The intrinsic love of right and justice, the self-denial and hardihood, the subordination of one's self to one's cause, the inability to realise defeat, the pleasure in an uphill fight, which distinguish the modern Englishman, are all characteristics of a game which, uncertain as its origin may be, and confined as it was for many years to a small fraction of the population, is now among the educated youth of the three kingdoms the pastime most interwoven with their daily habits. As the wise and witty writer, who has redeemed the phrase "clerical humourist" from the besmirched flavour it had contracted by unworthy pretenders to the title, has aptly said—

"With a bat for a sceptre, and a billycock for a crown, and with a ball in his left hand like Britannia, King Cricket sits enthroned on an enormous roller, and is beloved through the land. When his royal mandate is issued, and when, with the majestic brevity of an emperor, he bids men 'Play!' every grade of society, from prince to ploughman, begins to divest itself of upper clothing, and all denominations begin to bowl. By noblemen, gentlemen, tradesmen, workmen; by clubs aristocratic and rustic, military and civil, collegiate and scholastic, local and locomotive, one-armed and one-legged; by clubs with extraordinary titles, and clubs with extraordinary vestments, rivalling the coat

of many colours, but not provoking a spark of envy, because the brethren know that the old flannel uniform is cooler, cleaner, more neat and workman-like; by cricketers wherever you go; on village greens with a dozen spectators smoking their clays under an ancient rick-cloth, and in the great city where the upper ten thousand go to cheer their Eton and Harrow boys—*Semper, ubique, ab omnibus* is King Cricket obeyed and loved."

And since these words were written we have learned how extensive is the area of his kingdom. True, that twenty years ago the English tenure of Corfu had left its mark in the heading *Χρῖς* in the vernacular newspapers; but we little knew then that the young giants of the antipodes were preparing to send team after team to school their English progenitors in the noble game, until the picture of the old man beaten by the boy whom he had instructed came to be reversed, and audacious Young England taught Old England how to beat him.

Yes; cricket now stands with a large proportion of the cultivated and law-upholding folk of this country in as near a relation to godliness and morality as in those antique days when the parson of Alresford, on the afternoon of the first Sunday in May, instead of ascending the pulpit as usual after the prayer of St Chrysostom, doffed his surplice, and having sallied out at the head of his congregation to where the wickets stood ready pitched, then and there in his cassock solemnly bowled the first ball as a signal that the season had fairly begun. There is hardly a town or a parish in south Britain which has not its cricket-ground and its club or clubs. In

Scotland there are so many more outlets for manly activity, that our game can but be classed as an exotic; while the lymphatic atmosphere to which Lord Beaconsfield referred so many of the evils of that distressful country, militates against the propagation of cricket in Ireland. And in the Principality, a pastime which it is impossible to connect either with Druidic or Methodistical tradition, has few charms for the natives, especially as no money is to be made by it. The counties of the south-east are the original home of the game, and the course of cricket empire has taken its way not only westward but northward, while still claiming for its own the favoured kingdoms of Kent, Sussex, and Wessex.

The increase in the popularity and reputation of the game of cricket is quite a matter of the present century. A hundred years ago, it not only was practised over a very small portion of England, but stood in the scale of sports between the amusements of school-boys and the wager-winning devices of idle gamblers. For a respectable man of mature age to be seen playing, or even taking an interest in cricket, was discreditable in the days of Swift and Pope. What would Chief-Justice Pratt have thought of one of her Majesty's judges breaking his leg at cricket, as Justice Grantham did the other day? In 1719, at Guildhall, the Chief-Justice was called upon to decide a plea between the men of Kent and the men of London for £60, played for at cricket;

and, says 'Mist's Journal,' "after a long hearing, and near £200 expended in the cause, my lord, not understanding the game, ordered them to play it over again." In 1743 the pages of the 'Gentleman's Magazine' contained a serious diatribe against cricket advertisements, which are accused not only of drawing together great crowds of people, "who ought all of them to be somewhere else—noblemen, gentlemen, and clergymen have no right to invite thousands of people to be spectators of their agility, at the expense of their duty and honesty," but also of being a great encouragement to gaming; "the advertisements most impudently reciting that great sums are laid."¹ Something of the same feeling manifests itself in a rather smart parody on Chevy Chase, recording the defeat of the Kentish eleven by Surrey, written by a Rev. J. Duncombe in 1773, whose last verse runs as follows:—

"God save the king, and bless the land
With plenty and increase.
And grant, henceforth, that idle games
In harvest-time may cease."

The captains of the respective sides on this occasion were the Duke of Dorset and Lord Tankerville, to whom, under the title of the two idlest lords in his Majesty's three kingdoms, was addressed, in 1778, a satirical poem of some four hundred lines, the scope of which will be discovered from the dedication:—

"My Lords, the following trifle was intended for your perusal last year,

¹ Cricket advertisement in 1705.—"This is to give notice that a Match at Cricket is to be plaid between 11 Gentlemen of the west part of the county of Kent against as many of Chatham, for 11 guineas a man, at Mauldon in Kent, on the 7th of August next."

Ditto in 1707.—"There will be two great Matches at Cricket plaid between London and Croydon; the first at Croydon on Thursday, July 1; and the other to be plaid in Lamb's Conduit fields, near Holborn, on the Thursday following, being the 8th of July."

but not being one of the *genus irritabile vatum*, but on the contrary, a bard of meekness and Christian forbearance, I deferred the publication from the fond hope that as you grew older you might grow wiser. Disappointed in my wishes, and despairing of a reformation (for I am informed that you have got a fresh cargo of bats and balls, and that Lumpy, Small, Horseflesh, with several other equally respectable personages, are ordered to prepare their shins for another campaign), I take the liberty of presenting to your Lordships this testimonial of my regard. May it produce an amendment. 'Tis said that Nero fiddled when Rome was burning. The conduct of your Lordships seems nearly similar. For God's sake, fling away your bats, kick your mob-companions out of your house, and though you can do your bleeding country no service, cease to accumulate insult on misfortune by making it ridiculous."

These final sentences allude to the American war, then verging on its unsuccessful close; but should a modern satirist seek to lampoon the noble president of the Marylebone Club, or the Kentish senator who represents cricket in the House of Lords, he could not, with a shadow of justice, charge Lords Lyttelton and Harris with expending less zeal and labour in the service of the country than they have given to their favourite game. *Nous avons changer tout cela*. Nor is there probably a less change in the "respectable" personages on whom the brunt of the cricket contests falls. Before the introduction of pads and gloves; when the hands of an old cricketer could be described by Mr Jesse as worthy to be preserved in a glass case in the pavilion at Lord's, like Galileo's at Florence, as trophies of his sufferings and glory,—“Broken, distorted, mutilated, half-nailess, they resemble the hoof of a rhinoceros almost as much as a human hand,”—it is not

surprising that roughness of address rather than refinement of manner was characteristic of the personage who made his living by cricket, and that he should occasionally turn his battered digits to more violent ends. A newspaper of 1752 records, for instance, that “Slack, the Norwich butcher, beat Faulkner, the cricket-player (who before beat Smallwood and others), at Broughton's Amphitheatre, after a very severe contest of twenty-seven minutes.” One great cause of these terrible injuries to the hands was the rule which existed when the wicket played at consisted of two stumps and one bail,—that to run a player out the ball must be returned into a hole in the ground between the stumps before the batsman could place his bat in the same hole, a race which must have made the contact of hard wood and bruised fingers a matter of constant occurrence. The increase of the stumps to three abrogated this barbarous usage; and the general introduction of swift round-arm bowling, by making defensive armour a matter of necessity, obviated many accidents. Not that the fast underhanders which were bowled before this innovation could be treated with indifference. This is how the great David Harris is depicted by a cricket chronicler: “His attitude when preparing to deliver the ball was masculine, erect, and appalling. First, he stood like a soldier at drill—upright. Then, with a graceful and elegant curve, he raised the fatal ball to his forehead, and drawing back his right foot, started off. Woe be to the unlucky wight who did not know how to stop these cannonades; his fingers would be ground to dust against the bat, his bones pulverised, and his blood scat-

tered over the field!" And yet, though pads and gloves would seem almost a precaution of ordinary prudence, there are men educated at Westminster school, long after the era of the late Primus of Scotland and the present Laird of Methven, who remember the Queen's scholars' eleven arrayed for their annual match with the Town-boys, in nankeen knee-breeches and silk stockings.

But after all, the great disadvantage which retarded the progress of cricket was the taint of gambling, which clung to the sport far into the present century. Miss Mitford, who was, as became a Wessex woman, an enthusiast for cricket, writes "quite spitefully" to Haydon in 1823 about a match which she had been to Bramshill Park to see.

"There they were, a set of ugly old men, white-headed and bald-headed, for half of Lord's was engaged in the combat, players and gentlemen, Mr Ward and Lord Frederick Beauclerk, the veterans of the green, dressed in tight white jackets (the Apollo Belvidere could not bear the hideous disguise of a cricketing jacket), with neckcloths firmly tied round their throats, fine japanned shoes, silk stockings, and gloves, . . . there they stood, silent, solemn, slow, playing for money, making a business of the thing. I never was so disappointed in my life; but everything is spoilt when money puts its ugly nose in. To think of playing cricket for hard cash!"

Whether the charming authoress of 'Our Village' took quite a fair view of the proceedings in this match, which was between Hampshire and England, it might not be safe to assert, remembering how much her pictures are coloured by her predispositions; but it is impossible not to sympathise with her denunciation of "making the

noble game of cricket an affair of bettings and hedgings, and maybe of cheatings."

There should be little question as to the improvement in the spirit of the game, which was inaugurated when county matches (the *genius loci* taking the place of the *fames auri*) were substituted for the contests between selected elevens, which had hitherto been the rule. Some twelve years later William Howitt writes to Miss Mitford a most animated narrative of a match between Sussex and Nottingham, which he and his sister Mary witnessed. He begins by a lively picture of the arrival of the Sussex men by the coach one fine Sunday morning, "in their white hats," and, we may presume, their other paraphernalia. He then graphically sketches the scene in the "Forest" ground on Monday: the amphitheatre crowded with an eager, forward-leaning mass of twenty thousand spectators—silent, except when some exploit of the players produced a sudden thunder of applause. His picture of the play and the result is equally vivid; but the cream of his letter is in the conclusion:—

"I could not help seeing what a wide difference twenty years has produced in the character of the English population. What a contrast is this play to bull-baiting, dog and cock fightings! So orderly, so manly, so generous in its character. It is the nearest approach to the athletic games of the Greeks that we have made, and the effect on the general mass of the people by the emulation it will excite must be excellent. There is something very beautiful in one distant county sending out its peaceful champions to contend with those of another in a sport which has no drawback of cruelty and vulgarity in it, but has every recommendation of skill, taste, health, and generous rivalry. You, dear Miss Mitford, have done a great deal to promote this better spirit, and

you could not have done more had you been haranguing Parliament and bringing in bills for the purpose."

The writer's instinct, Quaker and Radical as he might be, was thoroughly British. He grasped the truth that athletic training developed the elements of his ideal of John Bull, though it made men contented with their lot in life and loyal to their Queen. Sir Wilfrid Lawson is credited with a desire that his sons should be good cricketers. The wish is honourable and wise, but hardly compatible with the strong advocacy of those opinions for which the author of the sentiment is so notorious. Mr W. G. Grace is understood to be at one with Sir Wilfrid in his avoidance of alcohol; but it is doubtful whether any prominent Radical, with the exception of Mr Herbert Gladstone, has ever distinguished himself in the cricket-field.

On the contrary, the rise of cricket as a popular pastime is in no small degree owing to the influence of the Church of England. About 1830, the University (known for a long time as the Magdalen) Club was founded at Oxford by Charles Wordsworth—afterwards Bishop of St Andrews,—and F. B. Wright, who became Rector of Broughton, Manchester, in whose possession are the first minutes of the Club. The many exemplary clergymen who from that time made cricket a feature in their curriculum of parish elevation, can hardly be counted; but lists of the University and public school matches include names, from the Bishop of Liverpool and other prelates downwards, which would do honour to any religious society. Much of the popularity of Rugby School, under the late Archbishop of Canterbury, arose from the soundness of its cricket tuition; and through the influence of mas-

ters and tutors, the game found its way, under the happiest auspices, to town, village, and hamlet—from Berwick-on-Tweed to Penzance.

The taint of gaming under such influences soon became slight, if it did not entirely disappear from the cricket-field. An old university and public-school man may stake his half-sovereign or half-crown on his *alma mater* with an equally enthusiastic crony of by-gone years; but the professional betting-man finds Lord's or the Oval the most unproductive field he can frequent, and even in the exhibition matches which have been in vogue of late years, has been heard to complain how little there is to pick up. Certainties are unknown at cricket, and "good things" are as uncertain. There is no room for the chicanery of the turf, and in the remoter quarters of the game alone are umpires suspected of partial dealing. Where this occurs, it is in no small degree a remnant of the superstition that an umpire was a sort of counsel for the defence, on whom the victory of his side depended in no slight degree. It is not so many years since a first-class county paper contained in its comments upon an impending All England contest, an exhortation to the local *umpire* to be careful how he placed his men in the field! It was only a development of this idea which inspired a country umpire to exclaim, on an appeal as to the last ball in a match, "Not out, and our side has won!" when in fact they had only escaped a defeat in a single innings. Such a partisan is not necessarily, or even presumably, a rogue.

While the love of cricket and its practice was fostered with traditional affection in its parent counties, a strong rivalry was springing up among the vigorous

Norsemen of Nottingham and York, and the eager lads of Lancashire. Nottingham, as Howitt relates, beat Sussex in 1835. Soon after that date Norfolk became a stronghold of cricket; Cambridge, Leicester, and other midland shires helped to swell the catalogue of cricketers of mark, and the south of the Thames no longer enjoyed a monopoly of the game. Yet it was some time before it crossed the Tweed. In an amusing article on Ancient and Modern Cricket, published in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1833, Lord Strathavon, afterwards Marquis of Huntly, is dismissed with the observation that he ought to play *in private*; and he is the only Scotsman thought worthy of mention. But very soon after this date the formation of the Grange Club at Edinburgh, and the exertions made by amateurs of cricket like Sir Thomas Moncreiffe at Perth, Major Dickins at Kelso, and Colonel Buchanan of Drumpellier, in the west of Scotland, brought the game into vogue with a respectable and numerous class of the community. It is, however, far more probable that the great impetus to the acclimatisation of the game in Scotland should be considered as due to its introduction into several of the new schools, which about this date sprang up in various parts of North Britain—as the Edinburgh Academy, under Principal Williams, and Glenalmond, under the immediate eye of the Bishop of St Andrews, could hardly fail to emulate English public schools in its cultivation of their principal sport; and a little later on Loretto throve, as many an adventurous academy in England has done, upon its reputation for sending out not only fair scholars but well-trained cricketers. It should not be forgotten

that, owing to the influence of the noblemen and gentlemen already referred to, the Marylebone and other well-known English clubs paid occasional visits to the North; and one—the Free Foresters—made a series of cricket tours, ranging over several years, with a noticeable improvement in the ratio of success obtained by the local clubs against whom they played. The late Earl of Carlisle, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, did much in the same direction, by bringing I Zingari over to play in the Phoenix Park, and to visit several county clubs; but their colours caused them to be hooted and pelted by the "wearers of the green" in the wilder districts: and if such was the spirit in the halcyon days of Eglinton and Abercorn, it is to be feared that now little cricket intercourse will take place with Ireland. It is not the least melancholy part of the present gloomy outlook in that country, that the natural manly love of sport is to a great extent eradicated by the agitators, among whom "all the reptile's venom rankles in the man." Notwithstanding those who would fain create the same state of civil war in England, the peaceful combat is waged in Britain by every class and in every shire with no quarrels, except sometimes with the decision of umpires—and no class or sectarian jealousies, except when a silly curate boxes the ears of a scorer in whom he detects a truant treble from his choir, or a stupid cobbler walks off the ground because he has been given out by the village schoolmaster, with whom he had a squabble during luncheon about Mr Bradlaugh. Wherever the Union flag is displayed in our colonies and dependencies there a cricket-ground is extemporised, even if it be the

dusty surface of the sun-parched barrack-yard, with an asphalted patch for a wicket, or perchance, after the bitter experience of grass-seeding, producing nothing but a few radishes and a dandelion or two, five-and-twenty yards of cocoanut-matting laid down for the nonce. One of the most gleeful scenes which can be imagined is exhibited when an English man-of-war comes to an anchor in some foreign port, and a couple of elevens are landed for a game on the beach: not only are their comrades interested, but the native population seldom fail to form an appreciative ring of spectators, who are now and then led by their curiosity and enthusiasm to take up positions of considerable danger, to the high diversion of all the lookers-on, who are in ecstasies when the syndic involuntarily fields a hit in the region of the waistcoat—or the mule of some market-woman, startled by a ball in its ribs, careers wildly between the wickets or among the crowd. The cricket monarch is, as far as the British empire is concerned, much in the position of the Greek conqueror to the habitable globe of his own day—supreme, with no new worlds to conquer.

But whispers are afloat that there are indications of the waning popularity of cricket. Why should this be—if, indeed, it is a fact? Looking at the headquarters of the game, it would certainly seem that it grows in public favour every year. The Marylebone Club, with three thousand members, and an annual addition of about a hundred to its numbers, suffers from congestion, and has candidates for election sufficient for the next quarter of a century. Were it not for the latitude extended to the committee of selecting half the names to be elected

from the ranks of the young cricketers of the day, “grey-headed and bald-headed” would indeed be the description of the members of Lord’s. And the balance-sheet for 1885 shows receipts amounting to upwards of £17,000, of which £2778 were the proceeds of the Universities’ and the Eton and Harrow matches. This year the elections for the new Parliament took place in the same week as these matches; but in spite of this drawback, the attendance was not much inferior to that of last year; and it is stated, probably with accuracy, that a still greater number of spectators were present at the Trent Bridge ground and at Kennington Oval on the occasion of the two matches between the premier counties of Surrey and Nottingham. Every year, too, fresh counties put in their claim to have representative teams in the provincial championships: each school—old or new, large or small—has its eleven; and to gain the colours is as high an object of ambition with a schoolboy as a prize or a scholarship. All this looks like a permanent predominance among sports. But shrewd observers will tell you that to the million, football—with its simpler rules, its speedier results, its ever-changing action—is less caviare than the subtler excitements, the comparative tameness of cricket; while the fashionable crowd will gather to see players under twenty-one years of age, or lions from distant counties, but take no real interest in the game for its own sake.

Writing, not so much from the point of view of a scientific student of the game as from that of one appreciative of its popular side, it must be confessed that there is some amount of truth in the assertion that the improve-

ments in our cricket-grounds, and the alteration in the style of our bowlers, have made the game somewhat more mechanical and less amusing. The wickets are now as smooth as a billiard-table by comparison with those remembered by the elder generation, where molehills, worm-casts, and even a mouse-hole or two were not always avoided.

"He ne'er could pitch, but o'er a brow,"

was the description of a famous bowler of the olden day. The hand, once held at the level of the knee when the ball was bowled at the wicket, has risen to the waist, the elbow, the shoulder (where round-arm bowling made a stop for some time, when Lilly-white no-balled the great Kentish bowler Willsher), and now the ball is generally delivered overhand at the highest stretch of the arm, with the simple limitation that it must not be thrown or jerked—a stipulation which some think might be abolished. The effect of this perpendicular delivery on a true wicket is, that the batsman knows that so long as he can guard his stumps, runs must come occasionally—are sure, indeed, to come in time; while the really dangerous balls which baffle his defence often just rise high enough to pass harmless over the bails. Thus the performance of a batsman in the present day, however brilliant in its culmination, always involves a tedious preface—because the *minutiae* of the play must be tedious to the comparatively uninitiated bystanders, who applaud a "leg-bye," or a catch from a "bump ball," as if the one were a skilful "draw," or the other involved the dismissal of the batsman. Mr Hornby and Mr Thornton give more pleasure than Shrewsbury and Mr Rocke, be-

cause the event for which the public longs is sooner arrived at in the former than the latter instances; while the old stager regrets to see loose balls let alone, and straight balls tamely blocked, which in his younger days would have been cut for four runs, or driven for two. It is a just measure of the French picturesque, that the author of a Parisian article on cricket should thus describe it: "The bowler, grasping the ball in his hand, watches for the favourable moment when the attention of the batsman is distracted, and then launches it at him with incredible force; the batsman, however, is on the alert, he strikes it to an enormous height, and immediately runs." Yet absurd as this sounds, it is but a travesty of the kind of play which brings down gallery applause, where the mob (well dressed or ill attired, as the case may be) is wont to resort in its thousands.

Nevertheless, a "bowlers' match" is hardly the highest form of the game; the ideal lies, as usual, between two extremes, and to give rational pleasure, all parts of the play ought to be fairly in balance with each other. It is a suggestive fact that nearly half the runs in every innings are credited to two batsmen only, so that the assumed superiority of the bat over the ball is not so general as is surmised. Nor does the other complaint that three days are often insufficient to finish a match absolutely imply a want of power in the bowlers, when we remember for how much actual overwork steam is answerable; and how precious is a little interval of dawdle, or a half-hour subtracted from the beginning or the end of the day, to the player, stale with all-night travelling, and jaded with

the perpetual reiteration of the call upon physical power in one direction only, devoid of elasticity, and craving above all things rest—the natural consequence of endeavouring to cram into six working days the engagements of more.

Should it be necessary to increase the height of the wicket, or to simplify the conditions under which the fatal fiat “leg before” is given, our cricket legislation is ample for the purpose, and the necessity once clearly proved, will no doubt take action. As the wicket has already had its dimensions altered several times, and the rules of the game have received constant modifications, there is nothing revolutionary in such suggestions. It is more probable and more desirable that the needful impetus to renewed interest in the game will come from greater success in amateur bowling. Twice in the present generation has cricket experienced a decided revival: once, when Mr Kempson taught gentlemen to make the ball their weapon as well as the bat; and again, more recently, from the “demon” bowlers of Australia. Let public-school cricket-tutors take the hint.

It will never do for cricket to lose its hold on the favour of all classes. Golf, archery, tennis, foot-

ball, and “all the single and the double” wheels have much to commend them as manly exercises; but there is no game so varied, so full of surprises, so good to school the temper and foster self-control, as cricket; above all, there is no game so suitable to every rank and station in society, or in which representatives of every class can join on those principles of social equality which are free from servility, insubordination, or jealousy. It has been truly described as a “co-operative sport;” it is confined to no stratum of rank, but is best practised where it is most fused. The advice of one of our best gentlemen cricketers is worth repeating as a conclusion to these desultory remarks: “Our noble game will cease to be the pure and genial pastime of our fathers, if their sons content themselves with looking on, instead of mixing with the practical element. Let not cricket descend to the inferior grade of a gladiatorial exhibition—the trained combatant and the pampered spectator. Let the amateur go hand in hand with the professional, with one object in view—the maintenance of our game on its original principle”—a sport alike for the peer and the peasant, the parson and the pariah.

THE FALL OF AN ISLAND.

[IN an oak chest which has stood time out of mind in a garret of the house which has been the home of my fathers for many generations, I lately found a packet of papers endorsed with the name of my great-uncle, William Douglas. Hidden beneath a heterogeneous mass of antique silk hangings, damask chair-covers and curtains, the time-stained parcel had either escaped the observation of less keen-eyed searchers, or had been thrown aside as being too uninviting in appearance to justify further investigation. But to me the endorsement at once invested it with interest, for the name of this great-uncle had from my earliest years been associated in my mind with weird tales of travel and adventure. He had been in his day a free-lance in commerce with India, or an "Interloper," as all those who competed with "The Company" were then called, and had undergone numberless vicissitudes both by land and sea. The most notable event in his history was his escape from a shipwrecked vessel off Polo Mumin, an island on the south-east coast of Sumatra, in the year 1775. The ship, the "James Young" of London, struck in a gale of wind on a coral-reef, and went to pieces in a few minutes. A furious sea, which swept over the vessel just before she settled down, carrying all the remaining hands with her, washed my great-uncle overboard and beyond the reef. Fortunately for him he was a good swimmer, and thus kept himself afloat in a current which carried him rapidly to the shores of Mumin. There he lived, as the following narrative describes, for twelve years; and though driven from the island at a moment's notice, while it was in the throes of a revolution, he yet eventually secured from his mercantile venture among the islanders a sufficient fortune to enable him to live the remainder of his days at Dover in comfort, if not in luxury.

Though aware of this general outline, I had never been made acquainted with the details of the wreck, and his subsequent residence on Mumin, and I was therefore delighted to find among the papers spoken of a full, and I have no doubt true and accurate, account of it all, in his own handwriting. As the narrative is too long to appear in 'Maga' *in extenso*, I will condense in a few words the geographical particulars given of the island, leaving my great-uncle to speak for himself as to his adventures on it. The only liberty I have taken with his MS. in making a transcript has been to modernise the spelling, and to substitute for some now obsolete expressions their equivalents in use at the present time.

Polo Mumin, or "Happy Island," as the name means, is situated off the south-east coast of Sumatra, which I imagine to be the mainland spoken of in the following pages, at a distance of about 20

miles. The island itself is 60 miles in circumference, and the population was reckoned by my great-uncle at about 100,000. The gazetteers describe the climate as temperate, and the soil as fertile. My great-uncle says little of the business which he carried on in Mumin, but I gather from things I have heard in the family that he occupied himself as a general merchant, and I know that he rented a large and profitable nutmeg plantation which surrounded the house in which he lived.

R. D.]

That I may make this part of my narrative intelligible, it will be necessary that I should sketch, as briefly as may be, the political constitution of Polo Mumin, as it was when I was first borne to its shores in the year 1775. The supreme government of the "Happy Island" was vested in the Rajah, whose province it was to decide on all matters relating to peace and war, the formation and dissolution of alliances, the enactment of laws, and sentences of death, exile, or confiscation. The executive consisted, in the first case, of an adviser or Prime Minister, subordinate to whom were four *Pungulu negri*, or governors, one of whom presided over each of the four provinces into which the island was parcelled out; and under these dignitaries were a number of local magistrates, customs officers, and a host of minor officials. The Prime Minister, governors, and magistrates were without exception chosen from the richer classes, it being considered that as they were the most highly educated members of the community, they were best fitted to govern; and that, being in possession of those things for which crimes were commonly committed, they were less likely to be guilty of any deed of violence or injustice than those who were not so well provided. Experience certainly proved the wisdom of these considerations. When I first knew the island,

no State could have been better ordered than it was. The Rajah, Budaman by name, had inherited the love of justice, the lofty courage, and the sound common-sense which seemed to have belonged to the reigning sovereign for many generations. In Kraling, his Minister, he had a sapient counsellor and a true patriot; and without exception the governors were men who had been chosen as being persons well versed in affairs and upright in conduct. In these happy conditions, justice was firmly and wisely administered, and the rights of all were respected. The industrious felt sure of having the fruits of their labour secured to them; and those who were already possessed of riches, being free from all the cares which beset the wealthy in less settled communities, were able to devote their time and energies to the protection of the island from foreign foes, and to the furtherance of the good of the commonwealth.

By an easy and well-ordered system of compulsory military service, every man in the island had to pass through the ranks, with the result that, small as was the kingdom, the Rajah's power was held in respect not only by the princes of the neighbouring islands, but also by the monarchs on the mainland. For more than a generation this system of avoiding war by being prepared for war had pre-

served the State in absolute quietude, and the result of this rest from their enemies was on all sides observable in the prosperous condition of the island. The nutmeg plantations were the most valuable possessions; but in addition, sugar-canes, wheat, barley, rice, and other kinds of grain, were much grown. The seats of the governorships were four good-sized seaport cities, where a considerable trade was carried on in native produce and foreign imports; and besides these centres of commerce there were numerous villages scattered about, some of which came near the dignity of towns.

But to return to the narration of my adventures. When first washed on to the island I was more dead than alive, and owe my recovery to the kind offices of a customs official by whom I was found, who carried me to his house, and who, by the application of kindly warmth, restored consciousness to my mind and feeling to my limbs. Fortunately both Tingra, as my friend was called, and his wife spoke a little Hindustani, so that I was able to make known my wants and gratitude to them. The language of the island was, I found, a dialect of Malay, in which tongue I soon began to make progress under the tuition of Tingra nié (Mistress Tingra), a pretty, bright, little lady, who seemed intuitively to understand what I wanted to say, and who corrected my blunders with an artless amusement which prevented the possibility of shame.

When quite recovered Tingra took me to Klinga, the neighbouring provincial city, and introduced me to Rakushak, the Governor, a venerable old man, who received me with considerable kindness, listened to my story with exemplary patience, and eventually sent me forward to the capital with a

letter of commendation to Kraling. I parted from Tingra with sincere regret, and started for the capital, fifteen miles distant, under the guidance of an officer of the Havildar class, provided by the governor. Our road lay directly inland, and I thus had an excellent opportunity of observing the features of the country. A range of mountains was plainly visible running along the northern shore of the island; while from the foot of this range there stretched away to the sea on the south a rich, alluvial, undulating plain, teeming with all the fertility of the tropics. Everywhere the signs of careful cultivation were visible, and I gathered from my guide that every encouragement was given to farmers by the Government. It was evident also that the farmers on their part took an interest in the welfare of the labourers, as I judged from the substantial construction of the workmen's huts, and the cheerful and contented appearance of the men themselves.

On arriving at the metropolis, I was much struck with the cleanliness of the streets and the general air of prosperity which pervaded the town. My guide took me direct to Kraling's palace—a handsome building, consisting of three courtyards, one behind the other. Without any unnecessary delay, I was admitted into the presence of the Minister, who graciously listened to my story and expressed sympathy with my misfortunes. As well as I was able I thanked him for his kindness, and further begged that he would be pleased to help me to find a means of returning to India. He combated my desire to depart, and added that, being desirous to encourage the settlement of English merchants in Mumin, he would, if I were willing, make arrange-

ments to give me a good start either in the capital or in one of the provincial towns. In my then unfortunate plight, having lost all I possessed in the wreck, this offer was too advantageous to be declined, and I therefore accepted it with gratitude. Meanwhile the Minister allotted me lodgings in the town, and on the next morning introduced me to the Rajah. From that day I date the beginning of my prosperity, and I have every reason to rejoice that I closed with Kraling's proposal. During my stay in the capital, I saw much of both the Rajah and Kraling, and was mightily impressed by the width and wisdom of their views, and the soundness of their philosophy. Without the political experience of European statesmen, and with no such literary wealth as that bequeathed to us by Greece and Rome, they seemed to have arrived at conclusions on ethical and political subjects quite as true, and quite as firmly based on logical reasoning, as those propounded by our wisest and best thinkers. This was the more remarkable, because they were both in the prime of youth. The Rajah could not have been more than thirty, and Kraling was about the same age. In appearance, Budaman was rather under the middle height, and had strongly marked features, with a somewhat heavy expression, unless when talking, at which time his face lit up in a marvellous manner, giving grace and power to his utterances, which were always worth listening to. So far at least as looks were concerned, Kraling had the advantage of his royal master. He was six feet high, with broad shoulders, and a commanding presence. His face was singularly handsome, and was full of dignity, firmness, and benevolence. Altogether, his appear-

ance inspired admiration and respect; and in the many years during which I was brought into frequent communication with him, I saw much in his character to call forth my sincere regard, and nothing which could be considered for a moment as mean, or in any sense unworthy.

Under the guidance of these two statesmen the material prosperity of the island continued without a break, until one season, about five years after my arrival, the nutmeg crop failed in the province of Subata. Considerable distress followed; and Governor Rakushak, who was perhaps more distinguished for his benevolence than his wisdom, wrote to the Rajah entreating him to supplement by all means in his power the relief furnished to the impoverished district by the wealthy inhabitants. After holding frequent councils with Kraling, the Rajah consented to bestow money and food, but accompanied the gift with a letter, in which he commanded the Governor to proclaim "that the suddenness of the calamity had alone induced him to supply by charity what should have been earned by honest work. Nothing," he continued, "impoverishes people more than the reception of indiscriminate alms; and the greatest misfortune which could overtake a population would be the growth of the idea that, in any strait or difficulty, their wants would be supplied without any effort on their part. You will publish it abroad, therefore, that this is an unusual gift to meet an unusual emergency, and is not to be construed into a precedent for any future occasion."

In obedience to the Rajah's commands, this letter was publicly read in the market-place, but the wisdom it contained was lost on its hearers, who cared only for the

loaves and fishes which accompanied it. It would have been well if they had lent a more ready ear to the weighty words of their sovereign, for before long there were not wanting signs that some of the evils which he had foreshadowed were already germinating. Two months of idleness produced a decided disinclination among many of the men to begin work again, when the ploughing season came round. The most part, it is true, were glad once again to earn an honest day's wage for an honest day's work, but there was a residuum of idle vagabonds who, having tasted the sweets of doing nothing in comfort, showed a manifest desire to continue in the same pleasant way. And not only did they decline work themselves, but strove, by every means in their power, to prevent the more honest men from hiring themselves out. Though at first confining their complaints to their pressing physical wants, they soon began to cry out for general and visionary improvements, and an increase of democratic influence. It was absurd, they said, that the government of the country should be entirely vested in the hands of the wealthy class, who, from the nature of things, could not properly sympathise with the labourers in their toils and privations. There should be at least, they said, one magistrate in each province who should be chosen from the people, and who would understand their wants and lay their grievances before the throne.

By the exercise of constant agitation, the ringleaders in the movement succeeded in bringing a crowd to the Governor's palace, to press these views on his Excellency. Being entirely unused to demonstrations of such a kind, Raku-shah, after some faint demurs,

promised to forward the petition handed in by the mob to his Majesty the Rajah. Unfortunately the views put forward by the agitators had been adopted by Sakabatu, an able, restless, and unscrupulous man of wealth, who was devoured with a democratic ambition, and who thought he saw in the success of the popular demands the means of gaining for himself the exercise of uncontrolled power. Although disliked by the Rajah, and distrusted by Kraling, Sakabatu succeeded in urging his views on Budaman, who was so far persuaded by his specious arguments as to consult his faithful vizier on the proposal.

"May it please your Majesty," replied Kraling, "I should meet the petition with a direct negative. What these men desire is not liberty to labour without molestation—that they already have—but it is a freedom from all legitimate restraint. They see, or at least their leaders do, that the quickest way to reach this conclusion is to gain political influence; and if their present request is granted, it will be but a first step in a long ladder of demands which will land us all in constant agitation, and possibly in revolutionary outbreaks."

"There is, however," rejoined the Rajah, "something plausible in the argument advanced for the people by Sakabatu, that since they far outnumber the propertied class, they should be represented in the Government."

"That is an argument, may it please your Majesty, which, with all dutiful respect, I consider will not hold water. If the tests of wisdom, learning, experience, and honesty be applied to the qualitative and quantitative elements in the State, who will deny for an instant that the qualitative surpasses the quantitative element as

surely as your Majesty's wisdom is superior to that of the coolie at the palace-gate?"

"But you will admit that, as Sakabatu has been urging on me, the collective wisdom of the people is superior to the wisdom of individuals among the upper classes."

"But it is not suggested that the people as a body should become magistrates, but only individual members of their body. And I would beseech your Majesty to remember what care has always been taken to prefer men of learning and political experience to the administrative posts, and how necessary it is that those who govern should first have learnt to govern. I make bold to say that if any one of these agitators who had not been brought up as a butcher were asked to kill a sheep, he would decline; and yet the same man would undertake to govern a commonwealth without any preparation, at a moment's notice. Can anything be more absurd? What man is there who, never having ridden, and wishing to learn the equestrian art, does not engage the services of a riding-master? And so, likewise, with all the arts with the exception of that of governing, which is the most difficult art of all."

"But although, as you say, the magistrates have been carefully chosen, I am told by Sakabatu that the people complain of their justice, or, as he says, injustice."

"To that I would reply, your Majesty, by asking, Are they in a position to decide on such a matter? When a question arises as to whether a suffering patient has been properly treated by his physician, to whom is the inquiry submitted? To the people in the street, or to a committee of experts? Surely to experts. And

so it should be in this affair; for it is as ridiculous to suppose that these tillers of the soil are capable of deciding on questions of government, as it would be to imagine that they would be able to pronounce a judgment on the treatment of an obscure medical case."

"I shall weigh well your words," rejoined his Majesty, "and shall consider what course should be taken in this very difficult business."

Happening to call on Kraling on the evening after this interview, I found the good man anxious and disturbed. It was plain, he said, that Sakabatu was acquiring considerable influence over the Rajah, who, being as incapable of imputing unworthy motives to any one as he was of doing an unworthy thing himself, was imposed upon by the insidious and able arguments of his false counsellor.

"What is your opinion of Sakabatu?" I asked. "I hear that his personal influence is unbounded among those who are brought into contact with him; and I myself know that he is a most devout Buddhist, for he passes my house on his way to the temple more frequently than any other of the notables."

"Well, it is possible that my judgment may be biassed by circumstances, but I look upon him as the most dangerous man in the island. He is a designing hypocrite, eaten up with ambition, and persistently vindictive towards all who thwart his schemes. It is plain to me that he has gained the ear of the Rajah, and I quite expect the promulgation of an edict granting the request of the agitators. The instant it appears, I shall retire to my nutmeg groves for a time; for at such a juncture

my presence at Court would only be mischievous, and would certainly be misunderstood."

Kraling was right. On the second day after our conversation the edict was issued, and there were great rejoicings among the agitators and their friends in consequence. For several days the island was *en fête*, and sleep at night was made impossible by the constant beating of tom-toms and the explosion of fireworks, by which means the people testified their joy at the victory gained over the classes above them.

At the suggestion of Sakabatu, whose influence had now become paramount, two mechanics and two agricultural labourers were appointed magistrates, one in each of the four provinces. Every effort was made by their friends to support them in their new dignities. The eccentricities of their justice were concealed, and some doubts concerning their honesty, which before long were rumoured abroad, were studiously repelled. In return for the cloak thus kindly cast over their failings, they devoted themselves heart and soul to the promotion of the ambitious designs of the men who had raised them to their present rank. One point time and experience clearly proved, and that was, that the appointment of these magistrates did not contain the secret for recovering the prosperity of the island. Partly, no doubt, the seasons were in fault, but the weather was not bad enough to have produced distress in ordinary circumstances. What with the growing idleness, however, of the working classes, and the feeling of uncertainty which was asserting itself in the minds of the employers, myself among the rest, the crops were allowed to fall very short on several succeeding seasons.

Although the Rajah had, in the first instance, publicly declared that his earliest donation for the relief of the distressed would be his last, he was yet persuaded by Sakabatu, who had become his vizier *vice* Kraling, to vouchsafe money in support of the funds raised by the wealthy for the succour of the destitute. If one could have been certain that the efforts of these philanthropists were wisely directed, nothing but admiration and praise would have been their due. Not only did they subscribe large sums to supply the wants of the poor, but they provided for their amusement by giving them theatrical and musical diversions free of cost. It was curious, however, to observe, that in spite of all that was done for the lower classes, the ill-will they bore their benefactors sensibly increased. It seemed to me, who, being a looker-on, perhaps saw most of the game, that they regarded every kindness as an admission of a previous wrong, much as a savage looks upon any act of mercy on the part of an enemy as a sign of weakness. Instead of diminishing in rancour, the speeches of the mob-orators increased in virulence, until the people were led to believe that those who were so freely spending their time and money on their behalf were worthless tyrants. Under the stimulant supplied by these mischievous blind leaders of the blind, the popular excitement reached a height at which all self-control was in danger of being lost. The police, formerly so admirably organised under Kraling, had sensibly declined in efficiency since events had suggested an uncertainty as to whether the people or the patricians were to be in the ascendant, and since the repugnance of the Rajah to violent measures, under Sak-

abatu's evil guidance, had reduced the local authorities to a state of vacillating impotence. Taking advantage of this circumstance, a mob, which had been regaled with sedition by a hireling lecturer at Klinga, marched into the wealthy quarter of the town, and plundered the shops and dwellings on their way. As no effort was made in the first instance to check these disorders, the mob swelled in proportions, and the whole city would probably have been sacked had not a body of troops been summoned to disperse the assemblage. At first the mob "showed fight" and assailed the troops, who returned the fire and killed one of the rioters. At this the people became enraged, and advanced to attack the soldiers, some of whom were killed, and the remainder beat a retreat to their barracks. The exultant mob marched through the streets uttering loud cries in celebration of their triumph, and were only dispersed by the appearance on the scene of a mixed body of police and military, who showed a determined front to the rioters.

Had it been possible for such an event to have occurred during the viziership of Kraling, we should have seen a swift measure of justice dealt out to the ringleaders of the mob, and to the local authorities who could have allowed such an indignity on the peace of the community to occur. But with culpable weakness the Rajah, at Sakabatu's suggestion, declined to prosecute the authors of these disorders, and even went the length of placing the commander of the troops on his trial for the use of unnecessary violence. The result of these tamperings with sedition soon became apparent in the increased violence of the mob. The whole balance of the State was

upset. Trade came to a standstill, as I found to my cost, and as many of the resident foreign merchants as were able removed their stocks-in-trade to the mainland.

This and similar symptoms of the approach of national calamities induced the Rajah to invite Kraling once more to assume the reins of power. Like a true patriot, the ex-vizier, though fully recognising the almost hopeless nature of his task, at once accepted the responsibility thrown upon him. The people of the metropolis, overjoyed at his return to power, received him with every expression of delight. His progress through the streets to his official residence was a complete ovation. The Rajah received him with open arms, and the courtiers flocked round him in crowds as he entered the palace. For the moment public confidence was restored, and as if by a stroke of magic all violence ceased. His first act was to remove those officials who were primarily responsible for the disorders, and to strengthen the hands of the civil and military authorities. At the same time, he strove to the utmost to assuage individual distress. But it was too late. The poison which had been circulated for months by professional agitators had permeated too deeply into the national life to be eliminated by simply remedial measures. And though all overt acts of turbulence had for the moment disappeared, sedition in the more insidious forms of complaint and class hatred was still busily disseminated among the people.

The general aspect of affairs, though thus less immediately alarming, was still very disquieting. Distress was everywhere rife; and so rude had been the shock to popular confidence, that when Kraling was requested to receive a deputation

of the representatives of the working classes, he felt that it would be unwise to refuse them. At his request I was present at the interview. After the usual salutations, the deputation seated themselves on cushions facing the divan on which the vizier sat. With an air of studied politeness, Kraling invited the spokesman, a voluble, crafty-looking native, to state his case, and he thus began:—

“May it please your Highness, we have been requested by our fellow-workmen to lay before you a statement of the distress which has been produced among the working classes by the late succession of bad seasons, and the consequent diminution of trade. During each winter since the year 1780, an increasingly large number of men have been thrown out of employment, until, at this present moment, it is calculated that 5000 men are, with their families, left without any means of support. I need not tell your Highness how ardently these men are longing for employment, nor need I remind you of the dangers arising from the fact that while they are starving, the richer classes are living in every luxury, and are every day wasting that which would feed a large proportion of those who are now destitute. In these circumstances our prayer is that his Majesty the Rajah should deign to give employment to the men by constructing roads, streets, houses, docks, or any public works which his Majesty may deem desirable from a public point of view; and we earnestly entreat your Highness to be pleased to cast a favourable eye on our petition.”

To this prayer Kraling replied: “His Majesty is well aware of the want that now unfortunately exists in his dominions, and from time to time he has, by largesses

and the institution of public works, done all that he wisely can to relieve it. He fully recognises the great misfortune which has befallen his realm in the late bad seasons; but at the same time he cannot shut his eyes to the fact that the political agitation which has been so mischievously carried on has not been without its influence in increasing the evil. I suppose I may take it for granted that I am speaking to genuine working men?”

“You may, your Highness; we are all engaged at the present time in one or other of the trades of the island.”

“Well, then, to take your own cases. You have lost one day’s wage at least by coming here, and you and your families are so much the poorer. But I fear that this is not by any means the only day you have given up to agitation instead of to work. And I would have you know that the consequences of this agitation extend further than the immediate results. They tend seriously to diminish confidence, and how can we expect merchants to come from foreign lands to trade with us, or our own merchants to lay out their money largely, when such scenes as those which have lately disgraced our towns may at any moment occur again? Then I would have you remember that the gulf which separates the lowest from the highest classes, though to be regretted on some accounts, is inseparable from a high state of civilisation such as we happily have attained to. If you were to go among a barbarous people, you would find that a feather worn in the hair, or some such trifling badge, is the only thing which distinguishes the king from his meanest subjects. In a higher stage, we find a few who have distinguished

themselves in war or in successful barter living apart, and surrounding themselves with some few domestic comforts. In a more advanced civilisation will be found a distinct official class, who are separated from the masses by tradesmen and petty merchants; and then, again, you get, as among ourselves, an upper class, which, by the exercise of intelligence, temperance, and energy, have acquired an honourable position in the realm; and below them a number of merchants and others, who, by the employment of the same good qualities, are working their way up to the same high position. In such a state of society, the road to wealth and honour is open to every one who has the necessary intelligence and self-control. And I would impress on you that no part of this divergence is produced by the degradation of even the lowest class, which is, after all, in an infinitely superior position to that of the savages of whom I first spoke. Every class has risen, but by the exercise of the virtues certain members of the community have risen higher and quicker than the rest. While, therefore, I bitterly regret that any of our countrymen should be in the condition you describe, I at the same time heartily rejoice at the widespread intelligence which has enabled others to reach a condition of comfort and refinement; and I distinctly deprecate the use of the menace implied in your remarks on this part of your case. But, as I have already said, his Majesty is fully alive to the existence of the distress, and I give you my word that I will lay your petition before him, with every certainty that it will be fully and wisely considered."

At these words Kraling rose, and, having received the not very cordial acknowledgments of the petitioners, retired from the hall.

The result of this interview, from which the working people had been led by their representatives to expect so much, produced widespread disappointment, more especially as the Rajah, on the advice of Kraling, directed the efforts of the State to prevent those who were on the verge of destitution from falling into poverty, leaving all those who were already destitute to the care of the local charitable committees. The love of greed, which was the chief motive of the prevalent discontent, became more and more inflamed under the influence of the fiery rhetoric of the faction-mongers instigated by Sakabatu; and when they found that the succour they had expected from the Rajah was withheld from them, they gave reins to their violence. Mobs marched out from the cities into the country districts, and plundered and burnt the houses of the native proprietors, and destroyed their plantations and crops. So rapid were their movements that the soldiery, who had become half-hearted in their opposition to the people, only on rare occasions succeeded in coming up with them.

These deeds of spoliation, like puffs of wind over a parched-up prairie, spread the flames of agitation far and near, and with each raid the circles of violence widened and multiplied. Trade became paralysed, and every hour added troops of unemployed men to the ranks of disorder. In a small inflammable community such as that of Polo Mumin, events march far quicker than among larger and less excitable populations—just as a flame burns up quicker under a boy's bonfire than under a heap of coal; and Kraling was thus called upon suddenly to face an emergency for which, in a Euro-

pean nation, he would have had time to prepare. As it was, he found that the weapons which should have been capable of defending the throne and State broke off short in his hand. The army could no longer be relied upon, and the police were absolutely powerless. In these circumstances the leading agitators waxed bold, and demanded from the Rajah the dismissal of Kraling, and the restoration of Sakabatu. To this the Rajah unwillingly consented, and Sakabatu resumed office as the avowed leader of the malcontents. His first measure was to throw all the taxes upon the land, leaving the rest of the population free from all payments to the State. Against this the Rajah vehemently protested, but eventually had to yield. Finding themselves able to carry this, the agitators next demanded, through Sakabatu, that all land should be taken up by the State, and be let out to small farmers at low rentals. This act of confiscation was more than the Rajah could submit to, and he resolutely refused to put his hand to the order of State prepared for him. Finding persuasion to be of no avail, Sakabatu employed threats, and plainly told his royal master that the existence of his throne depended on his signing the edict.

"If that be so," said the Rajah, "I shall not hesitate which alternative to choose. I had rather resign my throne ten thousand times over, than be guilty of such a deed of dishonesty."

"Your Majesty is the best judge of your feelings on the subject," replied Sakabatu, with ill-concealed insolence. "Your slave can only tell you what is in the hearts of all men."

It soon became apparent that Sakabatu had used no idle menace, for

the very next night the palace was surrounded by armed mutineers, who demanded the Rajah's abdication. To the ringleaders, who forced their way into the palace, the Rajah declared his readiness to vacate the throne; and without more ado he was put into a carriage, and driven to the nearest harbour, whence he was transported to the mainland. Living, as I did, at some distance from the capital, I was unaware of what had happened until a messenger from Kraling awoke me in the early morning, bringing a note urging me to meet him the next night after dark, at a spot which he indicated on the coast. I knew well what this meant, and spent the few hours remaining to me in the house which I had occupied for twelve years, in collecting all my money, valuables, and papers. Throughout the day, rumours reached me of deeds of violence and plunder on all sides. For many hours the capital was in the hands of the rebels, who spoiled and ransacked every building beyond the grade of a hovel. Columns of smoke, which darkened the horizon, bore ample testimony to the work of destruction that was going on; and as I made my way to the trysting-place appointed by Kraling, my path was illumined by the blaze of burning houses and plantations, which lit up the country on all sides.

It so happened that our place of embarkation was close to the spot at which I had been thrown on the shore from the wreck, and that it was to my friend Tingra that the ex-minister had intrusted the preparation of the vessel which was to carry us from the island. Learning in answer to inquiries that Tingra's loyalty to the throne had cost him his place, I persuaded Kraling to allow him and his wife

to accompany us; and it was with these friends and a few faithful retainers that on the next day we rejoined the Rajah in his enforced exile on the mainland. Some weeks later I resolved to venture back to the island to see if there was any chance of my being able to return to my farm. This I could the more easily do, being a foreigner, and one who had taken no active part in the politics of the island. Never shall I forget the scene of desolation which met my eyes on landing. Few traces could be found in the country districts of the cultivation which had formerly made them blossom like the rose. Blackened ruins only remained to mark the places where houses once stood, and over the scorched fields and plantations a rich undergrowth of luxuriant weeds was growing up, with a rapidity and profusion known only in tropical lands. Scarcely a soul was to be seen, and the few straggling wretches I met with ran and hid themselves at the sight of a stranger, thus revealing, even plainer than words could speak, the reign of terror which had taken possession of the land. I found my own house a heap of ruins; and as, with a sorrowing heart, I turned my back once more on my former peaceful home, I chanced to encounter an old neighbour, an honest hard-working man, who had been one of the most suc-

cessful nutmeg-growers on the island. At sight of me he started as though I had been a spirit from another world; but being reassured by my voice and a hearty shake of the hand, he related the course events had taken since I had left the island. Things had rapidly gone from bad to worse. All work had been suspended, and the poor had deliberately lived on the plunder of the rich. The attempts to establish a system of government had failed, through the fierce quarrels of the ring-leaders of the mob, who were now united only in their hatred and distrust of Sakabatu. For some days that mischief-maker had been practically powerless, and a report was then current that he had been poisoned. My neighbour had lost everything he possessed in the world, but was determined to remain about the place, in the belief that so soon as the political intoxication of the moment should have subsided, the people would return to their right mind, and recall the Rajah and Kraling to revive the halcyon days of the past.

Not being tied to the soil by links so strongly forged as those which bound my friend, I bade him adieu, and returned to the mainland mourning over the perversity of man, which could turn so blooming a garden into so desolate a wilderness.

[Here the manuscript ends; but I gather from private letters that on the eventual re-establishment of order, consequent on the fortunate restoration of the Rajah, my uncle succeeded, through the good offices of Kraling, in realising his property on the island. The negotiations, however, were lengthy and difficult, as is shown by the fact that there is a gap of a year and a half between the date of the conclusion of the above and the first letter I find written from Dover, whither he at once betook himself on finally leaving the island.

R. D.]

NOVELS: 'THE CHILDREN OF GIBEON;' 'PRINCESS CASAMASSIMA;' 'SIR PERCIVAL;' 'A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER.'

THE beginning of the publishing season is more interesting than usual this year, so far as novels at least are concerned. A larger number than is at all ordinary of those books which have some claim to be called literature as well as fiction, and in which we may hope to find something more than the mere *banal* complications of that love-story which has now gone through all combinations possible in the way of misunderstanding, misrepresentation, and all other artificial postponements of the catastrophe—come to us from all sides; and this is very welcome in more ways than one. If it is true, as statistics seem to indicate, that the real staple reading of the country is NOVELS—let us give the word the weight of capitals—there can be nothing more important than to secure for the novel those features of interest which make it a true representation of life and of the age to which it belongs. We are as strong believers as any romancist can be in the permanent attraction of Love—Love, honest, genuine, and *young*—as the main thread of fiction. Without this central interest, even to our elderly taste, the story, however clever and interesting, flags. There is no period of our lives to which we universally look back with so tender an interest as that in which this passion or sentiment—whether it may reach to the height of the first or only breathe the softness of the second—is the leading inspiration. Youth is not always, perhaps, the happiest time of our lives,—its pangs are more poignant and its miseries are more

profound, in temporary sensation at least, even if its delights are more sweet. But at all events it is the period to which our thoughts go back with fond reflection, whatever may be their manner or form. We look back upon the boy or girl who was ourself with an amused, indulgent, loving spectatorship. How silly that young fellow was, what fancies he had, how high he held his foolish young head, how many fine things he was capable of! When he was in trouble, how heartbreaking; when he was wronged, how splendidly indignant! Nothing was indifferent to him, as so many things are to us. We look back upon him with an interest which not even our son has for us—not at all anxious as we are about our son, indulgent, apt to laugh at him softly at his worst, with mild laughter which is touched by the possibility of a tear. He was in love, perhaps, lightly a dozen times, or he was in love tragically and most seriously once: in either case the remembrance fixes in us a sympathy and perennial interest in Love. It is some one else's story to-day, it was our own story *dans les temps*. We may never have had great ambitions, great enterprises, tremendous failures or successes like many heroes, but we have all been in love more or less; and therefore this remains the spell which it is most effectual to conjure withal. As for the youthful reader, who counts for perhaps still more than the elderly, he is himself in the arena, and these combats and victories are his proper occupation; so that we

allow the love-story pure and simple to be a necessity of all genuine fiction, the one chord which must always be touched, the main thread which gives universal acceptance to every design. The few curious exceptions which exist give force to the general rule. Such a strange maze of fate, for instance, as '*Caleb Williams*,' or the more horrible romance of '*Frankenstein*,' are weird and uncanny examples of a magic which has little in common with the wholesome devices of natural art. '*Pickwick*' stands entirely on the other side, though it is almost as much out of nature. Its sparkling wit, its ever amusing and ludicrous combinations, its roving freedom from all method or rule, place it apart from every category. Dickens was not at any time great at the love-story. That overwhelming sense of the ludicrous which overbalanced everything else in his imagination, makes his sentiment generally ring false in this respect; but in all his later books he respected the prejudice of mankind, and produced something like the ordinary fable. Indeed there is no more delightful picture of the nonsensical, yet absolutely sweet and pure, idyll of very young life, than in *David Copperfield's* wooing. The child-wife is another matter, and open to criticism of a very different kind.

However, with this large adherence to the necessity of Love as an important—we are willing to say the most important—element in fiction, never, or in the very rarest and most exceptional instances, to be left out—we must at the same time lift up our protest as to the feeble art and deficient comprehension which makes this the sole theme and object of fiction. If the art of story-telling is really

to be one of the greatest solaces and amusements of life, as it evidently is in places where life is hardest,—in grimy towns and manufacturing centres, much shut out from the beautiful in nature, and restricted in all other enjoyments,—it must be something with more stamina and meaning than a prolonged imbroglio of love-making. We say nothing of the subject when it is present as intrigue, or the mere brutal attraction of one sex to the other, or the craving for sentimental sensation, which unfortunately prevail in what is called Society, and lend charms to the newspapers and the fictions which are especially addressed to that happily not very extensive world, and which express its sentiments. For example, the latest work, so far as we are aware, of M. Ohnet, the '*Dames de Croix Morte*,' embodies in the most offensive form that preoccupation with one class of instincts and feelings which is the curse of fiction in France, and of the social life of that great country as represented therein. Were it merely French it would not matter so much; but while many of the masterpieces of French fiction remain untranslated, artificial rubbish like this—not even the natural production of the dunghill, like Zola, but rather of an elaborate melon-frame, or other fashionable forcing-pit—is poured out upon us at once in versions of which the only alleviation is that their English is almost worse than their sentiment. Happily, however, in discussing the subjects chosen by our own writers of fiction, we are not called upon even to glance at such nauseous and abominable inventions. There are four or five books at present before us of exceptional ability, each of which we

may venture to say will open to the reader—whether he (or she) lives in marble halls, with all the pleasures of civilisation at command, or up three pair of stairs in a London lodging, or in a dull little flat in Edinburgh or Dundee—a picture of human life in the general, with all its interests and affections, which may charm him out of his cares, or soothe his pain for an hour or two, with a gain of wholesome images and human sympathy, as well as of the immediate relief or amusement of the moment. And it would be difficult to say a better thing of any art.

We give without hesitation the foremost place to Mr Besant, whose work,¹ always so admirable and spirited, acquires double importance from the enthusiasm with which it is inspired. No one can blame him if his last novel recalls to us some characters, positions, and even phrases, which we have heard from him before. The '*Children of Gibeon*' is, indeed, in some sort a repetition and reinforcement of '*All Sorts and Conditions of Men*,'—a fact to which the critic has no reason to object. For just as we hope that Mr Besant will at some future time elucidate the results of the work undertaken by Valentine and Claude, so we have always anticipated, now that one lesson of the previous work has been so fully accepted by the public, that its other indications would be followed out. The purpose of that work was very distinct and forcible. It was the history of an attempt at the saving and elevation of the poorer urban working-class, especially with regard to their ignorance of their own wants, and more especi-

ally still to the treatment of the girls who waste their lives as sempstresses for the sort of wages that has been defined as "nothing a-day and find yourselves." Mr Besant's first idea, developed and enforced by details which, though always amusing, were somewhat fanciful and startling to the ordinary reader, concerned the want of pleasure, the absence of all the nobler kinds of amusement, or, indeed, of amusement at all, among the people; and on this point, and the suggestions made upon it by his hero, he has just cause to be proud. For has not a People's Palace been projected in the East End, has not the Heir to the Throne laid the foundation-stone thereof, and is not the plan proceeding, even though fanatical opposition may delay it, to a perfectly satisfactory conclusion? So far the purpose of the book has been carried out. But it had, besides, another aim in view, to which the author comes back with renewed vigour. The intention is still the same. The raising of the lower classes, by some called the people—Mr Gladstone's phrase of the masses is a little more accurate but more misleading—must, Mr Besant perceives, be managed by themselves. But in their confusion and incapacity to judge what it is they themselves require, they must be led and inspired by some one from another sphere—some one who has, so far as possible, known both lives, and has learnt to understand by experiment the difficulties of both. It is more easy to build and endow a palace of delights than it is to procure such evangelists and ambassadors between the rich and poor. The idea, however, has taken hold so strongly on the

¹ *The Children of Gibeon*. By Walter Besant. London: Chatto & Windus.

imagination of the writer, that for the second time, with a change of circumstance and motive, and a narrower if more distinct purpose, he has set himself to carry out in the person of a young and generous girl this high intention. In both cases the work is a joint-work, and the woman is aided by a man so felicitously adapted by circumstances to protect and help her, that the coincidence is little less than a miracle. But in both cases the chief interest lies with the woman, and the chief objects of her efforts are women—the most helpless class of the community, most subject to oppression, and least capable of resistance.

The Prologue is pure romance, though still and always it is the romance of benevolence. A young widow, Lady Mildred Eldridge, pays a visit of kindness to a former servant, a washerwoman, who has been deserted by her husband, and finds the poor woman with a large family to maintain and provide for, and one lovely little girl, the youngest, whom the father had called Marla and the mother Polly, and who accordingly is spoken of very artificially throughout the book as Polly-which-is-Marla. The child is the same age as Lady Mildred's daughter, who adopts and carries her away with the intention of bringing her up with her own child. This benevolent intention, however, develops into a scheme which proves, we think, that Lady Mildred's benevolence had a little gone to her head. She determines to "mix up" the children, so that no one but herself shall know which is which; and changing even their names, brings them up as Valentine and Violet, nobody being able to tell, and themselves least of all, which is Beatrice, the heiress of Sir Launcelot Eldridge's

great fortune, and which Polly, the washerwoman's daughter. The secret is to be kept until the young heiress comes of age; and though it is accidentally discovered by one of the girls a short time before that period, the knowledge is kept religiously to herself until the appointed moment of revelation. Lady Mildred, who is the most far-sighted and provident of benevolent plotters, has in the meantime also adopted Claude, the brother of Polly, given him a fine education, and stimulated his ambition in every way till he attains the position of Fellow of Trinity, and is "discovered" when the curtain rises, a barrister and a perfect gentleman, fit to be the protector and guardian of his sister, whichever of the young ladies that may be. Delighted to find a brother so different from their trembling conception of the probable British workman to whom Lady Mildred is about to introduce them, the two girls decide that he shall be in the meantime the brother of both, and receive him with acclamations. They are then introduced, under the charge of Claude, who has never been separated from his family, notwithstanding the wonderful difference of his position, to the mother, now the inmate of an almshouse, blind and poor; to Joe, the eldest brother, a worthy working man; to Sam, who has worked himself up into the fine position of a Board-schoolmaster; and to the only remaining sister, Melenda, a work-girl, and one of the most striking characters in the book. Melenda's fierce independence, her determination to resist every overture which could compromise that savage freedom—the foregone conclusion in her fiery soul that her visitors intend to patronise, to humiliate, and scorn her, and that their proffered kind-

ness is an insult—is drawn with the most unflinching force. The two ladies find her in the little hot and untidy room which she shares with two other workers of her own class, and where they sit from morning to night hard at work over the buttonhole-making by which they gain their living of elevenpence-halfpenny a-day, in all the squalor of want and ceaseless toil. Her two companions, both simpler and more flexible, are much disposed to yield to the sweetness of the visitors; but Melenda takes the visit of the problematical Polly as an injury, and firmly rejects all offers of friendship.

"Oh!" said Valentine, 'if you will only let us help you. We did not come here to pry upon you—not out of curiosity—oh, not out of curiosity! We came because we wanted to know our sister.'

"Now you know her then, you can go away again. I don't mind. You see what I am. Oh, I know what I'm like, and what Liz is like, and Lotty—only Lotty is different. Fine manners ours, ain't they? Go away and laugh at us.'

"Indeed there is nothing to laugh at," said Valentine.

"Then cry over us like her"—she meant Violet. 'I daresay she likes crying. If a girl had said half to me that I've said to her, I'd have had her hair out of her head!'

"You are cruel," said Violet. 'Is it our fault that Polly was taken from you?'

"Didn't say whose fault it was. It's no concern of mine. You've got my thimble, Liz. Where's your own?'"

This visit has an effect curiously different upon Valentine and Violet. The latter is overwhelmed with alarm and nervous misery, and shrinks in spite of all her resolution from further contact with the repellent and insulting girl who thus scorns her advances. But Valentine is inspired by what

revolts her sister; and presently, after a struggle with Lady Mildred, she is permitted to carry out the plan she has formed, which is that of settling in Ivy Lane, Hoxton, where the work-girls live, and thus becoming acquainted with the manner of their life, and, if possible, gaining the confidence of her supposed sister. Then it becomes apparent how careful Lady Mildred was in providing a guardian in the form of Claude for the girls whom she has brought up so strangely. Claude prepares a bower in the miserable lodging-house for the problematical Polly, where, with a good deal of humour, but no small trouble, she sets up her unaccustomed housekeeping, the first steps of which are amusing enough. "She proceeded to make her own breakfast. There was no milk, and she did not know where to get any more; there was no water, and she had to go down-stairs and fill her own kettle, and to lay her fire, and to brush up the stove, as well as to make her own bed and dust the room. These things were not hardships exactly," but they took away some of the attractions of the scheme. Valentine, however, in these new circumstances, is charming: she realises the fact that late dinner would be quite out of place, and at one o'clock she sets about preparing her mid-day meal. But a fearful difficulty at once arises.

"Valentine had the remains of her ham, and part of yesterday's loaf, but she had no potatoes. She spread her cloth, laid out these viands, which looked very much like lunch so far as they went. What about potatoes? If she wanted them she would have to buy them. Where should she go in search of potatoes? and how was she to buy them? Do they sell potatoes by the dozen, like eggs; or by the peck, like peas; or by the pound, like cherries; or by the pint, like beer; or

singly, like peaches? And how do you carry them home? Claude had forgotten one thing. He thought you could live in Hoxton without a basket for marketing. She had, it was true, an apron, but it was not one of those aprons which are designed for the carriage of things like potatoes."

In the end she decides to content herself with a simple luncheon, and eventually gets used to the situation, and surmounts these difficulties.

Meanwhile, living in the miserable tenement, every room in which is tenanted by its little group of toilers, one more hardly pressed and wretched than another, the young lady grows into a passion of indignation and righteous wrath against the taskmasters who grind this miserable population to the lowest penny on which life can be kept in. Mr Besant does not tell us how it is that the respectable Joe, and the triumphant Sam, whose consciousness of his own success is so profound, notwithstanding the passion of his Socialism, should not have been able to help their sister to work of a better paid and less laborious description. Domestic service she would have scorned, of course; but we cannot help thinking that the daughter of so capable a person as Mrs Monument, and the sister of brothers so respectable, ought to have been fit for something better than buttonhole-making. Mr Besant tells us that it is the fault of ladies who love bargains that the work-girls are so wretched; but this, considering that the buttonholes are made in male, not feminine, garments, seems a doubtful and uncalled-for statement. But he does not tell us why Melenda had not a chance of doing something better, as we think, considering all her antecedents, she ought to have had. One of her com-

panions, Lotty, the sick girl, whom the fierce creature loves and cherishes, for whom she is always ready to work to spare her aching back and failing eyes, is a touching figure; and nothing can be finer than the passionate regard of the social rebel, rejecting every kindness in her own person, for this failing and fading girl, whom she at last sees taken out of her hands by the more effectual ministrations of Valentine, with a keen and fierce anguish which appeals irresistibly to our sympathies. The rough girl becomes pathetic as she reluctantly assents to Lotty's removal for her own good to Valentine's room. "I tried to do for you, Lotty—I tried my best, I did," she exclaims, with almost tragic feeling. To have done everything of which one is capable for a loved friend, and then to have to consent that a new-comer, against whom one's whole soul rises in rebellion, can do more for her; to have her taken away, yet to know that whatever it costs to submit to it, it is for her good,—is indeed enough to try the highest nature. Melenda's final submission, when she can resist no longer, her defeat at every point by the determined and ever-watchful devotion of the young lady who proves herself more than a match for the untamed spirit, is done with great power and humorous perception.

Through these and many more encounters Valentine holds on her way with a spirit never daunted, though sometimes the miserable circumstances round her, but still more the injustice and oppression, the hopeless lot of the workers, the absence of any gleam of possibility in their career, the indifference of all the world—even their own flesh and blood, even the brothers and fathers who have

their trades-unions, and can help themselves more or less, but never help the girls in their struggle—makes her heart sink within her. Nothing can be more amusing and characteristic than her meetings with the parson (assistant priest, as he calls himself, who performs forlorn little services all by himself, but labours among his flock with endless devotion) and the doctor, who both most naturally fall in love with her. The passion of indignation and determination to help grows to such a white heat in her, that at last she suddenly seizes upon Claude—who is very sympathetic, and much interested, but ambitious, and determined to get to the height of his profession—and forces him, by her eloquence and passion, to pledge himself also to the wild but fine enterprise to which she devotes herself. Meanwhile, however, she receives a shock of sudden enlightenment which checks, yet afterwards redoubles, her energies. On one of her visits to the old blind mother in the almshouses, who has fully taken her to her heart as Polly, the blind woman strays into those recollections in which every mother indulges.

"Oh, my dear, it was a cruel, hard thing to part with you!—a hard thing it was."

"Why did you, then, mother?"

"It was for your own good, my dear; and her ladyship promised to give you a good bringing-up, which she's done, I'm sure. Besides, I couldn't bear to think of that pretty face brought to shame and tears."

"But why shame and tears, mother?"

"Well, dear, some time or other p'raps I'll tell you. Not to-night. I can't bear to talk of it, nor to think of it. But some day I'll tell you, because you're Polly."

"You were in trouble, were you, mother?" Valentine laid her hand

upon the blind woman's cheek. "Forget it—don't think about it."

"I won't, my dear. Well, when you went away, the house was dull and quiet, because Claude was a grave child always, and Melenda never had your pretty ways."

"Had I pretty ways? Oh, I'm afraid I have lost them. What a pity to grow up and lose one's pretty ways!"

"And curls all over your head you had."

"Had I? And now my hair is quite straight."

"And a dimple on your cheek you had."

"The dimple is gone too, I am afraid; gone away with the curls and the pretty ways. What becomes of all these things, and where do they go to?"

"And you had, besides, a little brown mark, a birth-mark, on your arm, just above your elbow. On your right arm it is, Polly, my dear. Oh, I remember it very well."

"This was enough for Valentine; the secret hitherto concealed from her was now clear. For, in fact, the dimple in the cheek, the curly hair which would not be brushed straight or lie down, the brown mark upon the arm, just above the elbow—not to speak, Valentine thought, of the pretty and caressing ways,—all these belonged, not to herself at all, but—to Violet!"

The shock of the discovery is great, but, nevertheless, Valentine goes on with the work which has now become her greatest interest, without change or faltering. No word ever escapes from her lips to show her consciousness that she is not the long-lost Polly; and her assiduous siege of Melenda, the triply defended fortress of whose heart she assails in every possible way, through the sick Lotty and the foolish Lizzy, and by every point at which there might be a crevice in the armour, is carried on without intermission, but still in vain—the only sign of yielding being a fiercer resistance and great-

er abuse than ever. At last, however, there comes a crisis in this indomitable girl's career. The foolish Lizzy, whose head is full of other things, has been careless of her buttonholes; and Melenda, who is responsible, is subjected, when she takes back the work to the shop, to a species of torture which is almost inconceivable. We cannot imagine that Mr Besant can either be mistaken or misinformed in so monstrous a description; but that such a remorseless piece of cruelty should be carried on under our very eyes in this charitable and pitiful age, makes the blood boil. Melenda, for the carelessness of the work, is "drilled,"—a thing familiar to the poor sisterhood, and borne with that stolid patience which contrasts so strongly with the hot temper and high spirits of girls of Melenda's class. The process of "drilling" seems this: that the girl bringing in work, and expecting to receive payment for it, and a further supply of material for the work of the next week, is made, should what she brings be considered unsatisfactory, to "stand aside and wait," which she has to do, knowing that if she leaves the place for a minute, she will be told on her return that the work has been given to somebody else, until it pleases the authorities of the shop to cease the persecution. Melenda has three days' "drilling"—that is, for three days she is compelled to stand, having no food but the scanty breakfast that girls in such employ can afford, from the time of opening till that of closing of the shop, with no food, no rest, no chance of doing anything to earn the next day's dinner. On the third day Valentine appears on the scene in a tempest of righteous wrath. After various efforts the excited girl seizes upon the Senior Partner, who is serenely passing,

unconscious of any such small matter, and pours out upon him in impassioned words the indignation of her soul. The young lady ceases to be Polly when she has to face this horrible force of petty cruelty. She points out to her astonished listener the abomination of the system under which an unhappy girl is made to suffer so much for a small fault. And between the impassioned critic and the employer, who, to do him justice, has had nothing to do with Melenda's torture, the conversation becomes animated.

"I am a daughter of Lady Mildred Eldridge," she said, instinctively getting at a weak place. 'Now, sir, will you please to tell me whether it is by your approval or by your orders that this girl has been ordered to stand here for three days, from half-past nine in the morning till seven at night, nearly ten hours each day, without being permitted to leave the place or to sit down for three whole days? To stand all day without food from nine until seven! Would you dare to use your own daughter so?'

"Really this is very—"

"For three days! Oh! Valentine was now so indignant that she said more than was wise. 'Do you understand at all what it means to stand for ten hours in one place? Do you understand what it is to go without food for a whole day? Do you know that she has been kept from the money owing to her all this time? You have, I suppose, the right to pay her starvation wages and to overwork her. Have you the right to torture her?'

"One moment, Miss Eldridge.' He called the clerk, and retired up the shop in conversation with him."

The consultation with the clerk results in a statement which, being half apology and half justification, naturally gives satisfaction in neither capacity; and Valentine's angry reply is met summarily by Melenda's dismissal. "At all

events, it shall not occur again with this girl. She shall receive whatever money may be owing to her, and she may go. We will strike her name off our books," said the senior partner. This startling conclusion brings the work-girl's impassioned advocate to herself with the shock of a catastrophe. She accompanies Melenda out of the shop with very uncomfortable feelings, anticipating nothing but further hostility from the girl to whom her interference has brought only harm. But here again she is mistaken.

"'You've got my work took from me, Valentine,' said Melenda, not ungraciously. 'Never mind, you gave it him hot. He didn't like it, though he bounced it off. There won't be much more drilling done there for a month or two. But, Lord! it isn't him you should blame. He don't know nothing about it.'"

It is a fine piece of insight on Mr Besant's part to make this the turning-point. As soon as Melenda has something to forgive, her proud spirit yields. In fact, this day's work is the beginning of a full understanding between the two girls, who, after all, are more capable of understanding each other than any of the softer spirits. When the rock has once been struck, the melting is rapid and effectual. The lion becomes a lamb, and under Valentine's hands Melenda is soon converted into a somewhat abashed but sensible young woman, ready to pursue what is really for the best advantage of herself and her kind. She is not half so interesting after her conversion; but that, of course, is not Mr Besant's fault.

It is after this great victory that a new interest, in which, perhaps, the strongest effects of the book are obtained, both in the tragic and in the comic vein, is

introduced. It is no longer the story of the poor work-girls in Ivy Lane, but a personal episode, a part of that human tragedy-comedy which it is the special function of all artists to expound. The father of Polly and the rest is supposed, during most of the story, to have been long dead; and he is understood to have been a fine workman and an honest man—a tradition particularly maintained by Joe, the elder brother, who, alone of the family could remember this domestic hero. However, in one of the long talks which passes between the blind mother and the girl whom she has so fondly recognised as Polly, the poor old woman relieves a long-burdened heart by confessing that her husband was no hero, but a convict, a forger and burglar of notorious reputation, who was dead indeed, but had died in prison only a few years before. From this revelation to the discovery that the man is still alive is but a step. By some means or other he finds out his wife at the almshouse, where she, contented and happy in her new-found daughter, is endeavouring to finish her life in peace. He does not disclose himself on his first visit, though the blind woman recognises his step, which she believes to be that of his ghost. His second visit takes place while Valentine is there—at least she makes her appearance while he is lurking outside.

"'Mother,' she said, taking the blind woman's hand, 'what is it? Oh, what is it?' For she connected the terror and the helpless hands with the strange man standing silent opposite to the door.

"'It's the dream come back. Oh, Polly, thank God you've come, my dear! It's the dreadful dream. I heard his step a fortnight ago, in the night, once—only once—upon the stones, and again I heard it just now

—once. My dear, my dear, I'm frightened out of my wits! Is it the dead come back to plague me?' "

"The step again?"

"Your father's step, my dear. And something there was in the room—I felt it,—something in the room. His ghost, most likely."

"Valentine turned upon the man a face so full of horror and loathing and shame, that it actually pierced him to the heart, though his conscience was long since seared with a hot iron, and twenty years of prison had only hardened him. Yet those eyes made him shiver, and he dropped his own."

"What a strange thing!" She kept her eyes upon the man as one keeps his eye upon a wild beast. "You are sure you heard his step?"

"Quite sure. As if I could ever forget his step!" The man smiled complacently. "I heard it on the boards, falling as soft as the step of a cat. And oh, Polly, thank God you've come!" she repeated, clinging to her daughter.

"Why, mother," she replied, in a strange voice and with burning cheeks, "he is dead long ago—five years ago." She held up a warning finger to the man. "Thank Heaven! the miserable wretched man died in his miserable wretched prison, where he deserved to die, and was buried in the prison churchyard, where he deserved to be buried, among the thieves and rogues, his companions! Don't tremble so, mother; he is dead. We have forgotten him and all his villainies."

The convict himself—with his pride in his own notoriety and distinction as the prince of burglars, his determination to urge his claims upon his family, and absolute indifference to any feeble plea of mercy or respect for their peace—is a wonderful being. His visits to Claude, when he takes possession of the helpless gentleman whose very heart sinks within him at the awful sight of this stealthy-footed criminal—his father! and who is helpless to keep him out, to refuse him anything, to get rid of him in any way, lest he should find

out Valentine and reveal to her the awful secret which she on her side is bribing the wretch to conceal from Claude—is a very remarkable piece of work, stronger and more effective perhaps than any other part of the book in its perfect horrible naturalness and human character. The villain is so vile and yet so comic—the struggles of the unfortunate young man so profoundly tragical, and yet so mingled with the farce of the clever ruffian's monologue and the triumph of his cunning, clever stratagems, and unscrupulous, remorseless tyranny—that all the benevolent schemes and fine enthusiasms of the previous story fade before this piece of tremendous life. The tragedy of the convict's end in the clutches of the poor old visionary whom he has ruined, is not in reality so deep tragedy as is his fiddling and drinking in poor Claude's chambers, in the plenitude of his power, and of the unhappy young man's helplessness. We have, however, lingered too long over the scenes which, after all, Mr Besant would no doubt prefer us to dwell upon, to do justice to this powerful picture. The end of the story tingles with marriage-bells. All embarrassments on the brother and sister question have been got over by the fact that Claude had found out even sooner than Valentine the facts of the case, and been persuaded from the first that she was not Polly. Violet, the shrinking and trembling artistic nature, whose repugnance to all contact with the family had been unmistakable from the first, is not severed, by being proved to be Polly, from the only mother she has known, and remains Lady Mildred's companion; while Valentine, who is obliged, we regret to say, almost, if not quite, to propose to Claude, sets out with

him upon the work to which she had pledged him before—a work which, vague indeed, but very great, it will probably be more difficult to accomplish than to anticipate, but of which we hope Mr Besant will some time give us further news.

Everybody knows by this time exactly the kind of highly delicate, fastidious, and elaborate workmanship which we have to expect when Mr Henry James draws forth¹ his finely polished point, and engraves his little picture in every possible variation of those subtle neutral tints which, though not so useful on a painter's palette, furnish by times very striking effects of black-and-white. His work reminds us of those heroes whom the American muse delights to place before us,—beings with the most exquisite manners, the utmost calm self-possession, the most perfect taste—and tastes—but for whom there seems no particular use in the world, except to pose as types of men. The novels of this remarkable writer are all most carefully studied. There is, perhaps (one feels), nothing in them that could not be backed by the authority of a living model, no incident that has not actually happened in some human combination or other. The scenery, the accessories, the costume and make-up, are all done from the life. But it is rarely that we can allow this admirable piece of composition to be what it represents itself. Some of his American pictures—the sketch of Daisy Miller, for instance, which was the first, we think, to give him fame in England—have an air of life and reality. But we have increasingly come to feel that this kind of work is, though of the highest

class, after all only art manufacture,—a sort of enamel, highly finished, but with so little of the actual in it that it has less real grasp upon our interest than many a daub which is a hundred miles below it in point of art. In the present work Mr James forsakes entirely his usual levels. It is not to society, either in America or in England, that he introduces us. Those fine details of the existence cultivated into physical, and sometimes also into intellectual perfection with which he is most familiar, are here laid aside. It is no longer his task to show us those subtle differences between *bon ton* in America and in England, which, with much impartiality, with a wonderfully clear sense of the deficiencies on his own side, yet a subdued superiority to those gentle stupidities which are part of the characteristic difference on ours, have hitherto been his favourite subject. He has torn himself from that ever-delightful comparison. It is no longer the fair American armed for conquest, subtly moved by the atmosphere which surrounds a lord, yet vindicating her ideal by making at the end another choice; or the fair Englishwoman of denser perceptions, who accepts American wealth only to divert it from its natural channels and bring back its advantages and delights to London—who is the subject of his pen. He has stepped aside into a very different field. London, but not the London he has hitherto known,—that London for which it is believed the accomplished American has conceived a visionary passion,—is the strange and novel scene which he has undertaken to unfold before us: the London of the outlying wastes, far from fame, pur-

¹ The Princess Casamassima. By Henry James. London: Macmillan & Co.

lieus of Islington and Paddington and Camberwell — widely spread in point of distance, but equally mean and grimy and poverty-stricken. The personages of the little drama are indeed of various ranks and places in the world. If there is, strictly speaking, a heroine at all, the honours of the position are divided between the Princess from whom the book takes its title and Millicent Henning, who is one of the young ladies in a great haberdasher's establishment in Buckingham Palace Road, probably very well known to the majority of readers. And the hero is a little bookbinder of the most doubtful parentage, a child of the streets. In the narrowest lanes and meanest little dwellings, in workmen's clubs and secret societies, the dressmaker's parlour and the showroom in the great shop—all the scenes are enacted. Not the wilds of Africa, certainly not the American backwoods, could be so strange or so little-known.

But if any one imagines that the novelist has changed his method on this account, he will be greatly mistaken. The emotions of a bookbinder require quite as prolonged and fine an analysis as if he were an American artist surrounded by *bric-a-brac*, or a genial, good-natured, slightly opaque lord. There is nothing at all opaque about Hyacinth. He is half French, half visionary English, with a suspicion of an aristocratic paternity, and a certainty of a miserable mother, whom he is taken to visit in prison, in a very effective scene, after many doubts and uncertainties on the part of Miss Pynsett, the gentle little dressmaker, who has been the good angel of his life. The convict mother has longed on her deathbed to see her child. The guardian angel would fain keep

him back, but moved by pity for the unhappy prisoner, and by the arguments of a philosophical fiddler, who is her friend and counsellor, grants the meeting. This is the key-note of the little subdued but profound tragedy. Hyacinth grows up full of musings and of self-consciousness, and when he reaches the critical moment of life, suddenly demands from his careful guardian an explanation of the scene, which he had never forgotten.

"He had come in from a walk: she was seated at her lamp, as usual, with her work, and she began to tell him of a letter that one of the lodgers had got, describing the manner in which his brother-in-law's shop had been rifled by burglars. He listened to her story, standing in front of her, and then, by way of response, he said to her: 'Who was that woman you took me to see ever so long ago?' The expression of her white face as she looked up at him, her fear of such an attack all dormant after so many years, her strange scared sick glance, was a thing he would never forget, any more than the tone, with her breath failing her, in which she repeated, 'That woman?'

"'That woman in the prison years ago—how old was I?—who was dying, and who kissed me so, as I have never been kissed, as I never shall be again! Who *was* she? who *was* she?' Poor Pinnie, to do her justice, had made, after she had recovered her breath, a gallant fight. It lasted a week; it was to leave her spent and sore for evermore, and before it was finished Anastasius Vetch had been called in. At his instance she retracted all the falsehoods with which she had tried to put him off, and she made at last a confession—a report which he had reason to believe was as complete as her knowledge. Hyacinth could never have told why the crisis occurred on such a day, why his question broke out at that particular moment. The strangeness of the matter to himself was that the germ of his curiosity should have developed so slowly; that the haunting wonder

which now, as he looked back, appeared to fill his whole childhood, should only, after so long an interval, have crept up to the air. It was only, of course, little by little that he had recovered his bearings in his new and more poignant consciousness—little by little that he reconstructed his antecedents, took the measure so far as was possible of his heredity. His having the courage to disinter in the 'Times,' in the reading-room of the British Museum, a report of his mother's trial for the murder of Lord Frederick Purvis, which was very copious, the affair having been quite a *cause célèbre*; his resolution, in sitting under that splendid dome, and with his head bent to hide his hot eyes, going through every syllable of the ghastly record, had been an achievement of comparatively recent years. . . . From the moment he began to consider the established facts, few as they were, and poor and hideous, he regarded himself irresistibly as the son of the recreant sacrificial Lord Frederick. He had no need to reason about it; all his nerves and pulses pleaded and testified. His mother had been a daughter of the wild French people; but, on the other hand, it took an English aristocrat—though a poor specimen apparently had to suffice—to account for him. This, with its further implications, became Hyacinth's article of faith: the reflection that he was a bastard involved in a remarkable manner the reflection that he was a gentleman."

Perhaps it needed an American to make this singular adaptation of the love of rank and birth supposed to be inherent in an Englishman. There is a certain *naïveté* about it which only republican institutions produce. An English writer who had given his unfortunate little hero this curious sense of pride in his birth, would have represented only a mean mind, degraded by his antecedents or surroundings, as capable of entertaining such a sentiment. But Mr James boldly introduces it into a very finely-drawn and attractive

character, with the full intention of making us understand that these fine instincts and delicate tastes, and all the mystic poetic nature of the lad, were transmitted through the dissipated young lord who died in so shameful and miserable a way. The discovery, and the musings that follow it, in which Hyacinth instinctively considers himself as something entirely above and beyond his natural condition, and, without any envy or baser feeling, appropriates to himself, in the youthful visionary way, all the fine things he sees in the streets and the Row, which occasionally he glances at on Sunday, are thus, we think, pervaded by a mistake. Other humble heroes have been endowed, by the most curious of all the accidents of birth, with these fine perceptions and that aristocracy of nature, without any attempted explanation of it. But his perfection as a most complete little gentleman, unconsciously jarred by all the vulgarisms of thought and untutored manners with which he is brought in contact—finding himself in harmony with the eccentric Lady Aurora, and the still more wonderful Princess, is represented here as a freemasonry which it is evident Mr James thinks only comes of race. How Hyacinth falls into the wild and strange abyss of revolutionary societies, and how—the poor little pot of earth among the vessels of iron—his sensitive tender nature is driven to the last tragic expedient of despair, though not without one dazzling wonderful interlude of an enchanted castle,—we need not attempt to trace. The story has one stronger thread, and comes to a more firm conclusion in respect to this one actor at least, than is usual in Mr James's work.

The two ladies in the book, with both of whom Hyacinth gets to terms of intimacy, are women animated by the same desire and overwhelmed by the same weariness of their own circumstances and surroundings. But they are otherwise very different. The Princess (whom we have met before in one of Mr James's earlier works) is a perfectly irresponsible, brilliant, sympathetic creature, whose desire for new and pleasurable sensations, or for an escape from the monotony inherent in every phase of life with which she gets acquainted, makes her career one series of caprices. It is not so much that she tires of the new circumstances and new friends with whom she insists on surrounding herself, as that she works them out, taking from them all they are capable of giving her by an elaborate exhaustive process, which makes her mistress in a short time of all the novelty and individuality which they possess. To say that she is beautiful, full of inexpressible fascination, and as proudly above every touch of scandal as she is daring in placing herself amid circumstances that make it possible, is a matter of course; but perhaps nothing quite so daring or quite so irresponsible has ever been put into print. The husband whom she has left, and whom she regards with a mixture of loathing when he is present and absolute indifference when he is absent, and who drifts two or three times across the scene, is moved, in the midst of his passion for her, with jealous terror lest she should compromise his name—but to no one else does such a catastrophe seem possible. There is one way, however, in which this fear might be justified, and that is in the Princess's relations with all sorts of conspirators and Nihilist

plots—the vast underground society which both she and poor Hyacinth, the victim of it, believe have undermined all existing institutions. The Princess "wanted to know the *people*, and know them intimately—the toilers and strugglers and sufferers—because she was convinced they were the most interesting portion of society." "I can't leave them alone," she says; "they press upon me, they haunt me, they fascinate me:" and she implores her fascinated friend, whom she has adopted into the closest intimacy, the little bookbinder, "to take me to the worst slums," with a delighted anticipation which has been sufficiently prevalent in "society" in recent days. She is, at the same time, a little annoyed and disappointed to find that she is not the first "noble lady" he has encountered being equally bent upon enjoying the absolute novelty of his first impressions, and on securing for herself a novel sensation through him.

The "noble lady," who is in reality the first whom Hyacinth has seen—the Lady Aurora Langrish (Mr James has really no intuition in respect to English aristocratic names: Purvis and Langrish are very poor shots), whose tall, awkward, faded, yet angelic figure he meets with suddenly at the bedside of an impossible and extremely disagreeable little bedridden girl of Dickensish origin, is devoured by the same passion as the Princess, though in her it is permanent, and full of the desire to help. Lady Aurora thinks that the poor—"the terribly, hopelessly poor"—with whom she is familiar, are a great deal more interesting than the members of her own class, who are to her much more hopelessly monotonous, *bornés*, and dull. "I'll tell you what my posi-

tion is, if you want to know," she exclaims; "it's the deadness of the grave!" and she gives the sympathetic but astonished book-binder, who finds his own class equally monotonous, narrow, and miserable, a sketch of her circumstances: one of seven unmarried daughters of a peer—unable even to work in the village near her house, save in concert with her sisters and "four more daughters at the vicarage," and finding a refuge for her soul in those same London slums after which Princess Casamassima sighs. Lady Aurora is struck with the great talents, the quick wit even, of her pauper friends, and thinks their conversation "really much more entertaining, to her at least, than what was usually heard in drawing-rooms." Hyacinth thinks that perhaps it may be so "when you go to the lowest depths," which he is conscious of not having sounded, and suggests that "charity exists in your nature as a kind of passion."

"'Yes, yes, it is a kind of passion,' her ladyship repeated eagerly, very thankful for the word. 'I don't know whether it's charity—I don't mean that. But whatever it is, it's a passion—it's my life—it's all I care for——' She hesitated a moment, as if there might be something indecent in the confession, or dangerous in the recipient; and then evidently she was mastered by the comfort of being able to justify herself for an eccentricity that had attracted notice, as well as by the luxury of discharging her soul of a long accumulation of timid, sacred sentiment. 'Already when I was fifteen years old, I wanted to sell all I had, and give to the poor. And ever since I have wanted to do something; it would seem as if my heart would break if I shouldn't be able!'"

These curious confidences coming from two members of the nobility, and having a very peculiar attraction in thus proceeding from

the very purple—are naturally startling to the little artisan, with his confused sense of belonging in his own person, though in so unsavoury a way, to the nobility too; and the whole story is so penetrated by this fine sense of the distinction between those two different kinds of clay, the porcelain and the delf, and the impossibility of amalgamating, conveying the finer qualities to the one, or the coarser to the other, notwithstanding the mutual admiration that may exist between them, that the book takes the character of a curious and elaborate study of a fundamental difference, only ignored to make it more interesting by the institutions and prejudices of the author's nationality. No Englishman could have written this. Mr James knows English society too well to be still overawed in his own person by the divinity that doth hedge a "nobleman." But it remains to him the most singular and attractive of studies. He cannot disengage his mind from it. He is penetrated by the reality of the difference—the something sacred, after all, which lies in the fact of noble blood (which, by the by, his Princess does not possess, though she assumes the fact that she is "a noble lady" with an instinctive splendour which is characteristically American too). We are not always thinking of this difference in the old aristocratic countries; but Mr James cannot get it out of his mind. Dukes, earls, marquises, cultivated Americans, and their respective families, belong to this sacred order—you cannot fail to recognise it through whatever drawbacks. Its instincts, its points of view, are entirely distinct from those of common clay.

One other thing seems to have penetrated Mr James's mind with a painful conviction, and that is

The impression which he must have received from his investigations in this respect is evidently so gloomy, that we hesitate to direct attention to it. "Going out with three or four others in a mackintosh," while "the rain drips, drips, drips from the trees in the big dull park, where my people live," gives us a shivering vista of observation into country-houses, where the unfortunate inhabitants in all probability were not half aware how dull they were. And the little prim unawakened English misses, all speaking in the same tone, and moving in the same step, and dressed in the same way, though physically fresh and fair enough, who glide through some of his other books, carry out the same idea. Here is a vignette of one of these young ladies, which expresses Mr James's general opinion of the young Englishwoman:—

"Hyacinth conversed mainly with one of the daughters, a very fine girl with a straight back and long arms, whose neck was encircled so tightly with a fur boa, that to look a little to one side, she was obliged to move her whole body. She had a handsome inanimate face, a beautiful voice, and the occasional command of a few short words. She asked Hyacinth with what pack he hunted, and whether he went in much for tennis; and she ate three muffins."

The daughter of the people, however, furnishes our novelist with a bigger subject; and there is nothing better in this book than Millicent Henning, the large, buxom, blooming shop-girl, with all her outrageous vulgarities and demonstrations, her immense vitality, her expansive flesh and blood, her violent instincts and expressions. She too is endowed with a noble appetite, and a general relish

trast delightfully with the paler colour of that noble dulness which Mr James has accentuated so strongly. The mere life and size of her, her intense self-satisfaction and self-admiration, her ceaseless activity of self-love, give a certain refreshment to the weaker nature of the artisan-aristocrat, to whom she gives a certain condescending affection. We are a little puzzled by Millicent's relations with the conventional Captain Sholto, though we feel certain that they do not go a step further than she is capable of withdrawing from at a moment's notice. Indeed there is not a word to be said in this respect against Mr James's revelations. He makes one huge mistake, we think, in representing his Lady Aurora, with her passion of humanity, as so attracted by the big, careless, intellectual clown, Paul Muniment, that the vulgar spectators round are justified in describing her as "in love with" him. But otherwise his discrimination is never at fault, and his Millicent is quite as safe, in the independent and careless virtue of her class, as if she were surrounded by all the precautions which the Princess has set at defiance. It is a greater achievement to place this glowing, blooming figure on the canvas, than it is to make the neat little sketches above referred to, so incisive and politely contemptuous of the English young lady as seen from outside.

To show the very acute and lifelike way in which Mr James can render some of those underground scenes which are less congenial to his genius, we may quote the following description of a workman's club playing at revolutionism. The darker secret proceedings which pass behind this veil of out-

side impotence, and which cost poor little Hyacinth his life, calmly sacrificed by his so-called friend Paul, are too melodramatic, and at the same too aimlessly tragic, to be commented on here. The very folly of them has a certain ring of possibility, and makes it appear possible that the tragic farce of Nihilism has really unfolded a glimpse of its insane senselessness to the writer's eyes.

"Paul Muniment had fits of silence while the others were talking; but on this occasion he had not opened his lips for half an hour. When he talked Hyacinth listened, almost holding his breath; and when he said nothing, Hyacinth watched him fixedly, listening to the others only through the medium of his candid countenance. . . . There was plenty of palaver at the 'Sun and Moon'; there were nights when a blast of imbecility seemed to blow over the place, and one felt ashamed to be associated with so much insistent ignorance and flat-faced vanity. Then every one, with two or three exceptions, made an ass of himself, thumping the table and repeating over some inane phrase, which appeared for the time to constitute the whole furniture of his mind. There were men who kept saying, 'Them was my words in the month of February last, and what I say I stick to—what I say I stick to;' and others who perpetually inquired of the company, 'And what the plague am I to do with seventeen shillings—with seventeen shillings? What am I to do with them? will ye tell me that?' an interrogation which, in truth, usually ended in eliciting a ribald reply. There were still others who remarked to satiety that if it was not done to-day it would have to be done to-morrow; and several who constantly proclaimed their opinion that the only way was to pull up the Park rails again—just to pluck them straight up. A little shoemaker with red eyes and a greyish face, whose appearance Hyacinth deplored, scarcely ever expressed himself but in the same form of words, 'Well, are we in earnest or ain't we in earnest?

That's the thing I want to know.' He was terribly in earnest himself, but this was almost the only way he had of showing it; and he had much in common, though they were always squabbling, with a large red-faced man of uncertain attributes and stertorous breathing, who was understood to know a good deal about dogs, had fat hands, and wore on his forefinger a big silver ring containing some one's hair—Hyacinth believed it to be that of a terrier snappish in life. He had always the same refrain—'Well, now, are we just starving, or ain't we just starving? I should like the vice of the company on that question.' When the tone fell as low as this, Paul Muniment held his peace, except that he whistled a little, leaning back with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the table."

Paul Muniment and his sister are the mistake of the book. Does Mr James really suppose that "a chemist's assistant," whatever that may be, of North-country independence, and in permanent work, would be so poor as to have candles brought by way of charity by Lady Aurora, to light up the strange little symposia which collect round his sister's bedside? This augurs an absence of knowledge singular in such a careful student. This book is Mr James's first illustration of purely English life. It is remarkable both in its perceptions and its mistakes—a most careful elaborate panorama, full of the finest observation, somehow marred by the fact that the aspects of things thus represented might be defined like one of the stories of our childhood, "How it Strikes a Stranger," and that the whole minute and conscientious picture is painted from the outside.

We have scarcely come down into the common world from Mr James's noble ladies and their strange pursuits, when we find ourselves introduced, as it were,

into the calm and stately gardens and consecrated places in which certain saintly personages walk and take their pleasure, as in Mr Shorthouse's great book, which seems to promise to be the one book of his which shall ever win fame. The present volume,¹ though it has a reminiscence in it of *Little Gidding* and its holy retirement, is not a great book. It is a soft and shadowy idyll done in the most subdued colours; a tale of religious self-renunciation and denial, and of those beautiful compensations of the spirit which lend almost too great an advantage over flesh and blood to privileged souls. It is in the secluded air and motionless calm of what is more like a monastic establishment than a ducal house that the scene is laid. We are still in the finest company, in the old mansion—almost a palace—of the old pair, whose subdued splendour and complete elevation above all the cares of the common world give them a sort of spiritual rank which seems involved in the external, as if the ducal coronet was the fit completion of such fine lives. The stately calm routine in which they live, with no excitements or vanities, driving the same round every day, fulfilling the same mild, partially imaginary duties, is carried on in a serene monotony quite above the ordinary level of mortal existence. If Mr Henry James cannot quite get the better of a certain awed curiosity peculiar to his race, in respect to our old nobility, Mr Shorthouse is profoundly imbued with the belief that an aged duke is indeed only a very little lower than the angels, and that the consecration of rank is next to that of the Church, and enhances the eccles-

iastical greatly when it is practicable to obtain the two together.

We pause to express a respectful wonder at Mr Shorthouse's adoption of a feminine personality in his latest work. We remember the description once made to ourselves by a venerable clergyman of some benevolent act in which, "I and two other ladies" had been engaged; but in that case the statement was rather due to a slip in language than to absolute selection of a *rôle* in life which our reverend friend was indeed very well fitted to fulfil. Mr Shorthouse, however, seems to share with Mr Anthony Trollope the conviction that young and lovely girls are the beings into whose minds and modes of thinking he is most thoroughly qualified to enter. That burly and manful romancer, however, though he worked up his *Lily Dales* and *Griselda Grantleys* with the greatest unction, still kept outside of these young ladies. Mr Shorthouse boldly adopts the maidenly gear and form and sweet little mincing phraseology of the slim and saintly maiden, very young, very devout, and full of all manner of holy dreams and aspirations, who is the niece and ward of the ducal pair, and their soft companion in all their aged talks and promenades. Constance Lisle is from the beginning a consecrated soul; she has nothing at all to do with human nature's daily food. Religious musings and revelations of mystic meaning, reduced by the subdued and chastened tone of everything about her into the vaguest elements of beatitude, are the sustenance of her ethereal being. The little church in the park, where she forms the whole of the congre-

¹ *Sir Percival: A Story of the Past and of the Present.* By J. H. Shorthouse. London: Macmillan & Co.

gration on saint days and festivals, under the ministrations of an equally exquisite and chosen soul—the half French and wholly mystic High Churchman, Mr de Lys—is the home of all her tenderest emotions. When she is supported in moments of great trial by special spiritual strength, it breathes upon her in something which is like the thrill of church bells in the air—a soft enthralling melody. She is, indeed, so completely the favourite of Heaven, that we feel towards this constant consolation some such sentiment as the classical sceptic—if there was such a being in these earliest ages—must have felt in respect to the frequent and meddlesome interference of the gods in Homer, snatching away a *protégé* out of sight, or enveloping him in a mist when the profane spear is about to touch him. The result of these unfailing consolations is that Constance is not permitted to feel at all: her sorrows are merely the vehicles to her of a more refined and celestial pleasure—which is scarcely fair to the other personages concerned.

The arrival of the inevitable lover in these silent shades where religion and rank aid each other to produce a hallowed calm, only disturbs in the slightest temporary way the quiet of the place; for Constance, instead of being at all moved out of her own atmosphere by the invasion of youth and love, at once prepares to lead Sir Percival into the realms of mystical romance by identifying him with the Sir Percival of the "Morte d'Arthur," and his quest of the Holy Grail. The young soldier's bewildered admiration for the saintly maiden, and docile following of her lead, though he but half understands it, is pretty enough; but the growing attachment, which is almost too mild and ethereal to

deserve this name, is summarily interrupted before it comes to anything by the sudden arrival of a young beauty out of the world—a girl of the period, Virginia Clare, who is agnostic in her belief, independent in her manners, and entirely regardless of the decorum of the solemn house. The appearance of this young lady is as nearly like the admittance of a little fresh air as is practicable in those hallowed shades; and even the author himself, though sadly shocked by her, brightens into a little humour under the stimulus of Virginia's bold talk. She has been discoursing at the dinner-table upon her faith, or rather want of faith—upon scio-theism, fetishism, and totemism, up to "the present state of intellectual shadow-worship," some of which she allows is "quite beautiful." The Duchess and the heroine and young Sir Percival are in different stages of anxiety and perplexity, wondering what the Duke will say to this astounding new gospel, preached under his very nose. Constance looks at him with alarm and apprehension.

"A look of trouble and anxiety was on the Duke's face, but it did not seem to me that it had anything to do with 'scio-theism,' or the worship of ancestral ghosts. There was a general appearance of uneasiness among the domestics at the Duke's end of the table. Something was wrong with the chablis. Mr Priest withdrew a few paces, and stood apart like some superior intelligence whose advice was not required at this particular juncture. Mr Giles advanced to the table, and with an air of quiet and unobtrusive rectitude which it would have been impossible to surpass, presented his Grace with a cork. The Duke took it—looked at one end for some moments very attentively; then he turned it round, and looked for the same length of time, and with equal care, at the other end. Then

It is inexplicable; but let it pass—let it pass. We will return to the ordinary and trivial occupations of life.' He turned to us, and evidently perceiving that Virginia was dominating the conversation, addressed himself to her. 'I beg your pardon, Virginia—you were saying—?' The effect was irresistible."

This is about the only occasion for a laugh that occurs amid all those pompous shadows, and it is a mild one. The dreadful turning-point of the tale comes shortly after, when Sir Percival, carried entirely out of his boyish reverential sympathy for the saintly cousin by the beauty and vivacity of the worldly one, elects to remain with Virginia on the sunny lawn where she is reclining, in all the sweetness of the morning, reading Shelley, instead of going to church with Constance. The consecrated maiden leaves them in the bright scene, which indeed is put very prettily on the canvas, and passes out through the garden door into a changed world, leaving the visions of youth behind her. There is a delicate pang of half-real desertion and forlorn solitude as she goes away, but immediately an "inexpressible, sweet, and delicate melody penetrated my sense. I was about to say that the air was full of the sound of church bells, but in saying this I should have been altogether wrong. There was no perceptible sense of hearing, but a perception of melody in the mind which was independent of the ear." It can scarcely be expected that the recipient of these celestial impressions should be very much moved by the loss of her lover.

We do not know if it is Mr Shorthouse's intention to present the high-spirited but rather

reality filled with a much more helpful and generous humanity than the pietist; but this is the impression which he seems to convey. Virginia, after taking the lover from her cousin without any particular desire for the article, makes a quite quixotic and unnecessary rush to the cottage of a woman supposed to be dying of a mysterious epidemic, without help. Nothing can be more uncalled-for than this impetuous movement, or more unreal than the tropical miasma, so unlike an English village, in which the scent of tall white lilies is made, in some mystic way, to represent a baleful influence; but it answers its purpose in immediately conveying the deadly but incomprehensible infection to the charitable visitor, who, so far as we can make out, remains only a few minutes with the sick woman, and is of no use whatever. While Virginia is in the bedroom alone, Constance waits for her down-stairs, and the following scene is enacted:—

"I had not sat many minutes when some one knocked at the door. In answer to my invitation to enter, the door opened, and a nice-looking, respectable girl entered. She appeared to have heard something about our visit to the village, and to be rather surprised and embarrassed. 'I came to see after my aunt, Mrs Wilde,' she said. She was very quietly and suitably dressed, but was covered with dust, and seemed ready to drop with fatigue. 'You seem very tired,' I said. 'Will you sit down and let me get you some water. I think there is some in the inner room.' She really was not able to do anything else. I fetched her some water, which I had seen through the open door, and she drank eagerly. 'I am Miss Lisle,' I said. 'I live at Kingswood. Miss Clare, the Duke's niece, heard this morning that your aunt was ill, and

that there was no one to nurse her. She insisted on coming down to see after her. She is up-stairs with her now.' The young woman seemed very much astonished. 'The Duke's niece!' she said. 'I have seen you, Miss Lisle, at church, when I have been there with my aunt.' 'How did you hear that your aunt was ill?' said I. 'My uncle comes over to Brisport on his work,' said she. 'This morning he had a letter telling him. I was out of service. I set out at once and walked over. It is fifteen miles, and it was very hot.' 'Will you have any more water? I do not know that I can get you anything else.'

There is no reason to suppose that Mr Shorthouse is anything but in earnest in this curiously childish scene, which is so far true to nature that the mission of the two young ladies is proved to be an entirely needless and fatuous interruption of the sensible order of daily affairs. That the "nice-looking girl" should have walked fifteen miles in these days is, however, about as impossible as that any rational being, especially an expert, who announces herself as having "taken lessons at the hospital at Charing Cross," should have sent a new-comer in such an exhausted condition into the fever-chamber, in which, in five minutes or so, the heroic young lady has got her own death. Constance Lisle, however, is naturally above all such considerations; and as Mr Shorthouse is Constance Lisle for the nonce, his better knowledge is evidently of no use to him. He no doubt felt it to be in character with the personality he had assumed that the whole affair should be conducted with a saintly imbecility. The agnostic ought to have had a little more sense, however; but as she had to be murdered, this insane enterprise was evidently thought to be a heroic expedient. Virginia, of course, catches the fever and

dies, the ethereal Constance solacing her own soul in the mean time by reading Mrs Hemans's poem—"of which I was very fond"—"Music at a Deathbed," which she is good enough to copy out and print for us, that we may share her admiration of its beautiful sentiments.

Let not the reader, however, suppose that, the rival being removed, this gentle creature is to be made happy in the vulgar and commonplace way. That would be a poor conclusion indeed. Her action, however, in refusing Sir Percival when he is brought back to her by the combined influence of the ducal and other old ladies, is much the most sensible thing she does. She declines to marry him, feeling that so much love as he had to bestow had been given to Virginia; and the young man goes off, considerably relieved in his mind, to Africa. The catastrophe which ends the book is his murder far inland, along with a kidnapped bishop whom he has been sent to rescue. The incident of the Communion service, which the bishop, totally unsympathetic and indifferent to the loss of the young man's life, but delighted that some one has been sent to make that last ceremonial possible, celebrates with three blades of grass to serve for the holy elements, touches upon the profane. Martyrdom, we all know, can be made to look ridiculous; but to attach a shade of possible absurdity to the most sacred mysteries of religion is a step too much. Overstrained and fictitious sentiment could no further go; and we feel a shock of that irreverence which is the fatal shadow of pietism when we learn that in this way Constance considers her knight to have found the Holy Grail.

Mr Shorthouse has produced one remarkable book, and the im-

this childish production to a great number of readers. But it is a kind of insult to the public, which has been so warmly appreciative of his efforts, to present them with such a mystic piece of false sentiment and monkish religiousness as this. If the modesty of nature is not to be respected in other matters, it should at least preserve the courts of heaven from such an invasion.

It is curious, descending from the rarefied air which alone is fit to be breathed by Mr Shorthouse's dukes and duchesses, and which so entirely separates them from the common sort, to contrast that fine sphere—and Mr Henry James's refined discrimination of the innate aristocratical sense which makes such a difference between the noble and the plebeian, and distinguishes even the illegitimate and untrained offspring of a noble lord—with Mr Besant's sturdier world, in which the shrinking hyper-refinement and sensibility to all jars is allotted to the washerwoman's daughter, while the lady of high degree is equal to all encounters. Is this, however, a subtle compliment to the aristocratic element too?

We are freed from all questions of social difficulty by the easier level on which we find ourselves in Mr Norris's book¹—the level of ordinary society,—the familiar English country-house and London drawing-room, without either the sanctity of dukedom or the eccentricity of an exceptional and mysterious life. In 'A Bachelor's Blunder' Mr Norris has not given us anything particularly new. The heroine is a young lady, whose father—how imprudent are these fathers in fiction!—has taken shares in a company with unlim-

unately for him, though not for his heiress, does not affect him personally—the company in question being solvent up to the date of his decease. As the said father has extended his imprudence to the extent of allowing his estates to remain entailed—it being the impression of all novel-readers that an entail is eternal and irrevocable—this event makes his daughter absolutely penniless, and dependent on her uncle, the heir of entail—a member of Parliament, and a very good fellow. Her career in her disappointed and fallen condition as heiress no longer has now to be decided by three powers: the uncle aforesaid; his wife, a lady whose chief object in life is to obtain good marriages for all young ladies in her charge, including in this case her own two daughters; and our luckless heroine, Hope Lefroy herself. The young lady combines with a will of her own a fair talent as an artist, and she sets out with a strong hope of turning this to account and attaining independence for herself. By the time this hope has begun to appear problematical, another personage of importance, a sincere though not an effusive admirer, or rather friend, one Dick Herbert, comes in, in whom the forlorn girl finds considerable support and sympathy. On finding that her artistic ambition is not likely to be realised, Hope consents to marry this eccentric but agreeable person on the distinct understanding that love has nothing to do with the arrangement. The proposal is first accepted conditionally should Hope find difficulties in her way to success as an artist. When she has finally admitted that her chance is

¹ A Bachelor's Blunder. By W. E. Norris. London: Richard Bentley & Son.

hopeless, Herbert returns to the charge:—

"'Now, about the alternative suggestion that I have made to you—have you thought any more about it?'"

"'Of course I have thought of it,' Hope answered slowly.

"'And you don't much fancy it?'"

"'I hardly know what to say. I can't feel about marriage as you and everybody else seem to feel. Mr Herbert, do you think we *ought* to marry, not caring in the least for one another?'"

"'The case is not quite so bad as that, is it? Our understanding was that it wouldn't be a love-match. Surely that does not exclude affection?'"

"'That passing sensation of wonder and resentment which Hope had felt once before swept over her again, as she raised her eyes to his frank good-tempered face. She did not wish him to be in love with her; but at the same time it was a little strange and a little unflattering that he should be so entirely free from any idea of such a thing. 'It does not exclude affection, of course,' she agreed, 'only sometimes I am afraid; but perhaps I may be mistaken. If you are content to have it so, I am.'"

"'That's all right; then we'll consider it settled,' said he, with a cheerful air of relief."

Everything that follows in the married life of these two eccentricities is dependent on this. They live together for a year very comfortably with moderate satisfaction upon these terms, neither of them finding out the other's

secret. In this point Mr Norris taxes our credulity in rather an extreme way. Here we have husband and wife, in a lonely country-house, with only the company of a rather disagreeable sister of Dick's, the wife loving her husband, the husband loving his wife, and the life in the house as cold and stiff as if the marriage had been in truth what it had seemed to many to be, a *mariage de convenance*. This is very difficult to understand. And it is still more difficult to know by what rules of character or duty the husband's action in leaving his wife summarily when he thinks her in real moral danger can be defended. This is more than a bachelor's blunder. It is beyond the range of practically expedients which are within a novelist's power. Mr Norris is one of the most hopeful of the younger writers of fiction, and he ought to take heed to his steps. Dick's conduct is entirely indefensible from every point of view.

The novels we have selected for this brief survey are all written by men. It would be unjust to the other half of the creation to say that we could not find others equally worthy of consideration from feminine pens; but space at present forbids the addition. The novel-reader, who is so important a member of the public, is to be congratulated in having so many capable minds working for his entertainment and instruction.

CONFEDERATION—THE SOLVENT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

THE abduction and abdication of Prince Alexander startled Western Europe into fresh anxiety as to the Eastern question, and led to a series of acts on the part of Russia which have had one great unintended effect. They have proved the existence of a deep-rooted and widespread desire in the States of South-Eastern Europe for such united action as shall give them strength sufficient to keep themselves independent of all foreign domination.

If the matter is thought out, there seems no valid reason that the district of Europe which comprises Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Greece, and what is left of European Turkey, with a warlike population approaching 20 million souls, must necessarily be a subject possession either of the Sultan or of the Czar. There is an obvious *petitio principii* in the argument that has lately been advanced, that "because the Turk has steadily refused, what a strong and wise Government at Constantinople would have done, to promote the formation of strong independent Balkan States, therefore these States are to be first Russianised, and eventually absorbed by Russia."

A somewhat new school has arisen this summer in England, reviving the old argument that British interests have nothing now to fear from the presence of Russia at Constantinople. But is it a fact that the Russian is the only alternative to the Turk? Certainly among the peoples of South-Eastern Europe this opinion does not hold its ground. We see that a

newspaper is started in Bucharest, under the title of the 'The Confederation of the Balkan Nations,' which will be edited by prominent authors from the three Danubian States, and will be printed in the Roumanian, Bulgarian, and Servian languages. There is a party in Bulgaria eager to persuade the Sobranje to elect King Milan of Roumania Prince of Bulgaria, as being a real step towards the union of these two States. And the feeling has already spread further. M. Philemon, the President of the Athens Municipal Council, was recently at Bucharest, and there addressed a letter to the "Romanul," in which he said—"The Hellenic race can have no greater guarantee than that of having her frontiers on the north defended by a brave people, by a State well organised and *jealous of its independence.*" This is said of Roumania, that did not enjoy independence until 1878. There is much more evidence of a similar kind, all pointing to a political *rapprochement* of all those quondam provinces of Turkey. These various peoples are eager individually to prevent all foreign interference in their affairs; and, collectively, they are possessed of the same determination. But they see that their individual desires can only be secured by collective action or union. They are in precisely reverse case to Canada or Australia. The five million Canadians know that their union with the British empire gives them absolute immunity from invasion or interference by the 60 millions in the United States. The three million Australians know that by

their union with the British empire neither 36 million French nor 40 million Germans can violate or annex any portion of the soil of Australia. But the five millions in Roumania, the two millions in Serbia, and the two millions in Bulgaria, are conscious that at any moment they may individually fall a prey to any of the great Powers. On the map Roumania resembles a mere hapless portion of the fringe of Russia, while Serbia seems actually to belong to the Austrian empire; and with Russia at Varna, and Austria at Salonica, the hopes of these nationalities would be inevitably crushed. Yet there are in these anomalous States of South-Eastern Europe altogether ten million inhabitants, and already, on a war footing, they are capable of putting into the field a joint army of four hundred thousand men.

Roumania knows how she lay absolutely at the mercy of Russia in the Russo-Turkish war; and Serbia has felt the spur of immigrant officers and soldiers, and experienced how rapidly Russian emissaries can supplant Servians in the control of affairs. These States are well aware of what has happened all along the ever-advancing Russian frontier. First of all, some Mohammedan province has its liberty and independence guaranteed. In a year or two it finds itself a province of Russia. On the north of the Black Sea the Treaty of "Nissa" declares the two Kabarda districts liberated from the yoke of the foreigner by the magnanimous Czar. In the year 1774 these two districts are incorporated by Russia, by the Treaty of Kaimardji, which declares the Crimea to be liberated. In the year 1791 the Crimea becomes absorbed into Russia.

On the European side, however,

this "State-grabbing" destiny of Russia has received a fatal check,—due to the action partly of the inhabitants themselves, and partly of interested foreign Governments. The spirit of defiant national independence has worked with effect in Serbia and in Roumania, and is now rearing its head in Bulgaria; and it is a spirit which will be fostered and supported by the neighbouring German Powers and also by the other European Powers.

Of these Danubian Principalities Mr Freeman has written—"We see in them a transitional state of things, which diplomacy fondly believes to be an eternal settlement of an eternal question, but of which reason and history can say only that we know not what a day may bring forth." Strange indeed and startling, from time to time, have been the births of a day in this Eastern corner of Europe; and even now the air is surcharged with rumours of revolts and plots and wars, paralysing in the extreme to all industrial and commercial advance.

And yet if we look beneath the surface of passing events we cannot fail to recognise two stormy and at times violent undercurrents. The one is that of Russian ambition. Turn where we will in the Balkan Peninsula, we find this undercurrent, steady and strong, ever setting in one definite direction. The power of the Turk is undermined by giving to his provinces, one after another, Home Rule, with the unvarying result that political separation immediately follows. Mr Gladstone, curiously enough, avoided all reference to these cases when he told the House of Commons that the "last half-century is peculiarly rich in its experience of cases to show how practicable it is to bring

into existence local autonomy, and yet not sacrifice but confirm imperial unity."

This undercurrent of political activity on the part of Russia is not of very old standing; and yet in half a century its results are visible in the fact that the greater part of what was European Turkey at the beginning of this century is now in the hands of Russia, or of *quasi* independent Powers. Successive grants of self-government to Roumania, Servia, and Bulgaria, we used to be told, were "mere conduits for the desires and designs of a foreign despotism," although Mr Freeman defined the "administrative autonomy" that was granted with so free a hand at the Berlin Conference to be "a half-way house between bondage and freedom." But the bald results must be borne in mind.

In 1839, not fifty years ago, Greece broke free of the Turkish yoke. Meanwhile the Romance States, between Hungary, Russia, and the Danube, became so far emancipated that the Porte exercised no further right than to receive tribute and to designate and depose ruling princes. Servia, the remnant of an ancient Slav State, all this time paid tribute, and maintained Turkish garrisons in certain of its cities. But in 1867 these garrisons were finally withdrawn.

In 1878, not ten years ago, a flood of change passed over the land. Roumania was made independent, with the addition of the district of Dobrutcha, giving coastline and ports on the Black Sea. Servia was declared independent, and her territory increased. Bulgaria was erected into a Principality, in practical independence. The country to the south, between the new Bulgaria and the Balkans,

was given "administrative autonomy," and entitled Eastern Roumelia. More recently, this province has joined itself, for better for worse, to Bulgaria.

These are the bald facts on the surface. And it is well to remember that Roumania, which is the buffer State between the other Danubian Principalities and Russia, is Latin in race and language. Next to it comes Bulgaria, in blood and tongue a mixture of Slav and Turanian. Beyond this to the west is Servia, of which Freeman writes: "The Servian people, the unmixed Slavs—as unmixed, that is, as any nation can be, . . . made a longer resistance to the Turks than the Bulgarian people: they were the first to throw off his yoke; one part of them never submitted to his yoke at all." To the south we have "Macedonia and Thrace," where Greeks and Turks chiefly face one another; but where Home Rule has not as yet stepped in and led to separation.

It is interesting to remember that these bald results of the century have a long run of precedents in previous centuries. The distinct races of the peninsula have been from time immemorial antagonistic in the extreme, and have been from time to time subdued by alien conquerors, chiefly because of their domestic divisions and jealousies. So long ago as the year 970 A.D., the *Russian* leader Sviatoslaf overran the Bulgarian kingdom, and actually occupied Philippopolis. In 1346 the Servians, under their Czar Stephen, established an empire that practically included all the lands from the Danube to the sea. Afterwards the Turks entered into possession. And now one main political undercurrent of the peninsula is the determined and

persistent endeavour of Russia to supplant and succeed to the Turk.

But on sundry occasions, and especially in this recent ebullition in Bulgaria, another and second undercurrent has given proof of great and growing power. Administrative autonomy may be the half-way house between bondage to the Turk and national freedom. But when it is extorted by the hand of Russia the fear at once grows strong that after all it may prove to be but the half-way house between bondage to the Sultan and bondage to the Czar. At all events this is the conviction which is laying firm hold of the hearts and heads of the natives of the Danubian Principalities.

These peoples number ten million souls, already independent, and there are ten million others, mostly of their kith and kin, who may in time to come find themselves separated from the Turkish dominion. Will these peoples recognise the teachings of history, and see that their only weakness lies in their dissensions; and that none can place them in bondage if they will but unite for the one great purpose of resisting all foreign interference or domination? Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, Montenegro, and Greece might to-morrow join hands in an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the view to resisting all outside pressure or interference. There is no reason why such an alliance should not secure the goodwill both of Austria and the Porte. It is significant to note that the Czar sends messages of a peremptory character to the Bulgarians, in the name of the "Sovereign Emperor," and offers to Bulgaria his "*bounteously loving protection*;" and his agent holds cautious language;—"Russia never thought of enslaving Bulgaria,

she desires only to see the Principality develop, and it is only by *leaning trustingly on Russia as an elder brother* that Bulgaria can solve the question which agitates her internally, and exposes her to danger from the outside;" and then calls upon the Bulgarians to act with blind full confidence upon the advice, or rather the specific instructions, given by Russia. Austria-Hungary, on the other hand, exhibits an entirely different spirit. The Hungarian Minister Tisza used very significant and carefully weighed words: "Austria-Hungary must concentrate its whole endeavours and all its influence with a view to promote the independent development of these States, and to *prevent the establishment of a protectorate* not provided by treaties, or the permanent influence of any single foreign Power there." Such a confederation would not offend any European Power or Powers, except such as have it at heart to gain absolute dominion over these States. It is, indeed, probable that Europe would look with complacency on the meeting of these States in Constantinople itself, under the hegemony of Turkey, for the purpose of consulting in common over the mutual defence.

But even without the actual headship of Turkey, although no doubt with the warm support both of Turkey and of Austria, these abnormally independent States might at once enter upon an offensive and defensive alliance. Other interests and responsibilities and claims would no doubt arise. Conferences might follow, and even some form of common parliament for affairs common to all gradually be developed. The liberty and independence of these States can only

be secured by their union; and this would find firm foundations in a supreme parliament in which all the component States would be duly represented, and in which specific common affairs would alone be dealt with, while each State could retain full individual autonomy in all other matters. Among other points, in these new United States there must be no interference whatever with the religion and the language of each State.

The English people would certainly rejoice to see such a conscious and spontaneous and popular desire for that union which is strength, establish in these troubled regions a strong confederation. A union of Roumania, Servia, Bulgaria, and Montenegro for certain, with the possible adhesion of Greece and the contingent adhesion of the remaining European provinces of Turkey, could thus be formed for the one defined purpose of binding

each and all to assist to repel any attempts at interference and invasion on the part of foreign Powers. Such a confederate union would do more than repel outside interference, and preserve to these States their civil, political, and religious liberties; for it would, if it came into existence, effectually banish those mutual jealousies and local greeds which, on occasion, have led some outsiders to the opinion that the family of States in the Balkan Peninsula most resembles a family of mutually watchful tigers. A Brotherhood in the sacred cause of self-defence and independence offers those bonds of amity and co-operation which cannot fail to achieve incalculable good for the peoples concerned, and it would give to this eternal Eastern question, at all events, a long respite from its eternal troubles.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

THE SCOTLAND OF MARY STUART.

NO. IV.

POLITICS AND RELIGION.

FROM the brief survey of Scottish literature which I have attempted to give in a previous paper, it sufficiently appeared that long before William Maitland was born, the great and independent tribes which occupied the country to the north of the river Tweed had been brought into organic union. We are apt to misjudge and misunderstand the forces that form a nation. There is nothing more certain, however, than the proposition which most students of history are now prepared to accept,—that a community does not rise to any true corporate life until, so to speak, it has been “baptised in fire.” The iron must be red-hot before it will fuse; and a severe education, a hard experience, is needed to weld a nation together. By common sufferings and by common triumphs the Scots had bought the right to be a people. Their apprenticeship had been served in a rough school; but it had taught them the lesson which it was designed to teach. Cohesion had been given to the national life. A true identity had been established. Patriotism had become a virtue. A vivid sense of their essential unity pervaded the whole society. They were “Scots”—high and low, rich and poor, peer and peasant, members of the same family. The feeling had grown stronger and deeper during centuries of strenuous conflict with a foe whose resources were vastly superior. The constant strain had never been relaxed; no breathing-space in which to recruit their

strength had been given them; year after year the miserable and exhausting conflict had been renewed.

Up to the thirteenth century the conduct of the English kings was fairly justifiable. The advantages of union to either people could not be overrated. It was obviously a matter of the first importance that the whole island, from John o’ Groat’s to the Land’s End, should be under one ruler. The existence of an alien and hostile people across the Border was a constant menace; and the English were naturally inclined to maintain, by fair argument or foul, that neither in law nor in fact did such a people exist. But the War of Independence should have opened their eyes. Edward and his successors continued to insist on a technical plea;—they would not recognise the unquestionable fact that, whatever might have been the rights and wrongs of the past, Scotland was now a separate kingdom, and the Scots a distinct people. Whoever has read the letter which the Scottish nobles addressed to the Pope in 1317, must acknowledge that the English pretensions had ceased to be tenable, and, in ceasing to be tenable, had become criminal and foolish. That letter—written in uncouth monkish Latin, which is yet unable to chill the fire and fervour of its patriotism—establishes beyond the shadow of doubt that, before the close of the thirteenth century, Scottish nationality was an accomplished fact. “From these evils innumerable,

health, we were freed by our most gallant Prince, King, and Lord, our Lord Robert, who, to rescue his people and heritage from the hands of enemies, like a later Maccabeus or Joshua, endured toil and weariness, hunger and danger, with cheerful mind; to whom (as to him by whom deliverance has been wrought for our people) we, for the defence of our liberty, are bound, both by right and by his deserts, and are determined in all things to adhere; but if he were to desist from what he has begun, wishing to subject us and our kingdom to the King of England and the English, we would immediately expel him as an enemy, and the subverter of his own rights and ours, and make another king who should be able to defend us. For so long as a hundred remain alive, we never will, in any degree, be subject to the dominion of the English. Since not for glory, riches, or honour, we fight, but for liberty only, which no good man loses but with his life."¹

The English kings never renounced the claim. It was seriously insisted on by Henry VIII. after the rout at Solway Moss; it was a weapon that Cecil kept in reserve, and which he liked to play with (if only in the closet) when occasion served. For the Iliad of woes of which it was the origin the English kings are solely responsible. Had they been content to waive a claim which they could not enforce, the bitter hostility between the "auld enemies" would have gradually abated. The memory of old wrongs could not have kept asunder those whom nature had joined, and three cen-

tish patriotism, no doubt, was fanned into a fiercer flame; but in all other respects the fruit was evil,—apples of Sodom, grapes of Gomorrah. The character of the nation deteriorated. It may be said without exaggeration that, before the struggle had ended, the only organised life left in Scotland was the intense patriotic feeling. All the other ligaments that unite society were broken. The land was turned into a cock-pit, and the nation into an army, which was decimated as systematically as soldiers on active service are decimated. Hardly a man died in his bed. The great nobles, if they were not executed on the scaffold, fell on the battle-field. One generation followed another,—Stuart, Douglas, Hamilton, Home, Scott, dying in turn a violent death. It is a chronicle of blood,—two hundred years of unprofitable and wicked slaughter. The monotony of the story, indeed, is as wearisome as its vileness. Patriotism itself cannot touch with a semblance of nobleness the raids of Border ruffians; and the chivalry of Otterburn is but a fiction of the poet. Like a pack of the wild animals that were still found in their forests, the "gaunt and hungry nobles" of Scotland hung upon the flanks of their richer neighbours—turning fiercely at intervals to worry one another. The memorable words of Hobbes may be applied, indeed, with eminent fitness to the Scottish anarchy of which Edward was the author: "In such condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth;

¹ Non enim propter gloriam diucias aut honores pugnamus, sed propter libertatem solummodo quam Nemo bonus nisi simul cum vita amittit.

no navigation, nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea; no commodious building; no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society; and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short."¹

When James the Fourth was on the throne, a truce was concluded which lasted for several years. The progress in art and letters, in agriculture and commerce, during this comparatively brief pause, was astonishing. But for the vain-glorious folly of the King, it might have been the beginning of the end. The Stuarts, from first to last, were an unfortunate—in some respects an unaccountably unfortunate—race. Brave, frank, witty, versatile, energetic, they were ready, with a sort of plebeian audacity, to welcome good or evil fortune. They had little pride of station,—they were men and women who laughed with the keenest zest over the humours of the market-place, and who did not care to don the mask which custom prescribes when a king mixes with the crowd. Under immense difficulties—in a light, inconsequent, irrelevant style—they did a good deal for Scotland. For a few years in the maturity of his powers, each of the Jameses had been King and Ruler: but they were short-lived; and during a succession of protracted minorities the anarchical aristocracy recovered the power of which it had been temporarily shorn.² This was an accident; but the Stuart character was itself at fault. Somewhere in the metal there was a flaw. Infirm of tem-

per, they could not bear a protracted strain; impatient of opposition, they could not play a waiting game. To form a far-reaching design, to mature it in silence, and to cling to it to the end, was a line of policy which a Stuart might approve in his heart, but which he could not follow. They were at once obstinate and facile,—never more so than when James, in spite of warning and portent, cast away his crown upon the field of Flodden.

Flodden was fought in 1513, and during the forty intervening years little had been done by English statesmen to soothe the jealous susceptibilities of the northern people, or to smooth the way to union. The old enemies continued to hate each other with the old cordiality. But the Scots now stood mainly on the defensive.—the lesson which they had been taught at Flodden not having been forgotten. Once—on the death of James the Fifth—it appeared possible that a lasting peace might be cemented; but the chance passed away, and the "tragedies" that followed drove the nation wild. The customary atrocities were renewed with fresh vigour. No English king, since Edward, had been hated as Henry came to be hated.

It has been urged, indeed, that Henry's "rough wooing" was justified by the mendacity and treachery of the Scots. An attentive study of Sadler's despatches to the English Court, and other contemporary records, tends, I think, to qualify this judgment.

Sadler had been sent to bring about the marriage between the infant Mary and the youthful

¹ *Leviathan*, chap. xiii.

² Robert Birrel, an Edinburgh burgess, begins his "*Diarey*" with these words,—"There has been in this kingdom of Scotland ane hundred and fyve kings, of whilk there was slaine fyftie-six."

Edward, which was designed to secure a definite and lasting union. It was the early spring of 1543; James the Fifth had died of a broken heart at Falkland,—the favourite hunting-seat of royalty, where was that "broad-horned species of stags" which Buchanan describes,—on the 14th of the previous December; the Douglasses, Angus and his brother Sir George, had returned from their long exile, along with the Lords who had been taken at Solway Moss; the widowed Queen with her infant daughter was at Linlithgow; the great Cardinal, who had been foiled in his attempt to secure the office which James had probably intended that he should fill, was under a cloud; and Arran—the weak and facile Hamilton, "altered by every man's flattery and fair speech"—was Governor of the kingdom. At the moment the balance inclined to England; Sadler was sanguine; but it soon became clear that the conditions formulated by Henry—proceeding upon the implied claim of superiority which the Scots had persistently and obstinately denied—were entirely inadmissible, and would never be conceded by the people.

In the garden at Holyrood Sadler found the Governor, who, after a brief interview, bade Sir George Douglas convey him to his lodging. Sir George—one of the "English pensioners," as Bothwell offensively called them—was friendly, but frank. He declared that the Estates would not consent to send the infant Mary to England, and he pled for patient delay and gentle dealing. "If there be any motion now to take the Governor from his state, and to bring the government of this realm to the King of England, I assure you it is impossible to be done at this time. For," he continued, "there

is not so little a boy but he will hurl stones against it, and the wives will handle their distaffs, and the commons universally will rather die in it, yea, and many noblemen and all the clergy be fully against it." Violent measures would drive the Scots into the arms of France; whereas with fair means the marriage might be ultimately brought about.

That was Sir George's opinion, and Angus was much influenced by Sir George,—“we shall advise with our brother,” being his usual answer. A few days afterwards Angus and Glencairn excused themselves for not pressing Henry's claim that the government should be intrusted to him (which when in England they had admittedly undertaken to promote), on the ground that, before they arrived, a Regent had been appointed by the Estates. "There was no doubt, however, but that your Majesty once having the interest in the young queen, all the rest of your desires would follow." Glencairn sent a letter to the same effect, which, "being written with his own hand, and therefore not legible," Sadler was forced to copy.

The negotiations dragged on through the summer—Sadler using all his influence with Henry to induce him to moderate his demands. "All your Majesty's purposes may be wrought in time without rigour"—if he would only be patient; and Lord Maxwell—whose daughter Angus had married—was equally urgent,—“fair and gentle means are the best and most godly way.” “The Lords will not consent to have an English Council in Scotland; but if your Majesty will somewhat relent in your demands, all may yet be well.”

Henry's position in the negotia-

tions was thus perfectly plain. Mary, now an infant a few months old, was to be taken to England, where she was to remain in the custody of the King till the marriage could be solemnised. In the meantime the government of the country was to be intrusted to Henry; an English Council was to be installed at Holyrood; English soldiers were to garrison the castle. Angus must indeed have forgotten the history of his house, if he fancied for a moment that such an abject capitulation would be ratified by his countrymen.

As time passed on the clouds gathered. Arran had been well affected to the English Protestants; he had issued a proclamation on 19th March, making it lawful to read the Bible in the mother-tongue; he had made Henry Balnaves his secretary ("I have had mickle cumber among the kirkmen for his sake," he told the ambassador); he had hated the Cardinal, and would have been well pleased if the Douglas plot to carry him to Tantallon had succeeded. When Sadler suggested that the great churchman should be kidnapped and sent to England, the Governor was immensely tickled by the proposal. "Hereat he laughed, and said, 'The Cardinal had lever go into hell!'" But Arran, who was, as Marie of Lorraine truly said, "the most inconstant man in the world, for whatsoever he determineth to-day he changeth to-morrow," began to waver. His tone changed. He continued to protest his attachment to Henry, "swearing many great oaths as *wounds* and *sides* (as indeed he is a good swearer);" and he even persuaded the Estates to ratify an emasculated treaty, "at the high mass, solemnly sung with shalms and sackbuts in the abbey church of the Holyrood

House." But the tide was too strong for him. The Cardinal had escaped to St Andrews. "Then he told me, swearing a great oath, that the Cardinal's money had corrupted Lord Seton." Civil war seemed imminent,—there will be a wild time, said Angus, "every man preparing jacks and spears." But it soon became clear that, though some of the Lords were in Henry's pay, the Commons and the kirkmen, as well as a great party of the nobles, went with the Cardinal. The clergy had refused to perform the offices of the Church so long as Beaton was in prison: and if a war broke out, "they will give their own and the Church plate—chalices, crosses, censers." The common people, moreover, began to murmur against Arran as a heretic and an Englishman who had sold the realm to Henry. Angus and the Border Lords were even more unpopular. "They were commonly hated here for your Majesty's sake, and such ballads and songs made of them that they have been corrupted by the English angels." Sadler clearly perceived the gathering of the storm. The struggle between "the heretics and the English Lords" on the one side, and "the scribes and pharisees" on the other, would be decided by "the neutrals," who were already going over to the stronger faction; and the Governor was going with them. Then the storm burst. "The estate of things here is so perplexed, and such malicious and despitiful people, I think, live not in this world as is the common people of this realm, specially towards Englishmen." "I think never man had to do with such people." Henry in his anger imprudently confiscated the Scottish ships in English ports, and would only restore them on conditions which, "making them

traitors to their own country," the Scots indignantly rejected. For some days the ambassador was not safe: he had been in great danger, he wrote to Henry; the Douglasses were unable to protect him—their friends forsaking them because they were "English," and even their own servants "not to be trusted in such a quarrel." At last he was carried secretly to Tantallon, from whence he crossed the Border.

Henry's passion boiled over. He held that the Cardinal had foiled him; and it was against the Cardinal that he was most bitter. "It may like your lordship to understand," Secretary Paget wrote to Hertford, who was already—March 11, 1543—on his way to Scotland, "the King's Majesty's opinion is that it shall be well done for such as make raids into Scotland to have written upon the church-door, or some other notable place within all such towns or states, these or such other like words: '*You may thank your Cardinal for this; for if he had not been you might have been in quiet and rest; for the contrary whereof he hath travelled as much as can be to bring you to sorrow and trouble.*'"

While it is quite true, therefore, that the Cardinal and the Queen-mother were all along secretly opposed to the English marriage (which, indeed, was not cordially accepted by any powerful party in Scotland), it cannot be

denied that Henry's inordinate pretensions gave his enemies the pretext they desired, and that his impolitic violence fanned the smouldering flame into a fierce conflagration. The cruelties that were perpetrated by the English captains, the ruth and ruin that followed the track of their armies, had never been excelled in any of the raids that had so often desolated the Border homesteads. The Scots were exasperated beyond measure. Peaceful and orderly progress was paralysed. Union was delayed for half a century. The barest record of these atrocities suffices to show that the statesman who, in the middle of the sixteenth century, could look forward with confidence to a peaceful union of the crowns, must have been immensely sagacious or singularly sanguine.¹

The burning of the capital was the first argument that Henry used. There was no need for a declaration of war. No fastidious scruples required to be consulted. On a fine Sunday in the beginning of May, the citizens saw from the Castle-hill and other "eminent places" that the Firth was dotted over with the white sails of the English ships. There was no fear of invasion, however, and the Governor and the Cardinal went quietly to bed. "Upon Wednesday"—May 7, 1544—"the English marched towards Edinburgh; first spoiled and then burnt the town and the palace of Holyrood house. There

¹ Powerful and bitter expression is given to these sentiments in the 'Complaynt of Scotland,' which was written about 1548. For twelve hundred years, we are assured, the English have been the "auld mortal enemies" of the Scot. The Scottish Lords who sell themselves for English gold are sternly denounced, and even the clergy are exhorted to take the field against the cruel invasion of that "false seed," that "unbelieving generation," led by a man bloodier than Nero or Caligula. The writer, whoever he may have been, appeals to universal Christendom to denounce as "God's rebels" the people who by their infidelity and sacrilege, their tyranny, cruelty, and violent usurpation of other princes' dominions, without title or provocation, have shown that they are rather "Saracens" than citizens of the Christian commonwealth.

were few towns and villages within seven mile of Edinburgh which were not spoiled or burnt. Thereafter they spoiled and burnt Leith. When they had consumed both the towns, they loaded the ships with the spoile." This is the Scottish account of the exploit. An Englishman who accompanied the expedition contributes some characteristic touches: "Finally it was determined by the said Lord Lieutenant utterly to ruin the town with fire. We continued burning all that day, and the two days next ensuing continually, so that neither within the walls nor in the suburbs was left any one house unbrent. Also we burnt the Abbey called Holy Rodehouse, and the palace adjoining to the same. In the meantime there came unto us four thousand of our light horsemen, who did such exploits in riding and devastating the country, that within seven miles every way of Edinburgh they left neither peel, village, nor house, nor stacks of corn, standing unbrent. After these exploits done at Edinburgh, and all the country thereabouts devastated, the king's lieutenant, thinking the Scots not to be condignly punished, determined not to return without doing them more displeasure. . . . To give them better occasion to show themselves in the field against us, we left neither peel, village, town, nor house, in our way homewards, unbrent. . . . The same day we burnt a fair town called Haddington, with a great nunnery and a house of Friars. That night they looked for us to have burnt the town of Dunbar, which we deferred till the morning, when those within it were newly gone to their beds; and in their first sleeps, closed in with fire, men, women, and chil-

dren were suffocated and burnt."¹ This was a fair beginning; but—"as God would be known to favour our master's cause"—it was not enough, or nearly enough. A "bloody ledger" exists, wherein the "exploits done upon the Scots" between July and November of the same year are duly entered. From this it appears that 192 towns, towers, and parish churches had been destroyed; 403 Scots had been killed, and 816 taken prisoner; while 10,380 cattle, 12,492 sheep, 1296 nags and geldings, had been captured and carried off. Next year the wretched Borderers were again scourged. Between the 8th and the 23d of September, 7 monasteries, 16 castles, 5 market-towns, 243 villages, 13 mills, 3 hospitals, were utterly wrecked—"cast down, burnt, and rased"—to slake Henry's thirst for revenge. The Abbeys of Kelso, Dryburgh, Melrose, Jedworth, Eccles, were rased and cast down—the towns were burnt. The King's instructions were religiously respected; and even after his death, the carnage went on with unabated zest and spirit. Pinkie Cleuch was fought on the "Black Saturday" of September 1547. The injury inflicted on Scotland during these eight or nine years was immense; but Henry profited not at all. Before the war was finished Mary had been betrothed to the Dauphin, and the English garrisons had been driven across the Tweed.

These were the scenes which Maitland witnessed as a lad: his youth was passed among people whose fathers and brothers had been slaughtered, whose homesteads had been gutted, by "the auld enemy." Maitland did not wear his heart on his sleeve: he

¹ The Late Expedition in Scotland, the yere of our Lorde God, 1544.

delighted in the "mockage" which concealed his serious convictions; he had an immense contempt for exaggerated sentiment and fanatical excess. Yet no truer patriot was then living—no Scotsman who was prouder of Scotland. Not, if he could help it, should the long heroic struggle for freedom, for independence, prove fruitless at the last. On the other hand, he saw with eminent directness, with an almost poetic simplicity of insight, of divination, that a policy of separation was becoming more hopeless, more impossible, every day. Irresistible forces were drawing the nations together. The stars in their courses were fighting for union. This was the political puzzle which English and Scottish statesmen were set to solve. How and on what terms could the old enemies be united? If the national jealousies were to be permanently allayed, if the old sores were to be healed, there must be no arrogant assumptions on the one side, no sense of humiliation on the other. The problem would probably have proved insoluble had it been left to work itself out through political forces alone. But in the sixteenth century the bands of patriotism were loosed by a stronger passion. In the reviving warmth of the spiritual life the old animosities died out, the ancient grudges were forgotten. Religion, for once, brought peace—not a sword.

To determine whether the policy of Maitland or the policy of Knox was most in harmony with the principles of the Reformers, it will be necessary hereafter to treat very fully of the circumstances attending the Reformation of religion in Scotland. In the meantime, I need only bring together in the briefest possible survey the events which led up to the final rupture

between the Queen and the Catholic Church on the one hand, and the Lords of the Congregation on the other. The Reformation as a whole—the Reformation as the wave of change that in the sixteenth century swept across Catholic Europe—lies outside the scope of this survey, either now or later; yet it is true, I may say in passing, that the ideas and feelings which the Reformation expressed were everywhere substantially the same. The Reformation, when resolved into its simplest elements, was a protest against the practice, as well as against the doctrine, of the Papacy. The reviving spiritual life was alienated by the doctrinal materialism of Rome; the reviving moral life was shocked by its cynical licentiousness. In Germany the insurrection may be said to have been in great measure the fruit of a profound spiritual excitement; in England it was mainly due to the political indignation which the corruptions of the monastic orders had roused; in Scotland both forces worked with nearly equal energy. But these subjective national peculiarities did not affect the vital unity of the movement. To throw the imagination back into that troubled age; to watch the manifestations of the strange new spirit which was moving with an irresistible impulse all the northern peoples, from the rude Prussian amber-fisher on the Baltic Sea to the polished courtiers and sharp logicians of Paris, Rotterdam, and Geneva; to discriminate between the idioms which national habit, idiosyncrasy, and temperament impressed upon it; to appreciate the social changes in the life of Europe which it effected; to track its progress,—in one nation dying out after a brief volcanic life—in another quenched in martyr blood—in another clinging to

the cliffs and keeping a pure flame alight in rough mountain hearts; in another wisely assimilated by prince and prelate, permitted to work out its mission unmolested, and to mould through calm and storm the policy of cabinets and the history of an empire,—this is a task which has never yet, in our own country at least, been adequately discharged—a labour, indeed, of which few are capable. We have “bits,” as an artist would say, of rare excellence; but the finished picture has not yet been painted. The features of the representative leaders,—the genial disposition and broad sympathies of Luther, his manliness, his simple affectionateness, the bluntness and heartiness of his temper, the rude strength and hilarious riot of his humour; the wrapt, austere, and passionless Calvin, his logical directness and naked simplicity of intellect, his legislative capacity, and the great practical and administrative genius which cast the stormy forces of the Revolution into a compact and symmetrical mould; the caustic irony and benevolent piety of Latimer; the humour, the narrowness, the bitterness, and the harsh sense of Knox,—have been portrayed with admirable fairness by one to whom many of the best and most attractive traits of the Reformers had been transmitted—the lamented Principal of the University of St Andrews; and if another writer, of kindred yet contrasted gifts, had completed that history of the empire under Charles the Fifth which he had begun, but from which he was unhappily diverted by other duties, the main incidents of a most momentous movement would have been brought visibly before us—marshalled in brilliant procession by the latest master of English prose.

It is with the city of St Andrews that the ecclesiastical history of Scotland, prior to the Reformation, is most intimately associated.

What St Andrews was when Marie of Lorraine landed there in 1537, or what it was a few years later, when William Maitland crossed the Firth to become a scholar in the “humanities”—so wide and sweeping are the changes it has undergone—we can with difficulty conjecture. Even within the memory of men now living it has altered much. St Andrews, in the days of their boyhood, was a truly academic city—a dark, sombre, ruinous, mildewed, ill-lighted, badly-paved, old-fashioned, old-mannered, secluded place. Then came the era of the utilitarian reformers, who destroyed its scholastic repose, and wiped away its classic dust. But in that earlier and darker age to which memory not unwillingly returns, a few noble fragments of ancient ruin which had resisted the fury of the Knoxian mob,—the massive walls of a feudal castle, the great tower of St Rule, the lovely windows and arches of the Cathedral,—rose above an old-fashioned street, not inconveniently crowded with old-fashioned houses, in which old-fashioned professors and old-fashioned ladies looked after keen-eyed, threadbare students, who here, in red and ragged gowns, cultivated the Muses, like the early Edinburgh Reviewers, upon a little oatmeal. Very kindly and homely was the life they led,—a life through which the shrill sea-wind blew healthfully, and to which the daily round of “golf” on the Links, and the evening rubber of long whist in the parlour, added the keen zest of physical and intellectual excitement. Death has swept them all

clean away,—wonderful old Scotch ladies, wonderful old Scotch professors; and new streets, new terraces, new men, new manners, have transformed the modern city—during the summer months at least—into a fashionable loitering-place for the lawyers of Edinburgh and the traders of Dundee. But let us go to it during winter or early spring—before the college session is over, before the students in their red gowns have deserted the streets, before the sociable academic society has taken flight, before the east wind has abated, before the hoarse complaints of a sea often vexed by storm are silenced, before the snow has melted away from the distant Angus range,—and we may even to-day understand the bleak charm that thirty or forty or fifty years ago endeared this sea-girt seat of early learning and piety—this severe mother of the intellectual Graces, *Mater sæva Cupidinum*—to the most thoughtless of her sons.

The decline of St Andrews began with the Reformation: less than a hundred years thereafter we find the magistrates complaining of its decaying trade, its diminished shipping, its deserted streets, its impoverished citizens. It had been associated for centuries with the elaborate ritual and splendid pageantries of the Catholic Church; when the Church fell, it dragged the city along with it. Some slight and imperfect notion of the vicissitudes it has experienced may be obtained by whoever visits its storm-beaten pier. When he finds only a small coaster or two moored to the quay, and half-a-dozen deep-sea fishing-boats drawn up on the beach, he will be inclined to question the statistics of the sixteenth-century historian, who informs him that during the great annual fair—the

Senzie Fair held in the grounds of the Priory during April—three hundred vessels from France, Flanders, and the Baltic entered its famous port.

St Andrews was probably at its best about the middle of the sixteenth century. This venerable temple of the Christian faith had not been built in a day. It was as old as—nay, older than—the Scottish monarchy. The promontory of Muckcross is described in our earliest annals as one of the favourite haunts of the wild boar. Here, in “old unhappy far-off times,” not many years after the death of our Lord, came a great Christian missionary, bearing with him (reverently, in a silver casket) “three of the fingers and three of the toes” of a yet greater apostle. Here he founded a Christian church, and converted to the true faith “that bloody, savage, and barbarous people, the Picts.” Here a long line of saints and bishops, from Adrian to Arthur Ross, lived and died, and were buried in sumptuous tombs which those humble shepherds took care to provide for themselves. Here, on a barren promontory, rose an exquisite shrine (two hundred years they took to build it), whose burnished copper roof was seen miles off by the hardy mariners of France and Flanders who ploughed the northern seas. Here grey friars and black friars grew fat and sleek upon the prudent piety of Scottish kings; here high-bred and high-born legates and cardinals dispensed a princely hospitality; here queens feasted, and martyrs suffered, and the fingers and toes of the Saint continued to work miraculous cures till a comparatively recent period.

The priory had been built when Alexander III. was king. The Cathedral begun by Arnold in

1159, was finished by Lamberton in 1318.¹ The castle was about the same age as the Cathedral, though part of it, erected by Walter Trail, must have been of somewhat later date. The Convent of the Black Friars was founded in 1274, and the Convent of the Grey Friars in 1448. The University was constituted by Papal Bull in 1410 (thirteen doctors of divinity, eight doctors of laws, with doctors learned in logic, rhetoric, and philosophy, composed its teaching staff); but St Mary's, the youngest of the colleges and the last good work of the elder Beaton,—St Mary's (*Quo desiderio veteres revocavit amores*!) was not begun till 1538. The magnificent wall, with its turrets for sharpshooters and its niches for saints, which encloses the priory and the cloisters, was the work of Prior John Hepburn in 1516. Most of the religious buildings were of exquisite finish and noble design; while over all—high over all—rose the sombre square tower of St Rule, a building of unknown antiquity.

The citizens of this great seat of learning and piety had been permitted for many generations to carry on their beneficent work unmolested. The peaceful labours of its doctors and divines had seldom been interrupted by the anarchy and turbulence which elsewhere prevailed in Scotland. It was distant from the Borders,

where the religious houses were periodically "harried," and from the mountain-passes, through which the Redshanks occasionally issued to spoil the northern monasteries. From the earliest ages its Bishop had been the "primus," for a hundred years its Archbishop had been the metropolitan, of Scotland. In a great cathedral city Catholicism was to be seen at its best and at its worst; but whatever covert scandals might exist, the spirit of dissent, of discontent, of criticism, had failed to make itself felt. Until well on in the sixteenth century no one appeared to suspect that the magnificent vitality of the Catholic Church had been seriously shaken. Yet within fifty years, to vary the metaphor, the whole fabric was in ruins.

The rift was at first barely perceptible. Up to the close of the reign of James V. in 1542, it cannot be said that any new scheme of theological dogma had been formulated by those who were dissatisfied with the Church of Rome. The Lollards who came from Kyle, "that receptacle of the saints of old," were very outspoken critics of the established religion; but the main articles of their simple protest, dealing with questions of conduct rather than of doctrine, compare very favourably with the metaphysical inquisitiveness and logical hair-splitting which dis-

¹ Lamberton was the most munificent of its Bishops—"a prelate wise, active, and a great benefactor to the abbey. The buildings whereof now we only behold the ruins were erected upon his charges. He finished the cathedral church, which had been many years a-building, and dedicated the same with great solemnity in the year 1318. He adorned the chapter-house with curious seats and ceiling; furnished the canons with precious vestments for the daily service; stored their library with books; gave unto the prior and convent, the same very day, the churches of Dairsey and Abercromby; and dying at last in the prior's chamber within the monastery, was buried in the new church, on the north side of the high altar, in the year 1328."—(Spottiswoode, i. 107.) It will be observed from this extract, that when Spottiswoode wrote the ecclesiastical buildings were spoken of as "ruins."

figure the Confessions of the later Reformers. John Reseby, a follower of Wyclif, had been "justified" at St Andrews in 1408; and the Bohemian Paul Craw, a disciple of Huss, twenty-five years afterwards. Knox, who inclined to hold with characteristic narrowness that there was no religion in Scotland prior to the Reformation, is yet constrained to admit, in virtue of that earlier "testimony," that even in the time of greatest darkness God had dealt mercifully with the realm—"retaining within it some spunk of His light."

In 1528 Patrick Hamilton,— "many ways infamed with heresy, disputing, holding, and maintaining divers heresies of Martin Luther and his followers,"—was burnt before "the auld Colledge." Knox tells us that in all St Andrews at that time there was none found who did not begin to inquire, *Whairfor was Maister Patrik Hamilton brunt?* Soon afterwards Henry Forrest "suffered death for his faithful testimony to the truth," being "burnt at the North Church stile of the Abbey Church," so that the heretics of Angus—across the water—might see the fire, and possibly mend their ways. John Lindsay—a prudent friend of the Archbishop—had been anxious, on the other hand, that the execution should be conducted in private,— "for the reik of Master Patrik Hamilton," he said, "had infected as many as it blew upon." In 1534 the "dumb dogs" "renewed their battle against Jesus Christ;" and Norman Gourlay and another were hanged and burnt at the "Rood of Greenside"—somewhere upon the Calton Hill of Edinburgh, I presume—"to the intent that the inhabitants of Fife, seeing the fire, might be stricken

with terror and fear." As an Act was passed about the same time against throwing down of images and invading of abbeys, symptoms of the iconoclastic spirit must have already declared themselves. We learn from a contemporary writer that in 1543 "there was ane great heresie in Dundie; thair they destroyit the kirkis, and wald have destroyit Aberbrothok," had it not been for Lord Ogilvy;¹ and the coarse and truculent scepticism of a later age was vigorously parodied by the Perth humourists, who were indicted for "nailing two ram's-horns on St Francis's head, and putting of a cow's tail to his rump."

It is obvious from these notices that during the reign of James, the tide of the Reformation in Scotland had begun to flow. There was as yet no very widespread popular feeling on the subject; it had not become a "burning question," except in the earlier sense of the words; but a good many men within the Church itself were beginning to perceive that the position had become untenable; and it is clear that in Fife and Angus at least, many "secret professors" were to be found. The English envoy, who was in Scotland during 1540, draws a vivid picture of the state of parties at Holyrood. He had been instructed to converse confidentially with the King on the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs. The greater monasteries were being dissolved in England, and Henry wished his Scotch nephew to take a leaf out of his book. James, however, who seems to have agreed with the old gentlewoman of Montrose that swearing was a "great aff-set" to conversation ("By my troth," quoth he—"No, on my soul,"

¹ *Diurnal of Occurrents.*

quoth he—"By God," quoth he—emphasise nearly every sentence of the lively report transmitted to the English Court), was not to be persuaded. There were two laws, he said, spiritual and temporal; he did his duty as regarded the one—the other he committed to the Pope and his ministers. "He spoke very softly," Sadler adds significantly, "the Cardinal being present." "And in good faith," James continued, "I cannot take the King's advice; it is against reason and God's law to put down those abbeys and religious houses which have stood these many years, and God's service maintained and kepted in the same." And he shrewdly concluded,— "Besides, the kirkmen will give me all I want." Sadler then tried another tack, — denouncing the monks as indolent, effeminate, and unchaste. "Oh," quoth the King, "God forbid that if a few be not good, for them all the rest shall be destroyed. Though some be not, there be a great many good, and the good may be suffered, and the evil must be reformed; as ye shall hear," quoth he, "that I shall help to see it redressed in Scotland by God's grace, if I brook life." Sadler would have had them weeded out by the root; but the King was firm. "I am sure my uncle will not desire me to do otherwise than my conscience serveth."

The envoy, in a subsequent letter, was forced to admit that in spite of ecclesiastical scandals, and the progress of "Christ's word and doctrine" among the laity, the churchmen were still the only cap-

able persons in the country to whom the government could be prudently intrusted. He had met "a great number of noblemen and gentlemen that be well given to the verity of Christ's word and doctrine, but the noblemen be young. I see none among them that hath any such agility of wit, gravity, learning, and experience to take in hand the direction of things. So that the King is of force driven to use the bishops and clergy as ministers of the realm. They be the men of wit and policy; they be never out of the King's ear—who giveth small care to his affairs, being given to much pleasure and pastime."¹

The attitude of James was upon the whole reasonable; and, but for the "tragedies" that followed his death, a prudent and statesman-like measure of reform would probably have been obtained without undue delay. The Scots were partly responsible, no doubt; but the burden of blame does not rest on them. It was the frantic and irrational violence of Henry VIII. that made Reformation in Scotland impossible for wellnigh twenty years.

James Beaton, the Archbishop of St Andrews, died in 1539. He had had a checkered experience. He was the churchman whose conscience "clattered" at the conference which led to *Cleanse-the-Causey*. He had ventured to beard the Douglas, and Douglas had proved the stronger. The Archbishop was forced to hide himself—disguised as a shepherd, he had herded sheep on Bogran-knowe, among the wilds of Angus. He

¹ Sadler was a layman who understood the language of diplomacy, whereas Barlow, Henry's chaplain, was much more outspoken and naïve. While Sadler admitted that the Catholic Bishops who held the great offices of state discharged their duties with discretion and address, Barlow roundly declared that the Scottish king was surrounded "by the Pope's pestilent creatures and very limbs of the devil."

was succeeded in the primacy by his nephew. James Beaton was a churchman of fairly average intelligence; but David Beaton was the foremost statesman of his time. Had it not been for the implacable animosity of Knox, the youthful irregularities of the great Cardinal might possibly have been forgotten. The ghastly caricature of his last night in this world rests, so far as I am aware, on unauthenticated rumour; and there is little in his character and career to justify the bitter invective of the Reformer against "the bloody butcher" of the saints of God. Beaton was a secular statesman as well as an anointed bishop; and it is probable that the policy he adopted when he brought Wishart to the scaffold was directed as much against sedition as against heresy. There can be little doubt that Wishart was aware of Henry's designs upon the Cardinal, and that the tragedy in the Castle of St Andrews had been rehearsed long before. The ferocious jocularity of the Reformer over the mangled body—"these things we write merrily"—is eminently characteristic; but does not impress us with any high sense either of his charity or his sagacity. For the murder was a political blunder as well as a political crime. Approved by a few stern and bitter fanatics, the death of Beaton scandalised the nation. Henry had devastated the Scottish Border; he had burnt the Scottish capital; now he had murdered the only Scottish statesman of European repute. The patriotic fire flamed up, and the people who had been on the verge of a spiritual revolt went back meekly to the Catholic fold. The Scots fighting at Pinkie reproached the English for having deserted the ancient faith. To be esteemed a heretic was thenceforth for many years

nearly as disgraceful as to be esteemed an Englishman.

The reaction was in its nature temporary. The wave fell back, but the tide had not slackened. Nor might its further advance, beneficent or destructive, be arrested by any dike which panic-stricken orthodoxy could raise. The only question that remained to be settled when Lethington, as a potential force, appeared on the field, involved merely the old struggle between the less and the more. Was it to be a moderate and constitutional reform, largely undertaken from within,—that is to say, by the Courts of the Church itself? or was it to be—Revolution? Knox elected to break with the past; he could not help himself, it may be; but the wisdom of his choice is still open to doubt. The Reformer in after-years may sometimes have regretted that he turned a deaf ear to Hamilton's emphatic warning: "The Reformation in many things was not without reason, yet you will do well to provide yourselves with some new polity before you shake off the old. Our hill-men have a custom, when breaking a colt, to fasten two strong tethers to its head, one of which they keep fast till it is thoroughly made. The multitude, that beast with many heads, should just be so dealt with. Master Knox, I know, esteemeth me an enemy; but tell him from me he shall find it true that I speak."

The forces, direct and indirect, which shaped the Scottish Reformation, were very various. The "heresies of Martin Luther" were in the air. At certain seasons it is almost as difficult to escape the infection of heresy as it is difficult at others to escape the infection of fever. It came from England with the fugitives who had fled from the cruelties of the Marian

bishops; Scottish merchants and mariners trading with the Low Countries and the Rhine brought it back with their goods. The new generation, the rising men, the men of wit and spirit and learning, who could use their tongues and their pens with effect upon the people, were eager for change. The popular minstrelsy, sacred and profane, was on the side of the Reformers. The martyrs had borne their sufferings with meekness and patience; and heroic legends gathered round the scaffolds. The Scottish nobles, who had long regarded with a greedy eye the immense treasures of the Church, now knew that their English peers had been enriched from the hoards of the clergy. And the corruption of the monastic orders, the failure of discipline, the degradation of doctrine, had produced grave scandals which could no longer be tolerated by a society in which the moral sense was not dead.

The Protestant indictment of the Catholic Church in Scotland, however, has been far too sweeping.

No one certainly, except a bigot or a fanatic, will be disposed to undervalue the constancy of the Scottish martyrs at stake and scaffold. In the record of each execution there are pathetic little touches of humour and pathos which cling indelibly to the memory;—Wishart's simple words of leave-taking—"for they would drink no more with him;" the fortitude of the Perth journeymen, "every one comforting another, and assuring themselves to suppe together in the kingdom of heaven that night;" Helen Stirk's farewell to the husband with whom she had earnestly desired to die,— "Therefore I will not bidde you good-night, for we sall suddanlie meet with joy in the kingdom of

heaven;" and her own death thereafter, in the pool hard by, when she had given the baby at her breast—"the sucking bairn"—to one of the bystanders. These had no fear of the dark road they were to travel,— "they constantly triumphed over Death and Sathan, even in the midst of the flaming fyre." Nor is the human weakness of Ninian Kennedy, who "at first was faint, and gladly would have recanted," less impressive or touching. Kennedy, like Cranmer, shrank from the fiery ordeal, yet in the hour of mortal agony was constant to what he held to be the truth. It may well be that the "faintness" of men like Cranmer and Kennedy is not less acceptable to Him who holds up "the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees," than the confident and unfaltering witness of the strong man who goes to the stake with a song of thanksgiving on his lips, and a sense of triumph in his heart. The nobility, the constancy, the heroism, of these simple people are beyond all praise; yet in fairness it must be remembered that the whole number of persons who suffered for heresy in Scotland was not large. The iniquitous industry of the Inquisition in the Netherlands is branded in black letters on the page of history. Men and women were strangled, beheaded, and burned alive in hundreds, because they had murmured against the rapacity of the priests, or could repeat a paraphrase by Clement Marot. It was estimated that before 1566 more than fifty thousand persons suspected of heresy had been put to death. Torture is not cumulative; the suffering of a thousand is not more intense than the suffering of one; and it may be argued that the culpability of the Inquisitor is not to be measured by the

number of his victims. Apart from such abstruse paradoxes, however, it must be acknowledged that the religious persecution in Scotland was comparatively light. It cannot be said with any show of justice that the Scottish bishops were unmerciful. They did not love blood as Philip and Alva loved blood. It is clear, I think, that for many years the new opinions were unpopular, and that the ecclesiastical authorities had a free hand. "Then the people cried, 'Burne him! burne him!'" I have no note of the exact numbers who suffered at Edinburgh and St Andrews; but I incline to believe that from first to last, during a period of twenty or thirty years, not more than twenty or thirty persons were put to death. The barbarous manner in which death was inflicted shocks our sensibilities; but at the time, and long afterwards, it was regarded in quite a different light. Heretics were burnt; so were witches; and I venture to say that, more than once after the Reformation, the old women who were burnt, during a single twelvemonth, because they rode on broomsticks to a midnight meeting with the devil, or turned themselves into cats and disturbed the neighbours by their caterwauling, outnumbered the heretics who were burnt during the whole period between 1538 and 1558 by "those bloody beasts," "those ravenous wolves," "those slaves of Satan," "those cruel tyrants and unmerciful hypocrites"—Cardinal David Beaton and Archbishop James Hamilton.¹ We must remember, moreover, that the Catholic prelate had been taught to consider

heresy a deadly crime, and that to burn the perishable body was to save the immortal soul. Established institutions die hard; but it may be truly said that in no other organic revolution of so wide a sweep was the loss of life among the assailants so inconsiderable.

I have already referred to the part taken by approved writers like Sir David Lindsay, in the work of the Reformation. But there was another class of writers, represented to us by the Wedderburns,² who rendered essential service. These men, who must have possessed no mean poetic faculty, took the popular songs and rhymes, many of which were lewd and obscene, and converted them into spirited hymns, in which the Lord was praised and the Pope denounced with equal energy and acerbity. The framers of the statute of 1551 complain that "printers constantly print buiks concerning the faith, ballads, songs, blasphemous rhymes, as well of kirkmen as temporals." These broadsheets were scattered over the land, and were immensely relished by a class to which more serious argument would probably have failed to appeal. The "Gude and Godly Ballates" are thus extremely interesting to those who are anxious to ascertain how the Reformation—the change of religious opinion among the masses—was brought about. They are what we would now call evangelical in their tone, and the music often recalls the rhythms and refrains of that negro minstrelsy which recent revivalism has appropriated. The language in which they are written is remarkably pure: I am not ac-

¹ Epithets culled from Knox and Calderwood.

² James Wedderburn, the elder brother, who had a "good gift of poesie," escaped from the persecution, and died at Dieppe. It was his brother John who turned indecent "songs and rhymes" into godly hymns.—Calderwood, i. 143.

quainted, indeed, with any better specimens of the idiomatic vigour and liquid sweetness of the Scots tongue at its best. A genuine vernacular melody pervades such lines as these:—

“O my deir heart, young Jesus sweet,
Prepare thy creddill in my spreit,
And I sall rock thee in my heart,
And never mair from thee depart;”—

or these (from the rendering of the 124th Psalm):—

“Like to ane bird tane in a net,
The whilk the fowler for her set,
Sa is our life weel win away.”

They look forward with confidence to a triumphant issue,—“Be mirrie and glad, and be no more sad, The day of the Lord draws neir,”—“Hay now the day dawns, The night is neere gone,”—and the note of victory is well sustained.

“The net is broken in pieces small,
And we are savit fra their shame.
Our hope was ay and ever sall
Be in the Lord, and in his name,
The whilk hes creat hevin so hie,
And made the eird so marvellouslie,
And all the ferlies of the same.”

The burden of the hymns, as was natural, is the superiority of the worship of our Lord to the worship of saint or Virgin,—“For ye were all at God’s horn; This babe to you that now is born, Sall make you saif and for you die, And you restore to liberty;”—“He tholit pains, Of hunger, cauld, and miserie, And we gat life when he did die.” The adaptation of the popular airs sometimes produces a rather grotesque effect, as in the lines with the refrain, “Who is at my window? who? who? Goe from my window; goe, goe;” or in those into which the “Huntsman’s Chorus” is introduced:—

“With hunts up, with hunts up,
It is now perfite day;
Jesus our King is gane in hunting,
Who likes to speed they may.

The hunter is Christ that hunts in
haist,

The hunds are Peter and Paul;
The Paip is the fox, Rome is the rox
That rubbis us on the gall.”

Vigorously idiomatic as these verses are, those on the monks, friars, and nuns, which begin;—

“Of Scotland well the friers of Fail
The limmery lang hes lastit,
The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Friday when they fastit;”—

are even more telling. The rapacity of the pardoners who gave “remission of sins in auld sheep’s skins,” and of the friars who made fortunes out of the pains of purgatory,—“the reik sa wonder dear they salde, For money, gold, and landes,” and out of worthless masses for the dead, “Requiem eternam fast they patter, Before the deid with holy water,” leads up to the conclusion of the whole matter,—“The Paip, that pagan full of pride, He hes us blinded lang.”

I have said that the charges against the Catholic clergy have been somewhat highly coloured by Protestant apologists. But when every reasonable allowance is made, it must be admitted that the state of the Church invited attack. The best men were aware that reform was inevitable; and, in point of fact, the repair of the ecclesiastical edifice had been undertaken when the storm burst. The scandals connected with concubinage, the traffic in indulgences, non-residence, pluralities, and the action of the Consistorial Courts, had attracted the attention of the Convention which met at Edinburgh in 1549, and appropriate remedies were being devised. Whether these would have proved effectual cannot now be known. The Church, if not dead, was moribund; and it may be that more trenchant treatment was

needed than the orthodox surgery would have sanctioned.

Where there is smoke there is fire; and a long period of ease and prosperity had undoubtedly demoralised the clergy. Their wealth, their numbers, their indolence, their sensuality, their rapacity, their childish ignorance and vanity, furnished abundant material for the popular moralist and the popular satirist. The people had lost faith in them; they had lost faith in themselves. The energies of a vast organisation were paralysed by indecision and indifference as much as by incapacity. The life had been eaten out of its service; there was no reality in its creed. The prayers were learned by rote; the sermons were mechanical and perfunctory. The fiery zeal of the Reformers gave force to their denunciations and a rude eloquence to their appeals; and the common people, deserting the splendid shrines which the piety of their ancestors had raised, flocked to listen to teachers who were in deadly earnest. The spells which had been potent had lost their force. The "curse" pronounced by the priest had once been tremendously effective; but it had been vulgarised by mean and mercenary use; and now when the Vicar rose on Sunday and cried, "One hath tint a spurtell; there is a flail stolen beyond the barn; the goodwife on the other side of the gate hath lost a horn-spoon; God's curse and mine I give to them that knoweth of this gear, and restores it not!"—the people laughed in his face. The denunciations of the Church, like so much else, had become a farce, which provoked open ridicule. Even the rustic gossip, drinking his "Sunday's penny" at the ale-house door, would jest with the passing friar upon the prudent economy

of his investment. "Will they not give us a letter of cursing for a plack, to last for a whole year, to curse all that looks over our dike? *That* keepeth our corn better than the sleeping boy, who will have three shillings in fee, a sark, and a pair of shoon in the year." The exactions of the Church, however, especially in the Consistorial Courts, ultimately became oppressive, and excited the keenest resentment. The experience of the litigants before these ecclesiastical tribunals supplied not a few shafts for Lindsay's quiver. Many of them no doubt had found with the unlucky "Pauper" in 'The Three Estates,' that while the expenses of process were ruinous, no redress was to be had,—"Bot I gat never my gude gray meir again."

According to a manuscript in the Advocates' Library, there were at the time of the Reformation about four thousand six hundred men and women in Scotland charged with ecclesiastical duties. Of these, thirteen were bishops, sixty priors and abbots, five hundred parsons, two thousand vicars, eleven hundred monks, friars, and nuns. This was a tremendous drain upon the productive power of the country; but the property which had been diverted from secular uses to the support of the priesthood was, proportionately, even greater. The resources of the Church were immense: it has been estimated (though the estimate is probably much exaggerated) that the clergy drew in one form or other one half of the annual income of the land. "Halfe the riches on the molde is seasit in their handes." The possession of such enormous wealth was of course attended with danger, as well as fertile of abuse. In the first place, it led to what was

in effect the secularisation of the temporalities—the great prizes—of the Church: they became a provision for needy courtiers and royal bastards. The Archbishop of St Andrews, who fell at Flodden, was the natural son of James III.; and long before the Reformation, the revenues of the great abbeys and priories were held in *commendam* by laymen whose services to the State could not be otherwise rewarded. In the next place, it excited the cupidity of the needy nobles. Arran was not credited by his contemporaries with keen political discernment; but when he told Sadler that so many great men in the kingdom were Papists, that “unless the sin of covetousness brought them to it,” he saw no chance of reformation, he proved himself a true prophet; he hit the nail on the head. The Reformed preachers did their part fairly well; but if the title of the aristocracy to the patrimony of the Church of Rome had not been identified with Protestantism, it is probable that the Church of Knox would have been short-lived. It was of the English nobles that Hallam remarked in a rare epigram, “According to the general laws of human nature, they gave a readier reception to truths which made their estates more secure;” but the irony would have been even more incisive if it had been applied to the “gaunt and hungry nobles of Scotland.”

Although the Church had become a dead weight upon the productive industry of the nation, the burden might have been borne without serious complaint if the clergy could have retained the respect of the influential laity. I do not attach much importance, as I have said, to the grosser charges in the indictment against the

Church. Knox's legends of monastic gallantries are like the stories of Boccaccio. “Mr Norman Galloway was brunt,” Pitscottie says, “because he married ane wife; but if he had had ane thousand loose women, he had never been quarrelled.” “They think na shame,” one of the moralists in ‘The Three Estates’ observes, “to have ane concubine, and some hes three.” There is no reason to doubt that celibacy led to concubinage; but the connection, in the case of the secular clergy at least, was not regarded, by the opinion of the time, as immoral: it was a domestic and permanent arrangement, and only in a technical sense (as wanting the formal sanction of the Church) differed from marriage. When we hear of the proclamation in open Parliament of clerical irregularities in high places, we are apt to impute the disclosure to a cynical disregard of public opinion and public decency,—the truth being that, until the very eve of the Reformation, concubinage did not in any appreciable measure offend the conscience of the community.

To maintain, however, that concubinage was not demoralising, is to shut our eyes to the plainest facts. A certain looseness and laxity of moral fibre was unquestionably the result of an equivocal connection; and it was at least indirectly responsible for the sloth, ignorance, and spiritual apathy which had come to characterise the clerical caste. Lindsay's satire is most trenchant when it is directed against the indolence of the priesthood. “Sleuthful idleness” is an injury to the commonwealth. “Quha laboures nocht he sall not eat,” is the salutary moral which he is constantly enforcing. Nor was the ignorance of the clerical teacher less open to obser-

vation. "The ignorance of the times was so great, that even the priests did think the New Testament to have been composed by Martin Luther." Nor was this ignorance any bar to preferment. George Crichton, Bishop of Dunkeld, "a man nobly disposed and a great housekeeper," is reported to have thanked God that he knew neither the Old Testament nor the New, and "yet had prospered well enough in his day." The frivolous subtleties which engaged the attention of the learned were perhaps even more symptomatic of the state of mental torpor into which the Church had fallen. The great Paternoster controversy was, we learn, the occasion of fierce and prolonged debate. Should the Paternoster be addressed to the saints, or to God only? That was the question. "In the University the contention ceased not; whereupon the doctors did assemble to dispute and decide the question. In that meeting some held that the Paternoster was said to God *formaliter*, and to saints *materialiter*; others not liking this distinction, said that the Paternoster ought to be said to God *principaliter*, and to saints *minus principaliter*; others would have it *ultimate et non ultimate*;

others *primario et secundario*; and some (wherewith the most voices went) that it should be said to God *capiendo stricte*, and to saints *capiendo large*." As the doctors differed, the question was referred to the Synod, where it was diplomatically determined, after long debate, that the Paternoster ought to be said to God, "yet so that the saints ought also to be invoked."

To this the doctors had come. The people sat in darkness, while spiritual and intellectual stupor settled, like densest fog, upon the Church. The monasteries, as nurseries of learning and of the arts, of statesmen and jurists, of poets and historians, had accomplished the object for which they were instituted. The end had come. The old order passed away. Fresh activities were being called into action; new weapons were being forged. The monotonous lesson which universal experience enforces was repeating itself once again. System after system has its day; institution succeeds institution;—

"And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt
the world."

JOHN SKELTON.

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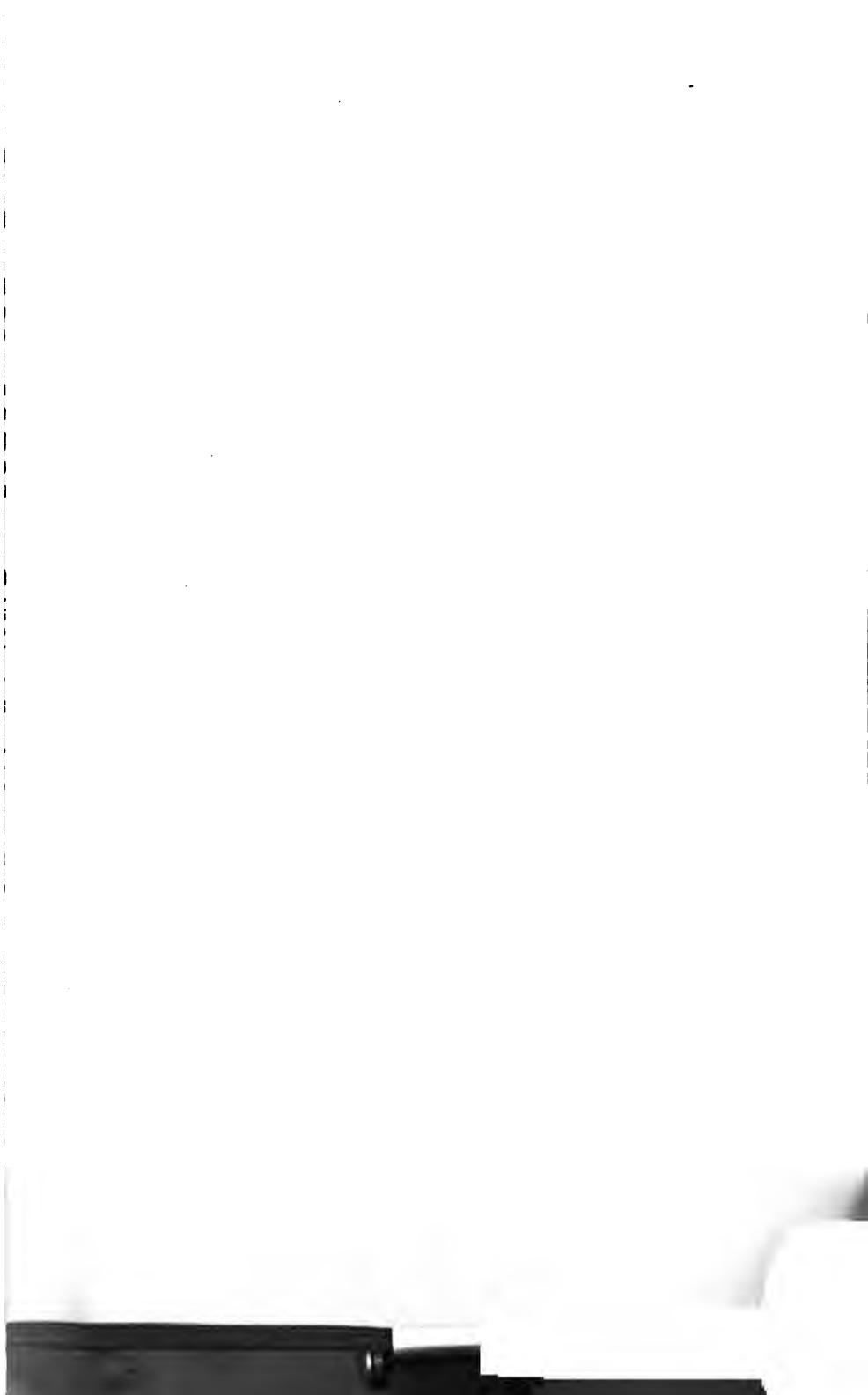
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